BLACKWOOD'S Edinburgh MAGAZINE.

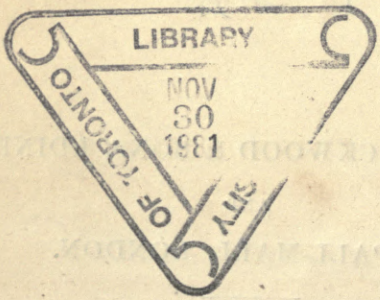
JULY—DECEMBER, 1841.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH;

AND

22, PALL-MALL, LONDON.

1841.



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THE WHIG DISSOLUTION.

The present crisis is, beyond all question, the most important that has occurred in this country since the passing of the Reform Bill. The reaction which the more thoughtful of the Conservative party fondly anticipated during the transport of "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill," and which the democracy so confidently and strenuously maintained would never take place, has now, beyond all question, been fully realized. It was a very easy matter to deny the existence of this reaction as long as the Liberal party contrived, by means of Court favour, Ministerial corruption, and Whig-Radical delusion, to maintain a majority in the House of Commons. But when all these efforts and arts were exhausted—when hope deferred had made the Radical heartsick—when revenue failing had made the Ministerial purse empty—and truth, reasserting her empire, had rendered even urban constituencies hostile, it became impossible any longer to maintain a majority in the House of Commons. County after county was lost, from a growing sense on the part of the agricultural interests, now too fatally proved to be well-founded, of the dangers with which they were menaced from the ascendency of the revolutionary party. Borough after borough slipped out of their hands, from the general conviction which penetrated all the intelligent ranks of the urban classes of the hollowness of Whig-Radical professions, the selfishness of their measures, and the corruption of their government, until their dreams of eternal power vanished into thin air, and the Liberal vision of everlasting dominion in the British empire has been cut short by decisive hostile majorities of 21, 24, and 36, on questions admitted to be essential to their existence.

At such a moment, it well becomes all those who are interested in their country's welfare, to pause for a moment, even amid all the anxiety and excitement of a general election, and cast a retrospective glance on the past, and a prospective eye on the future. Coming events do now, indeed, cast their shadows most distinctly before; and it requires not the gift of prophecy to foretell, that the days of Whig-Radical rule and Ministerial corruption are now numbered, and that the ancient, independent spirit of the British empire is speedily about to triumph over the combined efforts of courtly adulation and Ministerial corruption. But all anticipations of the future which are not rested on the experience of the past, are founded on fallacious grounds; and, however brilliant and cheering may be the prospects of the British empire at this time, there could be little solid ground for hope or consolation, if the morning, which is now so brightly opening, were not ushered in by the well-known harbingers of a fine day. But such harbingers have appeared—"the evening red has preceded the morning grey;" and the most cheering prospects for the interests of the Conservative party, and

with it the stability and independence of the British empire, are to be found in the measures which have preceded, and now attend, the dissolving efforts of the revolutionary faction.

"Hypocrisy," says Rochefoucault, "is the homage which vice pays to virtue." With equal, perhaps greater truth, it may be said, that falsehood is the homage which revolution pays to order; and that the discovery of that falsehood, *if made in time*, constitutes at once the safeguard against its dangers and the punishment of its excesses. Falsehood, from first to last, is its essential, never-failing principle of action. Bulwer was never more correct than when he said that "lying, enormous lying, alone carried the Reform Bill." Dr Johnson long ago said, that the devil was the first Whig; and in nothing have the present leaders of the revolution more completely taken after their great ancestor, and in nothing are the features of the family lineage more apparent, than in the incessant falsehoods which they perpetually put forward, and the delusive hopes which they are continually exciting. It was fruit beauteous to the eye, and pleasant to the taste, which the serpent proffered to Eve; and not less inviting are the fruits which crafty Liberalism never fails, in every age, to offer to unsuspecting innocence; but the nation, not less than the individual, which shall eat thereof, "shall surely die."

It is a curious observation, which we do not recollect of ever having seen sufficiently brought before the public, but of its truth every day's experience is affording additional proofs, that the total falsehood of the principles of Liberalism, constitutes the main source of their strength in the outset of their revolutionary career; and that if its doctrines have not been repudiated by the universal practical experience of mankind in every age, it never could, from time to time, have obtained such a mastery as it has of their imaginations. The reason, though not apparent at first sight, must, when once mentioned, appear conclusive to every candid mind. Men in every age, and more especially in every old and highly civilized society, find themselves surrounded by a multitude of ills—some spring from misfortune, others from sin, in themselves or others—the sad bequests of the universal germs of human corruption. They see around them many evils arising from political institutions, which apparently are susceptible of remedy, by the introduction of a more pure or disinterested body of men into the administration of public affairs. The revolutionary party invariably lay hold of these evils, whether individual, social, or political, and never fail to assure their followers that they spring entirely from the selfishness or vices of the government, or aristocratic party in power, and would be entirely removed by a due infusion of democratic purity and vigour into the administration of public affairs. The simple masses often believe them merely because they have never tried them; they readily swallow the flattering tale, that corruption belongs only to the few, because the few have generally enjoyed power, and that integrity is the attribute of the many, because they have always been kept in situations where they were never tried. Nevertheless, He knew the human heart well who enjoined us, in our daily prayers, to supplicate that we should not be led into temptation. Experience soon proves, and never so soon as with democracies in the ascendant, that though the opportunities which different men enjoy of showing their inherent wickedness are widely different, their dispositions to it are exactly the same; and that the moment that the Liberal party get into power, they will exhibit the same decisive proof of the inevitable corruption of human nature of which they had so loudly complained on the part of their adversaries in power. And the reason why the leaders of the democratic party are so readily believed in these professions, is just because experience has afforded so few instances of their ever having been practically put to the test. The evils of democracy, when entrusted with the direction of public affairs, have in every age been found to be so excessive, that they have immediately led to its abolition; and thus the experience of individuals does not in every age present the same numerous examples of democratic that it does of aristocratic oppression, just because the former species of government is so dreadful *that it invariably, in every old community, destroys itself* in a single generation, while the latter often maintains its dominion for hun-

dreds, or even thousands of years. History, indeed, is full of warnings of the terrible conflagration which democracy never fails to light up in society; and it is a secret consciousness of the damning force with which it overturns their doctrines, that makes the Liberal party every where treat its records as an old almanac. But how many of the great body of the people, even in the best informed community, make themselves masters of historical information? Not one in a hundred. Thus, in periods of political convulsion, history points in vain to the awful beacons of former ruin, to warn mankind of the near approach of shipwreck; while perfidious Liberalism, ever alive to the force of falsehood, again for the hundredth time allures the unsuspecting multitude by the exhibition of the forbidden fruit; and democratic change is eagerly longed for by the simple masses, just because its evils are so excessive that they invariably quickly terminate the democratic regime, and actual personal experience can rarely be appealed to as to the effect of a contagion which almost always consigns its victims to the grave. And thus it is that the strength of revolution consists in the very magnitude of the falsehoods on which its promises are founded, and the universally felt impossibility of bringing them for any considerable time to the test of actual experience.

But truth is great, and will prevail. "He was a wise man," says Cobbett, "who said that paper credit is strength in the outset, and ruin in the end;" but the observation is more applicable to the ever-changing and fallacious theories of democratic innovation, than to the fictitious bubbles of wind bills and rotten currency. However alluring theories of government may appear when propounded with ingenious sophistry and clothed in seductive language, experience, when they are put in practice, must necessarily bring them to the test. A system of government founded on principles utterly subversive of order, security, and property, cannot by any possibility maintain itself for any length of time. It must either destroy the community or be destroyed itself. Democracy, accordingly, in an old community, cannot by possibility exist for any lengthened period. It must either destroy national freedom, and pave the way for the government of the sword, or be itself subverted by the aroused indignation of all the better classes of mankind. The near advent of the one or other of these two results, is inevitable in every old community in which the democratic passion has once obtained a legislative triumph. Which of the two results is to obtain, depends entirely on the degree of moral rectitude and public spirit which pervades the community where it has arisen. In ancient Greece, the democratic republicans, after a brief space of glorious existence, sank under the inherent evils of the form of government which prevailed; the liberties of Rome, rudely torn by the ambition of the Gracchi, soon perished under the contending swords of Cæsar and Pompey; the dreams of French equality were speedily extinguished by the guillotine of Robespierre and the sword of Napoleon—for in all these communities the majority were essentially selfish and corrupt; but in Great Britain the heart of the nation was still sound, and though it was dazzled for a time by the false glare of the revolutionary meteor, it has now fixed its steady gaze again upon the blessed light of the eternal luminary in the heavens.

The reason why, in every age of the world, the triumph of democracy has immediately, or, at least, shortly, been followed by the destruction of all the best interests of society, and the total ruin in particular of the whole principles of freedom for which it itself contended, is perfectly apparent; and the moment it is stated it must be seen to be one of universal application. It is not that the working classes of the community are in themselves more depraved, or more corrupted, than the classes who possess property and have acquired information. It is probable that all men, in every rank of life, when exposed to the influence of the same temptations, are pretty nearly the same; and whoever asserts that either a monarchical, aristocratic, or democratic government will not, in the long run, endeavour to pervert the influence of government to their own selfish interests or ambition, is not an assertor of truth, but an adulator of whichever of these forms of government he endeavours to support. But there is this difference, and it is an essential one in its ulti-

mate effects upon the interests of mankind, that though the dispositions of the aristocratic or conservative party may be just as selfish at bottom as those of the democratic, there are several causes which permanently retain them in a fixed, safe, and beneficial course of government; and which, as they depend on general principles, may be expected to be of universal operation. And these causes are the following:—

1. In the first place, the interests of the holders of property permanently, are to protect that property from injury or spoliation; whereas the interest of the democratic body, who are for the most part destitute of funds, is to advocate such measures as by trenching upon, or ultimately inducing a division of property, may, as they hope, have the effect of securing for them the advantages which at present they do not enjoy. Accordingly, it has been uniformly found in all ages, that the holders of property advocate measures to protect that property; while the destitute masses are perpetually impelled to measures likely to lead to revolutionary spoliation. This, however, is a matter of the very highest importance; for experience has now abundantly proved what reason from the beginning of the world had asserted, not only that the security of property in every class of society, from the lowest to the highest, is the mainspring of all prosperity and happiness, both public and private; but that freedom itself is never so much endangered as by measures having a tendency to induce the division of property, and by the success of those measures is immediately and irrevocably destroyed. To be satisfied of this, we have only to look to the condition of France, where measures of the most revolutionary and democratic character, directed against the aristocracy of land, of wealth, and of industry, were pursued with the most insatiate thirst, and crowned with the most entire success; and in consequence there are now no less than *ten millions eight hundred and sixty-two thousand separate landed proprietors* in that kingdom, while the territorial and commercial aristocracy is almost totally destroyed. And what has been the result? Simply this, that the establishment or preservation of freedom has been rendered totally impracticable in the country; because no power remains in the state capable of counterbalancing the influence and authority of the central government, resting on the armed force and universal patronage of the state. "The Romans," says Gibbon, "aspired to be equal; they were levelled by the equality of Asiatic despotism,"—a terrible but just expression, pointing at once to the effect of democratic triumph in levelling the bulwarks of freedom, and drawing over the state that huge rolling-stone which, crushing all the great interests of society, prepares the deep and level stagnation of military despotism. And thus conservative principles, as they incessantly prompt men to the support of property and protection of industry, are the safeguards at once of the springs of prosperity and the principles of freedom; while democratic ascendency necessarily impels the people into the measures of spoliation, which, however tempting at first to the hungry masses, bring speedy ruin upon every branch of industry, and inevitably terminate in hopeless despotism.

2. In the next place, although no man who is acquainted with human nature would claim, either for the higher ranks or more educated classes in the community, any natural superiority in talent over their humble but not less useful brethren; yet, on the other hand, nothing can be more consonant to reason than to assert, that those classes in society who, from their affluence, possess the leisure, and from their station have received the education, requisite for acquiring extensive information, are more likely in the long run to acquire and exhibit the powers necessary for beneficial legislature than those who, from the necessities of their situation, are chained to daily toil, and, from the limited extent of their funds, have been disabled from acquiring a thorough education. In claiming for the higher, and, above all, for the more highly educated ranks, a superiority in the art of government to the other classes of the community, we do no more than assert a principle of universal application, which has not only been recognized and acted upon from the beginning of the world, but is perfectly familiar to every person practically acquainted with life in every depart-

ment. All the professions and all the trades into which men are divided, require a long education, and a not inconsiderable amount of actual practice; and with the exception of those rare individuals to whom nature has given the power of mastering various branches of science or art at once, success is in general only to be acquired by constant and undivided attention. No person of a different profession would think of competing with a physician in the treatment of a person afflicted with a dangerous illness, or with a lawyer in the management of an intricate or difficult litigation; and probably the most vehement supporter of popular rights would hesitate before he gave an order to a committee of ten-pounders to make a coat for him, or entrusted the building of his house to the delegates of many different trades, instead of a master builder, who had acquired proficiency in one of them. In asserting and maintaining the proposition, therefore, that the classes who enjoy property, and have received an extensive education, mainly directed to that end as the profession to which they are called, are better fitted to discharge with advantage to the public the intricate and difficult science of government, than the classes which, though endowed with equal natural talents, have not had them directed to the same objects, or matured in the same manner—we only assert a fact of universal notoriety among mankind, and apply to the most difficult branch of human knowledge the principles by which alone success ever has or can be attained in the easiest. And it would be surprising, indeed, if the science of government—a branch of knowledge which requires, more than any other, a course of unremitting study during a whole lifetime, and which can never be mastered but by those whose minds have acquired extensive information on a vast variety of subjects—could be as successfully pursued by those classes whose time is almost wholly absorbed in other pursuits, as by those who had made it the undivided object and study of their lives. And this is the true explanation of the fact which, during the last ten years, has been so often observed, that the talent, and still more the statesmanlike views, displayed in the House of Peers, is so much superior to what, during the same period, has been brought forward in the House of Commons; and that in the latter assembly, not merely oratorical talents, but capacity for public business, have hardly in one instance been evinced by the popular leaders who have been brought in upon the shoulders of the supporters of the Reform Bill, while valuable qualities seem to be still the exclusive attribute of those more highly educated classes whose profession and business, as it were, has become the conduct of public affairs.

3. In the third place, and this is a most important observation, there is provided in the ascendency of the classes possessed of property and education—provided always they are duly restrained and checked by the more numerous but less educated classes of society—a permanent security against the corruption of government, and the selfish dispositions of those entrusted with power while in the possession of government. By the leaders of the democratic party, there are brought into operation a series of causes which almost instantaneously not merely spread corruption and abuse through every department of the state, but, by thoroughly depraving the public mind, render that corruption permanent, and extinguish every hope of moral or social amelioration. This is perhaps the most important observation which can be made with reference to the science of government, and it explains at once the universal failure of all attempts to establish good government on a democratic basis, and the permanent provision for its enjoyment under a well-tempered and checked aristocracy. The reason, though not apparent at first sight, is sufficiently convincing when once stated, and deserves the serious consideration of every thoughtful mind.

"It has often been observed," says Mr Hume, "that there is a wide difference between the judgment which befalls the conduct of others, and that which we ourselves pursue when placed in similar circumstances. The reason is obvious: in judging of others, we are influenced by our reason and our feelings; in acting for ourselves, we are directed by our reason, our feelings, *and our desires*." In this simple observation is to be found the key both to the fatal corruption, which democratic ascen-

dency never fails to produce in the state, and to the permanent check which, in Conservative ascendency, is provided at once against its own tendency to selfish projects, and the dangerous encroachments of the other classes of society. When the holders of property are in power, and the masses are in vigilant but restrained opposition, the majority of the community who give the tone to public thought necessarily incline to the support of virtuous and patriotic principles, because they have no interest to do otherwise.

Hence, although doubtless in such communities some abuses do prevail, and will prevail to the end of the world, from the universal tendency to corruption in mankind when acting for themselves, and actuated by their own interests; yet, upon the whole, the administration of affairs is pure and virtuous, and the community obtains a larger share of good government than can possibly be obtained under any other form of human institutions. Above all, in such circumstances, the public mind is preserved untainted: public spirit is general, and forms the mainspring of national action; and this invaluable temper of mind, more precious far than all actual or political institutions, not only preserves the heart of the nation entire, and forms a salutary control upon the measures of the holders of power; but, by influencing the very atmosphere which they breathe, imparts a large share of its glorious spirit to those in possession of its reins and open to its seductions. And hence the long-continued public spirit and greatness of the British and Roman empires, and of all communities in which power has been for a long period in possession of the holders of property, and general thought has been directed by the aristocracy of intellect.

But all this is totally reversed when the popular leaders get themselves installed in power, and the democratic party are in possession of an irresistible preponderance in the state. The moment that this fatal change occurs, a total revolution takes place, not merely in the conduct of Government, but in the vigilance with which they are guarded and watched by the great body of the people. The holders of power, and the dispensers of influence, find themselves surrounded by a host of hungry dependants, to whom necessity is law; and who, impelled by a secret consciousness that their political ascendency is not destined to be of long duration, because they are disqualified to maintain it, strive only to make the best use of their time, by providing for themselves and their relations at the public expense, without the slightest regard to any consideration of the public advantage. On the other hand, the great body of the people, formerly so loud in their clamour against every species of abuse, and their demand for a virtuous and patriotic administration of public affairs, now quietly pass by on the other side, and either openly, and with shameless effrontery, defend every species of abuse, because they profit by it, or preserve a studious silence, and endeavour to huddle up these corrupt, and to them beneficial excesses, under the cry of a reformation of the state in some other department, or a wider extension of the power from which their leaders derive such immediate benefit. Thus, not only is the power and influence of government immediately directed to the most corrupt and selfish purposes, but legislation itself becomes tainted with the same inherent and universal vice; in the general scramble, where every one seems on the look-out for himself, no other object is attended to but the promotion of separate interests, or class elevation; the public press not only never denounces, but cordially supports all such abuses, because their leaders and themselves profit by them; and, what is worst of all, public feeling becomes universally and irrevocably corrupted, because the great body of the people profit, or hope to profit, by the abuses in which the leaders of their party indulge.

The clearest proofs of the truth of these principles, and of the extraordinary difference between the conduct and sentiments of mankind, when judging of the actions of others, and when acting for themselves, may be every day witnessed in the public theatres. Observe the conduct of the people, and most of all the humblest classes of the people, when their feelings are roused by the performance of a noble tragedy, and the enunciation of exalted sentiments, clothed in the colours of poetry, and enforced by the energy or genius of theatrical re-

presentation. How loudly are generous sentiments applauded; how enthusiastic is the ardour produced by patriotic emotion; how strongly does the very air of the theatre seem impregnated with the most generous and patriotic sentiments! How many inexperienced observers have been led to imagine, when witnessing these bursts of lofty enthusiasm, and seeing how uniformly they commence with the humblest classes of society—how many have been led to conclude that human nature is at bottom virtuous and pure; that selfishness and vice are the growth only of riches and palaces; and that ample security for a pure and salutary administration of affairs, is to be found in the admission of the masses of mankind into the uncontrolled direction of public affairs! Follow out the assembled multitude who have been swayed by such generous emotions in the theatre, and see who they are, and what they do when exposed to the separate influence of the sins which most easily beset them. Among the so-recently generous and elevated crowd, will be found the profligate husband and the faithless wife—the hard-hearted creditor and the fraudulent debtor—the reckless prodigal and the depraved libertine—the besotted drunkard and the abandoned sensualist—the cruel enemy and the perfidious friend—the hard-hearted egotist and the rancorous foe. Among the many who, but the evening before, seemed animated only with the most pure and generous sentiments, will be found every form and variety of human wickedness, and by them will be practised every deed by which man can inflict misery on man. Such, and so different is man, when judging of others according to his reason and his feelings, and man, when acting for himself under the influence of his reason, his feelings, and his passions. Hence it is, that during the worst periods of the French Revolution, the sanguinary mob who had been entranced in the evening by the noble and elevated sentiments of Racine or Corneille, arose in the morning with fresh vigour, to pursue their career of selfishness and the work of blood; and hence it is, that the enthusiastic masses, whose sentiments appeared so pure, and their feelings so exalted, in the commencement of the French Revolution, when declaiming against the corruptions of power, that their hearts might be thought to have opened within them the springs of heaven, became so utterly selfish, corrupt, and cruel, when exposed themselves to its temptations, that they appeared to have been steeped in hell.

This observation forms the true explanation of the facts which have been so clearly evinced, and which have excited such unbounded astonishment since the commencement of democratic ascendency in this country; viz. that the Liberal party, not only have themselves fallen into the very vices which they complained of in their predecessors, but pushed corruption in every department of the state to an unheard-of excess, and perverted the whole influence and power of Government to the promotion of the interests of their own party adherents, and the whole powers of legislation to the prosecution of party ambition. If we compare the language of the Whigs before they came into office, ten years ago, with their actions since that time, the difference will appear so enormous, that it would seem as if we had passed, in a few years, from the most virtuous to the most corrupt stage of society. Only reflect on what they have done. In Opposition, they declaimed incessantly upon the sufferings of the poor, and bewailed, in pathetic terms, the hardships and the miseries of the humbler classes of society, upon whose exertions the whole fabric of national greatness is rested; and no sooner were they fairly seated in office, than they directed the whole influence of Government to force through a measure which deprived the poor of England of their best inheritance—which punished poverty with the pains of guilt—which burdened female innocence with the consequences of libertine depravity; and separated from each other, in the last stage of existence, those of whom it had been said at the altar, "Those whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder." In Opposition, they held up nothing so strongly and universally to public abhorrence, as the baseness of a party which should maintain itself in office by Court favour, and loudly proclaimed the constitutional principle that no crime could be so great, because none was so obviously subversive of

public freedom, as the admittance of back-stairs influence into the direction of public affairs; or the maintenance of the reins of power by a party who had ceased to retain the confidence of the House of Commons. When in office themselves, however, they acted in a very different manner. For more than two years after they had themselves admitted they had lost the confidence of the House of Commons, and had actually resigned office in consequence, they returned to office, and retained it, not because they possessed the confidence of the Crown, but because they possessed the disinterested support of the ladies of the bedchamber. In Opposition, their incessant theme was the necessity of economy in every department of the state, and they denounced nothing so much in their political opponents as their alleged lavish profusion in the administration of the exchequer, and the regulation of the public expenditure. How have their deeds kept pace with these professions? Why, they have increased the public expenditure during the ten years of their tenure of office, by a sum not less than two millions a-year.* They contended, when in Opposition, for nothing so strongly as the remission of taxation, the preservation of public credit, and the maintenance of a surplus revenue by economical reduction, to the gradual liquidation on sure principles of the national debt, and they have, while in office, contrived not merely to destroy altogether the surplus revenue of £2,667,000 a-year, which the Duke of Wellington's government left them, but converted it into a steady deficit, which has now reached the enormous amount of £2,450,000 annually,† and which has amounted, in the last five years, to no less than £7,500,000. In Opposition, they incessantly declaimed about the enormous magnitude of the public debt, the insupportable load which it imposed upon the industry of the nation, and the enormous profligacy of the preceding governments, under whose auspices it had been constituted. But, alas! how are the mighty fallen! From the details given in the preceding and following notes, all of which are founded on

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* 1830–31.

TORY EXPENDITURE.

Interest of debt, funded and unfunded,	£29,118,858
Civil List, Pensions, Salaries, Courts of Justice and Miscellaneous,	2,031,898
Army,	6,991,163
Navy,	5,309,606
Ordnance,	1 613,908
Miscellaneous, &c.	2,077,500
	£47,142,933

1840–41.

WHIG EXPENDITURE.

Interest of debt, funded and unfunded	£29,381,717
Civil List, Pensions, Salaries, Courts of Justice and Miscellaneous,	2,433,526
Army,	6,890,267
Navy,	5,597,511
Ordnance,	1,631,640
Miscellaneous,	2,523,625
Canada,	553,249
China,	150,000
	£49,161,536

† TORY TEN YEARS.

1821–30.

Taxes remitted	£15,883,000
Debt paid off	47,772,564
Reduction of the Annual Interest of Debt	3,451,354
Surplus revenue, 1831	2,667,000

WHIG TEN YEARS.

1831–40.

Taxes remitted, deducting new taxes laid on	£3,124,000
Debt paid off (but a large increase—the exact sum not easily discoverable)	None.
Increase of the annual interest	1,127,000
Deficiency in the revenue, 1841	2,421,776

official returns laid before Parliament, it appears that while the Tories, from 1820 to 1830, had paid off £47,000,000 of the national debt, and reduced its interest by £3,450,000, the Whigs, in the next ten years, have not only not paid off one shilling, but, on the contrary, have made such large additions to the public debt, that its annual charges are no less than £110,000.*

In Opposition, the Whigs declaimed incessantly upon the ruinous effects of former warfare upon the best interests of the state; and, while in office, they have combined reduction in the national defences with arrogance in national diplomatic relations to such a degree, that our national character was lowered, and our national honour tarnished in every quarter of the globe, and war has been forced upon us in China, Affghanistan, and Canada, from the wretched fatuity with which our national ascendency in these quarters of the globe has been lost; and we were brought to the very verge of a desperate war with France, in consequence of the necessary effects of our former discreditable submission to Russia. The Whigs constantly asserted while in Opposition, that the great increase of crime which has taken place during the last half century in the British isles, and particularly in Ireland, was the result of Tory misgovernment, and the neglect of the moral cultivation of the great body of the people; and the result of their ten years' government has been to raise up crime in England from 18,675 committals a-year in 1829, to 24,443 in 1839; in Scotland, from 2,063 in 1829, to 3,409 in 1839; and in Ireland, from 15,271 in 1829, to 26,392 in 1839.† And of the crime in Ireland it appears, from the official returns, that in 1839, after nine years of the blessings of Romish ascendency and Whig conciliation, the number of capital and atrocious crimes has increased in a degree at once fearful and alarming, and demonstrating, in the most decisive manner, both the savage character which the Romish priesthood have retained in that unhappy people, and the total inadequacy of Whig le-

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* PERMANENT, OR FUNDED DEBT.

	Capital.	Annual Charge.
1821,	£801,565,310	£30,149,920
1831,	757,486,996	27,674,754
Decrease,	£44,078,314	£2,475,166

UNFUNDED DEBT, OR EXCHEQUER BILLS.

	Capital.	Annual Charge.
1821,	£30,965,900	£1,769,219
1831,	27,271,650	793,031
Decrease,	£3,694,250	£976,188

Capital,	£47,772,564
Interest,	3,451,354

INTEREST OF THE FUNDED DEBT.

1831,	£27,674,754
1841,	28,738,720
Increase,	£1,063,966

AND ON THE UNFUNDED DEBT.

1831	£793,031
1840,	856,701
Increase,	£63,670

† Porter's *Parliamentary Tables.* Part III. P. 430.

gislation or Romish ascendency, either to ameliorate it or prevent its steady increase.*

The Whigs repeatedly told us, when in Opposition, that the navy was the true strength of England—that the wooden walls were alone not formidable to freedom—and that the Ministry deserved to lose their heads who should let down that great and important element of national defence; and, nevertheless, they have starved the fleet so disgracefully, in order to provide funds for the extension of their Ministerial corruption at home, that whereas Great Britain, in 1792, when its colonial empire and national resources were little more than a third of what they are now, had 154 ships of the line in commission, or in the royal dockyards—she now, including those building, has only ninety! The Whigs, in Opposition, were loud in their declamation against the needless multiplication of offices, and the creation of commissions, or other jobs, to favour the purposes of Ministerial corruption; and they themselves have carried that engine of abuse to an unheard of extent, and overspread the land for ten years with a host of commissions, which have served little other purpose but that of accumulating a vast mass of prejudiced or *ex parte* evidence, and spending among the younger scions of the Whig aristocracy about a million and a half of the public money.

We have said, and we say it advisedly, that falsehood reiterated in every possible shape, and clothed in every possible form, has from first to last constituted the constant system of Whig Government; and that but for the way in which they have contrived to delude the public mind by the constant exhibition of fallacious promises, or erroneous theories, they never could have maintained themselves more than a few months in power. Experience has now completely demonstrated the fallacious nature of almost all these promises and speculations, and proved that the deepest wounds have been inflicted upon the best interests of the empire by the adoption of the theories for which they so strenuously contended. But the Liberals are not a whit discouraged by the demonstrated failure of all their schemes; but, calculating largely, and, it would appear, not without success, upon the ignorance and credulity of their democratic followers, they incessantly bring forward new projects and devices, in the confident hope that, as fast as one is proved to be fallacious, the public may be deluded and beguiled by another. It may justly be asserted, that their political existence has been nothing else but an endeavour to keep

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* IN 1829.

PERSONS COMMITTED FOR TRIAL IN IRELAND IN 1831.

Murder	124
Manslaughter	86
Shooting at, Stabbing, Administering Poison	34
Assault, with intent to Murder	31
Rape	200
Abduction	30
Bigamy	
Assaults	2,981
	3,486

—PORTER'S *Parl. Papers, III.* 500.

IN 1839.

PERSONS COMMITTED FOR TRIAL IN IRELAND.

Murder	286
Shooting at, Stabbing, Administering Poison, &c.	85
Assault, with intent to Murder	132
Solicitation to Murder	7
Conspiracy to Murder	25
Manslaughter	363
Rape, and Carnally Abusing Girls under 10	234
Assaults, with intent to Ravish	100
Abduction	54
Bigamy	11
Child Stealing	11
Assaults	5,886
Do. on Peace Officers in execution of Duty	212
Total serious Crimes of Personal Violence	7,406

—PORTER'S *Parl. Returns, Part IX.*, 1839, p. 162.

themselves afloat by the sending up one bubble into the air after another. True, these bubbles are not long of bursting, and the intelligent and really educated classes of society are now almost unanimously convinced of the utter hollowness of their professions and fallacy of their principles. But what then? Another bubble is sent up, and another, and another; and although every rational independent man in the country is now utterly disgusted with this ministerial system of trickery and delusion, yet their interested followers in every rank give it their most strenuous and effective support; and their mob followers in the cities, half interested half deluded, make the air resound with acclamations at every new bubble that is sent up to dazzle the eyes of the multitude by glittering for a few seconds in the sun.

The first grand Whig bubble which was thrown up was the Reform Bill. This great healing measure, we were told, was to put an effectual end to all the disorders and miseries of society; was to spread a healthful and purifying influence over every department of government; and, by bringing the legislature into harmony with the masses of the community, was to render the armed force unnecessary, and establish a perfect unity of feeling, interests, and desires between the different classes of society. What has been the result of the great healing measure? Has it been to restore concord and unanimity to the empire; to extinguish all feuds which had formerly arrayed class against class, and interest against interest; and to establish universally that concord and unanimity of feeling between government and the working classes, which unquestionably forms so important an element of public prosperity? The result has notoriously and avowedly been the reverse. Instead of producing unanimity and concord among all the ranks of society, it has induced nothing but strife and variance; instead of calming the passions and soothing the discontent of the working classes, it has arrayed them in fierce hostility or sullen indignation against the government; instead of establishing concord and unanimity between the legislature and the masses, it has thrown the apple of eternal discord between them; instead of calming the passions and diverting the ambition of the people, it has filled them with painful heart-burnings, general discontent, and fruitless aspirations after ideal and long promised perfection. A change which, it was confidently predicted by its promoters was to establish peace and harmony throughout the land, and enable government to dispense with the expense, so far as internal affairs are concerned, of a standing army, has been followed by an unavoidable augmentation of its forces from ninety-one thousand in 1830, to one hundred and twenty-eight thousand in 1841; Bristol and Nottingham have been consigned to the flames; Birmingham and Newport with difficulty rescued from pillage and conflagration, and more property has been destroyed and blood shed during the last ten years of Whig conciliation, indulgence, and concession, than during the preceding century of constitutional or conservative government.

The next bubble which the Whigs threw up, and which, like an unsound paper currency, was attended with marvellous strength in the outset, and woeful weakness in the end, was that of negro emancipation. Availing themselves of the humane and benevolent spirit of the British people, the Liberal leaders blew into an absolute flame the amiable but delusive passion for negro emancipation. Free labour, it was said, is, in the end, infinitely cheaper than that of slaves; industry, prosperity, and peace, may be anticipated from the immediate abolition of the fetters of slavery throughout the whole British dominions, and the supply of sugar for the British islands be rendered both more steady and more abundant by the blessed substitution of the voluntary labour of freemen for the compulsory toil of the slave. The argument was pleasing; the principles to which it appealed were benevolent; and the conclusion, to those acquainted only in the superficial way with human affairs, appeared irresistible. But the result has now completely demonstrated both the utter fallacy of the views on which this grand delusion was founded, and the total hypocrisy of the humane and philanthropic views with which the Whigs announced it to the people.

Such has been the effect of the diminution of the produce of West

Indian labour, which has resulted from this fatal measure, that the total agricultural produce of the British West India islands, which in 1830, before the perilous innovation had taken place, or the agitation for it had commenced, had sunk, in the year 1839, by the amount of *fully a third* in every one article.

The Returns for the whole of the West India Islands are as follows:—

IMPORTS.	1828.	1839.
Sugar, Cwt.	4,313,430	3,442,812
Rum, Gal.	5,227,013	4,032,923
Molasses, Cwt.	510,708	480,808
Coffee, lb.	29,840,785	11,585,122 *

And the extraordinary deficiency in West India produce appears from nothing more clearly than the diminution in the tonnage during the two periods, for, from the last returns, they stood as follows:—

1828.	1839.
Tonnage Inwards.	Tonnage Inwards.
272,800	196,715 †

But why have recourse to parliamentary returns to prove a fact so notorious, and now brought home by dear-bought experience to every human being in the country? Every body knows, that for the last three years the price of sugar has been fully a third higher than it was ever known to have been before, and that in spite of the astonishing increase of East India sugar, the import of which has risen, during the last six years, from six thousand to fifty-eight thousand tons annually; and in consequence of this rapid diminution of West India produce, and consequent enhancement of the price to the British consumer, not only has a tax of from two to three millions a-year in the increased price of sugar been imposed upon the people of this country, but twenty millions have been added to the national debt, and Ministers have at last been driven into the desperate and disgraceful expedient of bringing forward a proposal for the reduction of the duty on slave foreign sugar from 63 to 36 shillings a cwt., or very nearly one-half.‡ That is to say, they have first diminished, by about a third, the total agricultural produce of the British West India Islands, and the total amount of shipping employed between them and the mother country; and then, to fill up the gap, and remedy the deficiency which they themselves have created, they propose to complete the destruction of the British West India Islands, by an inundation of foreign sugar which will at once render cultivation in our own colonies impossible, and reduce to ruin and barbarism the free negro labourers in the West India Islands, for whom they have made so many sacrifices and have professed so warm a zeal, and give the greatest possible impulse to the foreign slave trade in Cuba and the Brazils, where it exists in its most loathsome and atrocious form. Already they have raised up the importation of negroes to these awful scenes of human misery, from about a hundred to one hundred and ninety thousand human beings annually; and if this new project of equalizing the sugar duties is carried into effect, it will, beyond all question, increase this hellish traffic to at least 300,000 slaves annually. A more deplorable instance of human infatuation, "begun in folly, closed in tears," never was exhibited, than in this odious combination of weak-

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* Porter's *Parliamentary Tables*, IX. 59, and Martin's *British Colonies*, II. 458–462.

† Porter's *Parliamentary Tables*, IX. 44.

‡ The annual consumption of sugar in the British Islands is about 190,000 tons. Twelve pounds a ton upon this large amount will amount to no less than £2,280,000, and this is within the average rise of sugar during the last three years.

ness and delusion in the outset, with selfishness and cruelty in the end; and if nothing else were to exist to stamp the character of the present administration, it is alone sufficient to consign them to the indignation of the wise and good through every age of succeeding time.

Another favourite Whig bubble, which they threw up long ago, and have never ceased to bolster up to the present time, is the RECIPROCITY SYSTEM. And here the results of their principles have been demonstrated in a manner at once so convincing and alarming, as to call for the serious attention of every friend to the independence, and even existence, of his country.

The Reciprocity System, as it is well known, was begun in the year 1823, in consequence of the strenuous exertions of the Liberal party, with Mr Huskisson at their head, who ardently maintained that the time had arrived when it was now absolutely necessary to establish the principles of free trade in shipping, and that the only way in which we could either maintain our maritime strength, or preserve a lucrative national intercourse with the Continental States of Europe, was by declaring that we would admit their shipping into our harbours on the same terms on which they admitted ours. Treaties to this effect were accordingly concluded in 1823, with Prussia, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. And what has been the result? Has it led to a greater extension, either of our tonnage with these countries, or of our commercial intercourse with and exports to them? The result is thus given by Mr Alison in his late work on the *Principles of Population*:—

"It distinctly appears that, under the Reciprocity System, the trade with the Baltic States, Prussia, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, has for the most part fallen into the hands of foreigners. And, as an illustration of the way in which the foreign shipping has grown up so as to overshadow the British, we refer to a table, showing the progress of the trade of these countries from 1822 to 1839, by which the relative progress of the British and foreign trade with those countries where reciprocity treaties have been concluded, is clearly demonstrated, and which is calculated to shake the nerves of even the most ardent supporters of the system under which they were concluded. Under the operation of the Reciprocity System, the British ships employed in the trade with Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Prussia have declined *an eighth*, and the foreign shipping employed in the trade between these countries and Great Britain has TRIPLED:—

				1822. Tonnage.	1839. Tonnage.
British ships declined with Prussia,	539 ships	to	721,	102,847 to	111,470
— Denmark,	57	—	49,	7,096 to	5,536
— Norway,	168	—	21,	13,377 to	2,582
— Sweden,	123	—	49,	20,799 to	8,359
Total,	.	.	.	144,119 to	127,947

Prussian ships with Great Britain increased from.....	258 ships	to	1283	58,270 to	229,208
Danish,.....	44	...	1531	3,910 to	106,690
Norwegian,....	558	...	868	87,974 to	109,228
Swedish,.....	71	...	272	13,692 to	49,270
Total,.....				163,846 to	494,396"*

As a further illustration of the way in which foreign shipping has encroached upon British under the reciprocity system, that is, of free trade in shipping, we subjoin a Table showing the comparative progress of Bri-

* Alison's *Principles of Population*, II. 360.

tish and Foreign Shipping at three different periods—between 1801 and 1822, when the old system of the navigation laws was in operation, and between 1823 and 1839, under the operation of the new system.

Table, showing the Progress of British and Foreign Shipping in the years 1801, 1814, *and* 1822, *as contrasted with that in the years* 1823, 1832, *and* 1839.

Years.	British.		Foreign.		Total.	
	Ships.	Tons.	Ships.	Tons.	Ships.	Tons.
1801.	4,987	922,594	5,497	780,155	10,484	1,702,749
1814.	8,975	1,290,248	5,286	599,287	14,261	1,889,535
1822.	11,087	1,664,186	3,389	469,151	14,476	2,133,337
1823.	11,271	1,740,859	4,069	582,996	15,340	2,323,855
1832.	13,372	2,185,980	4,546	639,979	17,918	2,825,959
1839.	17,066	3,096,611	10,698	1,398,096	27,764	4,494,707

Thus it appears from this most instructive table, that while, under the old system of the navigation laws, the British Shipping had increased in twenty years, from 1801 to 1822, from 922,594 to 1,664,186 tons, the foreign shipping had *declined* during the same period from 780,155 to 469,151 tons; whereas, under the reciprocity system, which began on 15th February 1823, the British Shipping from 1822 to 1839, has increased only from 1,740,000 to 3,000,000 tons, while the foreign shipping has *increased* from 469,000 to 1,400,000; that is, the British shipping has considerably less than doubled, while the foreign has *tripled!*—And if our limits would permit, it would be easy to show, from an analysis of the British trade, that the quarters in which our tonnage has increased, has been chiefly the Colonies and the countries with whom we have concluded no reciprocity treaties; and that it is the vast increase in our trade with these countries, which the Liberal policy strives to repress, and which has caused our rapid decline in trade with the European monarchies with whom we have concluded reciprocity treaties. Nothing is more certain, therefore, than that never has political bubble burst more completely than the reciprocity system has done.

But then, say the advocates of free trade, although, doubtless, the shipping interest has declined under the application of the reciprocity system, yet this has been more than compensated by the vast increase of our trade with those countries, which could not have been kept up so high had it not been for the concessions made in this vital article of the shipping interest. Let us apply this to the test of experience. On this subject, it is unnecessary to do more than refer to the following quotation from Mr Porter, the well-known statistician, and himself a most strenuous supporter of the principles of free trade. "That part," says Mr Porter, "of our commerce, which, being carried on with the rich and civilized inhabitants of European nations, should present the greatest field for extension, will be seen to have fallen off under this aspect in a remarkable degree. The average annual exports to the whole of Europe, *were less in value by nearly twenty per cent in the five years, from* 1832 *to* 1836, *than they were in the five years that followed the close of the war;* and it affords strong evidence of the unsatisfactory footing upon which our trading regulations with Europe are established, that our exports to the United States of America, which, with their population of only twelve millions, are removed to a distance from us of 3000 miles across the Atlantic, have amounted to *more* than one-half of the value of our shipments *to the whole of Europe*, with a population fifteen times as great as that of the United States of America, and with an abundance of productions suited to our wants, which they are naturally desirous of exchanging for the products of our mines and looms." *

* Porter, ii. p. 10.

Proofs of this assertion of Mr Porter's, as to the signal decline with the countries of old Europe with whom we concluded reciprocity treaties, abound in every quarter; but it would fill volumes to lay them all before the public. We shall content ourselves, therefore, by referring to two short tables, the one showing the amount of our exports in cotton goods, in 1840, to Prussia, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Belgium, and France, the chief countries with whom we have concluded reciprocity treaties; and the other showing the total amount of our exports to these countries; and we suppose the figures we give will make the round of the Radical papers, from the clear demonstration they afford of the extent which the principles of free trade have opened to our commerce with the States of Northern Europe:—

Declared value of exported British cotton manufactured goods, in 1839, to—

Sweden,	£75,929
Norway,	27,281
Denmark,	6,542
Prussia,	852!!!
Belgium,	188,717
France,	189,763

—Porter's *Parl. Tables*, IX. 123.

Total British exports in 1839, to—

Sweden,	£121,850
Norway,	81,584
Denmark,	143,732
Prussia,	206,866
Belgium,	881,831
France,	2,298,307

—*Ibid.* IX. 122.

As a further illustration of the working of the free-trade system, we subjoin the following table, compiled with his usual accuracy by Mr Porter, the great free-trade apostle, showing the progress of British trade to different parts of the world during the thirty-three years prior to 1836.

Analysis of the Export Trade of the United Kingdom in the years 1804, 1814, *and* 1835 *respectively, showing the proportional amount of tonnage employed at each period in our commerce with the principal geographical divisions of the world.*

	1802.		1814.		1835.	
	Total Tonnage.	Centesimal Proportion.	Total Tonnage.	Centesimal Proportion.	Total Tonnage.	Centesimal Proportion.
States of Europe,.....	1,034,517	63,28	1,126,152	65,06	1,615,563	48,59
British dominions in Europe, without Ireland,.....	60,275	3,69	84,755	4,90	165,233	4,97
United States of America, ...	123,108	7,33	476	0,03	370,924	11,15
Foreign Colonies in West Indies and America, ...	1,804	0,41	67,163	3,88	101,806	3,06
British Colonies in West Indies and America,.....	268,463	16,42	348,188	20,12	803,596	24,17
Africa, ...	44,070	2,70	15,945	0,92	48,586	1,46
Cape and India,.....	59,546	3,64	41,993	2,43	149,958	4,51
New South Wales,....			561	0,03	35,919	1,08
Greenland & South Fisheries, ...	43,021	2,63	45,575	2,63	33,636	1,01
Totals,.....	1,634,804	100,00	1,730,808	100,00	3,325,211	100,00

It may truly be said that this table speaks volumes as to the real effects of the free-trade system, and the true policy of Great Britain in commercial matters; for from it two things are apparent. In the first place, that since the free-trade system began, our exports with Continental Europe, with the kingdoms of which that system was established, have advanced *far slower* than with our own colonies, with whom we have gone on according to the old system of exclusive national protection; and, in the second place, the proportion which our trade with the free-trade states bears to that

enjoyed with our colonies, is continually and rapidly on the decline; for the trade with Europe during the period from 1814 to 1835 has increased from 1,126,000 to 1,615,000, or from 11 to 16; with British colonies from 268,000 to 803,000, or from 26 to 80.

And, on the other hand, the centesimal proportion of our whole trade during the same free-trade epoch, has stood thus:—

With Europe, *free trade* principles *declined* from . .	65 to 48
With British Colonies on *protection* principles, *increased* from . .	20 to 24
With India on *protection* principles, *increased* from	3 to 4

Nothing more is requisite than to examine Mr Porter the statistician, to discover a decisive refutation of Mr Porter the free-trade theorician.

Thus it is clearly demonstrated, that our trade with those countries where we have been dealing on free-trade principles, is a perfect trifle, with the exception of France, the increase of our trade to which has been fully balanced by the corresponding falling off of our exports to Portugal, hardly worth speaking of; and that we have adopted a system which is swiftly and certainly undermining our naval power, in the vain attempt of overcoming their manufacturing jealousy so far as to induce them to go into our principles of free trade. And it is particularly well worthy of observation, that while Mr Huskisson, in February 1823, rested his abandonment of the navigation laws upon the necessity of propitiating the Continental powers, and *particularly Prussia*, by throwing down the restraints of these laws, and thereby inducing them to admit, on favourable terms, our manufactures, and, above all, our cotton manufactures—the result has been, after eighteen years' experience, that while the Prussian shipping, conducted in carrying on the British trade, has increased from 58,000 to 229,000, the British export of cotton goods to that country has only reached L.852! And we cordially recommend this fact to the consideration and the answer of the advocates of free trade in every part of the empire.

The way in which this total failure both of the reciprocity and free-trade systems has been brought about, is perfectly apparent. The Baltic powers can build ships much cheaper than we can, for this plain reason, that the materials for ship-building are all to be found at their own doors. It is as impossible for us, therefore, to compete with them in ship-building, as it would be for them to compete with us in the manufacture of iron or cotton goods. *We*, however, under the free-trade delusion, agreed to admit their ships on the same terms on which they admitted ours; but we never thought of stipulating that they should admit our iron and cotton goods on the same terms on which we admitted theirs. The consequence has been, that their shipping has multiplied five-fold in their intercourse with us, while ours with them has declined in a similar proportion; and that our exports of manufactured goods to them have been reduced to a perfect trifle. And it is specially worthy of observation, that so far from the conceding system, on our part, leading to any limitation of their restrictions, it had the directly opposite effect; for the first thing the Prussian Government did, after having got from us the great concession of the reciprocity system, was to establish the Prusso-Germanic League, which *arrayed six-and-twenty millions of Germans in commercial hostility to this country*, and established *ad valorem* import duties on our manufactures, varying from forty to fifty per cent. They gladly took every thing they could get from us, but gave us nothing in return. Nor is there the slightest hope that they will ever give us any thing; for they have arrived at that stage of social progress when manufactures naturally arise among a people, and when the national mind is strongly bent upon their protection and encouragement as the most effectual means of augmenting the national wealth. So true is it, that the reciprocity and free-trade systems were all on one side only, and with such sagacity does the common sense of mankind, which fixed on that well-known saying, discover the true answer to the pernicious theories of peculative politicians.

Another bubble which the Whigs threw up, and the expected brilliancy of which has actually kept them afloat for two years, is that of Post-Office

Reform. No sooner were they overthrown, and obliged to resign, two years ago, on the West Indian question, than, fearful of their tenure of office, under the auspices of the ladies of the bedchamber they launched forth a grand political bubble, to delude John Bull with visions of social amelioration. This bubble was the Penny Postage; and, fortunately for the cause of truth, its practical results, like those of all the other Whig-Radical delusions, have now been clearly demonstrated by experience.

We were told that the increase of letters and parcels which would pass through the Post-office, from the reduction of the charges, would speedily compensate, and more than compensate, the effect of that reduction on the public revenues; that renewed activity would be given to commercial transactions, and increased vigour to commercial speculation, from the extended facility of mutual communication; and that, while the people would be largely benefited, the national income would not be injured by the auspicious alteration. It was carried against the solemn warnings of Sir R. Peel and the Conservative members of Parliament; and what has been the result? It thus appears from the official documents laid before Parliament:—

Post-Office Revenue in the year ending 10*th October* 1839.

Last year, before the rate was changed, on 4th December,	£1,533,000
Do. in year ending 10th October 1840, under Penny Postage, ...	694,000
Decrease, . .	£839,000
Quarter ended 10th October 1839, ...	£407,000
Do. Do. 1840, ...	123,000
Decrease per quarter,	£284,000

Which is at the rate of £1,136,000 a-year; so that the revenue from the Post-office, instead of increasing, is diminishing quarterly since the first introduction of the penny system. This result is far from being surprising, for the great reduction in the rate of postage at first, induced a deluge of letters from boarding-school girls, love-sick damsels, sentimental ladies-maids, and idle valets, who have gradually cooled in their epistolary ardour, as the cheap postage became familiar, the trouble of writing felt, and their stock of ideas ran out. The Liberals, in their prophecies that the number of letters passing through the Post-office would be increased six or seven-fold, totally overlooked one consideration, which is nevertheless a vital one in the question; namely, that it is generally very little pleasure, but often a very great burden, to write a letter, and therefore, that the only correspondence upon which reliance can be placed permanently to swell the post-office, is that arising from business and real transactions. They told us, and told us truly, that the reduction in the duties on spirits had tripled the national consumption of the liquid hell-fire; and that the visiters to the Tower had quadrupled under the reduced price of admission—forgetting that it is a very agreeable thing, which all the world can appreciate, to drink spirits or see the lions; but that it is a very different thing to write letters or keep up a continued correspondence; and the result has now completely demonstrated the entire fallacy of all these anticipations of a six or seven-fold increase of letters passing through the post-office in the whole empire, under the reduced system, for Porter's tables show that they have stood thus:—

Weeks ending 24th November	1839,	old rate, . .	1,585,973
—— 22d December	1839,	4d. rate, . .	2,008,687
—— 23d February	1840,	1d. rate, . .	3,199,637
—— 22d March	1840,	do., . . .	3,069,496
—— 26th April	1840,	do., . . .	2,954,866
—— 22d May	1840,	do., . . .	3,138,035
—— 21st June	1840,	do., . . .	3,221,206

—Porter's *Tables*, IX. 381.

So that, instead of having increased the letters sixfold as was predicted, it has only doubled them, and that number is not sensibly on the increase.

And what was the time which Government selected for the abandonment of a branch of revenue yielding a million and a half yearly, paid ready money, easily collected, which burdened no one, and none except a few great Whig-Radical merchants complained of? Was it a time when the Exchequer was overflowing, when the sinking fund was paying off the public debt too rapidly, and when the pacific aspect of our foreign relations rendered it safe to remit so large a portion of the sinews of national defence? So far from it, they chose a time when the revenue, under the influence of increased expenditure and declining income, was rapidly falling into a worse condition; when not a shilling had been applied for years to the reduction of the public debt; when a yawning and hourly increasing deficit, for the first time in the memory of man, seriously menaced public credit,* and when we had just concluded a most costly insurrection in Canada; when we were menaced with wars which have actually broke out in Affghanistan, Syria, and China; and when we were on the very verge of hostilities of the most envenomed character with France and America! Is it surprising that the national revenue should have declined, and the nation be reduced to the edge of bankruptcy, when Government, at the very time when their inconsiderate and reckless conduct had brought the empire into so perilous and gloomy a predicament, and when the aspect of the political horizon, on their own showing, and of their own making, was so threatening, that it had become the first duty of the executive to provide, in the creation of a large surplus revenue, for the perils and contingencies which were so evidently approaching, should have made the gratuitons and uncalled-for sacrifice, to bolster up their precarious condition, of a certain revenue oppressing no one of twelve hundred thousand a year!

Thus all the great principles for which the Whigs had contended, and all the important domestic measures, have turned out, and been proved by experience, to be mere delusions, bubbles thrown up by a sinking faction, deceiving or deceived, in order to gain a fleeting popularity, or avert an impending disaster to their party interests, without the slightest regard to the durable welfare or ultimate existence even of the empire. Catholic emancipation, and Romish ascendency in Ireland, have led only to increased violence, doubled crime, and augmented insecurity of life and property in the Emerald Isle; the Reform Bill to greater discontent among the people with the legislature, and the creation of a host of sullen Chartists and frantic Socialists among the working classes; the Reciprocity System, without gaining for us one single advantage of any sort, has halved our tonnage with the northern maritime powers, and quadrupled theirs with us; the free trade system has been followed by nothing but a decline in our commerce with the states in Europe with whom it was established, and an increased jealousy on their part of our manufactures; the penny postage has, in the midst of an unexampled embarrassment of external relations and imminent danger of war in every quarter of the globe, deprived us of eleven hundred thousand a-year of well-paid, certain revenue, without benefiting the nation in any sensible degree. But such wretched devices, like an unsound paper currency, are strength in the outset, but weakness in the end. From the woeful deficiency of exchequer, which arose necessarily from these monstrous innovations, has arisen the necessity for some desperate measures to retrace it, and hence the famous Whig-Radical Budget, which has

* In 1838 the deficiency was	£1,428,000
— 1839	430,000
— 1840	1,457,000
— 1841	1,851,000
In the present year the supposed deficiency will be	2,400,000
Making altogether	7,566,000

—*Parl. Papers*, May 18, 1841.

produced such a storm throughout the empire as has thrown the Ministry into repeated minorities, and brought about the present dissolution.

The argument used in support of this budget is this—The revenue exhibits a deficiency of £2,500,000 a-year, and the deficit for the last five years has exceeded £7,000,000. It is highly inexpedient to allow such a state of things to go on; and therefore it is necessary to impose some fresh burdens to meet it. By the proposed change on the import duties, we shall gain the requisite sums, not only with no addition, but a positive diminution, of the burdens now borne by the people of this country; for they will get wood, sugar, and corn, cheaper than they now do, and therefore it is proposed to lower the duty on *foreign slave-grown sugar* from 68s. to 36s. a hundredweight; on foreign timber from 10s. to 5s., and raise the duty on colonial from 10s. to 20s.; and to substitute for the present sliding rate of duties, a fixed duty of 8s. a quarter on wheat, 4s. 6d. on barley, and 3s. 6d. on oats.

The first thing which must strike every impartial observer on this project is, that it is eminently characterized by one quality—that it proposes to burden heavily, perhaps ruin, certain portions of the empire, and that for the avowed purpose of raising a revenue from these alone, which ought, in fairness, to be borne alike by all classes of the community. That it will deeply injure, probably altogether destroy, the West India planters, is self-evident; for if they can with difficulty carry on the cultivation of their estates with the duty on foreign slave-grown sugar at 63s., how are they to get on when it is reduced to 36s? That it will deeply injure, and probably cause to sever from us, our noble North American colonies, is equally evident; for the French portion of this people are already sufficiently shaken in their allegiance to the crown of Great Britain, as the two recent revolts demonstrate; and this unexpected blow would be the drop which would make the cup overflow. That it would amount to the practical ruin of the agriculturists and farmers of the whole British Isles, is apparent; for we all know with what difficulty they paid their rents, and how excessive was the embarrassment which they experienced in the years 1833, 4, and 5, when the prices of wheat varied from 55s. to 40s. a-quarter; and, if so, how are they to withstand the influx, at all times, of grain at these trifling duties, from countries where wheat can be raised in perfection at 20s. a-quarter, and laid down in any harbour in the British isles for 10s. more, or, in all, 30s? It is plain, therefore, that the project of Ministers deliberately contemplates the ruin of the West India interest, the severing of our connexion with Canada, and the ruin of half the agriculture of the British islands. And for what object are these vast interests to be sacrificed? Simply to avoid laying any tax on the urban inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland; and rather to procure for them a benefit, by lowering the price of the bread, sugar, and wood, which they consume. And this is the project which they tell us is eminently calculated to benefit the *people*. If so, it is to benefit them as the Romans benefited the citizens of Rome, by taking off all taxes *on them*, and laying them entirely on the subject provinces, after Macedonia had been conquered by the arms of Flamininus; or as the Athenians curried favour with the mob of Piræus, when they decreed a total abolition of imposts of all sorts on the people of the dominant capital of Attica, and laid the whole burdens of the state on the inhabitants of the subject cities and islands; a step which, on the first reverse, produced the dissolution of the Athenian empire. The object of this monstrous and partial policy, so characteristic of democratic rule in all ages, is very apparent: it is to relieve the dominant multitude in possession of power at home, at the expense of the servient people subjected to power abroad: and we shall cease to wonder at the partial nature of the burdens the Whigs propose to lay on, when we recollect that, to gratify a selfish cupidity in the urban masses at home, they propose to ruin the West India colonists, who are not represented in the legislature; the Canadian provinces, who are also unrepresented; and the British agriculture, which, though represented, is for the most part in the Conservative ranks.

But when the Whig-Radicals assert their project of ruining one large

portion of the community, in order to avoid laying any tax, however small, on another, are they quite sure that the glittering boon held out to the favoured class will really be experienced by them; and that, contrary to all that has hitherto been experienced in society, one section of the community is to receive additional vigour and animation from the ruins of those with which it is surrounded, and on which it is dependant? Is this the equity of democratic rule? Is this the effect of the far-famed Reform Bill, that it is to array trade against trade, interest against interest, class against class, in the same community, and that the represented and influential portion of the empire is to seek and find its peculiar and exclusive advantage in the total ruin of its unrepresented brethren? If this be the result of the great healing measure, certainly Astræa in leaving the earth has not left her last footsteps in our islands.

But can any thing be more certain than that this effect will not take place, that the promised boon to the tenpounders is as fallacious as it is unjust, and that here, as elsewhere, it will be found that honesty is the best policy, and that the gains of iniquity are as short-lived and illusory as they are detestable? How do the manufacturers make their money? It is not by living on their produce, or storing it up in warehouses without any exchange—it is by selling it to others, and realizing from them the profits of their own peculiar branches of industry. Now, let us examine the amount of the market for our manufactures which Government propose *to destroy* by the change of the import duties, to see what hazard we incur, and what advantages we are to gain by a measure so obviously and avowedly fraught with injustice to a large body of the community. From Mr Porter's Parliamentary Tables for 1839, it appears that the exports in that year to the colonies which it is now proposed to destroy, stood as follows:—

British Northern American Colonies,	£3,047,671
West Indies,	3,986,598
	£7,034,269

being nearly a seventh of the whole exports of Great Britain, the declared value of which, for the year 1839, was £53,233,000, and of these exports the amount in cotton goods was as follows:—

Declared value of cotton goods to British North American colonies,	£763,217
British West Indies,	1,351,983
	2,115,200

being somewhat more than a twelfth of the total export of cotton goods, the declared value of all which in 1839 was £24,550,000. It certainly appears rather an Irish mode of encouraging our export trade, to destroy colonies taking off above seven millions' worth of our manufactures, and above two millions' worth of our cotton goods. And what is the compensation which Government propose for this monstrous sacrifice of our colonies, that is, those of our own flesh and blood, and fellow-citizens? Why, it is that we will extend our trade with Cuba and other foreign West Indies, the Brazils, and the great timber countries of Norway and Sweden. Now, without stopping to advert to the consideration that these are *foreign* countries, whose wealth is alien to us, and may, at any moment, go to increase the sinews of our enemies, let us examine what are our *present exports to these countries*, in order to form some estimate of the value of the commerce upon which the increase is promised, as compared with the value of the loss which is threatened. Now, Mr Porter's tables show that these exports stand as follows:—

Brazil,	£2,650,713
Cuba and foreign West Indies,	891,826
Norway,	81,584
Sweden,	121,850
	£3,745,973

so that our exports to the countries which they propose to favour and increase, by the destruction of our colonies in the West Indies and in Canada, is little more than *one-half* of that which we at present enjoy with our own colonies who take these articles, and which we propose to ruin by the elevation of their foreign rivals.

But then, it is said by Ministers, these tables show only the *present* trade to these countries, and a very great increase may be confidently anticipated, if they obtain the prodigious

impulse arising from the favourable opening of the British market. There can be no doubt that a great impulse would be given to the cultivators of these foreign countries by the ruin of their rivals in our own dominions. But that the increase would not be nearly so great as it would be if the existing encouragement were continued to our own colonies, and that a far greater degree of vigour, and the stamina of a far greater greatness, are to be found in the British colonial than in the colonial states of any other people, is decisively proved by the following returns, taken from the free trade supporter, Mr Porter, showing the progressive growth of the declared value of British produce and manufactures at three periods, in 1827, 1834, and 1839, as compared with our exports in the same years to the principal foreign countries whom the Whig-Radicals propose to substitute in their room.

	1827.	1834.	1839.
Cape of Good Hope,.....	£216,558	£304,382	£464,130
East India Company's Territories, and Ceylon,.....	3,662,012	2,578,569	4,748,607
New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, and Swan River,.....	339,958	716,014	1,679,390
New Zealand and South Sea Islands,.....	172	2,687	23,459
British North American Colonies...	1,397,350	1,671,069	3,047,671
British West Indies,.....	3,583,222	2,680,024	3,986,598
	£9,199,272	£7,952,745	£13,949,855

	1827.	1834.	1839.
Sweden,.....	£46,731	£63,094	£121,850
Norway,.....	39,129	61,988	81,584
Denmark,.....	104,916	94,595	143,732
Prussia,.....	174,338	136,423	206,866
Cuba and other foreign West Indies,.....	649,378	913,005	891,826
Mexico,.....	692,800	459,610	660,170
Brazil,.....	2,312,109	2,460,679	2,650,713
	£4,017,401	£4,189,394	£4,756,741

Thus, while the trade in the British colonies has increased from nine millions to fourteen millions in the last twelve years, the trade to the foreign countries which it is proposed to substitute in their room, has only augmented from £4,000,000 to £4,750,000; that is to say, while the British colonial trade has increased *a-half*, the foreign trade of the same articles has only augmented an eighth in the same period. So prodigious is the difference of the vigour and activity of the Anglo-Saxon race in its colonies throughout the globe, and that of any other people, and so enormous the folly of destroying our own rapidly increasing colonies, our exports to which are doubling every twenty years, for that of foreign countries, the exports to which at the present rate will not double in two hundred.

But then it may perhaps be said by the Whig-Radical partizans, that our shipping interest and our carrying trade with these foreign states will be greatly augmented by the proposed change, and that that will compensate the diminution in our commercial navy, which at present maintains the intercourse with our own colonies. Let us examine how far experience, the great test of truth, justifies such anticipations, and warrants the belief that the elements of as rapid and beneficial future progress are to be found under a fa-

voured commercial intercourse with them as with our own colonies. Here, too, Mr Porter's parliamentary tables come in with decisive effect, and demonstrate that it is in our naval intercourse with our own colonies that the true sinews of British naval strength are to be found, and that our commercial intercourse with other states we propose to favour by the change on the import duties, is in comparison little more than dust in the balance.

The following table exhibits the progressive increase of our shipping with our own colonies in 1820, 1830, and 1839, as compared with the parallel increase of our shipping with the foreign or timber countries at the same periods; and the true force of the comparison will not be felt unless it is recollected that the reciprocity system, that is, free trade with ships, was not established with these countries till the year 1823.

	1820.	1830.	1839.
	British Tonnage.	British Tonnage	British Tonnage.
East Indies and Ceylon, . . .	78,348	65,498	138,486
New South Wales, ...	1,291	8,868	90,127
New Zealand, ...		431	3,818
British North American Colonies,	343,377	452,397	709,840
British West Indies, ...	240,510	253,872	196,719
	663,526	780,056	1,138,990

	1820.		1830.		1839.	
	British and Foreign Tonnage.		Tonnage.		Tonnage.	
	British	Foreign.	British.	Foreign.	British.	Foreign.
Sweden,.....	17,264	13,483	12,166	23,158	8,359	49,270
Norway,.....	13,901	57,118	6,459	84,584	2,582	109,228
Denmark,.....	13,068	12,879	12,210	51,420	5,536	106,960
Prussia,.....	87,451	60,450	102,758	139,646	111,470	229,208
Cuba and foreign West Indies,.....	15,561	237	4,637	3,111	17,754	8,680
Brazil,.....			38,322	270	32,373	573
Rio de la Plata,			9,784	320	15,287	668
	147,245	144,167	186,336	302,509	193,361	504,587 *

Now, we doubt if ever there were tables submitted to the British public more worthy of consideration than those we have laid before them. From them, it appears that the British tonnage to our colonies, which is entirely our own, and with which no stranger intermeddles, has increased from 660,000 in 1820, to 1,180,000, in 1839; that is, it has nearly doubled in nineteen years. On the other hand, the British tonnage during the same period with the sugar and timber growing states, has advanced only from 147,000 to 193,000 tons, that is, by about a third, while the foreign tonnage with us during the same period, under the free trade reciprocity system, has advanced from 144,000 to 504,000 tons; that is, it has nearly *quadrupled*. And yet our Government seriously proposes, as a measure beneficial to the empire, to sacrifice the British colonies, with whom our tonnage is doubling in twenty years, in order to encourage the foreign shipping of the countries dealing in timber and sugar, with whom our tonnage is only advancing a third in the same period, while theirs with us is

* Porter, I. 63, 54, and IX. 44.

quadrupling. And we earnestly recommend these facts to the consideration of every thoughtful mind throughout the empire, and to the special notice *and answer* of every Whig-Radical journal that fawns upon Ministers; and every Whig-Radical candidate who takes the change of the import duties as the text of his discourse on the hustings.

Powerful as these considerations are, drawn from statistical details and considerations of national wealth, we are aware that there are yet greater things than these, and that the nation which, in the search of national wealth, shall desert the great principles of justice and freedom, to which its greatness has hitherto been owing, has left the only path which ever led to durable prosperity, and may already discern the handwriting on the wall which foredooms its fall.

Hitherto it has been the boast, and the deserved boast of the British patriot, that slavery was unknown in the British dominions; that a foreign slave, of whatever country, gained his freedom the moment he touched the British soil; and that by a great and magnanimous effort, recently made, the fetters of slavery were abolished in every part of the empire, and the glorious spectacle exhibited, of a state numbering a hundred and twenty millions of people among its inhabitants, and yet not having one slave within its bounds. We have already amply demonstrated the ruinous effect which this great sacrifice had upon the interests of our West India islands; that it has diminished their agricultural produce by fully a third, and rendered it more than doubtful whether the seeds of ultimate ruin have not been implanted in their bosom. But whatever opinion may be entertained on this point, as to which the experience of future ages must determine, the change *has* been made, and cannot be retracted. The mighty step from slavery to freedom has been taken, and compulsory labour can never again, under British rule, be resorted to in the West India colonies. Whether it succeeds or fails, it was at least a noble effort, and the very errors which it is to be feared it involved, and for which the nation has already both collectively and individually paid so dear, were errors springing from undue zeal and haste in a generous cause.

But what is it that Government now proposes to do? Why, after having brought the West India planters to the verge of ruin, and having reduced the produce of these islands more than a third, by this prodigious change, they propose to deluge them with an inundation of *foreign sugar, raised entirely by the hands of slaves,* and wrung from the tears of a suffering and perishing population. Was there ever any thing in legislation brought forward like this; any thing stamped with such utter selfishness of principle; or so clearly demonstrating what, from first to last, has been the basis of the motives by which the Whig party have been actuated? No sooner does negro emancipation cease to be the *cheval de bataille* for popular delusion and their own political elevation; no sooner has Mr Brougham ceased to announce that he has canvassed Yorkshire, and by speaking of Wilberforce, was sure of his return; than their whole pretended zeal and humanity for the negroes is at once thrown to the winds, and they not only expose the colonies, upon whom the perilous experiment has been made, to certain ruin, but give the most fatal and detestable impulse to the foreign slave-trade in its worst and most aggravating form. Mr Buxton has told us, in his late able pamphlet on the slave-trade, that "the number of slaves conveyed across the Atlantic is now twice as great as it was when Wilberforce and Clarkson first began their philanthropic undertaking, and that not less than 200,000 human beings are now in this manner torn from their families, and conveyed chained across the Atlantic, to perish by a slow and lingering death, under the stripes of cruel taskmasters, in Cuba and Brazil."* Not content with this appalling addition to human suffering, the immediate, necessary, and often-predicted result of the immediate emancipation of the negroes in the West Indies, they now propose to double it by destroying the whole productions of sugar in our own islands and the East Indies; and consequently

* Buxton on the Slave-Trade, p. 173.

throw not only ourselves, but the whole world, upon the labour of foreign slaves for the supplies of this necessary article. We doubt if the history of the whole world exhibits a more flagrant example of heartless and selfish legislation than this Whig-Radical Budget has brought to light.

And, as if nothing should be wanting to show that the measure was as uncalled-for as it is cruel and pernicious, it is proved by the parliamentary returns, both that the rapidly increasing supply of sugar in the East Indies has nearly supplied the great gap occasioned by the emancipation of the negroes in the West, and that the British empire is able to produce a more than adequate supply of sugar within its own bounds, without having recourse at all to the foreign slave-grown article. Mr Porter's tables prove that the importation of sugar from the West Indian colonies alone, into the United Kingdom during the last twenty-one years, has averaged 181,568 tons annually. Until the two last years the importation has been pretty regular; but in the state of transition from slave to free labour, in which the colonies have been placed, the quantities imported have diminished, in 1839, to 141,143 tons, and in 1840, to 109,937 tons. But the stock of sugars remaining from former years, and the introduction of sugars from the British possessions in India and the Mauritius, supplied the demand and consumption of both years.

In 1820, the quantity of sugar retained for home consumption was 145,593 tons; the average from 1820 to 1840 inclusive, has been 176,737 tons; and during the last eleven years, from 1830 to 1840, both inclusive, 187,417 tons; the consumption increasing progressively with the population. The supply for this consumption in 1841, is amply provided for.

	Tons.
1. By the stock of sugar on hand at January 1, under bond, being, . .	35,000
2. By the estimated import from the West Indies,	115,000
Mauritius, . .	30,000
Bengal, . . .	50,000
	230,000

There is therefore no reason to apprehend any deficiency of supply. The increase in the production of free-grown sugar in the East Indies has been very great of late years, in consequence of the vast diminution of West Indian produce, caused by negro emancipation. In 1840, the quantity shipped from Calcutta alone was 53,000 tons, all raised by the hands of freemen, having been increased to that amount from 6000 tons, which it was in 1834. Thus, in every point of view, the proposed introduction of foreign slave-grown sugar is equally uncalled-for, cruel, and inexpedient—unnecessary, as the present supply from our own colonies, and the great additional supply from the East Indies, is amply sufficient for the consumption of these islands; cruel, as it tends to make a frightful addition to the slave-trade, and render abortive all that has already been done at so much hazard and expense for the amelioration of the negro race; and inexpedient, as it tends to ruin the industry of our own colonies, both in the East and in the West Indies, in order to encourage foreign and rival states, who do not consume half as much as they do of the staple manufactures of these islands.

But the grand stalking-horse of the Whig-Radicals at the approaching election, is the *fixed duty on corn*, and it is on this that the Government mainly rely in their appeal to the people.

We have long foreseen this: we have always been looking for the time when the Whig-Radical faction, driven to their last shifts, would raise the cry of cheap bread, and parade the streets with a huge loaf, styled the anti-corn-law loaf, alongside of a little one, which they are pleased to style the corn-law monopoly loaf. It is quite worthy of the faction to have recourse to such arts, and raise such a cry in support of it. They form the fit appendage of their abandonment of the cause of negro emancipation, when it has won for them the Reform Bill, and their detestable efforts to double the foreign slave-trade in its most cruel and aggravated form, in the hope that it may win for them a few years' more possession of place and pay, at the apron-strings of the ladies of the bedchamber.

Upon this vital point there are three matters deserving the especial atten-

tion of every candid mind, which lie at the foundation of the whole question.

1. In the first place, nothing is more certain than that, whatever may be thought of the present perfect state of British agriculture, it is as yet, comparatively speaking, almost in its infancy; and that a prodigious addition might be made to the agricultural produce of the empire, without any diminution, but, on the contrary, greatly increasing the comforts of all its inhabitants. It appears from a very valuable table, quoted in Macculloch's *Statistical Account of the British Empire*, that the average produce of all the counties of England stands thus:—

Wheat.		Barley.		Oats.		Rye.		Peas.		Beans.		Potatoes.
Qrs.	B.	Qrs.	B.	Qrs.	B.	Qrs.	B.	Qrs.	B.	Qrs.	B.	Bushel.
2	5	4	0¼	4	3½	2	7¾	2	7	3	1¾	280.

It is plain, therefore, that the existing average of all grain crops in England is above three quarters an acre, and that of potatoes 280 bushels, which corresponds in solid nourishment, according to Arthur Young, to one-third of the same weight in wheat, or about eleven quarters of solid nourishment in that most productive root. But let it be supposed, in order to avoid the possibility of exaggeration—for such is the magnitude of truth that it frequently dazzles by the excess of its own light—let the average quantity of solid nourishment which each arable acre is capable of producing, be taken only at two quarters; now, applying this most moderate average to the ascertained area of the different districts of Great Britain and Ireland, as given by Mr Porter, the following results are arrived at, as they are given by Mr Alison in his late work on population.

"There is not," says Mr Alison, "the slightest foundation for the opinion which is sometimes entertained, even by well-informed persons, that such is the magnitude of our manufacturing population, that the supply of the country with foreign grain has been, or soon will become, a matter of necessity; and that the evils which have been described, however great, are unavoidable. It appears from the table quoted below,* that there were in 1827, 46,500,000 arable acres cultivated in Great Britain and Ireland, and 15,000,000 uncultivated, but capable of improvement, being, as nearly as possible, two acres to each inhabitant. The average produce of each cultivated acre may be taken in grain, or other subsistence equally or more nutritious than grain, at two quarters. The total amount of the subsistence that might be raised in the forty-six millions of acres would be ninety-two millions of quarters. A considerable proportion of the produce is doubtless consumed by the horses, which, by the latest return, amount to nearly 1,343,000, and has probably now reached 2,000,000 in the United Empire; and Arthur Young calculates that each horse consumes as much food as eight men, or about eight quarters—a quarter to each human being forming the average consumption for the whole year. At this rate the horses would consume subsistence to about the amount of sixteen millions of quarters a-year; and supposing that a half more, or twenty-four millions of quarters, is required for the cows, butcher meat, &c., there would still remain land capable of producing fifty-two millions of quarters a-year, at the very moderate rate of two quarters, or sixteen bushels an acre. Now the average consumption of each human being is one quarter. This would maintain

*	Acres Cultivated.	Acres Uncultivated.	Acres Unprofitable.	Summary.
England, . .	25,632,000	3,454,000	3,256,400	32,342,400
Wales, . .	3,117,000	530,000	1,105,000	4,752,000
Scotland, . .	5,265,000	5,950,000	8,523,930	19,738,930
Ireland, . .	12,125,280	4,900,000	2,416,664	19,441,944
British Islands, .	383,690	166,000	569,469	1,119,159
	46,522,970	15,000,000	15,871,463	77,394,433

nearly double the present population of twenty-eight millions in the United Empire, without taking into view the probable cultivation of the fifteen millions of acres of waste lands not yet reclaimed, or the probable improvements in agriculture, which, especially by the introduction of draining, may be reasonably expected to add at least a half to the assumed estimate of two quarters, or four bolls to an acre. Nothing, therefore, seems more reasonable than to hold, that the British Islands contain within themselves the means of maintaining, in comfort, at least triple their present population; and, consequently, all arguments drawn from the supposed impossibility of adequately maintaining our population from our own agricultural produce, or of the inhabitants soon approaching the limits assigned to the increasing subsistence, are perfectly chimerical and absurd."*

The experience of the present century, accordingly, clearly demonstrates that, on a fair average of years, the quantity of foreign grain imported into Great Britain is a perfect trifle, and not unfrequently disappears altogether. To establish this, we shall again make reference to the great advocate for free trade, Mr Porter. "The following short statement," says this learned author, "of the quantity of wheat that has been imported in each year of the present century, *will suffice to show how insignificant, when compared with the wants of the community, have been the supplies which we have drawn from foreign countries.*"

Years.	Quarters.
1801	1,396,359
1802	498,359
1803	297,145
1804	398,067
1805	842,879
1806	280,776
1807	379,833
†1808	
1809	424,709
1810	1,491,341
	6,009,468
Annual average,	600,468
1811	238,360
1812	244,385
1813	425,559
1814	681,333
1815	
1816	225,263
1817	1,020,949
1818	1,593,518
1819	122,133
1820	34,274
	4,585,780
Annual average,	458,578

Years.	Quarters.
1821	2
1822	
1823	12,137
1824	15,777
1825	525,231
1826	315,892
1827	572,733
1828	842,050
1829	1,364,220
1830	1,701,885
	5,349,927
Annual average,	534,992
1831	1,491,631
1832	325,435
1833	82,346
1834	64,653
1835	28,483
	1,992,548
Annual average,	398,509
1836	30,096
1837	244,086
1838	1,834,453
1839	2,681,290
1840	2,020,144
	6,810,069
Annual average,	1,362,014‡

* *Alison's Principles of Population*, II. 435, 436, 437.
† The exports of wheat in this year exceeded the quantity imported.
‡ Porter, II. 145, and Porter's Parl. Tables, IX. 164.

Thus, it distinctly appears that, on an average of the last forty years, the importation of wheat has been under 500,000 quarters annually, and has been steadily decreasing till within the last five years, when a great rise has taken place in consequence of the extraordinarily bad seasons of 1837, 38, and 39. But even the average importation has been only about 1,300,000 quarters a-year, not a twentieth part of the annual consumption, which is at an average about one quarter to every individual, or at present 28,000,000. The small quantity of subsistence imported is the more remarkable, when it is recollected that not only the population of the empire, in the last forty years, has nearly doubled, being a rate of increase probably unparalleled in any old state; but that, so extraordinary have been the growth of manufactures, and the profits of commerce during that period, that our British and Irish exports have *quadrupled;* so that there never was, probably, since the beginning of the world, a state in which the agriculture was put to so severe a strain, both from the magnitude of the demand upon it, and the vast profits of other occupations which withdrew capital from it. The close approximation which, under such circumstances, agriculture has made to keep pace with the national wants, affords complete demonstration that we contain resources within ourselves, if only worked out, capable not only of maintaining triple our present population, but of keeping pace with any possible rapidity of increase with which it may advance.

2. This being established, the next point of enquiry is, what is the proportion which the home manufactures bear to the foreign manufactures, and which is most profitable for the British manufacturers to encourage — the home market or the foreign market? Now, on this subject the estimate of statistical writers, coupled with the Parliamentary Returns, afford us the means of decisive information. The total product of manufactures is about a hundred and fifty millions a-year, of which only fifty millions are foreign, the remainder being consumed in the home market. The following is the estimate of the total amount of our manufactures, and the proportion of them which go to the foreign market.*

And the exports of the last seven years stand as follows:—

1834, ...	£41,646,191
1835, ...	47,372,270
1836, ...	53,368,572
1837, ...	42,070,744
1838, ...	50,060,970
1839, ...	53,233,580
1840, ...	51,000,000

The average of these years is about £47,000,000, which may be taken as a fair average of the annual export amount of our British and Irish manufactures. The total amount of these manufactures exported, therefore, is somewhat less than one-third of the total produced.

Now, who consume the manufactures for the home market? Unquestionably the great bulk of them are consumed by the persons directly or indirectly connected with agriculture. This is proved, in the most decisive manner, by the Parliamentary returns for the year 1831, given in the note below,† which proves that the total

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* Cotton, ...	L.31,000,000
Silk, ...	8,000,000
Woollen, ...	16,250,000
Linen, ...	11,000,000
Leather, ...	15,000,000
Hardware, ...	17,300,000
China, Glass, Pottery, &c., ...	5,900,000
Jewellery, Plate, &c., ...	3,400,000
Paper, Furniture, Books, Colours, Printing, &c., . .	9,000,000
Miscellaneous, ...	31,200,000
	L.148,050,000

—*Pebrer's Stat. Tables*, 356.

† In 1831, the Males in Great Britain, exclusive of Ireland, 20 years of age and upwards, were 3,944,511

1. Agricultural Occupiers and Labourers, . . 1,243,057

number of families employed in agriculture, in Great Britain alone, were 1,243,000, being considerably more than a third of the whole families. The total value of agricultural produce, raised by their hands, amounts to the enormous sum of £248,000,000 a-year. It is this immense fund, nearly double the amount of the whole produce of our manufactures, and fully *five times* the amount of our manufactures for the foreign market, which forms the great staple of the wealth of Great Britain; and the question the manufacturers have to consider is, whether their interests are likely to be promoted by any measure which threatens to shake this great pillar of national wealth and prosperity, and to deprive them of by far the largest and most lucrative market for their produce?

The grand error into which the anti-corn-law party always fall on this subject is, that in contending that a diminished price in the value of grain in Great Britain, by lowering the wages of manufacturing labour, would have the effect of extending the foreign market, they overlook or conceal the simultaneous effect of such a change *in contracting or destroying the home market*. In truth, however, this effect would necessarily and immediately ensue; and what they would loose at the one end, would much more than counterbalance what they would gain at the other; for is it not as clear as any proposition in arithmetic, that the quantity required for the wants of our people remaining the same, no advantage could possibly accrue to our manufacturers by *transferring their encouragement to agriculture from the home market to foreign states?* If, in consequence of living in great part on Polish grain, the Polish landholders and cultivators are so much enriched as to be able to purchase a greater quantity of our manufactures, it is quite clear that the British farmers, who at present exclusively supply the home market, would be impoverished to the same extent, and that what is gained on the one side would be lost on the other. If the grain at present consumed by the inhabitants of the United Kingdom is five-and-twenty millions of quarters, all raised by the home growers, which is probably not far from the mark, and in consequence of the abolition of the corn-laws, five millions of these quarters were to come to be habitually provided for us by foreign states, the market for our manufactures would in no degree be extended. British agriculture would produce five millions of quarters less, and Polish agriculture five millions of quarters more; but still the supply of five-and-twenty millions of quarters would remain the same, and the extension of our foreign exports, by the creation of five millions of quarters of new grain, would be exactly compensated by the contraction of the home market for five millions of quarters, previously in the course of annual production in the British islands.

But, in truth, this is putting the argument a great deal too favourably for the anti-corn-law party; for nothing can be clearer than that, by such a transfer of agriculture from the British islands to the shores of the Vistula, the possible, or perhaps probable, extension of the market for our manufactures, by the increased wealth thrown into foreign states, would bear no sort of proportion to the certain diminution of the home market from the depression of our agriculture. Mr Smith has long ago stated, that the most profitable trade for every state, is that which is carried on between the town and the country, and that the home market for our manufactures is worth all foreign markets put together. It is a much more profitable thing to

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2. Shopkeepers, Tradesmen, Dealers in articles of general consumption, Mechanics, . .	1,159,867	
3. Labourers not agricultural—Miners, Quarriers, Fishermen, Porters, &c.	608,712	
4. Merchants, Bankers, and Professional Men, .	214,390	
5. Proprietors, Annuitants, Dependants, Mortgagees,	235,499	
9. Servants, ...	78,669	
7. Manufacturers, ...	404,317	
Total, . . .		3,944,511

have a good market in our next door neighbour, than in a distant state. The habits of our own people are formed to the consumption of our own manufactures in the first instance, and the purchase of foreign luxuries only in the second. In foreign countries the case is the reverse: their principal consumption is of their own articles of luxury. A much larger proportion of the wealth derived from the sale of their produce, will be employed in the purchase of our manufactures, if they are fed by their own farmers, than if they are fed by those of foreign states. If ten millions' worth of Baltic grain is purchased for the British market, a considerable part of it may perhaps return to our operatives, in the shape of an extended demand for British manufactures; but a much larger proportion of the same sum will take that profitable direction, if it is laid out in the purchase of grain raised in Great Britain and Ireland. The reason is obvious. British manufactures are necessary to the British farmers and cultivators; but to the foreign landholders or cultivators, great part of our manufactures are unknown luxuries. A large portion of the agricultural wealth on the Continent will be spent on *Continental* luxuries, and a comparatively small portion will be directed towards the purchase of articles manufactured in the British Islands.

It is not easy to form an accurate estimate of the proportion which the consumption of British manufactures per head, in foreign countries, from which our supplies of grain will be drawn when the corn-laws are abolished, bears to what is consumed by the corresponding class in this country; but some approximation to it may be formed from the following data. The following is the estimate drawn by Mr Lewis Kennedy, whose information and accuracy are well known, as to the comparative rate of daily wages of labourers and others on the Continent and in this country.

Wages.	Black Sea. Odessa.		Poland Russia.		Spain. Portugal.		Denmark. Germany.		France.		Average.				Great Britain.
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	
Mechanic.....	1	2	1	8	1	3	1	4	2	7	1	7½	3	8	more than double
Manufacts. Operative	0	0	1	3	1	0	0	10	1	4	1	1¼	1	8	1 half more.
Agricul. Operative...	0	4	0	5	0	7	0	9	1	2	0	7½	1	10	3 times.

Further, the following most instructive table shows the comparative amount of British manufactures, consumed per head, by the principal corn growers in foreign countries, and our own colonies, which will afford an approximation to what is consumed in this country.

	Population.	Exports in 1836.	Proportion per head.
Russsia, . . .	60,000,000	£1,742,348	£0 0 8½
Sweden, . . .	3,000,000	113,318	0 0 9
Denmark, . . .	2,000,000	91,308	0 0 10
Prussia, . . .	14,000,000	160,472	0 0 3½
British North American Colonies,	1,500,000	2,739,291	1 11 6
British West Indian Islands,	900,000	3,786,453	3 12 0
British Australian Colonies,	100,000	1,180,000	11 15 0

When to these facts it is added, that the Parliamentary returns for 1831, show that out of the total population in the empire, at least twenty millions are dependent, directly or indirectly, upon agriculture for their support, and when it is recollected that the manufactures consumed in the home market are about L.100,000,000 a-year, it may safely be asserted that the manufactures consumed by those dependent on agriculture one way or other for their livelihood, average L.5 a-year per head. What then does the boasted change of the corn-laws come to, even with reference to the immediate interests of the manufacturers themselves? Why, that to push and augment their sales among a population who take off at an average per head FIVEPENCE worth a-year of our manufactures, they are willing to ruin their sales among a class who take off FIVE POUNDS worth of them. They

are, literally speaking, penny wise and pound foolish. And this is the wisdom of the anti-corn-law agitation, and the Whig-Radical budget.

3. And would the working classes benefit in the smallest degree by a reduction of the price of grain, even if it could be effected? Does not all experience demonstrate that, although the wages of labour are not affected by the price of grain as it fluctuates from year to year, yet they are in a great degree dependent upon its average price as determined by permanent causes? The extraordinary difference, as shown in the table above, in the wages of labour in Great Britain and the principal European monarchies, evidently demonstrates the truth of this proposition. The extreme anxiety of the master manufacturers to force a reduction in the price of grain, by the abolition of the corn-laws, clearly shows how well they understand that wages would come down at once by a permanent reduction in the price of grain; and the common observation, that cheap bread makes low wages, proves what a permanent hold it has taken of the common sense of mankind.

But, in fact, there is nothing more certain than that the condition of the lower classes would be most seriously injured by a permanent reduction in the price of grain by foreign importation, and that a moderately high price of provisions is an essential element to national prosperity. Past history and present experience alike concur in demonstrating this important fact. In the time of the Norman Conquest, the price of wheat was from three shillings and sixpence to five shillings a quarter; but, nevertheless, the labourers had not half the command of the necessaries and conveniences of life they have now, for the money wages of labour were a *halfpenny a-day* during the remainder of the year, and a *penny in harvest*. Provisions are incomparably cheaper in Poland and in Russia than in this country; but are the Polish or Russian peasants half as comfortably fed, lodged, or clothed, as the corresponding classes in this country? Every one knows, that so far from being so, or obtaining any benefit whatever from the cheap price of provisions in their own country, they are, in truth, the most miserable labourers in Europe, and feed upon scanty meals of rye bread, in the midst of the splendid wheat crops which they raise for the more opulent consumers in the country. In the southern provinces of Russia, wheat is often only ten shillings a quarter, from the total want of any market. But what is the consequence? Why, that wages are so low, that the Cossack horseman gets only eight shillings and sixpence *a year* of pay from Government. Wheat and provisions of all sorts are much cheaper in Ireland than in Great Britain; but, nevertheless, the Irish labourers do not enjoy one half of the comforts or necessaries of life which fall to the lot of their brethren on this side of the Channel. Provisions of all sorts are extravagantly dear in every part of America, Canada, and Australia, but, high as they are, the wages of labour, from the rapid growth of these colonies, are still higher, and the condition of the labouring classes is, beyond all precedent, prosperous and comfortable. The mere necessaries of life are sold almost for nothing in Hindostan and China; but so far from obtaining any benefit from that low rate of prices, the labouring classes are so poor as to taste hardly any thing but rice and water; and wages are so low, seldom exceeding *twopence a-day*, that every sea-boy, foot soldier, and horseman, has two, and every native three attendants to wait upon his person. Examples of this sort prove how extremely ill-founded is the common opinion, that permanent low prices must necessarily produce comfort to the working classes, and tend to show that Mr Smith was very near the mark when he said, "High prices and plenty are prosperity, low prices and want are adversity."

Lastly, if a free importation of grain permanently changes the wages of labour, and the price of every other article, what is to become of our National Debt of eight hundred millions, and the immense mass of private debt affecting almost every individual in the country? If prices and wages are *lowered* a half by the change, will not the debt be *raised* a half by the same cause? Are we to have the same years of misery which followed the contraction of the currency in 1826, and the same woeful crash of fortunes which in the end followed the recurrence to cash payments in 1819? Yet how

could this be avoided, if the money price of every article, and the money income of every individual dependent upon labour, was diminished? And who would be the first to become bankrupt from such a change, and who would first be reduced to starvation by its effects? The master manufacturers, who now blindly lead the anti-corn-law agitation, and the deluded multitude of urban operatives who in many places follow in their train.

FREE TRADE FOR EVER, AND EVERY THING CHEAP!

AN EXCELLENT ELECTION SONG.

AIR—*Hunting the Hare.*

1.

LISTEN, my lads, to the joyful intelligence,
Melbourne proclaims a millennium at hand:
Ne'er did such tidings, by mail or by diligence,
Promise relief to a perishing land.
Trade will revive now, as sure's you're alive now,
No drones in the hive now shall slumber and sleep;
Monopoly totters, quite weak on her trotters,
And Whiggery vows to make every thing cheap.

2.

Scan not the motives of man or of minister;
Never enquire if he's honest and true:
Whigs may have views that are selfish and sinister,
Pay is their purpose—but what's that to you?
Why should we grudge it, if sorry to trudge yet,
They brought in the Budget their places to keep?
Though oft we've been cheated, it won't be repeated,
So Free Trade for ever, and every thing cheap!

3.

Sugar—you're licking your lips at the thought of it—
Soon will be down half a farthing a pound;
Slave-trading Cuba can grow such a lot of it,
Free British labour must fall to the ground.
Why should the masses, if fond of molasses,
Like soft-hearted asses o'er slavery weep?
Those great men of figures, your Humes and M'Gregors,
Hold planters, and niggers, and every one cheap.

4.

Trust not the Tories for sense and sincerity,
All about nothing they make such a fuss;
Leave them to prate of colonial prosperity,
What are the East or West Indies to us?
Our free-trade opinions are true thick and thin ones:
Of all our dominions we'll make a clean sweep:
No good's to be had of them, France will be glad of them,
Sell her both commerce and colonies cheap.

5.

Bury each feeling of old animosity;
  Every weak prejudice lay on the shelf;
Open your ports, and ne'er ask reciprocity—
  Foreigners just are as good as yourself.
The season's fast slipping—'tis time to be clipping
  The wings of our shipping that cumbers the deep:
Nothing that's national ever is rational;
  Glory's too dear for us—Free Trade is cheap!

6.

Farmers, go hear our itinerant lecturers,
  Only by them is the thing understood;
Quickly make way for our great manufacturers,
  Want of protection is all for your good.
No fact can be surer—if once you're made poorer,
  You're all the securer a profit to reap;
While lack of employment will help their enjoyment,
  Who wish land, and labour, and every thing cheap.

7.

Shout for free trade, while you've breath left to cry it with,
  Pleasant the sound is whate'er it may mean:
Bawl for cheap bread till you've nothing to buy it with,
  What it may cost will hereafter be seen.
Huzza! for confusion, deception, delusion,
  The coming conclusion just makes my heart leap;
When Tories got under, leave Whigs free to blunder,
  And pillage and plunder make every thing cheap!

THE COLMANS.

Biography has a peculiar interest for all ranks. To be able to look into the private character of individuals who have been long conspicuous in public life, is in itself a speculation so amusing as to be one of the perpetual employments of society—an employment which, though it may degenerate into gossiping and scandal, yet, when rationally pursued, is as innocent as it is interesting. With what eagerness would we not peruse an exact and minute memoir of the private life of any of the great men of antiquity! —with what delight do we listen to the marking traits of character in the leaders of our own time! How many volumes have been published of the anecdotes, the sayings, and the habits of Napoleon! How gladly would we have heard a thousandfold more of the studies in which Chatham formed his oratory, or his still greater son his principles; of the secret progress of those powerful impulses, which, like the crystallization that forms the diamond in the mine, were yet to flash such brilliancy in the glorious imagination of Burke; or the gradual growth of those profound faculties which made "Newton master of the mysteries of the planetary system, and in Bacon gave a new spirit to the science of his country and his age!"

The lives of the three Colmans are certainly not the lives of philosophers; but the advantage of biography is, that it turns every thing to knowledge. It is human nature exhibited to human nature; the mirror in which, though a thousand faces may be exhibited in succession, or even together, every man may see and study his own. These volumes are a compilation confessedly, and altogether too much so, to reflect any credit on their authorship; but they are perhaps only the more amusing. The Colmans filled a space in the public eye for a century; and the last of the race was the most public of them all.

The grandfather of the late George Colman was a man of some public distinction. Mr Francis Colman, marrying the sister of Mrs Pulteney, afterwards Countess of Bath, was naturally in the way of public life, and in 1721 he was appointed resident British Minister at Vienna. In the fragments of correspondence which this appointment produced between him and Pulteney, we are brought back amongst the names of the last century. Pulteney writes from Chevening, the seat of Earl Stanhope, inviting the new Minister to visit him on his way to Dover, and bidding him bring with him Williams, (the noted Sir Charles Hanbury,) further bidding him persuade John Gay to come on horseback to join the party. Sir Charles was eccentric from his cradle; and after acting a good deal, which established his character for flightiness, and writing a good deal, which he had better never have written, died lunatic in 1759. He had been British Minister at Berlin.

The name of John Gay is familiar to all who are acquainted with the authorship of the last century. He was born a courtier, and spent all his life hanging on the skirts of the Court, or dependent on great people. Thus he was successively secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth, and to the Earl of Clarendon in his German embassy. He repaid the attentions of his noble patrons by his wit; and, in return for protection, at least assisted them in their way to fame. But it would have been better for his happiness if he had lived in an attic, thanking nothing for his subsistence but his pen; and a more secure way to fame, if he had written nothing but Beggars' Operas. A letter from Gay, dated Bath, 1721, is a specimen of his light gossiping style:—

"I live almost altogether with Lord Burlington, and pass my time very agreeably. I left Chiswick about three weeks ago, and have been ever since at the Bath, for the cholical humour in my stomach that you have often heard me complain of. Here is very little company that I know. I expect a summons suddenly to go with Lord Burlington into Yorkshire. You must think that I cannot be now and then without some thoughts that give

Memoirs of the Colman Family, including their Correspondence, &c. By R. B. Peake. 2 vols. London.

me uneasiness, who have not the least prospect of being ever independent. My friends do a great deal for me; but I think I could do more for them. Mr Pulteney and Mrs Pulteney had some thoughts of the Bath; but I fancy their journey is put off. I saw them at Chiswick just before I left it. You will, before my letter could reach you, have heard of poor Lord Warwick's death. It has given me many a melancholy reflection. I loved him, and cannot help feeling concern whenever I think of him. Dear Colman, be as cheerful as you can: never sink under disappointment. I give you the advice which I have always been obliged to follow, though I hope you will never have occasion to practise it."

Gay was unlucky; but, as in the case of most unlucky men, he generally had reason to reproach himself. At least, in one instance he was the victim of his own imprudence. He was at one time in the possession of stock in the celebrated South Sea scheme, which he could have sold for twenty thousand pounds. Swift, who knew the world, advised him by all means at least to purchase an annuity with a part of it, as a security against chance; but Gay would detract nothing from his golden heap, and suddenly saw it vanish into air. A letter from Pulteney is equally characteristic of a higher man, and one better acquainted with the ways of men. After giving some commissions to Colman, who was then at Florence, he says—

"Now I have given you this trouble, I must take a further liberty, and you must not be angry if I chide you a little for your extravagance. What makes you throw away your money in presents? I am much concerned for your expense on my account, and I blame you for it on every other body's. Believe me, Colman, there are few people worth valuing so much as to make one's self a farthing the poorer for them. For my part, I own that I am grown quite out of humour with the world; and the more I grow acquainted with it, the less I like it. There is such a thing as cunning, there is falsehood, and there are views of self-interest, that mix themselves in almost all the friendships that are contracted between man and man. Those make friendships hardly worth cultivating any where; I am sure nowhere worth being at any considerable charge to preserve them. Do not mistake what I have said. I mean it not particularly to any one person, but in general."

We regret that these letters are not more numerous. They are the gems of the book. A letter from Lord Chesterfield says, in rather a singular style, speaking of a foreign nobleman who was then in London:—

"I have been to wait upon him, and to offer him what services I could do him here, which are none at all; since, as you very well know, it is impossible to break through *the inhospitality* of this country enough, to make any foreigner pass his time tolerably here. He has been ill of a fever almost ever since his arrival in this country, and seems to have so indifferent an opinion, both of our climate and our politeness, that I believe he will not stay very long."

The inhospitality was probably an allusion to the formality of the court, whose German etiquette was new to the English in 1727, the date of the letter, and formed a heavy contrast with the animation of foreign life. The charge of want of either courtesy or liberality, was never applicable to the higher orders in this country. But he proceeds in a livelier and more characteristic strain:—

"I am very sorry you could imagine that an absence of seven years, or even twice that time, could remove you from the thoughts of one who always thought of your friendship and acquaintance with the utmost satisfaction; and must take this opportunity of desiring in reality, what I shall soon be obliged to desire in form, the honour and pleasure of your correspondence. I hope, too, that our long acquaintance will justify me in desiring that I may be on a more free footing than barely from his Majesty's Minister at Florence, to his Majesty's Minister at the Hague."

Chesterfield was a more remarkable man than our generation is inclined to believe. His "study" of manners has thrown a colour of frivolity over his fame; and the courtier or the dancing master intercepts the merit of a man who figured among the leading personages of a brilliant and vigorous time. Chesterfield succeeded in every task which he undertook. In his embassy to Holland, then the centre of

European diplomacy, he was the leading diplomatist, and probably the most effective instrument of at once restraining the ambition of France, and securing the stability of the Hanoverian succession. In his viceroyalty of Ireland, he kept down the violence of the national parties, and was popular with all. His gayety there was in its natural element, his wit is still remembered; and he stands on record as the *only viceroy* who ever left behind him a permanent memorial of his manly and judicious interest in the gratifications of the people. The inhabitants of the Irish metropolis owe to Chesterfield a noble park, as large as the three parks of London united, and one of the most beautiful and valuable contributions to the health and indulgence of a great city, as it was one of the earliest in Europe.

As diplomacy in the little Italian courts was generally a very sinecure affair, the English envoys soon fell into the national ways, and evidently thought that the opera was the grand work for which man, woman, and minister were made. The box at the opera was their cabinet; the settlement of theatrical *mêlées* their chief employment abroad; and the engagement of singers and dancers the chief subject of their correspondence at home. It is curious to observe the great Handel adopting this view of the Tuscan envoy's functions, and writing to Colman as *his* accredited plenipotentiary to the Signori and Donne of the land of song.

After stating some opera engagements—among which he required, that the female singer engaged should be equal to perform in men's characters as well as those of her own sex—the great composer proceeds in a strain which shows how little the opera generation have changed during the last hundred years:—

"I take the liberty of again saying to you, to say nothing whatever in your contracts of first parts, seconds, or thirds; for this is a source of annoyance to us in the choice of performance, and in other ways produces great inconvenience. We also hope to have, by your help, a man and woman for the approaching season; which begins with October of the present year, and ends with July 1731; and we wait with anxiety to hear news of them, that we may inform the court."

Colman performed his bidding with activity, and at last had the diplomatic triumph of inducing Signor Senesino to condescend to sing before the British court and nobility for one thousand four hundred guineas—a sum which, calculating at the present expense of living, would not be far short of three thousand now. Handel concludes with congratulations on this national service,—"It is to your generous assistance that the court and the nobility owe in part the satisfaction of having a company to their taste, so that nothing remains for me but the expression of my personal thanks," &c. But some real business was now about to be done, even in the land of the lazy. Florentine negotiation was put on the *qui vive* by the death of the Duke of Parma, the succession to whose pretty, but very little sovereignty, was given to Don Carlos. Pulteney again writes to Colman: his letter has the exact language of an angry politician of the 19th century, —"I must disguise my sentiments extremely, if I enter in the least into the consideration of public affairs, without abusing those fools—I mean our ministers—who have the conducting them. Do not be frightened at what I have said; for this comes to you by a very safe hand." (He then mentions a gentleman by whom he sends some pamphlets:) "He will give you a set of the *Craftsman*, which you must put, like the monks, into that part of your library which they call L'Inferno; and be sure, like them, to read those books more than any in the rest of the library. There are some other pamphlets, which, old as they are, will be new and entertaining to you." We have given this fragment, chiefly for the sake of the anecdote which accompanies it. It is an additional proof of the absurdity of duelling. In a pamphlet, called "Sedition and Defamation displayed," (which the biographer conceives to have been in this packet,) Pulteney had been attacked, and, supposing that the author was Lord Hervey, vice-chamberlain of the household, he had treated his lordship with the usual keenness of his pen, in "A proper Reply to a late scurrilous Libel, entitled Sedition and Defamation displayed." Lord Hervey's retort was a challenge to fight with swords in the Green Park, in the same afternoon. The

Green Park must have been then a somewhat less popular promenade than at present; or those two warriors must have made a formidable figure to the nursery-maids and children. After four or five passes, Pulteney gave his lordship two wounds, one in the arm and the other in the neck; they then rushed in upon each other, but were separated by their seconds. The wounds were fortunately slight; but the next thrust might have been murderous; and, after all, Lord Hervey was *not* the author, even if this kind of vengeance could be justice. The writer was Sir William Young, the secretary-at-war.

But the Florentine Minister himself was now to undergo the common lot. His health declined in 1732, and, after removing to Pisa for change of air, he died early in the next year.

His son George, father of the more celebrated wit and dramatist of our day, was born at Florence in 1732. On the death of the Minister, his boy was in some degree adopted by Pulteney, who sent him to Westminster school. There he was contemporary with Warren Hastings, Lloyd the poet, and Hinchliffe, Smith, and Vincent, who successively rose to be head-masters. Nicolls was the principal, and Vincent Bourne, the writer of the well-known Latin verses, was one of the ushers. Colman profited by this school. At the election in 1751, he was placed at the head of the list of Westminster scholars for Oxford. The nomination, however, did not take place, as Pulteney, now Earl of Bath, was of opinion that, by remaining a year longer, he would make a more distinguished figure. The Earl's extraordinary care of Colman, coupled with his equally extraordinary love for his purse, gave rise to the indecent rumour that he was the Earl's son. But a comparison of dates proves that this was out of the question, supposing the Earl to have been profligate enough for such an event. Mrs Colman had been living in Italy five years before the birth of her son. On the other hand, Pulteney was a decorous man; and the attentions of his countess to the boy, even if the dates had not been sufficient, would have deservedly discountenanced the charge.

Colman, at last, was admitted into the society of Lincoln's Inn, where Lord Bath constantly urged him to diligence in his profession; but he foolishly chose to imagine himself born to another destiny. In 1754 he engaged with the well-known Bonnell Thornton in writing the periodical paper called the *Connoisseur*. To those who know the natural fate of periodical writers, such a commencement at such an age was decisive of neglect in his profession. Colman was thenceforth stamped an idler for life, and of all idlers the most incurable, a busy idler. Some years now passed, in which he occasionally went circuit, and wrote poems and parodies. He at last ventured on a farce, named *Polly Honeycomb*; finally, the *Jealous Wife* appeared in 1761, which brought the author great reputation, and, unluckily for himself, fixed him as a dramatist for life. The *St James's Chronicle* was then established by Mr Baldwin, a man of ability and character; aided by Thornton, Garrick, Colman, and Stevens; and by their connexions, activity, and wit, he soon brought the paper into celebrity. Colman contributed essays, entitled "The Genius." However, we may conceive that his natural volatility soon prevailed; for his essays went no farther than the fifteenth number. There were other evidences of the society in which he engaged, more discreditable. His son, the late George Colman, was an illegitimate child, born October 21st, 1762. July, 1763, Colman published another paper, "Terræ filius;" but this son seems soon to have speedily gone to his mother. About this period the Earl made a short continental tour, of which Miss Carter, the authoress, who accompanied the family, gives some light anecdotes.

"At Spa, the Prince Bishop of Augsburg kept a table, and invited all the company by turns. We have already been there three times. It is a very illustrious visit, and a very dull one. The dining with a sovereign prince is an affair of more honour than pleasure. One circumstance is very awkward to little folks, that the attendants are all men of quality; and we must all either choke with thirst, or employ a count or a baron to bring us a glass of water. An 'Excellence,' with an embroidered star comes to us from His Highness when dinner is on table, which is half an hour after twelve. There is a world of English

arrived within the week; very few French, but German counts and barons innumerable."

She proceeds to tell us—"That the manners of the German princes are unaffected and agreeable; but their dress is so ridiculously stiff, that the first time I saw them altogether, they put me in mind of King Pharaoh's court in a puppet-show. The variety of dress in the company here, makes the first *coup-d'œil* on the walks of the Geronsterre very amusing; priests and hussars, beaux and hermits, nuns and fine ladies, stars and crosses, cowls and ribbons, all blended together in the most lively and picturesque manner imaginable. The streets are all day long crowded with people, without any bustle or noise; all the company is very peaceable and quiet, and there seem to be none of those fashionable pests of society, the bucks and 'choice spirits' among us; and I thought I felt a little foolish at hearing one of my foreign friends observe, most maliciously, that it would not be known that there were any of our country at Spa, if a footman did not now and then run through the streets screaming in English after a stray 'dog.'"

The volumes are agreeably diversified with letters from great people and from little ones. Some of them from Garrick, who, perhaps, was to be called both great and little. In 1673, the actor and his wife had set out for a tour of the Continent. We give a fragment of his letter to Colman from Paris. It is gaily clever, and cleverly gay:—

"You cannot imagine, my dear Colman, what honours I have received from all kinds of people here. The nobles and the literati have made so much of me, that I am quite ashamed of opening my heart even to you. Marmontel has written to me the most flattering letter upon our supping together; I was in spirits, and so was 'the Clairon,' who supped with us at Mr Neville's. She got up to set me a-going, and spoke something in Racine's *Athalie* most charmingly; upon which I gave them the 'dagger scene' in *Macbeth*, the 'curse' in *Lear*, and the 'falling asleep' in *Sir John Brute*; the consequence of which is, that I am now stared at in the playhouse, and talked of by gentle and simple as the most wonderful wonder of wonders. The first person I find going to England, shall bring you Marmontel's letter. D'Alembert was one of the company, and sings my praises to all the authors of 'The Encyclopedie."

Garrick had left his brother George to take care of the theatre, as acting manager. George was a *character*. He was much attached to his celebrated brother, and perhaps a little in awe of him; for David could be imperious where the theatre was concerned. One part of George's occupation was curious enough—it was, to walk behind the scenes while his brother was playing; and, when any of the loungers there began to speak, to silence them by—"Hush, hush"—as David, while performing, was extremely nervous about noise of this order.

Some one happening to observe that George's salary was considerable, asked for what purpose it was given? Charles Bannister pleasantly replied—"It was Hush money."

Nightly, on George's coming to the theatre, his first enquiry was—"Has David wanted me?" On his death, which happened soon after that of the great actor, the players said, "David wanted him."

Johnson was remarkable for speaking contemptuously of Garrick, as "little Davy," but for never suffering any one else to speak even carelessly of him. Sir Joshua Reynolds, timid as he was, ventured to write a little dialogue touching on this peculiarity. It stole into print under the auspices of his niece the Marchioness of Thomond, in 1816, when the Ursa Major was long gone where critics growl no more. The dialogue was supposed to be between Gibbon and the Doctor:—

"*Gibbon.*—You must allow, Dr Johnson, that Garrick was too much a slave to fame, or rather to the mean ambition of living with the great; and terribly afraid of making himself cheap, even with them, by which he debarred himself of much pleasant society. Employing so much attention, and so much management, upon such little things, implies, I think, a little mind. It was observed by his friend Colman, that he never went into company but with a plot how to get out of it; he was every minute called out, and went off or returned, as there was or was not a probability of his shining.

"*Johnson.*—Sir, in regard to his

mean ambition, as you call it, of living with the great, what was the boast of Pope, and is every man's wish, can be no reproach to Garrick. He who says he despises it, knows he lies. That Garrick husbanded his fame, the fame which he had justly acquired, both at the theatre and at the table, is not denied; but where is the blame, either in the one or the other, of leaving as little as he could to chance? Sir, Garrick left nothing to chance."

A letter from Garrick describes his arrival at Naples, and a very animated and amusing letter it is:—

"Dec. 16, 1763.

"We got to this place after a most disagreeable journey from Rome, for we were overtaken in the midst of the heavy rains here, and were well soaked with them all the way. At present the weather is inconceivably fine, and we are basking in a warm sun, with the Mediterranean at our feet, and Mount Vesuvius in our view. Though it is Christmas, we have green pease every day, and dine with our windows open. These are our pleasures in part. As for our distresses since we left Rome, which have been as ridiculous as unexpected, and are the common occurrences upon the road, I shall reserve them for our social hours at Hampton. We are all at this moment in the highest spirits, and I am much the better for my expedition.

"My Lady Oxford, who is settled here, and has the greatest interest with the first people, has been most uncommonly kind to us. I am to have the honour and satisfaction of seeing the King's Italian actors perform before him in the palace—a most extraordinary favour. They perform *extempore*, and the nobleman who stands in the place of the Lord Chamberlain has sent me word, that if I will write down any drama with the fable, and give the argument only of the scenes, they shall play it in twenty-four hours before me—the greatest compliment they can pay me. I shall work at it to-morrow. I hear there is one great genius among the performers." He proceeds with that kind of excitement, which animates every one at the first sight of Italy.

"The situation and climate of this place are most extraordinary, and the people still more so. They are a new race of beings, and I have the highest entertainment in going amongst them, and observing their characters from the highest to the lowest. I was last night at their great theatre, San Carlo —a most magnificent one indeed. I was really astonished at first coming into it; it was quite full, and well lighted up, but it is too great, and the singers were scarcely heard. The famous Gabrielli pleased me much; she has a good person, is the best actress I ever saw on an opera stage, but she sings more to the ear than to the heart. I cannot quit you till I say something about Rome. I hardly slept the night before I arrived there, with the thoughts of seeing it. My heart beat high, my imagination expanded itself, and my eyes flashed again, as I drew near the Porte del Popolo; but the moment I entered it, I fell at once from my airy vision and Utopian ideas, into a very dirty, ill-looking *place*, as they call it, with three crooked streets in front, terminated, indeed, at this end with two tolerable churches. What a disappointment! My spirits sank, and it was with reluctance I was dragged, in the afternoon, to see the Pantheon; but, Heavens! what was my pleasure and surprise! I never felt so much in my life, as when I entered that glorious structure; I gasped, but could not speak for some minutes. It is so very noble, that it has not been in the power of modern foppery or Popery—for it is a church, you know—to extinguish its grandeur and elegance."

Gabrielli, who is mentioned with so much applause in this lively letter, was one of those wonders which Italy produces, from time to time, to astonish the musical world. She was the Catalani of the last century; her voice singularly powerful—yet, as Garrick observes, she sang more to the ear than to the heart. That extraordinary volubility and execution which turns the voice into a violin, was to be the work of a later day; but her execution was the astonishment of her contemporaries. Yet her talents made her insolent, and she constantly destroyed her popularity by her caprice. Of course she had high salaries, but she squandered them as fast as they came. One of her caprices was, always to have some lover in every city where she had an engagement, and unless this lover sat in the stage box, she

would either refuse to sing altogether, or sang so languidly, as to exhibit her contempt for the audience. This custom, at last, became so well known, that when any particular display of her talents was required, as for the presence of a prince or a crowned head, the manager was compelled to engage the presence of the lover in the box, as much as that of the heroine on the stage. Her talents had made her a great favourite at Vienna, in those days the first stage of all the great Italian performers on crossing the mountains. But her insolence at last drove her from Vienna, and she made the triumphal tour of Europe, with the exception of England. She had conceived such an idea of our John Bullism, and of our little respect for the violences of a showy termagant, that she declared herself afraid to venture among us.

"For," said she, "were I to take it into my head *not* to sing, I am told that the people there would mob me, and perhaps break my bones. Now, I like to sleep in a sound skin, even if it were in a prison."

But though Garrick, like other travellers, is all enraptured with a few fine days in December, all is not sunshine, even in "Bella Italia" itself. A letter from Rome in the height of the summer, gives an account of the weather, than which, England, open as it is to all the clouds of the Atlantic, could have furnished nothing more disastrous.

"About three days ago, the Pope, his life-guards, and other attendants, made a grand procession to St Peter's, but unfortunately on their return, such a storm of wind, rain, thunder and lightning arose, that it put the Pope's guards in a fright. They who were on horseback, rode away as fast as they could, and they who had no horses, ran for it as fast as their legs could carry them. The Pope had six horses to his carriage, the postilions cut the harness of the first four, and joined the rest of the party; leaving, like most undutiful children, their most holy father with no other attendants than the coachman, and two horses to draw the carriage, which was larger than our king's coach. A rider on horseback, who supported the fine golden cross before the Pope, endeavouring to make a precipitate retreat, was thrown down, horse and all, but recovered, with no damage but his fears, and the mortification of beholding some contusions on his cross. The Romans are much chagrined at the circumstance, and say that it affords matter of great satisfaction to the heretics."

Among those documents, is a characteristic letter from the celebrated Sterne—characteristic in every sense, of oddity, poverty, and the easy impudence of borrowing from a man whom all his borrowers described as the most niggardly personage in the world. Sterne was then going on his "Sentimental journey," and this was his easy note:—

"Dear Garrick,

"Upon reviewing my finances this morning; with some unforeseen expences, I find I should set out with L.20 less than a prudent man ought. Will you lend me twenty pounds?

"Yours,

"L. Sterne."

Lord Bath continued his attentions to Colman, notwithstanding his truantry in abandoning the law—which the earl had expressly chosen for him—and adopting the stage, the very last pursuit which could have satisfied the great senator. Still he had continued his kindness to this precipitate relative, and his last instance of regard was to leave him an annuity, which, according to the newspapers, was nine hundred guineas a-year; a sum, however, extremely inadequate to the expectations of Colman, who seems to have looked to the succession to his estate, the earl having lost his only son some time before, and being on bad terms with his brother, General Pulteney. It yet seems sufficiently natural, that if the heirship had ever been intended for him, his giddy change of profession, and his utter heedlessness of advice, might have altered the disposal of this great property. Pulteney died worth upwards of a million of money.

Lady Harvey, the widow of John Lord Harvey, thus speaks of Pulteney's decease:—

"I am really sorry for the death of poor Lord Bath, who, though of a great age, might have lived much longer. He had his understanding as much as ever, enjoying company, and partly contributing to its enjoyment. He threw away his life by a needless

piece of complaisance, in drinking tea out of doors, after being heated by a great deal of meat, a great deal of company, and a good deal of mirth at dinner. His was not an age, nor is ours a climate, for those *al frescos*. It was thoughtless in those who proposed it, and weakly complaisant in him who complied with it. From various circumstances, I have seen him but seldom for many years past; but whenever we did meet he was always the same, and ever cheerful and good company. He was to me like a sum in a bank, of which, though I made but little immediate use, I could always be sure of having my draft answered."

In a subsequent letter, this shrewd and evidently rather sarcastic lady, thus finishes the sketch:—"Lord Bath's leaving me no little bauble, in token of remembrance, did not surprise, and consequently did not vex me. He was a most agreeable companion, and a very good-humoured man; but I, who have known him above forty years, knew that he never thought of any one when he did not see them, nor ever cared a great deal for those he did see. He has left an immense fortune to a brother he never cared for, and always with reason despised, and a great deal to a man he once liked, but lately had great reason to think ill of, (perhaps Colman.) I am sorry he is dead; he was very agreeable and entertaining, and, whenever I was well enough to go down stairs and give him a good dinner, he was always ready to come and give me his good company in return. I was satisfied with that. One must take people as they are; perhaps hardly any are, in every respect, what they ought to be."

We have given those fragments relative to Pulteney, from the interest which belongs to one of the most celebrated senatorial names of England. He was confessedly the first speaker in a parliament which numbered Walpole, Windham, Bolingbroke, Harley, and a crowd of able men. His public career was in Opposition; but his antagonist, Walpole, with all the power of office, always writhed at the bold and haughty scourge of the "great Commoner," a title afterwards given to Chatham.

Garrick's Italian trip may have amused him, but it seems to have done him but little good. He thus writes from Munich, on his way home:—"I am most truly the Knight of the woeful countenance, and have lost legs, arms, belly, cheeks, &c. I have scarcely any thing left but bones, and a pair of dark, lack-lustre eyes, which have retired an inch or two more in their sockets, and wonderfully set off the parchment which covers the cheeks."

Every man who lives long must expect to be surrounded by deaths, but Garrick's best-known contemporaries seem to have perished nearly all together. In this year, Hogarth died suddenly, after a cheerful supper at his house in Leicester Square.—A man of singular talent: the first, and indeed the only example of a style combining the highest humour with the severest satire; at once sportive and grave, and playing with the lightest follies of fashion, while he was fathoming the depths of the human heart. Hogarth was next followed by his antagonist and libeller, Churchhill, a man of undoubted ability, but a ruffian; first disgracing his gown, then insulting society; a vigorous poet, though frequently lapsing into feebleness; and by nature a high-spirited and generous being, though ultimately scandalized by habits which brought him to a premature grave. The next who sank was Lloyd, an accomplished scholar, a considerable poet, and a man of keen and well-furnished faculties. A course of giddiness and self-will had brought him to deserved beggary. For a while he lived on the public; when that resource failed, he lived on the bounty of his friends; at last he was thrown into the Fleet prison, where Churchhill (and it ought to be remembered to his honour) allowed him a guinea a week, and the expenses of a servant. When Churchhill's death was announced to him, he gave up all hope, took to his bed, and never left it again. Churchhill died in November 1764; Lloyd in the December following.

Colman had now become a dramatist of name, and he combined with Garrick in producing a new comedy, perhaps his best—the "Clandestine Marriage." Its success, however, produced a species of quarrel between the authors, by dividing the fame. The quarrel was sharpened by the interference of "friends;" and all the

merits being given to the great actor, and all the feebleness to the dramatist, there was the fairest probability that the quarrel would have become inveterate. But Garrick, with all his frivolity, was a man of sense, and the wound was healed. In later years, George Colman, (jun.,) thought it worth his while to enter into a long detail, claiming the authorship for his father. But the combatants and their seconds had been long swept out of the field; and no one took the trouble to renew the war. It is surely evidence enough that Garrick did not write the part of Lord Ogleby, the most original part in the play, to say that Garrick positively refused to perform it. If it had been his own, this he certainly never would have done. But let us hear the facetious George himself. He gives a curious fragment:—

"In respect to the report of Garrick's having written the entire character of Lord Ogleby, my father once told me that it was not true; and that, as an instance to the contrary, he (my father) wrote the whole of Ogleby's first scene. He also informed me that one of Garrick's greatest merits in this work, and it is a very great one, was planning the incidents in the last act; the alarm of the families through the means of Mrs Heidelberg and Miss Sterling; and bringing forward the various characters from their beds to produce an explanation and the catastrophe. I regret that, when my father imparted this, I did not make further enquiry; but I was then a 'moonish youth,' and troubled my head little or nothing about the matter. He always talked, however, of the play as a joint production." The *Clandestine Marriage* was professedly suggested by Hogarth's prints.

Theatrical propensities must be very powerful things; for, when once adopted, they seem never to be shaken off, except in prison or the grave. Colman, who apparently had lost one fortune by adopting the life of a dramatist, now lost another by adopting that of a manager. General Pulteney had offered him a seat in parliament, and to provide amply for him, "if he would quit his theatrical connexions of all kinds; he wholly disapproving of Colman's taking any part in the purchase of the patent of Covent Garden theatre." This was a singularly unlucky transaction; but it had only the fate that naturally follows the self-willed; for the General soon after died, and as there was no son in the family, Colman might, and would have inherited the whole; but he was now left but £400 a-year by the will. The estates and ready money were distributed among remote branches of the family, the chief part going to the husband of the General's niece, Mr Johnstone, who took the name of Pulteney. Some idea of the magnitude of the property may be formed from the single fact, that it comprehended the reversionary grant of all the ground in Arlington Street, and all Piccadilly, from that street to Hyde Park Corner; in the whole forty acres, all built on, and at the expiration of the leases, calculated at £100,000 a-year! But Colman was at last a manager.

How any man in possession of his senses will ever become the manager of a theatre, is one of those problems which we shall never attempt to solve. In nine instances out of ten, ending in the ruin of all the parties concerned, its whole course is generally one of quarrel. Colman's management commenced with an open battle, which proceeded to the length of four pamphlets, and a challenge from Harris. Then came old Macklin, from Dublin, to embroil the fray. He had brought with him a farce, which failed instantly. A Chancery suit had by this time grown up, among the other thorns and thistles of the management. Macklin plunged into it with the spirit of one to whom litigation was his natural element, and actually himself answered all the bills in Chancery.

Actors are curious people. Smith, better known as "Gentleman Smith," from his subsequently performing such characters as Charles Surface, &c., made it an indispensable condition in his engagements that his face should "never be blackened," nor was he ever to be "lowered down a trap," as the first might disguise his beauty, and the next might endanger the elegance of his legs.

On the first night of Macklin's performance of Shylock, the crowd in the upper gallery pressing on, a man ran with such rash haste down the seats, that he fell over the edge, and coming on one of the chandeliers, carried it down with him, a circumstance which broke his fall, but destroyed the chan-

delier; the man was much hurt, but recovered at the hospital.. In Rich's time, a similar accident happened, but the poor fellow had a broken limb, and recovered with difficulty. Rich, in compensation, gave him the freedom of the pit for life, adding, "provided he would never think of coming into it in that manner again." In 1773, Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer* was produced. It had lain for some time at the theatre, and Colman had pronounced "that it could not possibly succeed." Such is the wisdom of the wise. It succeeded prodigiously. Johnson roared with laughter at its performance, and all England followed his example. The Doctor was sententious and oracular in his judgment—"Sir, there is no comedy for many years that has so exhilarated an audience—none that has so much answered the great end of comedy, that of making an audience merry!" During the performance, Goldsmith was wandering in the streets, to be out of the sound of the horrors of condemnation!

It is similarly told of Rossini, that, his *Barber of Seville* having failed, through an imperfect rehearsal, on the first night, he sat in his lodging on the second in terror. About the time of its conclusion, his terror was augmented by the noise of a crowd in the street. He threw himself under his bed. The chamber was soon full of people, and he was dragged out. They had come from the theatre to carry him before the audience, who would not separate until they gave their plaudits to the *maestro*. He was borne along in triumph to the stage, and overwhelmed with acclamation; he had made the finest modern opera in the world! Goldsmith's genius was unquestionable; but, unfortunately, his follies were equally so. After seeing fortune more than once within his reach, he was too indolent to seize it; he sank into vexation of heart; from vexation of heart into poverty; and from poverty into disease, and died at forty-five; but two years after having produced the most successful comedy of his time, and with a brilliant theatrical career before him.

The stage is not merely a strange place in itself, but it seems to communicate a portion of its eccentricity to all, however remotely connected with it. Old Macklin has been mentioned as clever, and yet he was as eccentric as any octogenarian could be. He had a son not less eccentric than his father. This son Macklin intended for the law, but his propensity was for the theatre. To save him from the hazards of the profession, against which old experience had fully warned himself, Macklin obtained a cadetship for him in India, after having gone to considerable expense in giving him a good classical education, teaching him some of the Indian languages, and fixing him in the establishment at Woolwich, where he distinguished himself by mathematical knowledge. His eccentricity eventually destroyed his prospects. As an instance, he had a quarrel with an officer, which produced a challenge. When the parties came to the ground, Macklin appeared in a loose great-coat, which covered him from head to heel, and which, as the matter proceeded, he threw off, and stood perfectly naked. Of course, he was remonstrated with for this extraordinary appearance, and his equally extraordinary answer was—"Sir, I will tell you my reason with great candour, in order that you may do the same if you like. Most of the wounds which prove mortal in India, arise from some part of the woollen or linen which a man generally carries about him, being forced in along with the ball. Now, to avoid this, I am determined to fight naked, and you may do the same." On this the seconds, probably taking him for a madman, interfered, gave their opinions on the indecency of fighting naked, and carried both parties from the ground.

But performances of this order were not likely to be overlooked by the authorities, and Macklin was at length sent home. His father, however vexed at this termination of his prospects, attempted again to support him; but he was incorrigible. His irregularities produced disease, which finished in a lock-jaw, and he died.

Macklin's letters to this unfortunate man, contain some advice which it would be good for any one to observe. "There is no quality," says one of those letters, "which commands more respect than integrity, none more freedom and independence than economy. These

are all that I have with industry to depend upon; and should you make them the rules of your conduct, you must be happy, as without them you never can. Let me repeat this doctrine to you, that he who depends upon continued industry and integrity, depends upon patrons of the most exalted kind. They more than supply the place of birth and ancestry, or even of royal patronage. They are the creatures of fortune and fame, the founders of families, and never can disappoint or desert you."

George Colman, junior, a much better known and much livelier man than his father, came early into society. The celebrated Johnson Club was then in full glow, and at his father's table he sat down with Burke, Garrick, Beauclerk, Reynolds, Foote, Gibbon, the Wartons, and several others of nearly equal distinction, with the Doctor crowning all. Colman says that this club was rated too high, or rather that society rated itself too low; for so pusillanimous in that day were educated persons in general, that they submitted to the domination of a self-chosen few, who in their turn had a despot over themselves; for while the club intimidated the town, Johnson awed the club. In one instance, when Sheridan was beginning to be a little known in the world, though before his first dramatic productions; he dined in company with Johnson and several of the club, when the doctor advanced one of his dogmas, tantamount to saying that black is white. Sheridan gave a plump negative to the doctor's affirmation, and argued against it manfully, with all the eagerness of youth. The party trembled for him, and, shrugging up their shoulders, seemed to say, "Poor young man, clever but ruined. He is rousing the lion, and it will soon be all over with him." The lion, however, was in one of his generous moods; though galled, he was not revengeful. He took his defeat, for defeated he was, in good part, and Sheridan escaped annihilation. "What times," says George, fairly enough, "when a young genius could be reputation-crushed — and that genius Sheridan—by entering into discussion with a literary dictator!" However, those things are pretty much at an end now. The Republic of Letters is on a republican footing, and the man who presumed to set himself up as a dictator, would be only laughed at. Johnson's powers would be acknowledged at all times, but his authority no longer. He would probably be paraded from dinner to dinner, for the amusement of his conversation, but society would revolt against his judgment. The whole spirit of society is changed. Conversation is no longer the sharp encounter of our wits, disputation is vulgar, and triumph is offensive. Whatever were the merits of Johnson, his manners would now be intolerable, his humour would not atone for his rudeness; he would be left to a circle of sycophants, and rapidly sink into a mere subject of the Boswells and the booksellers.

In Colman's management, he proposed bringing forward the "Beggar's Opera." On this the magistrates wrote him a letter, requesting him not to perform it, "as, in their opinion, it most undoubtedly increased the number of thieves." Colman replied, that he must consult his brother managers before withdrawing it; "but for his part, he could not help differing in opinion with the magistrates; thinking that the theatre was one of the very few houses in the neighbourhood that did not contribute to increase the number of thieves." The point of this retort was not qualified to increase his popularity with the Bow Street magistrates.

Colman, after seven years of management, sold his share in Covent Garden theatre, and retired for a while to Bath.

The Bath theatre, in the last century, appears to have been prolific in powerful actors. While Garrick's sun was verging to its decline, Mossop came before the public with extraordinary promise. He had been educated at the Irish University, and intended for the church; but Garrick was his tempter. He had seen this memorable actor on the Irish stage, and thenceforth determined to be an actor or nothing. A succession of the chief performers of the London stage going over to Ireland, confirmed his taste for that hazardous profession; and at length, in spite of all remonstrance, he commenced player. His first appearance was in Zanga. His talents in that part surprised every one, and he was eminent at once; but, with striking abilities, he had the great drawback of an irritable temper. He quarrelled with mankind, begin-

ning with the manager. He soon after left Ireland, and made his first step on the London boards in Richard the Third, and again succeeded in a remarkable degree. His style of acting seems to have strongly resembled that of Kean in our day, singularly vivid, subtle, and forcible; but with the defects of abruptness of delivery, and irregularity of performance. He had another grand imperfection—that of believing that his talents were as unlimited as his ambition. He grasped at all the leading characters without discrimination, and, of course, played many of them without effect. His consciousness of occasional failure, only induced him to grasp at more, and with less power. At length, quitting Drury-Lane in high displeasure, he returned to Ireland. There was but another step to ruin, and he took it without delay. Inflamed with the mania of management, he declared, "that there should be but one theatre in Ireland, and that he would be at the head of it."

A declaration of this kind was a declaration of war with the theatrical world—a very dangerous world to war with; and Mossop found himself wrapped in universal hostility. He began his career with flying colours; disdained to listen to the offer of a salary of £1000 a-year to remain with Barry and Woodward; and rushed headlong into ruin. He struggled long; but after seven years of hopeless toil he became bankrupt, abandoned Ireland, and returned to England, once more on his own hands. But he now came a broken man in mind and body. He still retained his haughtiness. On being urged to apply to Garrick for an engagement, he replied, "that Garrick knew very well that he was in London." But Garrick saw no reason why the manager should stoop first; and Mossop was left uncalled for. He was now painfully taught the evil of a harsh temper. An application was made to the manager of Covent-Garden for an engagement; but Mrs Barry was the chief actress there, and she positively refused to play on the same boards with Mossop—"she and her husband having been too unceasingly tormented by him in his rival theatre in Ireland, to render any association possible. This condition of things could not last long; his health sank rapidly; he roved about, with a drooping countenance and a worn-out frame, answering every enquiry for his health, by saying, "that he was better;" and every enquiry into the state of his finances, by saying, "that he wanted nothing." If his life had been prolonged, he would probably have lived a lunatic; but he was suddenly found dead in his bed, with only fourpence in his possession!

Events like those are so frequent in the history of the stage, that they have lost the power of astonishing any one; yet their warning against the indulgence of an arrogant temper, and a harsh tongue, is of importance to all. Here we have the instance of a man of great talents dying a beggar in the most popular and perhaps the most lucrative of all pursuits; for certainly there are few others, in which an individual beginning without a shilling spent on his education, or his entrance into a profession; or a shilling of capital; on the strength of talents alone may rise into immediate opulence. Mossop's ability had placed him, by a single effort, in the foremost rank of the stage; and yet, at the end of a few years, this man of genius is found a dying pauper, with all his worldly possession not amounting to the purchase of a day's meal.

Some pleasantries of the elder Colman, and the well-known James Boswell, enliven the narrative. At the Literary Club, Colman happening to say that Johnson, on his return from the Hebrides, was willing to believe in the "second sight," Boswell said, "He is willing to believe! I do believe"—adding, with that ludicrous humility which was so characteristic of the man—"the evidence is enough for *me*, though not for his great mind; what will not fill a quart bottle will fill a pint bottle." Then keenly, we have no doubt contemptuously, Colman advised him "to cork it up," an advice which Boswell was one of the last men in the world to take.

Wilkes, in his mayoralty, affected to join the citizen with the patrician, and the mansion-house witnessed some peculiarly showy entertainments. Boswell, at one of those, seeing Colman looking for his place at the table, made room for him, and said, "See what it is to have a Scotsman for your

friend at *Wilkes's* table." A foreign waiter happening to pass by soon after, Boswell asked him something in German. "Ah!" said Colman, "I thought I was at the mansion-house; but this is more like St James', for here are nothing but Germans and Scots."

A gay letter from Garrick passes his criticism on the men and things of the hour; he writes from Bath:—

"I despair of seeing you here, so that I must be at the parade with the folks here, whose conversation lies as heavy on my mind, as the hot rolls and devilments at breakfast do upon my stomach. I have seen the great Henderson, who has something, and *is* nothing. He might be made to figure among the puppets of these times. His Don John is a comic Cato, and his Hamlet a mixture of tragedy, comedy, pastoral, farce, and nonsense. However, though my wife is outrageous, I am in the secret, and see sparks of fire which may be blown into a flame, to warm even a London audience at Christmas. He is a dramatic phænomenon, and his friends, especially Cumberland, have ruined him. He has a manner of *paving* when he would be emphatical, that is ridiculous, and must be changed, or he would not be suffered at the Bedford Coffee-house."

In 1775, the curious incident occurred, of a Lord Chief Justice laying down the law of hissing in theatres. Five individuals had been convicted of a determination to hiss down old Macklin, and ultimately drive him from the stage. The law proceedings had gone on for two years, and at length the defendants were brought up to receive judgment. Lord Mansfield was the judge; he recommended an arbitration, to prevent further expenses; and finally Macklin proposed that the defendants should pay his costs, and take L.300 worth of tickets for various benefits. Lord Mansfield applauded his generosity, and told him that, acknowledging his abilities as an actor, he had never acted better in his life than on that day. He also further observed, "that the right of hissing and applauding in a theatre was an unalterable right; but that there was a wide distinction between expressing the natural sensations of the mind as they arose from what was seen and heard, and executing a preconcerted design, not only to hiss an actor when he was playing a part, but to drive him from the theatre and produce his utter ruin."

Even in the life of wits, heartless as they are presumed to be, there are sometimes touches of feeling. Foote, of all men the most caustic, furnishes an anecdote illustrative of his having been not wholly the compound of cayenne and vitriol for which the world gave him credit. He had regards probably but for few; but among those few was Weston the actor, a man of considerable ability in his profession. Foote had his portrait painted, and on leaving town for his journey to Dover in search of health—a journey which was his last—he went into the room where the picture hung, made a full stop before it, firmly fixed his eyes on the countenance until the tears started into them, and then turning away, exclaimed, "Poor Weston!" Then, as if in reproach of his own seeming security, after a moment's meditation he uttered,—"Poor Weston!—it will be soon 'Poor Foote!' or the intelligence of my spirits deceives me." It did not deceive him.

There is a striking recollection of Johnson and Gibbon in the memoir of the younger Colman, written with more than his usual study, and not unlike a reflection of the style of both. He observes, that "Gibbon was a curious contrast to the Doctor. On the day when he first met them at table, which was at his father's house, Johnson was in his suit of rusty brown, an old yellow wig, and black worsted stockings; while Gibbon, who sat opposite to him, was in a suit of flowered velvet, with a bag and sword." Each had his measured phraseology: but Johnson's was grand, Gibbon's elegant—the stateliness of the former, however, being sometimes pedantic, and the polish of the latter occasionally finical:—"Johnson marched to kettledrums and trumpets, Gibbon moved to flutes and hautboys;—Johnson hewed passages through the Alps, Gibbon levelled walks through parks and gardens." This is rather pompous for George Colman, but he evidently leans to the courtly urbanity of the historian:—"Mauled as I had been by Johnson," (who before dinner had treated him as a troublesome child,) "Gibbon

poured balm upon my bruises, by condescending, once or twice in the course of the evening, to talk to me. The great historian was light and playful, suiting his manner to the capacity of the boy; but still his mannerism prevailed—still he tapped his snuff-box—still he smirked and smiled, and rounded his periods with the same air of good breeding as if he were conversing with men." Then comes a characteristic touch of George's own pencil:—"His mouth, mellifluous as Plato's, was a *round hole in the centre of his visage!*"

Bensley the actor, a popular favourite, was a rare instance of the change of personal character. In early life he had led so dashing a career, that Garrick named him "Roaring Bob of the Garden." He married *by accident*, and from that period his temperament seems to have taken a wiser turn. The accident was:—his post-chaise having come into collision with a lady on horseback, the lady was thrown; and Bensley, on getting out to offer his assistance, was so much struck with her beauty, that he fell in love, and made his proposal. Her fortune was but L.1500; but, by frugality and his talents, he lived in comfort until he left the stage in 1796. His friend, the celebrated Wyndham, who was secretary at war, then gave him a barrack-mastership. But his good fortune was not yet at an end. A relative, Sir William Bensley, an East India Director, dying, left him a large property. Bensley enjoyed it for a while with the spirit of a gentleman; but, having no children, said, "that he had not wanted it, and that it came too late."

There is an acknowledged frenzy in the universal passion for theatrical management; and Colman, who had escaped so long, and after such vexatious experience, now returned to the turmoil of a theatre of his own. Foote, previously to leaving London for Calais, had thus written to Garrick:—"There is more of prudence than of pleasure in my trip to the continent. To tell you the truth, I am tired with racking my brain, toiling like a horse, and crossing seas and mountains in the most dreary seasons, merely to pay servants' wages and tradesmen's bills. I have therefore directed my friend Jewell to discharge the lazy vermin of my hall, and to let my hall too, if he can meet with a proper tenant. Help me to one, if you can." Colman heard of this intention, and he finally took the Haymarket Theatre, on the terms of paying Foote an annuity of L.1600, and L.500 for the copyright of his unpublished plays. "The paradoxical celebrity," says George Colman, "which Foote maintained on his stage, was very singular; his satirical sketches were scarcely dramas, and he could not be called a good legitimate performer. Yet there is no Shakspeare or Roscius on record, who, like Foote, supported a theatre for a series of years by his own acting, in his own writings, and for ten years of the time on a wooden leg." This prop to his person I once saw, standing by his bedside, ready dressed in a handsome silk stocking, with a polished shoe and gold buckle, awaiting the owner's getting-up. It had a kind of tragi-comical appearance; and I leave to inveterate punsters the ingenuity of punning upon a Foote in bed and a leg out of it."

This is followed by a capital story. The elder Colman, in proposing for the purchase of the theatre, had kept himself wholly out of sight, and employed a matter-of-fact man of business to carry on the negotiation; Foote having no knowledge of the real party until the business was concluded. He, however, often met Colman at dinner, and the subject being public, became a topic of common conversation. On one of those occasions, Foote turned to Colman and said:—"Now, here is Mr Colman, an experienced manager, he will tell you that nobody can conduct so peculiar a theatrical concern as mine but myself. But there is a fat-headed fellow of an agent, who has been boring me every morning at breakfast, with terms from some blockhead who knows nothing about the stage, but whose money burns in his pocket:"—"Playhouse mad, I presume," said my father. "Right," said Foote, "and, if bleeding will bring him to his senses, he will find me a capital doctor."

The scene, when the parties at last met to sign and seal, must have been amusing; it would probably have furnished Foote with another farce, but all his pleasantries were now near an end. He died at Dover, October 21st, in the same year, having received but

the first half year's payments. His illness had been long, but the immediate cause of his death was apoplexy.

The Haymarket proved, on the whole, a tolerable speculation. Colman's knowledge of the stage kept it alive; and, as he had got rid of the weight of the purchase-money, he made a respectable income. But his time, too, was coming fast. In 1789, he was struck with paralysis; the disease attacked his brain, and he was reduced to the most melancholy of all conditions—that of a bewildered mind. Some lines in one of Churchhill's poems, feelingly allude to the especial liability of active intellects to this misfortune:—

"With curious art the brain too finely wrought,
Preys on itself, and is destroy'd by thought;
Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out her powers, and leaves a blank behind."

We must now hasten to the close. George Colman, taking the management of the theatre on his father's retirement, conducted it for a succession of years with remarkable animation, but with fluctuating success. At length difficulties gathered round him, which compelled him to resign the theatre into other hands. His social qualities, however, had so far rendered him pleasing to George IV., that he appointed him "Examiner of Plays," an office worth about L.400 a-year. In his latter years he became liable to some organic infirmities, of which he died, October 17th, 1836, with the reputation of one of the wittiest men, the most amusing companion, and perhaps the best comic writer since the days of Sheridan. It has not been our purpose to *review* these volumes, in the usual sense of the word. They have the fault of being too much of a compilation, and making too large a use of authorities already known. But it is only justice to say, that they contain a great deal of very curious matter—many recollections of the Colmans that have hitherto escaped the public—and that they are written in a spirited and intelligent style.

MARQUINEZ AND LA COLLEGIALA.

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

The small town of Ayllon in Old Castile is picturesquely situated at the foot of a ridge of mountains of the same name, and at about half-a-dozen leagues to the left of the *camino real* from Burgos to Madrid. Although dignified by the name of a *villa*, or town, and containing a population of five hundred *vecinos*,* at the period we are referring to, it bore more resemblance to an overgrown country village, both by the character of its houses and the occupations of their inhabitants. The former were rudely constructed of mis-shapen and irregularly sized blocks of stone, hewn from the adjacent mountains, the interstices being filled up with a coarse cement. They were for the most part covered with thatch, although here and there a roof formed of black and red tiles, arranged in alternate lines, varied the uniformity of the layers of straw, to which the weather and the smoke of the wood fires had imparted a dingy greyish hue. According to Spanish custom, every dwelling had a clumsy but solid and spacious balcony running round the upper windows. These balconies were sheltered from the rain either by a wooden roof or by a projection of the thatch and rafters, and in the summer and autumn were usually strewed with the golden pods of the Indian corn and the juicy scarlet fruit of the tomata, placed there to dry and to ripen in the sunbeams.

The inhabitants of Ayllon were principally peasants, who gained their living by the cultivation of the fields which surrounded the town; and in time of peace this resource was suffi-

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* The Spaniards have a somewhat loose manner of calculating the population of their towns and villages by *vecinos*, or heads of families, literally *neighbours*. They multiply the number of vecinos by four and a half, and that is supposed to give the number of inhabitants.

cient for the ample supply of their scanty wants and unambitious desires; but the war, which was so heavy a scourge for the Peninsula, did not spare this quiet corner of Castile. On the contrary, the position of the town rendered it a favourite resort of the guerillas, who from that point had the double facility of pouncing on whatever passed along the high-road, and of retreating to the mountains when troops were sent against them. Thus it not unfrequently happened that the unfortunate Ayllonese, after emptying their granaries and wine stores for the benefit of the Spanish troops, were visited, a few hours afterwards, by a column of French, who stripped them of what little they had reserved for their own support, accompanying their extortions by the ample measure of ill treatment they considered themselves justified in bestowing on those who had so recently sheltered their foes. Between friends and enemies the peasants were impoverished, their houses dismantled and pillaged, their fields trampled and laid waste.

It was on an autumn morning of the year 181–, that a large number of cavalry soldiers were grooming their horses in the streets of Ayllon. Some ill-clothed but hardy-looking infantry men were grouped about the doors of the houses, busily engaged in furbishing their arms, whilst here and there, at the corners of the streets, or in open spaces between the houses, a few greasy-looking individuals were superintending the preparations of the *rancho*,* a strong smelling anomalous sort of mess, contained in large iron kettles suspended over smoky fires of green wood. Cavalry, infantry, and cooks were laughing, joking, singing, and talking with the gayety characteristic of the Spanish soldier, and which scarcely ever abandons him even in the most difficult and unfavourable circumstances.

The horses had been cleaned and returned to their stables; the muskets burnished till they shone again; the rations cooked and eaten. It was past noon, and the rays of an October sun, which in Castile is often hotter than a July sun in our more temperate climate, had driven the soldiery to seek shade and coolness where best it might be found. Some were sharing the litter of their horses, others were stretched under trees and hedges in the outskirts of the town, whilst the most weary or the least difficult lay wrapped in their cloaks on either side of the street. A deep silence had succeeded to the previous noise. It was the hour of the siesta.

Two o'clock had chimed from the church tower of Ayllon, and had been repeated by the clocks of the neighbouring convents and villages, when a battalion of infantry entered the principal street, and advanced at a rapid pace towards the open square in the centre of the town, where it halted and formed up. A body of cavalry which followed separated into small parties, and dispersed in various directions. More infantry arrived, and proceeded by detachments to occupy the stables and houses in which the troops were quartered, and from which they ejected the original occupants. On the first arrival of the new comers, the guerillas, who were lying sleeping about the streets, had started up in alarm; but on recognizing the grey uniforms and painted shakoes of the regiment of Arlanza, and the blue pelisses of the hussars, under the orders of the Cura Merino, they for the most part resumed their recumbent position, with all the nonchalance of those Neapolitan lazzaroni for whom

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* The *rancho*, or mess of the Spanish soldiery, is generally composed of fat pork, garlic, and rice or dry beans, according as the one or the other may have been issued for rations: the whole being plentifully seasoned with red pepper, and boiled so as to form a sort of thick pottage. The manner in which this is eaten is somewhat original. Each company is divided into messes of twenty or thirty men, and each mess forms a circle round the vessel in which their dinner has been cooked, every man with his bread and a large wooden spoon in his hand. They tell off by fours, and a non-commissioned officer calls out "El uno," No. 1. The five or six men who have told off No. 1 take a pace to the front, dip their spoon in the kettle and resume their place in the circle. "El dos," No. 2, is next called, and performs the same manœuvre. After No. 4, the turn of No. 1 comes again, and so on till the pot is emptied and the bellies of the soldiers more or less filled.

the *dolce far niente* is the sum and substance of human happiness. The less indolent remained staring at the troops as they marched by; and even when they saw them entering the stables and barracks they manifested no surprise, unsuspicious of any hostile intention on the part of men fighting for the same cause as themselves, and with whom they were accustomed to fraternize. Those who were sleeping in the houses and stables, were scarcely well awaked before they were thrust into the street. The whole proceeding was so rapid on the part of the Cura's soldiers, and so unlooked for by those quartered in the town, that in less than ten minutes fifteen hundred men found themselves unarmed and defenceless, whilst their horses, weapons, and accoutrements were in possession of Merino's followers. So complete was the surprise, and so trifling the resistance offered, that not a life was lost, scarcely a man wounded, on either side.

Whilst the astonished guerillas were asking one another what could be the meaning of this extraordinary conduct of Merino, that chief himself appeared, surrounded by several officers, and followed by a strong escort of cavalry. He galloped through the main street, and, halting in the plaza, received the reports of the officers who had been entrusted with the execution of the *coup-de-main* that had just been accomplished; then, turning to a group of the disarmed who were standing by, he enquired for Colonel Principe. Before he had received a reply, a man rushed, bareheaded, and with a drawn sabre in his hand, from the door of a neighbouring house. He stopped when he found himself face to face with the Cura, and, in a voice almost inarticulate from passion, demanded by what authority the latter had disarmed his men and taken possession of their quarters.

"By my own authority, Tomas Principe," coolly replied Merino. "Your band is one of those which do more harm to the peasant than the enemy. When they march, their progress is marked by rapine and violence; and, if they now and then distinguish themselves by their gallantry in the field, they take care to counterbalance its merit by daily robberies and unlawful acts. Your horses and arms I have taken for my soldiers, and by this time your men are informed that they are disbanded and may return to their homes."

Merino had scarcely finished his sentence when Principe, who literally foamed at the mouth with rage, made a dash at the imperturbable priest, and dealt him a blow which would probably have brought the career of that celebrated member of the church militant to a premature termination, had it not been intercepted by the swords of some of the Cura's officers. Several of the escort pressed forward, and the unlucky guerilla was overpowered and deprived of his sabre. The scuffle was scarcely over when Marquinez, the friend and lieutenant of Principe, appeared, followed by some officers and a few men of his corps. He was a handsome, soldierly-looking man, in the prime of life, with a highly intelligent countenance; and, instead of showing the same excitement and headlong fury as his commandant, he saluted Merino with urbanity, and addressed him in a somewhat ironical tone. The Cura repeated what he had already said to Principe as to his reasons for disarming the partida.

"I am well aware, Señor Cura," said Marquinez, "that some of your followers, weary of lurking in mountain caverns, have preferred leaders under whom they were sure to meet with opportunities of displaying their courage in the plain, and of revenging themselves on the invaders of their country. It is probably to prevent further defection, and to remount your cavalry, that you have thus treacherously surprised and disarmed men, who, had they been aware of your intention, would have given ample occupation to you and the whole of your forces. You have, for the moment, deprived your country of two thousand defenders, the least worthy of whom is a better man than ever crossed your saddle. We shall not attempt a resistance which now would be absurd, but you will have to answer to the Junta of Cadiz for your treason."

The Cura smiled scornfully, but made no reply. Marquinez, after gazing steadfastly at him for a moment, turned upon his heel; and leading, or rather dragging along, Principe by the arm, left the plaza. The same day Merino marched out of Ayllon,

taking with them nearly a thousand horses, and a large number of muskets, sabres, and other arms.

Marquinez and Principe had been sergeants in the Spanish regiment of Bourbon. They were of humble extraction, and Marquinez had, in his youth, been a barber at Madrid. Both men of great intrepidity, and of some military talent, those qualifications availed them little at a period when wealth and family interest were the surest, if not the only stepping stones to advancement in the Spanish army, and our two *sargentos instruidos* left the service with the humble *chevrons* which their merits had procured them soon after their arrival under the colours, but which they had no hope of exchanging for the epaulette of a commissioned officer. At the commencement of the Peninsular war, they joined a party of guerillas, of which they soon became the leaders, and Principe, although inferior in talent and education to his brother sergeant, was the first in command. At the period that Merino disarmed them in the manner we have described, the *partida* had acquired considerable celebrity, and although not so well disciplined as the troops of the Cura, had committed no excesses to justify the step taken by the latter. Merino was jealous of their success, and annoyed at the desertion of his men, many of whom had recently left his standard to join that of Principe. As Marquinez had predicted, however, the Regency was excessively angry at the unauthorized and unwarrantable conduct of the guerilla priest, in which it was evident that he had consulted his own interest more than that of the service, or of the country. A severe reprimand was addressed to him; but the war was raging in all its fury, the Junta had its hands full, and Merino was too valuable a partizan to be dispensed with, or even disgusted. Moreover, the mischief done was soon repaired, in great part, by the activity of Marquinez. After the guerilla corps was disbanded by the Cura, the two adventurers who had headed it found themselves with a mere handful of followers, the remainder either having been sent to their villages, or having joined Merino. Principe and Marquinez agreed to separate, and to reorganize two bands, instead of the one which they had hitherto commanded. Principe was only moderately successful; the free corps which he raised never amounted to above six or eight hundred men; but Marquinez, putting out all his energy, before long found himself at the head of a strong body of cavalry, well mounted and equipped; and he took the field with renewed confidence, and this time with the sole command.

In one of the first expeditions which he undertook, after this resurrection of his *partida*, he encountered three hundred Westphalian cavalry in the French service, whom he totally defeated, after fighting for a whole morning, and losing a large number of men and horses. The Westphalians were returning from a reconnoissance, in which they had made several prisoners, and amongst others, a lady of a good family of Sahagun, and wife of a captain in the Spanish army. This woman, during the few days which the insecurity of the roads compelled her to pass in the society of Marquinez, became violently enamoured of that officer, and finally abandoned her husband and children to follow him in his adventurous course of life. Endowed with masculine courage, strong minded, and possessed of greater physical strength than is usual in her sex, she did not hesitate to assume the costume of a hussar, and to fight by the side of the dashing guerilla to whom she had attached herself. She soon became well known in the district which was the scene of operations of Marquinez's troops, by the appellation of *La Collegiala*, a name given to her from the circumstance of her youth having been spent in a college, which exists at Valladolid, for the education of the female children of noble families. She had already been engaged in several skirmishes, and had displayed a degree of courage which had gained for her the rank of an officer, and the respect and admiration of the hardy soldiers amongst whom she lived, when an opportunity occurred of proving her devotion and attachment to the man for whom she had sacrificed her fair fame and her domestic ties.

It was in the early part of the month of March. A succession of heavy rains had nearly suspended all military operations in the plains of Valladolid and Palencia. Marquinez's hussars, at this time nearly two thousand in num-

ber, were in cantonments in some small villages a few leagues to the right of the high-road from Burgos to Valladolid, and were awaiting the return of fine weather to recommence the campaign. The activity and intrepidity of their leader had caused him to become a formidable opponent to the French generals, who were anxious to rid themselves of nearly the only chief who ventured to attack them on equal terms in the plain, and frequently came off the conqueror. For Marquinez, disdaining the more cautious system of mountain warfare adopted by other guerilla leaders, had not raised any infantry, but kept the open country with his light cavalry. Several of the French moveable columns had been roughly handled by him, and their dragoons sabred and put to the route by vigorous charges headed by the intrepid guerilla.

During the few weeks that Marquinez was compelled to remain inactive, the French caused his position to be reconnoitred by their spies, and devised a plan for seizing his person. The villages and hamlets in which the cavalry were quartered were spread over a considerable extent of country. So large a number of horses would hardly have found sufficient forage or stabling had they been all concentrated on one point; and as the roads were cut up and the fields sodden by the rain, there was no apprehension entertained of any rapid march or surprise on the part of the French, who had their advanced posts in the neighbourhood of Valladolid. Two of the numerous villages occupied by the hussars were nearly a league in advance of the others, and placed on either skirt of a large oak wood. The road from the one to the other of these cantonments described a curve round the front of the wood, and at a central point was crossed by a track which, in one direction, led in amongst the trees, and in the other joined at a distance of a mile or two a country road leading to Valladolid. It was at this spot that it was proposed to surprise Marquinez, who, with the Collegiala and a hundred horse, had taken up his quarters in the village on the right of the wood.

About dusk, on a stormy evening, Marquinez, attended by an aide-de-camp, was returning to his quarters, after having visited several of the cantonments. On arriving at the part of the road described above, he found his further progress impeded by a tree which had fallen across the narrow way in such a manner that its branches, covered with dead leaves, and matted with ivy, formed a sort of hedge too high for the horses to leap, and too strong for them to break through. The two horsemen dismounted, and began to open themselves a passage by lopping the boughs with their sabres, when their arms were suddenly seized from behind, and before they could turn their heads they were surrounded by a dozen dismounted dragoons, whose numbers quickly overcoming all resistance, the Spaniards were thrown down and pinioned. A troop of French cavalry emerged from the wood, the men who had effected the capture remounted, and Marquinez and his aide-de-camp, being bound to their saddles and placed between four dragoons, with their carabines unslung and ready for action, the whole party started off at a sharp trot in the direction of Valladolid. The only witness of the affair was a peasant belonging to the village in which Marquinez had his quarters, and who was about a hundred yards behind that chief at the moment he dismounted. His first movement, when he saw the French, was to throw himself on the ground behind some bushes, and as soon as the last of the troopers had disappeared, he left his place of concealment, and hastened to give the alarm.

To support the troop of dragoons that had been sent on this hazardous expedition, two battalions and a squadron of French had advanced seven or eight leagues from their own lines, and had taken up a position in a hamlet at about the same distance from Marquinez's cantonments. It was an hour before midnight when the party which had formed the ambuscade joined the main body, after a rapid march over detestable roads and a heavy country. The horses were knocked up, and unable to proceed without a few hours' repose. Their captain having reported this to his commanding-officer, at the same time that he announced to him the successful issue of the enterprize, received orders to refresh his men and horses, and to hold himself in readiness to march an hour before daybreak. Meantime the prisoners were placed in a room on the

ground floor of the house in which the French colonel was lodged. The door of their temporary prison opened on a large corridor, then used as a guard-room, and the small unglazed aperture which gave light and air to the apartment, was traversed by three massive iron bars, placed parallel to each other, and firmly riveted into the stone wall. For additional security, and to preclude all possibility of escape, a sentry was placed in a sort of garden on which the window looked out.

The young officer who had been taken at the same time as Marquinez, weary with the day's exertions, soon fell asleep in one of the three or four rickety chairs which composed nearly the whole furniture of the room. His chief did not seem inclined to follow his example, but paced up and down, apparently wrapt in thought. His monotonous promenade had lasted nearly an hour, when he thought he heard his name pronounced. He started and listened, but no sound reached his ears save the measured step of the sentinel under his window, and the burden of an old French *chanson à boire*, which one of the men on guard was trolling out, with a voice more remarkable for power than melody. Marquinez threw himself into a chair, and attributing to an excited imagination the words which he had fancied he heard, appeared disposed to imitate his aide-de-camp, who was forgetting in sleep the dangers of his position, and the probable death that awaited him. The eyes of the captive guerilla were beginning to close, and his head to sink upon his breast, when the same voice as before broke the silence. "Marquinez!" was repeated in a loud whisper. The word was accompanied by a noise such as is produced by a slight blow of iron against iron. This time it was no delusion of a heated brain. Marquinez rushed to the window, and looked out as well as the grating would permit. All was still. The night was raw and wintry, and it was only at rare intervals that the watery rays of the moon obtained a passage through some break in the heavy mantle of clouds which covered the sky. The infantry soldier on sentry had reached the limit of his walk, and was turning to retrace his steps. When he arrived under the window, he allowed the bayonet on the end of his musket to fall lightly against the bars through which Marquinez was looking, and in a voice which seemed familiar to the ears of the latter, he asked in Spanish,

"*Estas solo?* Are you alone?"

"Villaverde is with me, and asleep," was the reply.

"My bayonet is unfixed. Take it, and force the grating."

Marquinez seized the proffered weapon, which was only stuck on the end of the ramrod, and using the greatest possible care to avoid noise, he began to pick out the cement and the small iron wedges by which the bars were fastened into the wall. It was necessary to take out all the three bars, for otherwise the opening would be too small to allow the body of a man to pass; and with no better tool than a bayonet, the task was not an easy one. At the end of half an hour, however, two of the bars had given way, and the prisoner had begun to work at the third, when the sentry, who, during this time had continued his walk without appearing to pay any attention to what was going on in the prison, rapidly approached the window, and, in the low hurried tone in which he had before spoken, exclaimed—

"The relief is at hand; hasten, or all is lost!" At the same moment Marquinez heard in the distance the *qui vive* of a French soldier challenging the guard which was relieving the various sentries placed round the temporary quarters of the troops.

It is no disparagement to the often proved courage of Marquinez, to say that in this agitating moment his heart beat with unusual quickness, whilst big drops of perspiration covered his forehead. His hand, however, lost none of its steadiness, and he plied his bayonet with redoubled vigour, but with less caution than before. Fragments of stone flew from the wall as he struck and delved with desperate violence. He fixed the sharp end of his weapon under the bar, and prizing as with a lever, endeavoured to force it out, when the bayonet, already bent by the unusual purpose to which it was applied, broke off short, and the point remained in the wall. At the same instant Villaverde, awakened by the noise, which had fortunately not reached the ears of the soldiers in the guard-room, stood by the side of his chief, and in an instant comprehended their position. Our two gue-

rillas seized the iron bar, which was all that intervened between them and liberty—between an untimely death and a life of freedom and enjoyment. They tugged and wrenched at the fatal obstacle, which shook but would not give way; the heavy tread of the Frenchmen had become audible, when, by an almost superhuman effort, the iron was torn from its place, and with the violence of the shock the two men reeled back into the centre of the room. Instantly recovering themselves, they darted through the window, and stood before their deliverer, who threw down his musket, and tossing off his shako, a profusion of dark ringlets fell upon his shoulders, and Marquinez recognised with astonishment the handsome features of La Collegiala. She was pale as death, but had lost none of her presence of mind. "*Por aqui!*" cried she, and as the relief turned the angle of the house, and entered the garden, the three fugitives bounded over a low fence, and disappeared in the obscurity. A moment afterwards, the guard, surprised at not being challenged by the man whom they were approaching to relieve, halted under the window, expecting to find that sleep had overtaken the negligent sentry. No sentry was there, but at a few paces distant, a dead soldier, stripped of his great-coat and shako, was lying with his face against the ground. The long rank grass on which he was extended was wet with blood. He had received a stab in the back which had pierced through to his heart.

In less than an hour after Marquinez was carried off by the French, La Collegiala had set out with a squadron in order to rescue him. This force, which included every man in the cantonment, was deemed sufficient, the peasant having reported the captors as not exceeding fifty in number. La Collegiala made sure of overtaking them before they reached Valladolid, to which city, from the road they had taken, she had no doubt they would proceed. After four or five hours' hard riding, the Spaniards had gained considerably on those they were in pursuit of, when they met with some muleteers, who informed them that they were not above ten minutes in rear of the French, but that the latter must have already joined the main body, whose advanced posts were about a mile off. This was a crushing blow to the hopes of La Collegiala. A moment's reflection, however, was sufficient for her to take a resolution. She struck off the road, and after a few minutes' march across the country, halted, and formed up the squadron in a ploughed field. Then, stripping off her richly-furred pelisse and embroidered forage-cap, she replaced them by a coarse woollen jacket and felt hat, which she had procured from one of the muleteers. Favoured by the darkness of the night, she passed unobserved through the French pickets, and, attracted by the lights in the windows of the guard-room and of the colonel's quarters, she directed her steps to the very garden on which Marquinez's prison looked out. Concealed amongst some shrubs, she heard the orders given the sentry; and convinced that the prisoner whom he was directed to guard could be no other than Marquinez himself, she immediately formed a plan for his rescue, the partial success of which we have already seen.

The fugitives were not fifty yards from the village when they heard the French drums beat to arms. The troops turned out in an instant; a body of cavalry was sent to patrol the road, whilst parties of infantry hastened in all directions to endeavour to intercept the flight of the prisoners. Amidst the din and confusion, the voice of the French colonel might be heard, exciting his men by the promise of large rewards for the recapture of the notable partizan who had thus eluded his vigilance. Meantime, Marquinez and his aide-de-camp, guided by La Collegiala, laboured through the heavy ground; now falling into ditches, now stumbling over stumps of trees and other objects which their haste and the darkness prevented them from seeing. They fortunately passed the pickets before the intelligence of their escape had reached those advanced posts, the officers in command of which, hearing the drums beat to arms, and not knowing the nature of the alarm, kept their men together, instead of extending them right and left, which would probably have ensured the taking of the three Spaniards. At length, covered with mud and panting for breath, Marquinez and his companion reached the squadron, which was still formed up in the field where La Collegiala had left it. Two men dismounted; Marquinez and Villaverde sprang into their saddles, and the little party of hussars moved

off across the country in good order, and as fast as the heavy ground would permit. At the same instant they heard the clatter of the horses' hoofs of the French dragoons as they gallopped along the road, which ran about half musket-shot to the left of their own line of march. This, however, caused no uneasiness to Marquinez, who knew that the enemy's cavalry, unacquainted with the country, would not venture to leave the road, and he was sure of being able to keep well ahead of the infantry, who, in their turn, could not prudently advance too far from the main body. He reckoned, therefore, of being soon out of reach of the enemy, when the march of the Spaniards was suddenly arrested by a broad and deep water-course, with high and perpendicular banks. In vain did they ride up and down, and lose some minutes in endeavouring to find a place at which to pass this new obstacle to their progress. The French infantry were approaching; the torches which they carried showing like so many crimson spots through the thick mist arising from the wet and marshy ground. Already the officers might be heard directing the search, and giving orders to their men. The only remaining chance was to return to the high-road before they were perceived by the infantry, and trust to a bold charge to break through the dragoons, which were in their front. The road was soon gained, and the hussars crossed the wooden bridge which was there thrown over the water-course, and which gave out a hollow sound under their horses' feet. The infantry heard the noise, but paid no attention to it, taking the Spaniards for another patrol sent out from the village. The same mistake was made by the dragoons, whom Marquinez overtook a few hundred yards further, in a wide part of the road. The officer in command had slackened his pace when he heard other cavalry approaching, thinking it might probably bring some order; but not for a moment supposing that an enemy had got between him and the headquarters he had so recently left. He was awakened from his security by the voice of Marquinez. "*A ellos!*" shouted the guerilla, and his men rushed sabre in hand upon the French, who, taken by surprise, were thrown one upon the other, and a dozen of them cut off their horses before they had made the slightest resistance. A panic seized the remainder, who, being prevented by the darkness from distinguishing the number of their opponents, imagined themselves betrayed, and surrounded by a very superior force. The greater part leaped their horses over the hedges and low stone walls on either side of the road, and fled in every direction. Some few threw down their arms, and begged for quarter; but the guerillas were not in a merciful mood, and prisoners would have been an incumbrance on the long march they had before them. The pursued became in their turn the pursuers, and Marquinez had to exert his authority to prevent his soldiers from dispersing in chase of the runaways, a chase that would probably have led some of them into the middle of the French infantry.

Marquinez reached his cantonments at daybreak, and at the same hour the French commenced their march back to Valladolid, not a little crest-fallen at the events of the night.

A few days after the incident we have related, the approach of spring enabled Marquinez to take the field. After one of the first skirmishes shared in by his troops, two or three men deserted to him from the French, and by their own desire were incorporated into a squadron of hussars. One of these men, a German, made himself particularly remarked by his smart and soldierly bearing, and by his hatred of the French, whom he constantly execrated, declaring that his sincerest wish was to revenge on them some part of the ill treatment he had received at their hands. Effectively, in one or two affairs, he displayed so much courage and blood-thirstiness that he attracted the notice of Marquinez, who attached him to his person as an orderly. The zeal of the deserter redoubled, and he exhibited that boundless devotion to his general so naturally felt by every brave soldier for an indulgent master and gallant chief.

It was some months later that the hussars of Marquinez, being in the neighbourhood of Palencia, their leader had occasion to visit that town, and he set out, attended only by his German orderly. At a certain distance from the above-named place, and when the road, running between two hills, is shaded by a row of large beech-trees, the travellers came to one

of those ancient fountains, not uncommon in Spain, and which seem to have been erected with the double object of administering to the thirst of the wayfarer, and of inviting him to solicit, by prayer, a blessing on his journey. On the upper part of a mossy and time-worn slab of grey stone, placed perpendicularly against the rocky bank which bordered the road, was rudely sculptured in *relievo* a representation of the Virgin Mary holding the infant Jesus in her arms. From a broken wooden spout, which protruded from the same stone at about the height of a man from the ground, gushed forth a stream of water of crystal clearness, which fell bubbling and sparkling into a granite trough below, while the vicinity of the fountain had encouraged the growth of a profusion of hedge flowers, which decked the banks and sides of the road, and perfumed the air with their wild and delicious fragrance.

At this cool and pleasant spot—a sort of oasis on the hot sandy road along which he had been riding—Marquinez drew rein, and loosening his horse's breastplate, allowed the animal to plunge his mouth and nostrils in the trough. Whilst his charger was drinking—an operation rendered somewhat difficult by his large and severe bit—the orderly continued to move forward, until he had greatly diminished the distance usually kept between an officer and his attendant. When he arrived within a couple of paces of the fountain, he silently drew a pistol from his holster, took a deliberate aim at the head of Marquinez, and pulled the trigger. The bullet split the skull of the unfortunate Spaniard, who first fell forward on his horse's neck, and then rolled to the ground, striking in his fall against the stone basin, which was sprinkled with his blood. The assassin sprang from his saddle, and stood over his victim with a sharp short dagger in his hand. He had no occasion to use it. The teeth of the guerilla chieftain were set firmly against each other, and a slight froth stood upon his lips. The independence of Spain had lost one of its most gallant defenders.

When the news of this cowardly deed reached Marquinez's comrades, the latter did not hesitate to attribute it to the French general Boyer, from whose column the German had deserted. It would be unjust, however, to lay the instigation of so foul a murder at the door of a brave officer without some better proof than mere suspicions. One thing is certain—that when the murderer, after some hairbreadth escapes, succeeded in rejoining the French, he received an officer's commission, as a reward for having rid them of so troublesome and active an enemy.

Shortly after Marquinez's death, La Collegiala, with thirty or forty men, deserted to Valladolid, then held by the French. Those who knew her best, were unable to discover or imagine any possible reason for so extraordinary an act. Some few, indeed, supposed that she had taken this step as the only means by which she could hope to find an opportunity of revenging the death of her lover; and they predicted that many days would not elapse ere La Collegiala would return to the Spanish lines with the blood of Marquinez's assassin on her knife blade. If this supposition was the correct one, if such was the motive which induced her to abandon the cause of her country, she was unable to accomplish her design; for, a few days after her desertion, the order came from Napoleon to send back to France all the foreign troops in the French service, for the purpose of their being disbanded. Italians, Poles, and Germans, were all sent across the frontier, and with them marched the murderer of Marquinez.

La Collegiala continued with the French, and commanded, with the rank of captain, a band of about a hundred irregular cavalry, composed of the men who had deserted with her, and of others who subsequently came over. On the evacuation of Spain by the French troops, which occurred soon afterwards, she accompanied them, and remained in France till an amnesty was published, of which she took advantage, and returned to her own country. Bidding adieu to her masculine dress and habits, she became exceedingly devout, and gave up the whole of her time to religious exercises and the education of her children—a more praiseworthy than poetical termination to the career of the adventurous amazon who had shared the hardships and perils of Marquinez the guerilla.

PLATO'S REPUBLIC.

THERE is no reader who has not heard of Solon's apologetic distinction between the actual system of laws, framed by himself for the Athenian people, under his personal knowledge of the Athenian temper, and that better system which he would have framed in a case where either the docility of the national character had been greater, or the temptations to insubordination had been less. Something of the same distinction must be taken on behalf of Plato, between the ideal form of Civil Polity which he contemplated in the ten books of his Republic, and the practical form which he contemplated in the thirteen books of his Legislative System.* In the former work he supposes himself to be instituting an independent state, on such principles as were philosophically best; in the latter, upon the assumption that what might be the best as an abstraction, was not always the best as adapted to a perverse human nature, nor under ordinary circumstances the most likely to be durable. He professes to make a compromise between his sense of duty as a philosopher, and his sense of expedience as a man of the world. Like Solon, he quits the normal for the attainable; and from the ideal man, flexible to all the purposes of a haughty philosophy, he descends in his subsequent speculations to the refractory Athenian as he really existed in the generation of Pericles. And this fact gives a great value to the more abstract work; since no inferences against Greek sentiment or Greek principles could have been drawn from a work applying itself to Grecian habits as he found them, which it would not be easy to evade. "This," it would have been said, "is not what Plato approved—but what Plato conceived to be the best compromise with the difficulties of the case under the given civilization." Now, on the contrary, we have Plato's view of absolute optimism, the true *maximum perfectionis* for social man, in a condition openly assumed to be modelled after a philosopher's ideal. There is no work, therefore, from which profounder draughts can be derived of human frailty and degradation, under its highest intellectual expansion, previously to the rise of Christianity. Just one century dated from the birth of Plato, which, by the most plausible chronology, very little preceded the death of Pericles, the great Macedonian expedition under Alexander was proceeding against Persia. By that time the bloom of Greek civility had suffered. That war, taken in connexion with the bloody feuds that succeeded it amongst the great captains of Alexander, gave a shock to the civilization of Greece; so that upon the whole, until the dawn of the Christian era, more than four centuries later, it would not be possible to fix on any epoch more illustrative of Greek intellect, or Greek refinement, than precisely that youth of Plato, which united itself by immediate consecutive succession to the most brilliant section in the administration of Pericles. It was, in fact, throughout the course of the Peloponnesian war—the one sole war that divided the whole household of Greece against itself, giving motive to efforts, and dignity to personal competitions—contemporary with Xenophon and the younger Cyrus, during the manhood of Alcibiades, and the declining years of Socrates—amongst such coevals and such circumstances of war and revolutionary truce—that Plato passed his fervent youth. The bright sunset of Pericles still burned in the Athenian heavens; the gorgeous tragedy and the luxuriant comedy, so recently created, were now in full possession of the Athenian stage; the city was yet fresh from the hands of its creators—Pericles and Phidias; the fine arts were towering into their meridian altitude; and about the period when Plato might be considered an adult

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* *Thirteen books.*—There are twelve books of *the Laws*; but the closing book, entitled the *Epinomos* or Supplement to *the Laws*, adds a thirteenth. We have thought it convenient to designate the entire work by the collective name of the *Legislative System.*

sui juris, that is just 410 years before the birth of Christ, the Grecian intellect might be said to culminate in Athens. Any more favourable era for estimating the Greek character, cannot, we presume, be suggested. For, although personally there might be a brighter constellation gathered about Pericles, at a date twenty-five years antecedent to this era of Plato's maturity, still, as regarded the results upon the collective populace of Athens, *that* must have been become most conspicuous and palpable in the generation immediately succeeding. The thoughtfulness impressed by the new theatre, the patriotic fervour generated by the administration of Pericles, must have revealed themselves most effectually after both causes had been operating through one entire generation. And Plato, who might have been kissed as an infant by Pericles, but never could have looked at that great man with an eye of intelligent admiration—to whose ear the name of Pericles must have sounded with the same effect as that of Pitt to the young men of our British Reform Bill—could yet better appreciate the elevation which he had impressed upon the Athenian character, than those who, as direct coevals of Pericles, could not gain a sufficient "elongation" from his beams to appreciate his lustre. Our inference is—that Plato, more even than Pericles, saw the consummation of the Athenian intellect, and witnessed more than Pericles himself the civilization effected by Pericles.

This consideration gives a value to every sentiment expressed by Plato. The Greek mind was then more intensely Greek than at any subsequent period. After the period of Alexander, it fell under exotic influences—alien and Asiatic in some cases, regal and despotic in others. One hundred and fifty years more brought the country under the Roman yoke; after which the true Grecian intellect never spoke a natural or genial language again. The originality of the Athenian mind had exhaled under the sense of constraint. But as yet, and throughout the life of Plato, Greece was essentially Grecian, and Athens radically Athenian.

With respect to those particular works of Plato which concern the constitution of governments, there is this special reason for building upon *them* any inferences as to the culture of Athenian society—that probably these are the most direct emanations from the Platonic intellect, the most purely representative of Plato individually, and the most prolonged or sustained effort of his peculiar mind. It is customary to talk of a Platonic philosophy as a coherent whole, that may be gathered by concentration from his disjointed dialogues. Our belief is, that no such systematic whole exists. Fragmentary notices are all that remain in his works. The four minds, from whom we have received the nearest approximation to an orbicular system, or total body of philosophy, are those of Aristotle, of Des Cartes, of Leibnitz, and lastly, of Immanuel Kant. All these men have manifested an ambition to complete the cycle of their philosophic speculations; but, for all that, not one of them has come near to his object. How much less can any such cycle or systematic whole be ascribed to Plato! His dialogues are a succession of insulated essays, upon problems just then engaging the attention of thoughtful men in Greece. But we know not how much of these speculations may really belong to Socrates, into whose mouth so large a proportion is thrown; nor have we any means of discriminating between such doctrines as were put forward occasionally by way of tentative explorations, or trials of dialectic address, and on the other hand, such as Plato adopted in sincerity of heart, whether originated by his master or by himself. There is, besides, a very awkward argument for suspending our faith in any one doctrine as rigorously Platonic. We are assured beforehand, that the intolerance of the Athenian people in the affair of Socrates, must have damped the speculating spirit in all philosophers who were not prepared to fly from Athens. It is no time to be prating as a philosophical free-thinker, when bigotry takes the shape of judicial persecution. That one cup of poison administered to Socrates, must have stifled the bold spirit of philosophy for a century to come. This is a reasonable presumption. But the same argument takes another and a more self-confessing form in another feature of Plato's writings; viz. in his affectation of a double doctrine—esoteric, the private and confidential form

authorized by his final ratification—and exoteric, which was but another name for impostures with which he duped those who might else have been calumniators. But what a world of falsehoods is wrapped up in this pretence! First of all, what unreflecting levity to talk of this twofold doctrine as at all open to the human mind on questions taken generally! How many problems of a philosophic nature can be mentioned, in which it would be at all possible to maintain this double current, flowing collaterally, of truth absolute and truth plausible? No such double view would be often available under any possible sacrifice of truth. Secondly, if it were, how thoroughly would that be to adopt and renew those theatrical pretences of the itinerant *Sophistæ*, or encyclopædic hawkers of knowledge, whom elsewhere and so repeatedly, Plato, in the assumed person of Socrates, had contemptuously exposed. Thirdly, in a philosophy by no means remarkable for its opulence in ideas, which moves at all only by its cumbrous superfluity of words, (partly in disguise of which, under the forms of conversation, we believe the mode of dialogue to have been first adopted,) how was this double expenditure to be maintained? What tenfold contempt it impresses upon a man's poverty, where he himself forces it into public exposure by insisting on keeping up a double establishment in the town and in the country, at the very moment that his utmost means are below the decent maintainence of one very humble household! Or let the reader represent to himself the miserable *charlatanerie* of a gasconading secretary affecting to place himself upon a level with Cæsar, by dictating to three amanuenses at once, when the slender result makes it painfully evident, that to have kept one moving in any respectable manner, would have bankrupted his resources. But, lastly, when this affectation is maintained of a double doctrine, by what test is the future student to distinguish the one from another? Never was there an instance in which vanity was more short-sighted. It would not be possible by any art or invention more effectually to extinguish our interest in a scheme of philosophy—by summarily extinguishing all hope of our separating the true from the false, the authentic from the spurious—than by sending down to posterity this claim to a secret meaning lurking behind a mask. If the key to the distinction between true and false is sent down with the philosophy, then what purpose of concealment is attained? Who is it that is duped? On the other hand, if it is *not* sent down, what purpose of truth is attained? Who is it then that is *not* duped? And if Plato relied upon a confidential successor as the oral expounder of his secret meaning, how blind must he have been to the course of human contingencies, who should not see that this tradition of explanation could not flow onwards through four successive generations without inevitably suffering some fatal interruption; after which, once let the chain be dropped, the links would never be recoverable, as, in effect, we now see to be the result. No man can venture to say, amidst many blank contradictions and startling inconsistencies, which it is that represents the genuine opinion of Plato; which the ostensible opinion for evading a momentary objection, or for provoking opposition, or perhaps simply for prolonging the conversation. And upon the whole, this one explosion of vanity, of hunger—bitten penury affecting the riotous superfluity of wealth—has done more to check the interest in Plato's opinions than all his mysticism and all his vagueness of purpose. In other philosophers, even in him who professedly adopted the rule of '*σκοτισον*,' '*darken your meaning*,' there is some chance of arriving at the real doctrine, because, though hidden, it is one. But with a man who avows a purpose of double dealing, to understand is, after all, the smallest part of your task. Having perhaps with difficulty framed a coherent construction for the passage, having with much pains entitled yourself to say,—"Now I comprehend,"—next comes the question, *What is it* you comprehend? Why, perhaps a doctrine which the author secretly abjured; in which he was misleading the world; in which he put forward a false opinion for the benefit of other passages, and for the sake of securing safety to those in which he revealed what he supposed to be the truth.

There is, however, in the following political hypothesis of Plato, less real danger from this conflict of two mean-

ings, than in those cases where he treated a great pre-existing problem of speculation. Here, from the practical nature of the problem, and its more *ad libitum* choice of topics, he was not forced upon those questions, which, in a more formal theorem, he could not uniformly evade. But one difficulty will always remain for the perplexity of the student—viz. in what point it was that Socrates had found it dangerous to tamper with the religion of Greece, if Plato could safely publish the free-thinking objections which are here avowed. In other respects, the *Ideal Republic* of Plato will surprise those who have connected with the very name of Plato a sort of starry elevation, and a visionary dedication to what is pure. Of purity, in any relation, there will be found no traces: of visionariness, more than enough.

The *first* book of the Polity, or general form of Commonwealths, is occupied with a natural, but very immethodical discussion of justice. Justice—as one of those original problems unattainable in a solitary life, which drove men into social union, that by a common application of their forces that might be obtained which else was at the mercy of accident—should naturally occupy the preliminary place in a speculation upon the possible varieties of government. Accordingly, some later authors, like Mr Godwin in his *Political Justice*, have transmuted the whole question as to forms of social organization into a transcendant question of Justice; and how it can be fairly distributed in reconcilement with the necessities of a practical administration or the general prejudices of men. A state, a commonwealth, for example, is not simply a head or supremacy in relation to the other members of a political union; it is also itself a body amongst other coequal bodies—one republic amongst other co-ordinate republics. War may happen to arise; taxation; and many other burdens. How are these to be distributed so as not to wound the fundamental principle of justice? They may be apportioned unequally. That would be injustice without a question. There may be scruples of conscience as to war, or contributions to war. That would be a more questionable case: but it would demand a consideration, and must be brought into harmony with the general theory of justice. For the supreme problem in such a speculation seems to be this—how to draw the greatest amount of strength from civil union; how to carry the powers of man to the greatest height of improvement, or to place him in the way of such improvement; and lastly, to do all this in reconciliation with the least possible infringement or suspension of man's individual rights. Under any view, therefore, of a commonwealth, nobody will object to the investigation of justice—as a proper basis for the whole edifice. But the student is dissatisfied with this Platonic introduction—1st, as being too casual and occasional, consequently as not prefiguring in its course the order of those speculations which are to follow; 2dly, as too verbal and hair-splitting; 3dly, that it does not connect itself with what follows. It stands inertly and uselessly before the main disquisition as a sort of vestibule, but we are not made to see any transition from one to the other.

Meantime, the outline of this nominal introduction is what follows:—Socrates has received an invitation to a dinner party [δεῖπνον] from the son of Cephalus, a respectable citizen of Athens. This citizen, whose sons are grown up, is naturally himself advanced in years; and is led, therefore, reasonably to speak of old age. This he does in the tone of Cicero's Cato; contending that, upon the whole, it is made burdensome only by men's vices. But the value of his testimony is somewhat lowered by the fact, that he is moderately wealthy; and secondly, (which is more important,) that he is constitutionally moderate in his desires. Towards the close of his remarks, he says something on the use of riches in protecting us from injurious treatment—whether of our own towards others, or of others towards us.

This calls up Socrates, who takes occasion to put a general question as to the nature and definition of injustice. Cephalus declines the further prosecution of the dialogue for himself, but devolves it on his son. Some of the usual Attic word-sparring follows—of which this may be taken as a specimen:—a definition having been given of justice in a tentative way by Socrates himself, as though it might

be that quality which restores to every one what we know to be his own; and the eldest son having adopted this definition as true, Socrates then opposes the case in which, having borrowed a sword from a man, we should be required deliberately to replace it in the hands of the owner, knowing him to be mad. An angry interruption takes place from one of the company called Thrasymachus. This is appeased by the obliging behaviour of Socrates. But it produces this effect upon what follows, that in fact from one illustration adduced by this Thrasymachus, the whole subsequent discipline arises. He, amongst other arts which he alleges in evidence of his views, cites that of government; and by a confusion between mere municipal law and the moral law of universal obligation, he contends that in every land that is just which promotes the interest or wishes of the governing power—be it king, nobles, or people as a body. Socrates opposes him by illustrations, such as Xenophon's *Memorabilia*, here made familiar to all the world, drawn from the arts of cooks, shepherds, pilots, &c.; and the book closes with a general defence of justice as requisite to the very existence of political states; since without some trust reposed in each other, wars would be endless, it is also presumable, that man, if generally unjust, would be less prosperous — as enjoying less of favour from the gods; and finally, that the mind, in a temper of injustice, may be regarded as diseased; that it is less qualified for discharging its natural functions; and that thus, whether looking at bodies politic or individuals, the sum of happiness would be greatly diminished, if injustice were allowed to prevail.

Book the Second.

In the beginning of this Book, two brothers, Glauco and Adeimantus, undertake the defence of injustice; but upon such arguments as have not even a colourable plausibility. They suppose the case that a man were possessed of the ring which conferred the privilege of invisibility; a fiction so multiplied in modern fairy tales, but which in the barren legends of the Pagan world was confined to the ring of Gyges. Armed with this advantage, they contend that every man would be unjust. But this is change only of fact. Next, however, they suppose a case still more monstrous; viz. that moral distinctions should be so far confounded, as that a man practising all injustice, should pass for a man exquisitely just, and that a corresponding transfer of reputation should take place with regard to the just man: under such circumstances they contend that every man would hasten to be unjust; and that the unjust would reap all the honours together with all the advantages of life. From all which they infer two things—First, that injustice is not valued for any thing in its own nature or essence, but for its consequences; and secondly, that it is a combination of the weak many against the few who happen to be strong, which has invested justice with so much splendour by means of written laws. It seems strange that, even for a momentary effect in conversation, such trivial sophistry as this could avail. Because, if in order to represent justice and injustice as masquerading amongst men, and losing their customary effects, or losing their corresponding impressions upon men's feelings, it is necessary first of all to suppose the whole realities of life confounded, and fantastic impossibilities established, no result at all from such premises could be worthy of attention; and, after all, the particular result supposed does not militate in any respect against the received notions as to moral distinctions. Injustice might certainly pass for justice; and as a second case, injustice, having a bribe attached to it, might blind the moral sense to its true proportions of evil. But that will not prove that injustice can ever fascinate as injustice, or again, that it will ever prosper as regards its effects in that undisguised manifestation. If, to win upon men's esteem, it must privately wear the mask of justice; or if, to win upon men's practice, it must previously connect itself with artificial bounties of honour and preferment—all this is but another way of pronouncing a eulogy on

justice. It is agreeable, however, to find, that these barren speculations are soon made to lead into questions more directly pertinent to the constitution of bodies politic. Socrates observes that large models are best fitted to exhibit the course of any action or process; and therefore he shifts the field of obstruction from the individual man, armed or not with the ring of Gyges, to regular commonwealths; in which it is, and in their relations to other commonwealths or to their own internal parts, that he proposes to answer these wild sophisms on the subject of justice as a moral obligation.

Socrates lays the original foundation of all political states in want or reciprocal necessity. And of human necessity the very primal shape is that which regards our livelihood. Here it is interesting to notice what is the *minimum* which Plato assumes for the "outfit" (according to our Parliamentary term) of social life. We moderns, for the mounting a colony or other social establishment, are obliged to assume at least five heads of expenditure; viz., 1. food; 2. shelter, or housing; 3. clothing; 4. warmth (or fuel;) 5. light. But the two last we owe to our colder climate, and (which is a consequence of that) to our far more unequal distribution of daylight. As the ancients knew nothing of our very short days, so on the other hand they knew nothing, it is true, of our very long ones; and at first sight it might seem as if the one balanced the other. But it is not so; sunrise and sunset were far more nearly for the ancients, than they ever can be for nations in higher latitudes, coincident with the periods of retiring to rest and rising; and thus it was that they obtained another advantage —that of evading much call for fuel. Neither artificial light, nor artificial heat, were much needed in ancient times. Hot climates, often more than cold ones, require (it is true) artificial heat after sunset. But the ancient Greeks and Romans, *a fortiori* all nations less refined, were in bed by that time during the periods of their early simplicity, that is, during the periods of their poverty. The total expense in fuel amongst the Greeks, was upon a scale suited to ages in which fossil coal was an unknown staff of life: it was no more than met the simple demands of cookery, and of severe winters; these, it is true, even in Spain, nay in Syria, are sometimes accompanied with heavy storms of snow.* But, on the other hand, the winters are short; and even so far north in Italy as Milan, the season of genial spring, and of luxuriant flowers, often commences in February. In contrast with our five requisitions of northern latitudes, which, as implying a higher (because a more provident) scale of existence, have a philosophic value, it is interesting to find Plato, under the person of Socrates, requiring only three; viz., food; clothes; and lodging. The arts, therefore, which he presumes requisite for establishing a city, are four: one occupied with the culture of the ground; one with the building of habitations; and two ministerial to the adorning, or at least to the protecting of the person. The ploughman before all others for our food—in the second rank, the mason for raising dwelling-houses—and in the last place, the weaver combined with the shoemaker for the manufacturing our dress; these four artists, says Plato, are the very *minimum* establishment on which a city or a colony can begin to move. But a very few steps will bring us, he remarks, to a call for further arts; in particular, it will soon be found that it is a sad waste of time for any of the four already mentioned to be interrupted by the necessity of making their several tools and implements. A fifth artist will therefore be found necessary, in the character of toolmaker, in common with all the rest. A sixth and a seventh will be soon called for, in the character of shepherds and herdsmen; for, if sheep and oxen are not indispensable as food, they are so as furnishing the leather required by the shoemaker. And lastly, merchants, for the purpose of exporting the surplus products, and of importing such as are defective, together with resident dealers in all articles of household use, are contemplated as completing the establish-

* *Storms of Snow.*—For an instance of a very critical fall of snow near Jerusalem, not long before our Saviour's time, see Josephus.

ment. The gradual accession of luxuries in every class is next presumed as what would follow in general, but would not be allowed in Plato's republic; and, as the increase of population will require additional territory, (though it is an oversight not to have assigned from the first the quantity of soil occupied, and the circumstances of position in regard to neighbours,) this will make an opening for war; and that again for a regular class of men dedicated to the arts of attack and defence. It is singular that Plato should thus arbitrarily lay his ground of war in aggressive principles—because, if he assumed his territory spacious enough, and the expansion of population as slow as it really was in Greece, the case in which he finally plants his necessity for war might not occur until the new state should be rich enough to find, in the difficulty supposed, a case for throwing off colonies, rather than for unprovoked attacks on neighbouring states. It is remarkable, however, that Plato, a pagan writer, makes war a subsequent and ministerial phenomenon in civil societies; whereas Hobbes, nominally a Christian, makes the belligerent condition to be that transcendent and original condition of man, out of which society itself arose.

War, however, has begun; and soldiers, as a mercenary class, are henceforwards required. Upon which Plato unfolds his ideas as to the proper qualifications of a soldier. Of course he insists upon courage, athletic powers of body in general, (qualifications so preeminently required before the invention of fire-arms,*) and especially upon the power of speed and agility. But it is singular that, in describing the temperament likely to argue courage, he insists upon irascibility; whereas, with far more truth of philosophy, his pupil Aristotle, in after years, speaks contemptuously of all courage founded upon anger, as generally spurious in its nature, and liable to the same suspicion as that which is founded upon intoxication.

It is upon this occasion, and in connexion with the education of this state soldiery, as a professional class needing to be trained expressly for a life of adventurous service and of hardship, that Plato introduces his celebrated doctrine imputing mischievous falsehood to the poets. The mythology of paganism, it is needless to say, represented the gods under characters the most hideous and disgusting. But the main circumstances in these representations, according to Plato, are mere fictions of Hesiod and of Homer. Strange indeed that Plato should ascribe to any poets whatever, so prodigious a power as that of having created a national religion. For the religion of paganism was not something independent of the mythology. It was wholly involved in the mythology. Take away the mythologic legends, and you take away all the objects of worship. The characteristics by which Latona is distinguished from Ceres, Apollo from Mercury, Diana from Minerva, Hebe from Aurora, all vanish, and leave mere nonentities, if the traditional circumstance of their theogony and history are laid aside as fabulous. Besides, if this could be surmounted, and if Plato could account for all the tribes of Hellas having adopted what he supposes to be the reveries of two solitary poets, how could he account for the general argument in these traditions of other distant nations, who never heard so much as the names of the two Greek poets, nor could have read them if they had? The whole speculation is like too many in Plato—without a shadow of coherency; and at every angle presenting some fresh incongruity. The fact really was, that the human intellect had been for some time outgrowing its foul religions; clamorously it began to demand some change; but how little it was able to effect that change for itself, is evident from no example more than that of Plato; for he, whilst dismissing as fables some of the grosser monstrosities which the Pagan pantheon offer-

* *Fire-Arms.*—It is very true that the essential principle distinguishing fire-arms, viz., their application to distant warfare making men independent of personal strength, was found in slingers and archers. But these arms of the martial service were always in some disrepute in Greece; even Hercules, (in the *Herc. Furens,*) is described by Euripides as subject to ridicule and reproach from Lycus, his enemy, on account of his having resorted to archery.

ed, loaded in effect that deity, whom he made a concurrent party to his own schemes for man, with vile qualities, quite as degrading as any which he removed; and in effect so much the worse, as regarded the result, because, wanting the childish monstrosities of the mythologic legends, they had no benefit from any allegoric interpretations in the background. Thus, cruelty and sensuality, if they happen to fall in with a pagan philosopher's notions of state utility, instantly assume a place in his theories; and thence is transferred upon the deities, who are supposed to sanction this system, a far deeper taint of moral pollution than that which, being connected with extravagant or ludicrous tales, might provoke an enlightened mind to reject it with incredulity, or receive it as symbolic. Meantime, it is remarkable that Plato should connect this reform in education specially with his soldiers; and still more so, when we understand his reason. It was apparently on two grounds that he fancied the pagan superstitions injurious to a class of men whom it was important to keep clear of panics. First, on an argument derived from the Hades of the poets, Plato believed the modes of punishment exhibited by these poets to be too alarming, and likely to check by intimidation that career of violence which apparently he thinks requisite in a soldier. Surely he might have spared his anxiety; for if, in any quarter of its barren superstitions, paganism betrayed its impoverished fancy, it was in its pictures of Tartarus, where, besides that the several cases are, 1st, so scanty, and applied only to monstrous offences; and 2d, so ludicrous, they are, 3d, all of them ineffectual for terror, were it only by the general impression conveyed that they are allegoric, and meant to be allegoric. Secondly, Plato seems to have had in his thoughts those panic terrors which sometimes arose from the belief that superior beings suddenly revealed themselves in strange shapes; —both in Roman and Grecian experience, these fancied revelations had produced unexpected victories, but also unexpected flights. He argues, accordingly, against the possibility of a god adopting any metamorphosis; but upon the weak scholastic argument, weaker than a cobweb to any superstitious heart, that a celestial being would not leave a better state for a worse. How visionary to suppose that any mind previously inclined to shadowy terrors, and under the operation of solitude, of awful silence, and of wild grotesque scenery, in forests or mountains, would be charmed into sudden courage by an *à priori* little conundrum of the logic school! Oh! philosopher, laid by the side of a simple-hearted primitive Christian, what a fool dost thou appear! And after all, if such evils arose from familiarity with the poets, and on that account the soldiery was to be secluded from all such reading—how were they to be preserved from contagion of general conversation with their fellow citizens? Or, again, on foreign expeditions, how were they to be sequestered from such traditions as were generally current, and were every where made the subject of dinner recitations, or prelections, or of national music?

In the midst of these impracticable solicitudes for the welfare of his soldiers, Plato does not overlook the probability that men trained to violence may mutiny, and (being consciously the sole depositaries of the public weapons and skill, as well as originally selected for superior promise of strength) may happen to combine, and to turn their arms against their fellow-citizens. It is painful to see so grave a danger dismissed so carelessly—*tantamne rem tam negligenter?* The sole provision which Plato makes against the formidable danger, is by moral precepts, impressing on the soldier kindness and affability to those whom it was his professional mission to protect. But such mere sanctions of decorum or usage—how weak must they be found to protect any institution merely human, against a strong interest moving in an adverse direction! The institutions of Romulus, in a simple and credulous age, had the consecration (perhaps not imaginary, but, beyond a doubt, universally believed) of heaven itself—a real sanctity guarded the institutions of Rome, which yet rocked and quaked for centuries under the conflicting interests of the citizens. But a philosopher's republic, in an age of philosophy and free-thinking, must repose upon human securities. Show any order of men a strong change setting in upon

the current of their civil interests, and they will soon be led to see a corresponding change in their duties. Not to mention that the sense of duty must be weak at all times amongst men whom Plato supposes expressly trained to acts of violence, whom he seeks to wean from the compunction of religion, and whose very service and profession had its first origin in acknowledged rapacity. Thus, by express institution of Plato, and by his own forecasting, had the soldiery arisen. Thus had the storm been called up; and it would be too late to bid it wheel this way or that, after its power had been consciously developed, and the principles which should control this power was found to be nothing more than the ancient intentions of a theoretic founder, or the particular interests of a favoured class. Besides, it will be seen further on, that the soldiers are placed under peculiar disadvantages—they are to possess nothing; and thus, in addition to the strong temptation of conscious power, they are furnished with a second temptation in their painful poverty, contrasted with the comparative wealth of the cowardly citizens whom they protect; and finally, with a third, (which also furnished an excuse,) in the feeling that they are an injured class.

Book the Third.

Plato is neither methodic nor systematic; he has neither that sort of order which respects the connexion of what he teaches as a thing to be understood, nor that which respects its connexion as a thing which is to be realized—neither that which concerns the *ratio cognoscendi*, (to adopt a great distinction revived by Leibnitz from the schoolmen,) nor that, on the other hand, which regards the *ratio essendi*. This last neglect he could not have designed; the other perhaps he did. And the very form of dialogue or conversations was probably adopted to intimate as much. Be that as it may, we look in vain for any such distribution of the subject as should justify the modern division into separate books. The loose order of colloquial discussion, sometimes going back, sometimes leaping forward with impatient anticipation, and then again thoughtfully resuming a topic insufficiently examined—such is the law of succession by which the general theme is slowly advanced, and its particular heads are casually unfolded.

Accordingly, in this third book the subject of the soldiery is resumed; and the proper education for that main column of the state, on which its very existence is openly founded, engages the more circumstantial attention of Plato. The leading object kept in view, as regards the mental discipline, is to brace the mind against fear. And here, again, Plato comes back upon the poets, whom he taxes with arts of emasculation, in reference to the hardy courage which his system demands. He distributes the poets into the two great classes of narrative and dramatic; those who speak directly in their own person, like Homer; and those who utter their sentiments as ventriloquists, throwing their voice first upon this character of a drama, next upon that. It is difficult to see what purpose Plato had in this distribution; but it is highly interesting to us of this day, because we might otherwise have supposed that, upon a point of delicacy, Plato had forborne to involve in his censure of the poets that body of great dramatists, so recently drawn into existence, and of whom two at least (Euripides and Aristophanes) were in part of their lives contemporary with himself. He does, however, expressly notice them; and, what is more to the purpose, he applies to them his heaviest censure; though on what principle, is somewhat obscure. The nominal reason for his anger is—that they proceed by means of imitation; and that even mimetically to represent women has the effect of transfusing effeminacy, by some unexplained process, into the manners of the imitator. Now, really, this at the best would be too fantastic. But when we reflect on the great tragic poets of Greece, and consider that in the midst of pagan darkness the only rays of moral light are to be found in THEM, and that Milton, almost a bigot, as being a Puritan, yet with that exalted standard of scriptural truth which he carried for ever in

his mind, refers to these poets, and the great theatre which they founded, for the next best thing to Christian teaching—we feel our hearts alienated from Plato. But when we also contrast with this Greek scenical morality and its occasional elevation, the brutal, sensual, and cruel principles which we sometimes find in Plato himself, (more frequently indeed, and more outrageously, than in any other pagan author of eminence,)—it cannot be thought unreasonable that our alienation should amount to disgust. Euripides was truly a great man, struggling for a higher light than he could find. Plato was a thorough Greek, satisfied, so far as ethics were concerned, with the light which existed, nor dreaming of any thing higher. And, with respect to the Greek religion, Euripides forestalled, by twenty years, all that Plato has said; we have his words to this day, and they are much more impressive than Plato's; and probably these very words of Euripides first suggested to Plato the doctrine which he so maliciously directs in this place against the very poets as a body, who, through one of their number, first gave currency to such a bold speculation, and first tried as *enfans perdus*, (or the leaders of a forlorn-hope,) whether the timid superstition of the Athenians, and the fanaticism founded on their fear, would tolerate such innovations.

After this second sentence of exile against the poets—which we cannot but secretly trace to the jealousy of Plato, armed against that section of the Athenian *literati* most in the public favour—we are carried forward to the music of the Greeks. The soldiery are excluded from all acquaintance with any but the austerer modes. But as this is a subject still mysterious even to those who come armed with the knowledge of music as a science, and as no more than a general caution is given, this topic is not one of those which we are called on to discuss.

So slight was the Grecian circuit of education, and especially where mathematics happened to be excluded, that poetry and music apparently bound the practical encyclopædia of Plato. From the mind, therefore, he passes to the physical education. And here we find two leading cautions, of which one, at least, is built on more accurate observation of medical truths than we should have expected in the age of Plato. The first will, perhaps, not much strike the reader, for it expresses only the stern injunction upon every soldier of that temperance as to strong liquors, which in our days has descended (with what permanence we fear to ask) amongst the very lowest and most suffering of human beings. It is, however, creditable to Plato, that he should have perceived the mischievous operation of inebriation upon the health and strength; for in his age, the evil of such a practice was chiefly thrown upon its moral effects, —the indecorums which it caused, the quarrels, the murderous contests, the lasting alienations, and the perilous breaches of confidence. There was little general sense of any evil in wine as a relaxer of the bodily system; as, on the other hand, neither then nor in our days is there any just appreciation of the subsidiary benefits which sometimes arise from strong liquors, or at least the clamorous call for such liquors in cold climates where the diet is cold and watery. Edmund Burke, as we remember, in his enlarged wisdom did not overlook this case; we individually have seen too large a series of cases to doubt the fact—that in vast cities, wherever the diet of poor families happens to be thrown too much upon mere watery broths, it is a pure instinct of nature, and often a very salutary instinct, which forces them into a compensatory stimulus of alcohol. The same natural instinct for strong liquor as a partial relief, is said to be prompted by scrofula. In a Grecian climate, and with a limited population, this anomalous use of wine was not requisite; and for the soldiery, enjoying a select diet, it could least of all be needful. Plato shows his good sense, therefore, as well as the accuracy of his observation, in forbidding it. For he notices one effect which invariably follows from the addiction to strong liquors, even where as yet they have not mastered the constitutional vigour; viz. their tendency to produce a morbid sensibility to cold. We ourselves have seen a large party of stout men travelling on a morning of intense severity. Amongst the whole number, nine or ten, there were two only who did not occasionally shiver, or express some unpleasant feeling connected with the cold; and these two were

the sole water-drinkers of the party. The other caution of Plato shows even more accuracy of attention; and it is completely verified by modern experience. He is naturally anxious that the diet of the soldiery should be simple and wholesome. Now it was almost certain that those who reflected on the final object he had in view, would at once interpret his meaning as pointing to the diet of professional athletes. These men for Greece were the forerunners of the Roman gladiators; as the Greek hippodrome bisected itself into the Roman circus and amphitheatre. And as Plato's object was to secure the means of unusual strength, what more natural than to consult the experience of those who, having long had the very same end, must by this time have accumulated a large science of the appropriate means? Now, on closer examination, Plato perceived that the end was *not* the same. The gladiatorial schools had before them some day, well known and immutable, of public festivities and games, against which they were to prepare their maximum of bodily power. By the modern and by the ancient system of training, it is notorious that this preparatory discipline can be calculated to a nicety. When the "fancy" was in favour amongst ourselves, the pugilist, after entering into any legal engagement, under strong penalties, to fight on a day assigned, went into training about six weeks previously; and by the appointed time he had, through diet, exercise, sleep, all nicely adjusted to the rules of this discipline, brought up his muscular strength and his wind to the summit of what his constitution allowed. Now, certainly, in a general view, the purpose of the Platonic soldier was the same, but with this important difference—that his fighting condition was needed not on one or two days consecutively, but on many days, and not against a day punctually assignable, but against a season or period perhaps of months, quite indeterminate as to its beginning, end, or duration. This one difference made the whole difference; for both ancient and modern training concur in these two remarkable facts—1*st*, That a condition of physical power thus preternaturally produced cannot be maintained, but that uniformly a very rapid relapse follows to a condition of debility. Like the stone of Sisyphus, the more painfully and with unnatural effort a resisting object has been rolled up to a high summit, with so much the more thundering violence does it run back. The state was too intense not to be succeeded by sudden recoil. 2*dly*, It has been found that these spasms of preternatural tension are not without danger: apoplexes, ruptures of large bloodvessels, and other modes of sudden death, are apt to follow from the perilous tampering with the exquisite machinery of nature. This also had been the experience of Greece. Time, as a great element in all powerful changes, must be allowed in order to secure their safety. Plato, therefore, lays down as a great law for the physical discipline, that in no part of its elements, whether diet, exercise, abstinence, or gymnastic feats of strength and address, shall the ritual for the soldiers borrow any thing from the schools of the *athletæ*.

In the remaining part of this Book, we have some organic arrangements proposed. First, as to the local situation—a strong military position is requisite for the soldiery, and ground must therefore be selected originally which offers this advantage. The position is to be such as may at once resist a foreign enemy and *command the other orders in the state*. Upon this ground, a body of lodgings is to be built; and in these lodgings a single regard is prescribed to the purpose in view. Direct utility and convenience, without ostentation, are to preside in the distribution of the parts and in the architectural style; the buildings are, in fact, to unite at once the uses of a barrack and a fortress.

Next, as this fortress, distinct from the other parts of the city, when connected with arms, and the use of arms, and regular discipline, and select qualities of body, cannot but throw vast power into the hands of the soldiery, so that from being guardians of the city, (as by direct title they are,) they might easily become its oppressors and pillagers, universally the soldiers are to be incapable by law of holding any property whatever, without regard to quality, without regard to tenure. They can inherit nothing; they can possess nothing; neither gold nor silver, metals which must not even find an entrance into their dwellings under pretence of custody;

nor land; nor any other article; nor, finally, must they exercise a trade.

Thirdly, the administration of affairs, the executive power, and the supreme rank, are vested in the persons of the highest military officers—those who rise to that station by seniority and by extraordinary merit. This is very vaguely developed; but enough exists to show that the form of polity would be a martial aristocracy, a qualified '*stratocracy*.' In this state, it is not so much true that an opening or a temptation is offered to a martial tyranny, as that, in fact, such a tyranny is planted and rooted from the first, with all the organs of administration at its disposal.

Lastly, in what way is the succession to be regulated through the several ranks and functions of the state? Not exactly, or under positive settlement, by *castes*, or an Egyptian succession of a son to his father's trade, &c. This is denounced in the sense of an unconditional or unbending system; for it is admitted that fathers of talent may have incompetent sons, and stupid fathers may have sons of brilliant promise. But, on the whole, it seems to be assumed that, amongst the highest, or martial order, the care dedicated to the selection of the parents will ensure children of similar excellence,

"Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis,"

and that amongst the artisans one average level of mediocrity will usually prevail; in which case, the advantage of personal training to the art, under a domestic tutor who never leaves him, must give such a bias to the children of the citizens for their several pursuits, as will justify the principle of hereditary succession. Still, in any case where this expectation fails, a door is constantly kept open for meeting any unusual indication of nature, by corresponding changes in the destiny of the young people. Nature, therefore, in the last resort, will regulate the succession, since the law interposes no further than in confirmation of that order in the succession which it is presumed that nature will have settled by clear expressions of fitness. But in whatever case nature indicates determinately some different predisposition in the individual, then the law gives way; for, says Plato, with emphasis, "the paramount object in my commonwealth is—that every human creature should find his proper level, and every man settle into that place for which his natural qualities have fitted him."

Book the Fourth.

These last words are not a mere flourish of rhetoric. It is, according to Plato's view, the very distinguishing feature in his polity, that each man occupies his own natural place. Accordingly, it is the business of this book to favour that view by a sort of fanciful analogy between what we in modern times call the four cardinal virtues, and the four capital varieties of state polity, and also between these virtues and the constituent order in a community. This, however, may be looked upon as no step in advance towards the development of his own Republic, but rather as a halt for the purpose of looking back upon what has been already developed.

The cardinal virtues, as we see them adopted nearly four hundred years after Plato by Cicero, are prudence, fortitude, temperance, and justice. The first will find its illustration, according to Plato, in the governing part of a state; the second in the defending part, or the military; the third in the relation between all the parts; but the fourth has its essence in assigning to every individual, and to every order, the appropriate right, whether that be property, duty, function, or rank. Other states, therefore, present some analogy to the three first virtues, according to the predominant object which they pursue. But his own, as Plato contends, is a model analogous to the very highest of the virtues, or justice; for that in this state only the object is kept up, as a transcendant object, of suffering no man to assume functions by mere inheritance, but to every individual assigning that office and station for which nature seems to have prepared his qualifications.

This principle, so broadly expressed, would seem to require more frequent disturbances in the series of hereditary employments than Plato had contemplated in his last book. Accord-

ingly, he again acknowledges the importance of vigilantly reviewing the several qualifications of the citizens. The rest of the book is chiefly occupied with a psychological enquiry into a problem sometimes discussed in modern times, (but thoroughly alien to the political problem of Plato;) viz. whether, upon dividing the internal constitution of man into three elements—the irascible passions, the appetites of desire, and the rational principle—we are warranted in supposing three separate substances or hypostases in the human system, or merely three separate offices of some common substance: whether, in short, these differences are organic, or simply functional. But, besides that the discussion is both obscure and conducted by scholastic hair-splitting, it has too slight a relation to the main theme before us, to justify our digressing for what is so little interesting.

Book the Fifth.

At this point of the conversation, Adeimantus, at the suggestion of another person, recalls Socrates to the consideration of that foul blot upon his theory which concerns the matrimonial connexions of the army. Not only were these to commence in a principle of unmitigated sensuality—selection of wives by public, not by individual choice, and with a single reference to physical qualities of strength, size, agility—but, which riveted the brutal tendencies of such a law, the wives, if wives they could be called, and the children that might arise from such promiscuous connexions, were to be held the common property of the order. Ties of any separate kindness, or affection for this woman or for that child, were forbidden as a species of treason; and if (as in rare cases might happen) after all they should arise, the parties to such holy, but, Platonically speaking, such criminal feelings, must conceal them from all the world—must cherish them as a secret cancer at the heart, or as a martyrdom repeated in every hour. We represent marriages under the beautiful idea of unions. But these Platonic marriages would be the foulest dispersions of the nuptial sanctities. We call them self-dedications of one human creature to another, through the one sole means by which nature has made it possible for any exclusive dedication to be effected. But these Platonic marriages would be a daily renovation of disloyalty, revolt, and mutual abjuration. We, from human society, transfer a reflex of human charities upon inferior natures, when we see the roe-deer, for instance, gathering not into herds and communities like their larger brethren, the fallow-deer or the gigantic red-deer, but into families—two parents every where followed by their own fawns, loving and beloved. Plato, from the brutal world, and from that aspect of the brutal world in which it is most brutal, transfers a feature of savage gregariousness which would ultimately disorganize as much as it would immediately degrade. In fact, the mere feuds of jealousy, frantic hatred, and competitions of authority, growing out of such an institution, would break up the cohesion of Plato's republic within seven years. We all know of such institutions as actually realized; one case of former ages is recorded by Cæsar, Strabo, &c.; another of the present day exists amongst the ranges of the Himalaya, and has been brought by the course of our growing empire within British control. But they are, and have been, connected with the most abject condition in other respects; and probably it would be found, if such societies were not merely traversed by the glasses of philosophers in one stage of their existence, but steadily watched through a succession of generations, that it is their very necessity rapidly to decay, either by absorption into more powerful societies, built on sounder principles, or by inevitable self-extinction. Certain it is, that a society so constituted through *all* its orders, could breed no conservative or renovating impulses, since all motives of shame, glory, emulation, would operate upon a system untuned, or pitched in a far lower key, wherever sexual love and the tenderness of exclusive preferences were forbidden by law.

Adeimantus, by thus calling for a revision of a principle so revolting, impersonates to the reader his own feelings. He, like the young Athen-

ian, is anxious to find himself in sympathy with one reputed to be so great a philosopher; or at least, he is unwilling to suppose himself so immeasurably removed from sympathy. Still less can he concede, or even suspend, his own principles, in a point which does not concern taste, or refinement of feeling, or transitory modes of decorum, or even the deductions of logic; in all those points, however rudely shocked, he would, in modest submission to a great name, have consented to suppose himself wrong. But this scruple belongs to no such faculty of taste, or judgment, or reasoning; it belongs to the primary conscience. It belongs to a region in which no hypothetic assumptions for the sake of argument, no provisional concessions, no neutralizing compromises, are ever possible. By two tests is man raised above the brutes; 1*st*, As a being capable of religion, (which presupposes him a being endowed with reason;) 2*dly*, As a being capable of marriage. And effectually both capacities are thus far defeated by Plato—that both have a worm, a principle of corrosion, introduced into their several tenures. He does not, indeed, formally destroy religion; he supposes himself even to purify it; but by tearing away as impostures those legends in which, for a pagan, the effectual truth of the pagan mythology, as a revelation of power, had its origin and its residence, he would have shattered it as an agency or a sanction operating on men's oaths, &c. He does not absolutely abolish marriage, but by limiting its possibility (and how? Under two restrictions, the most insidious that can be imagined, totally abolishing it for the most honoured order of his citizens, viz.—the military order; and abolishing it for those men and women whom nature had previously most adorned with her external gifts,) he does his utmost to degrade marriage, even so far as it is tolerated. Whether he designed it or not, marriage is now no longer a privilege, a reward, a decoration. On the contrary, *not* to be married, is a silent proclamation that you are amongst the select children of the state—honoured by your fellow-citizens as one of their defenders—admired by the female half of the society as dedicated to a service of danger—marked out universally by the public seal as one who possesses a physical superiority to other men—lastly, pointed out to foreigners for distinction, as belonging to a privileged class. *Are you married?* would be a question from which every man travelling abroad would shrink, unless when he could say—*No*. It would be asking, in effect—Are you of the inferior classes, a subaltern commanded by others, or a noble? And the result would be, that, like poverty (not pauperism, but indigence or scanty means) at this day, marriage would still have its true, peculiar, and secret blessings, but, like poverty again, it would not flourish in the world's esteem; and, like that, it would prompt a system of efforts and of opinions tending universally in the very opposite direction.

Feeling—but, as a pagan, feeling not very profoundly—these truths, Adeimantus calls for explanations (secretly expecting modifications) of this offensive doctrine. Socrates, however, (that is, Plato,) offers none but such as are re-affirmations of the doctrine in other words, and with some little expansion of its details. The women selected as wives in these military marriages, are to be partners with the men in martial labours. This unsexual distinction will require an unsexual training. It is, therefore, one derivative law in Plato's Republic, that a certain proportion of the young girls are to receive a masculine education, not merely assimilated to that of the men, but by personal association of both sexes in the same *palæstra*, identical with that, and going on concurrently.

To this there are two objections anticipated:—

1*st*, That, as the gymnastic exercises of the ancients were performed in a state of nudity, (to which fact, combined with the vast variety of marbles easily worked by Grecian tools, some people have ascribed the premature excellence in Greece of the plastic arts,) such a personal exposure would be very trying to female modesty, and revolting to masculine sensibilities. Perhaps no one passage in the whole works of Plato so powerfully reveals his visionary state of disregard to the *actual* in human nature, and his contempt of human instincts, as this horrible transition (so abrupt and so total) from the superstitious

reserve* of Grecian society, combined, as in this place it is, with levity so perfect. Plato repudiates this scruple with something like contempt. He contends that it is all custom and use which regulate such feelings, and that a new training made operative, will soon generate a new standard of propriety. Now, with our better views on such points, a plain man would tell the philosopher, that although use, no doubt, will reconcile us to much, still, after all, a better and a worse in such things does exist, previously to *any* use at all, one way or the other; and that it is the business of philosophy to ascertain this better and worse *per se*, so as afterwards to apply the best gravitation of this moral agency, called custom, in a way to uphold a known benefit, not to waste it upon a doubtful one, still less upon one which, to the first guiding sensibilities of man, appears dangerous and shocking. If, hereafter, in these martial women, Plato should, under any dilemma, have to rely upon feminine qualities of delicacy or tenderness, he might happen to find that, with the characteristic and sexual qualities of his women, he had uprooted all the rest of their distinguishing graces; that for a single purpose, arbitrary even in *his* system, he had sacrificed a power that could not be replaced. All this, however, is dismissed as a trivial scruple.

2*dly*, There is another scruple, however, which weighs more heavily with Plato, and receives a more pointed answer. The objection to a female soldier or a gladiatrix, might be applied on a far different principle—not to what *seems*, but to what actually *is*—not by moral sentiment, but by physiology. Habit might make us callous to the spectacle of unfeminine exposures; but habit cannot create qualities of muscular strength, hardihood, or patient endurance, where nature has denied them. These qualities may be improved, certainly, in women, as they may in men; but still, as the improved woman in her athletic character must still be compared with the improved man, the scale, the proportions of difference, will be kept at the old level. And thus the old prejudice—that women are not meant (because not fitted by nature) for warlike tasks—will revolve upon us in the shape of a philosophic truth.

To a certain extent, Plato indirectly admits this, for (as will be seen) practically he allows for it in his subsequent institutions. But he restricts the principle of female inaptitude for war by the following suggestion:—The present broad distribution of the human species, according to which courage and the want of courage—muscular strength and weakness—are made to coincide with mere sexual distinctions, he rejects as false—not groundless—for there is a perceptible tendency to that difference—but still false for ordinary purposes. It may have a popular truth. But here, when the question is about philosophic possibilities and extreme ideals, he insists upon substituting for this popular generality a more severe valuation of the known facts. He proposes, therefore, to divide the human race upon another principle. Men, though it is the characteristic tendency of their sex to be courageous, are not all courageous; men, though sexually it is their tendency to be strong, are not all strong: many are so; but some, in the other extreme, are both timid and feeble: others, again, present us with a compromise between both extremes. By a parity of logic, women, though sexually and constitutionally unwarlike, pass through the same graduated range; upon which scale,

* "*Superstitious reserve of Greece.*" The possibility, however, of this Platonic reverie as an idealism, together with the known practice of Sparta as a reality, are interesting as a commentary on the real tendencies of that Oriental seclusion and spurious delicacy imposed upon women, which finally died away in the Roman system of manners; by what steps, it would be very instructive to trace. Meantime, this much is evident—that precisely in a land where this morbid delicacy was enforced upon women, precisely in that land (the only one in such circumstances that ever reached an intellectual civilization) where women were abridged in their liberty, men in their social refinement, the human race in its dignity, by the false requisitions as to seclusion, and by a delicacy spurious, hollow, and sensual, precisely there the other extreme was possible, of forcing upon women the most profligate exposure, and compelling them, amidst tears and shame, to trample on the very instincts of female dignity. So reconcilable are extremes, when the earliest extreme is laid in the unnatural.

the middle qualities in *them* may answer to the lower qualities in the other sex—the higher to the middle. It is possible, therefore, to make a selection amongst the entire female population, of such as are fitted to take their share in garrison duty, in the duty of military posts or of sentries, and even, to a certain extent, in the extreme labours of the field. Plato countenances the belief that, allowing for the difference in muscular power of women, considered as animals, (a mere difference of degree,) there is no essential difference, as to power and capacities, between the human male and the female. Considering the splendour of his name, (weighty we cannot call a man's authority whom so few profess to have read, but *imposing* at the least,) it is astonishing that in the agitation stirred by the modern brawlers, from Mary Wollstoncraft, downwards, in behalf of female pretensions to power, no more use should have been drawn from the disinterested sanction of Plato to these wild innovations. However, it will strike many, that even out of that one inferiority conceded by Plato, taken in connexion with the frequent dependencies of wives and mothers upon human forbearance and human aids, in a way irreconcilable with war, those inferences might be forced one after one, which would soon restore (as a direct logical consequence) that state of female dependency which at present nature and providence so beautifully accomplish through the gentlest of human feeling. Even Plato is obliged in practice to allow rather more on account of his one sole concession than his promises would have warranted: for he stipulates that his young gladiatrices and other figurantes in the *palæstra*, shall not be put upon difficult or dangerous trials; living in our day, he would have introduced into H. M.'s navy a class of midshipwomen; but would have exempted them, we presume, from all the night-watches, and from going aloft. This, however, might have been mere consideration for the tenderness of youth. But again, in mature life, though he orders that the wives and the children shall march with the armed force to the seat of the campaign, and on the day of battle shall make their appearance in the rear, (an unpleasant arrangement in our day of flying artillery and rocket brigade,) he does not insist on their mixing in the *mêlée*. Their influence with the fighting division of the army, is to lie in their visible presence. But surely at this point, Plato overlooked the elaborate depression of that influence which his own system had been nursing. Personal presence of near female relations, whether in storms at sea, or in battles, has always been supposed to work more mischief by distracting the commander's attention, than good by reminding him of his domestic ties. And since the loss of an East Indiaman, (the Halsewell,) about sixty years ago, in part ascribed to the presence of the captain's daughter, the rules of the British service, we believe, have circumscribed the possibility of such very doubtful influences. But, in Plato's Republic, the influences must have been much more equivocal. A number of women and a number of children are supposed to be ranged on an eminence in the background. The women were undoubtedly, or had been, mothers: but to which of the children individually, and whether to any living child, was beyond their power to guess. Giving the fact that any child to which, in former years, they might give birth, were still in existence, then probably that child would be found amongst the young column of battle-gazers on the ground. But, as to the men, even this conditional knowledge is impossible. Multiplied precautions have been taken, that it may be impossible. From the moment of birth the child has been removed to an establishment where the sternest measures are enforced to confound it beyond all power of recognition with the crowd of previous children. The object is to place a bar between this recognition and every body; the mother and all others alike. Can a cup of water be recovered when poured off into the Danube? Equally impossible, if Plato's intentions are fulfilled, to recover traces of identification with respect to any one of the public children. The public family, therefore, of wives and children are present, but with what probable result upon the sensibilities of the men, we leave the reader to determine, when we have put him in possession of Plato's motive to all this unnatural interference with human affections.

Why had he from the first applied so large a body of power (wasted power, if not requisite) to the suppression of what most legislators would look to for their highest resources? It seems bad mechanics—to convert *that* into a resistance, requiring vast expense of engineering to overcome it, which might obviously have been treated as a power of the first magnitude for overcoming other and inevitable resistance. Strong reasons must be brought for such an inversion of the ordinary procedure. What are they in Plato's system? Simply this—that from individual marriages and separate children, not only many feuds arise between man and man, family and family; a private interest is established as against other private interests; but also a private parental interest is established in another sense, namely, against the public; a parental or family interest, differing from the public state interest, and often enough in mortal hostility to that interest.

Be it so: a danger, a pressure, is exposed by Plato in one direction—confronted by what we Christians should think a far heavier in another: or, to express it more strictly, a gain is sought in one direction—which gain seems to us fatally compensated by loss in another. But *that* is part of Plato's theory—*that* he confronts with his eyes open—and we are not to oppose them in mere logic, because it is one of the postulates in effect on which his system rests. But we have a right to demand consistency: and, when Plato brings the wives and children on the field of battle in order to sustain the general sentiment of patriotism, he is virtually depending upon that power which he had previously renounced; he is throwing the weight of his reliance upon a providential arrangement which he had tossed aside not as useless merely, but as vicious; he is clinging in his distress to those sanctities, conjugal and parental, of which he had said in his self-confidence—"Behold! I will give you something better." And tolerably sure we are, that, had Plato prosecuted the details of his theory into more of their circumstantialities, or had he been placed under the torture of a close polemic review, he would have been found reviving for its uses, and for its solution of many perplexities in practice, that very basis of female honour and modesty, which by his practice and by his professions he has laboured so earnestly to destroy.

The reader will arrive probably at a pretty fixed opinion as to the service for state purposes likely to arise from this exhibition of a clamorous nursery, children and nurses, upon the field of battle. As a flag, banner, or ensign, if Plato could in any way contrive that the army should regard the nursery militant as the sacred depository of their martial honour, then it is probable that men would fight desperately for *that* considered as a trophy, which they regarded but lightly as a household memorial. But this would be unattainable. Even with us, and our profounder Christian feelings, the women attendant upon an army [who, in the Thirty Years' War, on the Catholic side often amounted to another army] have never been elevated into a "pignus sanctum militiæ." The privates and subaltern officers might readily have come into such a view; but the commander-in-chief with his staff would have set their faces against so dangerous a principle—it would have fettered the movements of an army too much; and in most cases would defeat any sudden manœuvres in the presence of an enemy. Mere justice to human powers demands that the point of honour for armies, or for sections of armies, (such as regiments, &c.,) should be placed in that which can move concurrently with the main body, no matter for roads, weather, want of provisions, or any other circumstances. Even artillery, therefore, though a subject of martial jealousy, is not made absolutely coincident with the point of martial honour. And another consideration is this—that not only no object ever can be raised into that mode of dignity when all members of the army are not parties to the consecration, but even the enemy must be a party to this act. Accordingly, the sanctity of the flag, as the national honour in a symbolic form confided to a particular regiment, is an inheritance transmitted downwards through many generations of every nation in Christendom. Now, if Plato's republic were even able to translate the point of honour (which for the Greeks consisted in a ritual celebration of the battle by sacrifices, together with a choral chant, and also in the right to erect

a frail memorial of the victory*) to the capture or preservation of the women and children,—still this change could not be accomplished; for the neighbouring states would not be persuaded to terms of "reciprocity," as the modern economists phrase it. What! not if they also were Platonic states? Ay, but that is impossible; for Plato himself lays the foundation of hope, and the prospects of conquest, for his own state, in the weakness (growing out of luxury, together with the conjugal and parental relations,) presumable throughout the neighbouring states.

These ambulatory nurseries, therefore, never could be made to interest the honour even of a Platonic army, since no man would consent to embark his own honour upon a stake to which the enemy offered no corresponding stake: always to expose your own honour to loss with no reversionary gain under any contingency; always to suffer anxiety in your own person with no possibility of retaliating this anxiety upon the enemy—would have been too much for the temper of Socrates; and we fear that he would have left even Xantippe herself, with all her utensils of every kind, as a derelict for the benefit of the enemy in dry weather, when a deluge from upper windows might not have been unwelcome. But if no honour were pledged upon the nursery in the rear, the next step would certainly be, that under difficult circumstances, stress of weather, short provisions, or active light cavalry in the rear, the nursery would become the capital nuisance of the army. Ambulatory hospitals, though so evidently a personal interest of the nearest kind, are trying to soldiers when overworked; but ambulatory nurseries, with no intelligible motive for their presence, continual detachments and extra guards on *their* account, with an enemy laughing at the nursery uproars, would cause a mutiny if Plato were there in person. Sentiment but ill accords with the gross realities of business, as Charles Lamb illustrated (rather beyond the truth in that case) with regard to Lord Camelford's corpse, when clearing the custom-house for interment under an aged tree in Switzerland; and to hawk along with an army a *menagerie* of spectators, against a day of battle, would be an arrangement so little applicable to any but select expeditions, that the general overturn of caravans once a-day, and the continual fracture of skulls, would be the least tragical issue within reasonable expectation. Not being "sacred," as the depositaries of honour, they would soon become "profane." And speaking gravely, when we reflect on the frequency, even in Christian lands, with which, under the trials of extreme poverty, the parental tie gives way—what other result than open insubordination could be expected from a plan which was adapted to a mere melodramatic effect, at the price of universal comfort for months? Not being associated with patriotic honour, as we have endeavoured to show, and the parental tie being so aerial in any case where neither mother nor child belonged to the individual, but also so exceedingly questionable in the case of Plato's artifices for concealment having succeeded to the letter—what visionary statesmanship would it prove to build for so much as a day's service, or for an extra effort, upon the presence of those who could have little other value in the soldier's eye than that they were natives of the same city with himself!

Even this, however, is not the worst: pursuing to the last the regulations of Plato, the reader is more and more surprised by the unconscious inconsistency which emerges: for whilst recollecting the weight of service—the stress which Plato has thrown upon the parental affection in this case—he finds still further proof of the excessive degradation to which Plato has reduced the rank of that affection as a moral principle: in short, he finds him loading it with responsibility as a duty, whilst he is destroying it as an honour, and polluting it as an elevated enjoyment. Let us follow the regulations to their end:—The guardians of the state, as they are called in their civil relation, the soldiers, as they are called with respect to foreign states and to

* *Frail*, not from any indisposition to gasconade: but there was a dark superstition which frightened the Greeks from raising any durable monuments to a triumph over Greeks: judicial calamities would descend upon the victors, *Nemesis* would be upon their haunches, if they exulted too loudly. Stone, therefore, marble, and brass, were forbidden materials for the *tropœa!* they were always made of wood. If not, look out for squalls ahead!

enemies in general, have been originally selected for their superior qualities of body. Thus the most natural (because the most obvious) grounds of personal vanity, are here at once consecrated by state preference and peculiar rank. In civilized states, these advantages being met and thwarted at every turning by so many higher modes of personal distinction—knowledge, special accomplishments applicable to special difficulties, intellect generally, experience large and comprehensive, or local and peculiar—riches, popular influence, high birth, splendid connexions; the consequence is, that mere physical advantages rank as the lowest class of pretensions, and practically are not of much avail, except as regards beauty when eminent in women, though even for that, the sphere is narrow: since what woman, by mere beauty, ever drew after her such a train of admirers as a few of our modern female writers in verse? Consequently the arrogance in these soldiers of Plato, finding themselves at once acknowledged as the best models of physical excellence in the state, and also, in the second place, raised to the rank of an aristocracy on account of this excellence, would be unlimited. It would be crossed by no other mode of excellence—since no other would be recognized and countenanced by the state.

With this view of their own vast superiority, naturally—and excusably in a state conformed to that mode of thinking—looking upon their own rank as a mere concession of justice to their claims of birth, the soldiers would review their condition in other respects. They would then find that, under the Platonic laws, they enjoyed two advantages; viz. first, a harem furnished with the select females of the state, having precisely the sort of personal pre-eminence corresponding to their own; a modern Mahometan polygamy, in fact, but without the appropriation which constitutes the luxury of Mahometan principles; secondly, a general precedency. On the other hand, to balance these privileges, and even with the most dissolute men greatly to outweigh them, they would find—

1. That they had, and could have, no property; not a fragment: even their arms would be the property of the state; even the dress of mail, in which the ὁπλῖται, or *men-at-arms*, (heavy-armed cuirassiers, or cataphractoi,) must be arrayed, would return to the ὁπλοθήκη, or *arsenal*, in time of peace: not a chattel, article of furniture, or personal ornament, but would have a public stamp, as it were, upon it, making it felony to sell, or give, or exchange it. It is true that, to reconcile the honourable men, the worshipful paupers, to this austere system, Plato tells us—that the other orders of citizens will not be rich: no body, in fact, will be allowed to possess any great wealth. But there is still a difference between something and nothing. And then, as to this supposed *maximum* of riches which is to be adopted, no specific arrangements are shown, by which, in consistency with any freedom of action, further accumulation can be intercepted, or actual possession ascertained.

2. "But," says Plato, "what would the fellows want with property? Food, is it? Have they not *that* food at the public cost; and better for their health than any which they would choose? Drink—is there not the river? And if by ill luck it should happen to be a χειμαῤῥους, rather dependent upon winter floods and upon snows melting in early summer, is there not the rain at all times in cisterns and tanks for those who prefer it? Shoemakers and weavers, (if it is shoes and tunics they want)—are they not working throughout the year for their benefit?"—All this is true: but still they are aware that their own labours and hardships would earn food and clothes upon regular wages: and that, on the general scale of remuneration for mercenary soldiership in Greece, adding their dangers to their daily work, they might obtain enough to purchase even such immoral superfluities as wine.

3. At present, again, this honoured class have many wives; none of their fellow-citizens more than one. But here, again, what a mockery of the truth! that one is really and exclusively the wife of him whom she has married: dedicates her love and attentions and her confidential secrecy to that man only: knows and retains her own children in her own keeping: and these children regard their own parents as their own sole benefactors. How gladly would the majority of the guardians, after two years' experience of the dissolute barrack, accept in exchange the quiet privacy of the artisan's cottage!

4. The soldiers again, it is urged, enjoy something of that which sweetens a sailor's life, and keeps it from homely insipidity—viz. the prospect of adventure, and of foreign excursions: even danger is a mode of stimulation. But how? Under what restriction do they enjoy these prospects of peril and adventure? Never but on a service of peculiar hardship. For it is a badge of their slavery to public uses, that for them only there exists no liberty of foreign travel. All the rest, throughout the city, may visit foreign lands: the honourable class only is confined to the heartless tumult of its dissolute barracks.

Plato evidently felt these bitter limitations of free agency to be, at the same time, oppressive and degrading. Still he did not think himself at liberty to relax them. His theory he conceived to be a sort of watch-work, which would keep moving if all the parts were kept in their places, but would stop on any disturbance of their relations. Not being able to give any relief, the next thing was—to find compensation. And accordingly, in addition to the sensual bait of polygamy already introduced as the basis of his plan, he now proceeds to give a still wider license to appetite. It takes the shape of a dispensation in practice, from a previous special restriction in one particular direction: the whole body of guardians and their female associates, or "wives," are excluded from conjugal intercourse except within strict limits as to age: from the age of twenty to forty for the women, of thirty to fifty for the men, is the range within which they are supposed to be capable of producing a healthy race of children. Within those limits they are licensed: not further. But, by way of compensation, unlimited concubinage is tolerated for the seniors; with this one dreadful proviso—that any children born from such connexions, as presumably not possessing the physical stamina, or other personal advantages looked for from more carefully selected parents, must be exposed. Born of fathers who possess no personal property, these children could have no patrimony; nor succeed to any place as a tradesman, artisan, or labourer. Succeeding to a state father, they succeed to nothing: they are thrown as waifs or strays on the state bounty: and for that they are not eligible, as not having been born within the privilege of the state regulations. No party, therefore, known to the state being responsible for their maintenance, they must die. And because the ancients had a scruple, (no scruple of mercy, but of selfish superstition,) as to taking the life by violence from any creature not condemned under some law, the mode of death must be by exposure on the open hills; when either the night air, or the fangs of a wolf, oftentimes of the great dogs, still preserved in many parts of Greece, usually put an end to the unoffending creature's life.

Now, with this sensual bounty on infanticide, and this regular machinery for calling into existence such ill-fated blossoms on the tree of life, and for immediately strewing them on the ground by the icy wind of death, cutting adrift the little boat to go down the Niagara of violent death, in the very next night after its launching on its unknown river of life—could Plato misconceive the result? could he wish to misconceive it, as regarded the pieties of parental love? To make human life cheaper and more valueless than that of brutes—is that the way to cherish the sanctity of parental affection; upon which affection, however, elsewhere Plato throws so heavy a burden of duty?

Plato would have been surprised, had he anticipated the discoveries of modern experience as to the effect of marriages so assorted in point of age as he has supposed. This one arrangement, by mere disproportion of the sexes, would have introduced strange disturbances into his system. But for general purposes, it is more important to remark—that the very indulgences of Plato are sensual: from a system in itself sensual in the most cruel degree, Plato grants a dispensation only to effect a Otaheitian carnival of licentious appetite, connected with a contempt of human life, which is excessive even for paganism: since in *that* the exposure of children is allowed as a relief from supposed evils of nature: but here the evil was self-created.

THE WORLD OF LONDON.

Part III.

While on others devolves the task to record the physical changes time has wrought in the mighty Babylon, to point attention to the monuments of this most renowned city, to chronicle the progressive improvements of ages, be it ours to regard rather the moral features of the metropolis; to study the manners of the great family whose home London is; and to draw from the depths of the vast and illimitable mine lying beneath our observation, the sterling ore of experience and wisdom.

Our task is never to be complete: the horizon of the vast world of London, like the horizon of the earth, the further we advance extends the more,

"And, like the circle joining earth and skies,
Allures pursuit, but, as we follow, flies."

Nor will the observation of one man, however close, nor the experience of one man, however great, nor the social intercourse of one man, however extensive, be able to do more than to break the ground or sink the first shaft; and this is all we propose to ourselves for our share of this great undertaking. There is certainly some credit due to us on the score of originality, since we are not aware that any general moral prospect of the World of London has been yet any where presented to the public eye, although the magnificence and grandeur of this prospect is perhaps less wonderful than its extreme novelty.

Some of the prevalent errors of country folks respecting this mighty city, we have already been at the pains to confute. We have one other common mistake yet to rectify, that, namely, of the idea of the universal splendour and luxury of London. We recollect, in the days of our boyhood, our belief in the golden pavements of London streets was implicit; and any one who questioned that the conduits ran wine, and the houses were *tiled* with pancakes, we regarded as a heretic, with whom no faith was to be kept. In short, our early impressions of London were of that gorgeousness of golden glitter and blaze of precious stones pervading the Arabian Tales; nor could we then dream that hunger, houselessness, or toil, had place in our imagined terrestrial paradise. On our first crossing Finchley Common, and gaining the summit of that abrupt declivity upon which Highgate archway now stands, whence the first obscure and smoke-dimmed prospect of the mighty Babylon is obtained by those journeying from the north, we well remember the straining of the eyes, and craning of the neck, and mounting among the luggage upon the roof to catch the murky volume of the endless town extended wide below. Nor do we forget the laugh raised at the expense of our simplicity, by the waggish guard demanding a sovereign-toll for our first appearance within sight of London, assuring us that his prerogative entitled him to that sum from every new comer, and which, in our then verdant condition, we were *green* enough to believe!

But it is not only the stranger who is full of imaginings of the universal splendour and luxury of London: many unobserving residents, whose speculation is confined to the great arteries of communication between one end of town and another, or the realms of fashion at the West End, are of the same opinion, that poverty, which they do not see, they cannot believe exists; and as the contemplation of distress is not at any time very pleasing, few will be at the trouble to make expeditions for the discovery of the abiding-places of human misery. The truth is, poverty and wretchedness in London are more bashful than elsewhere — hiding themselves from the sight of prosperous abundance, they nestle in nooks and corners—

"Where no contiguous palace rears its head,
To mock the meanness of their humble shed."

And as the world of wealth and fashion boast their neighbourhoods, so do the worlds of misery congegrate

in theirs. If there is a court end, there is also a beggar's end of the town; there is wretchedness genteel and ungenteel, paupers fashionable and unfashionable.

Nothing of this do you meet with in the leading arteries of the metropolis. You may walk from the Bank to Hyde Park Corner, with money in your hand, and not encounter a solitary object of charity; all exhibits the pride of successful industry, and the ostentation of superfluous wealth. In such a city, you would hardly believe that human beings should be compelled to pick from dunghills the refuse vegetables of the markets, to wash and offer them for sale; and yet the obscure court wherein we reside, resounds from morning till night with the cries of those who have obtained their baskets of vegetables in this way at second hand; nay, we have ourselves seen the poor creatures culling their vegetables in this fashion!

It would scarcely be credited that, in splendid London, women are subjected to various kinds of severe and repulsive toil, that if such things were related of Turks or Hottentots, we should set them down as so many proofs of inherent barbarism among the people where such usages had place. For example, the porterage of meat at the wholesale markets, as Newgate and Leadenhall, is performed by women, many of them old. You will see these wretched creatures stagger under the weight of a side of beef, or, having an entire sheep upon their heads, conveying their burdens to the butchers' carts, drawn up in the vicinity of the market. Surely this is man's work; and surely, if women are driven by hard necessity to such masculine toil, it must argue something rotten in the state of that society where such extreme necessity is suffered to exist. Another melancholy and revolting spectacle is, that of women and children of all ages, up to the middle in the vast laystalls, wherein are collected the removed filth of the metropolis, riddling and sifting the materials of which these mountains of dust, as it is technically called, are composed, begrimed with irremovable skins of dirt, and looking more like damned souls toiling in some infernal prison-house, than creatures who are heirs to an eternal heritage of heaven!

It is truly wonderful to see how life is sustained by a great amount of our overcrowded population. Go to Strutton Ground in Westminster, to Tottenham Court Road, or along Whitechapel, places where a prescriptive right seems to exist of exposing, in the open air, the wares of humble traffickers, on a Saturday night in winter when the snow is on the ground, or falling about your ears, and see the crowds of shivering creatures standing by their little stock in trade, to be converted, if they are fortunate, into the means of staving off starvation for the morrow. There, for example, stands a poor woman, her tray of oranges and apples supported against her limbs by a strap of leather passing over her shoulders; a rushlight flickers in the midst of her fruity store; at either side, sucking their little fingers to beguile the cold, are two half-clad children, bending eager eyes on the passing crowd, as if imploring them to buy; the aspect of mother and children is that of creatures habituated to hunger, hardship, and grief. Near to these stands a blind old man, a framework hung before his breast, whence depend stay-laces, braces, pencil-cases, and such trifling articles; his sightless orbs, as they roll to and fro in their sockets, are his advocates; he trusts implicitly to the honour and good feeling of his customers in his little transactions, for who would rob the blind? Further on, is a poor widow, whose means of livelihood is an inverted umbrella filled with penny prints; one glance will tell you she has seen better days, and her little merchandize, tastefully assorted, indicates no vulgar mind. On the step of a door sits a poor woman crying, a baby at her breast; when you enquire her grief, she extends in her hand a few boxes of lucifer matches, and informs you she has been striving all day, and has sold nothing.

The sallow-faced manufacturer from the country, who came up to London in the vain attempt to procure work, with his wife and children, are drawn up in the kennel, silently imploring alms; a ragged soldier of the late Spanish legion, with a wooden leg, and pewter crosses of San Fernando, offers forty songs for a halfpenny; a little boy, hardly able to crawl, screams fifty radishes a penny; here are stalls

covered with pieces of stale flat fish; there, murdered grimalkins are offered for sale, under the savoury *incognito* of mutton-pies; in another place, the skin of the animal, stripped from its back while yet alive, and made into a cap, is hawked about by the wife or daughter of the pieman. Meat, fish, flesh, and fowl, condemned by the proper authorities of the several markets, are here exposed in every state of putridity, and, what is more extraordinary, find abundance of consumers. Truly, if the spectator of these, the obverse sides of life, does not feel a lively sense of thankfulness to the Great Being who has vouchsafed to him abundance, we earnestly recommend him to turn Turk in default of a better religion! Can any one, with a heart the size of a nutmeg, contemplate without pain the pitiable condition of those poor wretches who make out life from hand to mouth, exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, and perpetually baited by the myrmidons of the law, whose recreation seems to lie in hunting these children of misfortune from humble industry to crime.

Of positive and decided impressions, the first and strongest the stranger wandering through London feels, is the idea of illimitability. It is to him not only a world, but it is a world without an end, spreading its gigantic arms on every side. It seizes upon surrounding villages, expels the rural deities from their ancient seats, and aims at an universal empire of bricks and mortar. It is an eternity of town, without beginning and without end—an ocean filling the mind of the bewildered wanderer with the idea of amplitude infinitesimally extended. Let the adventurous traveller take his station in the heart of the city, and thence set out on a voyage of discovery to the end, if there is such a thing, of this great American sea-serpent of a town. Miles upon miles of narrow dingy streets, crammed to repletion with waggons, threatening to crush him between their ponderous wheels and the contiguous wall, indicate the *city*, whose enormous wealth and splendour are to the ignorant eye but poorly evidenced by dingy warehouses, dark alleys, and retired counting-houses, where the office-lamp for ever burns an eternal fire before the shrine of Mammon. Yet here is the heart's-core of the vast mass—here is neither time nor inclination, space nor opportunity, for exhibition or show of wealth—here, as in the breast of the royal Dane, is "that within that passeth show;" and the wayfarer would, without a guide, puzzle himself in vain to discover the dusky den whence a Rothschild stretches forth a saving hand to tottering monarchs, or reassures the extinguished credit of bankrupt governments. It is truly astounding to us of the vulgar, who are in the habit of associating great business with great bustle, to contemplate the whereabouts of the city firms, whose credit and whose influences affect, one way or another, the commercial interests of the universal world. Here, indeed, may you behold commerce in all the immensity and glory, without any of the tinsel or gingerbread of empire: here confidence and credit sit upon thrones of adamantine rock, smiling upon trickster statesmen and penniless Chancellors of Exchequers: here, as from a fountain, the stream of enterprize inundates all lands, fertilizing as it flows, and returning only to flow forth to fertilize again.

Mighty city! thy warehouses groan beneath the weight of the accumulated products of the ends of earth; thy mercantile navy, numberless as the birds of ocean, flies on errands of peace from pole to pole; thy capitalists weild at will the destinies of distant nations; and thy merchant princes grasp with the right hand and the left the extremities of either Ind.

There is no place for trumpery ostentation, or the vain display of dissipated wealth. The governor of the Bank of England and a junior clerk carry with them a chop to an humble tavern, and partake of the mid-day meal with equal humility; a director of the East India House and a draper's assistant eat their biscuit and take their glass of sherry at the bar; the owner of a hundred ships and the mate of a trader exchange the news of the day over the table of a dingy coffeehouse in a dusky alley off Cornhill.

Taking his way down one of the main arteries of the metropolis, the great aorta, for example, that pours the full tide of human existence through Fleet Street and the Strand, the splendour, less real than that he has left

behind, but more apparent, breaks upon his astonished view. The shops of the goldsmith, piled from floor to roof with the richest treasures of their art; the shawl-shops, through whose crystal fronts you catch the gorgeousness of the commodities within; the emporiums of works of art and *vertu*, where lessons of taste may be had for looking; the vast repositories of learning, appealing eloquently to the eye of the mind; these, and a thousand other evidences of diffusive wealth, oppress for a while and bewilder the mind by their immensity, and almost lead us to the belief that all the wealth and splendour of the world must be gathered here for show. How much more would our astonishment increase, if we knew the history of any one of those shops disputing our attention. The fortunes that have been amassed within for a succession of generations —the fortunes that are being amassed in them now by some, and the handsome competence they afford to all—the taxes they pay to the municipality and to the revenue, the incomes they afford in ground-rents, profit-rents, beneficial interests, and partnerships to numbers—the livelihoods derived from them by tradesmen, clerks, assistants, down to the porters who take off the shutters, and the man who sweeps the crossing—not to speak of the myriads who, all over the world, earn their bread and support their families by manufacturing the thousand-and-one works of art and industry that are there, within the limits of an hour's walk, exhibited to every passing stranger—who can, or who cannot buy. Truly we are not to blame in speaking of this city as a world, when we consider that those shops, spitted together in rows like so many larks, and edging each other off the pavement, are estates each to its owner, and may be compared, for the purposes of illustration, with a vast extent of territory giving subsistence and employment to numbers of our fellow-creatures.

We are at Charing-Cross: we have left behind the regions of the great merchants, and of the shopocrats; and we now timidly adventure upon the courtly regions of the consumers and customers. What a change! Here, pride seems to reign triumphant: coroneted carriages abound: the butterflies of fashion are abroad: ostentatious wealth, and non-productive industry, rule the destinies of this extremity of our world. Anon, in the heart of a mighty thoroughfare, where every foot of ground is worth its weight in gold, we skirt a dead wall, a penitentiary doubtless, or a prison. No; the massive gate falls back upon its ponderous hinges, and, while a gorgeous equipage rolls forth, reveals for an instant a spacious court-yard, ornamented with statues and vases, a sumptuous palace occupying the background. We would look at the revealed splendours for a moment, but the portly Cerberus forbids: darting an indignant glance at the inquisitive stranger, he hastens to close the massive portal in our teeth.

Talk of the Grand Turk, forsooth, and his seraglio! talk of the seclusion of a convent, or the impenetrability of the Faubourg St Germain! an assault upon the privacy of any one of them, is child's play compared with the forlorn hope of penetrating the exclusive seclusion of the magnates of London fashionable life.

The space occupied by some of the town palaces of our great nobility would, if let as building ground, afford more than the revenue of a German potentate; a slip of wharfage, cut off from the foot of the garden of one of these, produces at this moment upwards of eight thousand pounds a-year, and the garden alone would let for sixteen or eighteen thousand more. Perhaps nothing can convey a better idea of the illimitable revenues of some of the great aristocracy, than the fact that they can afford, at this immense sacrifice, the indulgence of city parks around their city palaces.

The traveller is now leaving the neighbourhoods of commerce: as he goes on for a little while, the rivalry of shops and private dwellings continues; but soon the former give up the unequal contest, and our stranger finds himself in what is conventionally understood as a genteel neighbourhood.

A mile or two further on, grass plots and holly bushes, growing from tubs, come into fashion; bow-pots, well stored with mignionette, musk, stone-crop, geraniums, and polyanthuses, decorate the windows, and the self-deluded *voyageur* fondly believes that he must now, at least, approximate to the end of the town.

Alas! the end of his journey is farther than the journey he has already made; the vast wilderness of London out of town is before him; and as the shades of evening fall, and the suburban butchers "let on" their gas, he finds himself somewhere about the end of Kensington and the beginning of Turnham Green, where, foot-sore and weary, he gives it up as a bad job, and returns to the city, satisfied that this vast metropolis is really and truly a world without end!

The vastness of suburban London distinguishes that city eminently from the continental cities. A mile beyond Paris you are in a wilderness of sand hills, gypsum quarries, sterile rocks, and windmills; beyond the walls of Rome there is literally an immense expanse of desert; whereas London, if we may borrow a bull, surrounds itself, suburb clinging to suburb, like onions, fifty on a rope. The suburbs, which George Colman described emphatically as "regions of preparatory schools," have a character peculiarly their own; once seen, they cannot be mistaken. They are marvellously attached to gardening, and rejoice above all things in a tree in a tub. They delight in a uniformity of ugliness, staring you out of countenance with five windows in front, and a little green hall-door at one side, giving to each house the appearance of having had a paralytic stroke; they stand upon their dignity at a distance from the road, and are carefully defended from intrusion by a body-guard of spikes bristling on a low wall. They delight in outlandish and ridiculous names: a lot of tenements looking out upon a dead wall in front, and a madhouse in the rear, club together, and introduce themselves to your notice as Optic Terrace: another regiment is baptized by the christian and surnames of Paradise Prospect; while a third lot, standing together two and two, after the manner of the Siamese Twins, are called Mogg's Villas, Bugsby's Cottages, or Gemini Place. The natives of these outlandish regions are less wealthy than genteel; like Beau Tibbs, they live here for the benefit of their health—and fortune. When you visit them, they are eloquent upon the merits of an atmosphere surcharged with dust, which they earnestly recommend for your inhalation, under the attractive title of "fresh air."

All shopkeepers, tradesmen, and others in these regions, are insufferably bad and dear; every body is supplied with the staple of their consumables from town, and it is only on an emergency that the suburban dealers are applied to. Knowing that their articles are not required for the regular consumption, they take good care to make those pay well whose necessities compel them occasionally to have dealings with them. We find by experience that meat rises in price, as we travel westward, at the rate of a penny *per* pound *per* mile, and every thing else (except taxes) in the like ratio. We must, however, leave the suburbs for the present.

"Peace to each swain who rural rapture owns,
As soon as past a toll, or off the stones;
Whose joy, if buildings solid bliss bestow,
Cannot, for miles, an interruption know,
Save when a gap of some half dozen feet
Just breaks the continuity of street;
Where the prig architect, with style in view,
Has doled his houses forth in two by two,
And rear'd a row upon the plan, no doubt,
Of old men's jaws, with every third tooth out."

Not less strong upon the mind of the reflective stranger in London, is his impression of its endless variety, its inexhaustibility, not merely of streets and squares, lanes and alleys, courts and passages, but of human character, occupation, and condition. Other places have usually a distinctive character, peculiarly their own: towns are maritime, as Liverpool and Bristol: manufacturing, as Leeds and Manchester; or both, as Glasgow: literary and educational, as Edinburgh, Cambridge, and Oxford: military, as Chatham and Woolwich: naval, as Portsmouth, Plymouth, and the like: health and pleasure seeking, as Cheltenham, Leamington, Brighton, Harrowgate, Bath. London, on the contrary, is at once one and all—a mercantile, manufacturing, literary, military, pleasure-seeking, busy, idle place; and hence the endless diversity of character that abounds along its overcrowded streets. The duke and the dustman, the private soldier and the prince, the seaman and the sovereign, all look upon London as

headquarters. Here money-makers and money-spenders of all degrees crowd together; here the painter and the poet who have made reputations, gather together for their rewards; here the professional man who has yet his reputation to make, struggles with his fellows for pre-eminence; here men come to look for employment, from the lowest to the highest, every one imagining that in so large a place there must surely be room for *him*.

It is only in the streets, however, that these many-coloured shades of life and character are exhibited broadly. Each class in London has a neighbourhood, or, more properly, a town of its own, where alone it is recognized and known, and where alone its interests are paramount. Neighbourhoods, in the world of London, may very properly be divided into

PUBLIC,
PRIVATE,
PROFESSIONAL.

The former may be classified generally into wholesale, retail, and for exportation; but, in short, there are as many distinct neighbourhoods as there are trades and occupations. The monetary neighbourhood huddles itself, as may be expected, under the protective wing of its great mother, the bank—the Manchester neighbourhood lies principally in the narrow lanes and alleys to the northward of Cheapside, Wood Street representing its main artery, where the long ranges of windows papered in the lower panes, the widely opening doors for the transmission of bales of goods, and the porters carrying packages larger and heavier than themselves, supported upon their heads by a broad strap passing over the forehead, indicate the vast repositories of the productions of our central manufacturing districts. The East India and general shipping neighbourhoods, have their headquarters about Cornhill and Leadenhall street; here also outfitters, Utopian land companies, and emigration crimps, are thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. The Bull and Mouth inn, opposite the post-office in St Martin's le Grand, formerly represented the eastern centre, as the Regent Circus did the western, of the travelling world; but since the empire of iron roads, these vast caravansaries, where met and parted the migratory world of London, are shorn of their beams: the gilded bull over the gateway now laughs rather on the wrong side of his mouth; the Saracen's Head looks daggers from his eminence on Snowhill, as the railway "bus" gathers a load; the Swan with Two Necks discovers to his sorrow that his crop might be better filled if he boasted but *one;* and the Spread Eagle looks as pitiful as a carrion crow gibbeted over a barn door! But the tide of travel, no longer rushing through the narrow gateways of the great London inns, is only more diffusive than before. The effect produced upon intercommunication by the now almost universal agency of steam, has not merely facilitated travel, but has created travellers. When time and space are literally annihilated, and when, without labour or fatigue, we can breakfast at a not unreasonable hour in Bristol, arrive in London to lunch, and return again to Bristol to a six o'clock dinner, who would not see a little of the world?—who would not become a traveller?

Of strictly professional neighbourhoods, our own—that is to say, the literary, are entitled to the *pas*. We have the proper *esprit de corps;* and whatever people may say or think of their own neighbourhoods, we conceive that in which the great commerce of literature is mainly carried on, entitled to our first and best attention.

The Row, as it is called by way of pre-eminence, is the nucleus of the literary neighbourhood: it is the centre of intelligence, the sensorium, the brain of the vast mass; it represents a mighty manufactory of thought, and disperses the light of knowledge and the truths of religion to the ends of the earth. How the literary man, delighted, loves to haunt this place, fertile in intellectual luxury! He pauses, perhaps, before the immense emporium of the Longmans, with its fourteen windows in front, its little Ionic pilasters, and its iron crane, emblematic of the very heavy commodities in which the proprietors are sometimes compelled to deal. He regards with wonder the precision and exactitude with which the vast dispersion of books of all kinds superintended by this firm is carried on; the subdivision into various departments of the immense business of the house; and the methodical order and quietude

with which the most complicated transactions are prosecuted. He looks up at the crimson curtains of the first floor windows, indicating the dining-room of the resident partner in the firm, and cannot but reflect how many mighty minds have been gathered therein to

> "The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

While he looks, a little bulky man, with short and thick, but well-shaped limbs, a remarkably comic expression of face, and inexpressibly knowing twinkle of eye, issues from the private door, chuckling audibly as he goes, for doubtless he has just now discharged upon his publisher some of his effervescent wit: do you know him?—he is Peter Plymley, Peter Pitts, or that mirror of canons residentiary, the Reverend Sidney Smith, father of the Edinburgh Review, and squabasher of the cowardly, mean, lying, hypocritical, sneaking, un-English, unmanly invention of the ballot-box. You see that ugly, raw-boned fellow conversing with the butcher's boy, who has just left a round of beef, a saddle of mutton, and a fillet of veal at Longman's; the enquirer is gleaning from the boy what there is to be to-day at the great publisher's for dinner, and what the hour is, when he will take his stand near the door, noting those who go in; with these materials he will indite you a chapter, entitled "Rum Recollections of London Publishers," in which he will lie faster than a horse can gallop, but withal so heavily, that it were easier to wade through a sea of quicksilver than to read his book, which nevertheless will be sure to raise a melancholy laugh at the impudent contempt of veracity, and the evident insensibility of the author to his own unparalleled stupidity.

Did you ever see a Yankee dandy, or a dandy Yankee? There he goes, right slick away into Ivy Lane, I calculate; he is a person who, by dint of letters of introduction from well-meaning but mistaken people, got invitations to the houses of noblemen and gentlemen, whose habits, modes of life, tastes, and occupations, he has noted with laudable accuracy; informing the world, among other novelties, that he was invited to his country seat by a duke—this, however, is incredible, as it is utterly impossible that any one moving in the rank of a gentleman could play the part of a social spy in the family of a hospitable nobleman, invading his privacy to jot down the minutiæ of his retirement, and putting every button on his host's shooting-jacket into the list of his memorabilia. This individual will record that a duke winks sometimes with one eye, and sometimes with the other, but, when sleepy, occasionally with both: that his grace does not eat his breakfast with a coronet on his head, and ermined robes, but in a shooting jacket and galligaskins, which Jonathan considers "tarnation" extraordinary: that when his grace walks, one foot follows after the other, just the same as if the duke was a common man, whereat the transatlantic scribbler marvels exceedingly: he discovers and publishes that dukes and duchesses, their guests and servants, are sober, quiet, decent people, civil and obliging to all, without hurry, bustle, and confusion, the mystery whereof he cannot possibly understand, not being accustomed to any thing of the sort in his own country; thus he goes on, omitting only the singular fact, that he was never known to be admitted into any other than a public-house a second time, and that there is a feeling among well-bred people in this country against literary tittle-tattle of this sort, and that all such gossips must expect to be avoided upon principle.

Next to Longmans, the literary peripatetic will be attracted by the great extent of premises occupied by Whittaker and Co., extending halfway down Ave-Maria Lane, and across to the neat but small quadrangle, with its solitary tree and little patch of grass, where the rich and influential Company of Stationers have their unpretending hall: the extensive mart for the lighter artillery of literature, under the control of Messrs Simpkin and Marshall, will also arrest his attention. But, in truth, the atmosphere of the neighbourhood is literary; there is a most ancient and black-letter smell pervading the courts and alleys diverging from the Row, and there is something learned and sleepy in the aspect of the inhabitants.

The literary world, however, does not now, as in bygone years, find its only dwelling in the Row; it has become excursive and fashionable in a great degree, issuing forth of Temple

Bar, and finally establishing itself with Murray of Albemarle Street, or with the Blackwoods among the clubs of Pall-Mall.

Among professional neighbourhoods, the legal is assuredly the most imposing and dignified. The great legal neighbourhoods lie on either side of Holborn and Fleet Street, connected by Lincoln's Inn as a *medius terminus*, and by the communicating artery of Chancery Lane. The traveller, whether turning to the right, through Inner Temple Lane, and so into the cloistered precincts of either of the Temples, or to the left, along Chancery Lane, through Lincoln's Inn, Sergeant's Inn, Gray's Inn, Furnival's Inn, Thavies' Inn, and the rest, will not fail to be struck with the marked contradistinction between a trading and a professional neighbourhood. Here are no staring bills announcing all sorts of law and equity fifty per cent below prime cost—no announcements of the superlative advantages to be derived by dealing for your law at the chambers of Sergeant A., Conveyancer B., or Equity-draftsman C.—every thing here is like the Duke's dogs, quiet and gentlemanlike; there is a monastic air of retirement in the flagged alleys, paved courts, bubbling fountains, and gloomy chambers—nor are the habits of the occupants little less than monastic, when we consider that isolation, self-denial, and continual study, are imposed upon those who would persevere unto the end. The spacious halls, too, of the several societies, cannot fail to urge their respective claims upon your attention; that of the Sergeants, or more properly of the judges in Chancery Lane, as well as the others, having emblazoned upon their windows the armorial bearings of their more distinguished members, thus perpetuated by a vitreous immortality. No hurdy-gurdies torture the ears of learned gentlemen within these conventual halls—no little boys or girls play at "taw," or trundle their hoops—all is hushed in deep repose, and no sound falls upon the ear but the distant murmur of the living cataracts of Fleet Street and the Strand.

The profession of medicine, by the necessity of its condition, is not, like the legal, gathered into places of reunion—Barber-Surgeon's Hall, to be sure, still remains, nestled in a narrow lane called Monkwell Street, wherein, before the severance of the professions by Henry VIII., lectures and demonstrations in anatomy were wont to be exhibited.

"Hast ever been to Barber-Surgeon's Hall, to see a dissection?" enquires one of our old dramatists—dissections now, however, are confined to the quarterly dinners of the highly respectable and useful company of Barbers, their "learned friends," the Surgeons, having betaken themselves, with their saws, scalpels, and amputating knives, to a handsome residence in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The College of Physicians, in Warwick Lane, close abutting upon

> "That venerable place
> Where angry justice shows her awful face;
> Where little villains must submit to fate,
> That great ones may enjoy the world in state,"

still preserves a congeniality with its former occupants—converted only into shambles, killing goes on as briskly as before!

There are, however, certain localities where the Esculapian tribe abound; such are Saville Row, Old Burlington Street, Brook Street, Conduit Street, and the neighbourhood, where, doubtless, a perpetual pestilence must needs prevail. Walking among these streets the other day, we discovered our teeth to be on edge as from the whetting of a saw, but which, on further examination, we discovered to proceed from the sympathetic irritation of our eyes by the contemplation of the brass plates of the dentists, who abound in this neighbourhood in such numbers as to defy the most minute enumeration of the Census Commissioners.

In nothing is the deadly struggle for existence so manifest throughout London, as in the rivalry of doctors' shops; they divide with licensed victuallers all the corners; their blue and red lights stream like meteors on this side and on that, ominously portentous; they will bleed for a penny, cup for twopence, and draw teeth for nothing; they will give you physic enough to poison a regiment for a groat, and offer advice at its actual value—advice *gratis*. One is next door, another next door but two, and a third across the street; and, by some

strange perversity, they increase and multiply in the healthiest and busiest neighbourhoods—in places where people have neither time, inclination, nor opportunity to be sick. There is one square in particular, which has been projected and laid out (on paper) these ten years, only two houses at the ultimate angles having been built; these, before the foundations were well laid, were rented by a publican and a chemist; the latter hung out his blue, the former his white light; this advertised "creaming stout, fourpence a pot"—that "infallible pills, three-halfpence a dozen." The former invited the public to taste his "splendiferous Old Tom, threepence the quartern;" the latter earnestly recommended his "Ministerial Pitch Plasters, threepence a-piece." Thus they stuck, not another house within a mile of them, for ten years to our knowledge, anticipating the advent of population; for it is a well-established maxim in the world of London, that an adventurer, especially in the public and medical lines, has a much less chance of making out a living by going to a neighbourhood, than by waiting until the neighbourhood goes to him, exactly reversing the procedure of a devilish clever fellow, and arrant quack in his way—one Mahomet the prophet. From one cause or other, but chiefly because the site of the proposed square was swampy, and the projector an insolvent, the neighbourhood did *not* go to our adventurers in this instance; they remained all alone in their shops, if not in their glory; the publican, who was a hypochondriac, swallowed the doctor's physic, and the doctor lived on the publican's gin; each was the only customer of the other, and to crown all, it was found, when all was lost, that the two unfortunates had taken prussic acid, and poisoned themselves for company! When we use the word doctor in talking of medical establishments, we cannot be supposed to include gentlemen regularly educated in, and legally qualified for the profession; we animadvert solely on the swarms of chemists, who, without education, qualification, or experience, impudently take upon themselves to prescribe for all manner of ailments, and not only take the bread out of the mouths of well-educated medical men, but the breath out of the mouths of those who ought to be their patients. Surely, there ought to be some protection, if not for men who have taken out their diplomas, and now starve in a gentlemanly retirement while chemists and druggists make fortunes, at least for the safety and health of the public, against a class who exercise a responsible calling without any test of proper education or known qualifications.

The military neighbourhoods of London are the Tower, the Birdcage Walk, Portman Street, Knightsbridge, St John's Wood, and the Regent's Park, at all which places are stations for the household troops, who form, except upon extraordinary occasions, the garrison of the city and escort of the court in its migrations from one palace to another. Military neighbourhoods have a marked character, and that not of the best. The immediate vicinity of barracks is easily predicted by the abundance of pot-houses, dancing-houses, singing-rooms, and so forth; nor is their propinquity in any degree conducive either to the moral or physical health of the circumambient population.

Of clerical neighbourhoods we have little to say: they are few in number, and not decided in character. That of Dean's Yard, Westminster, is perhaps the most strictly clerical in London, forming an outer cloister, as it were, where inhabit the dignitaries of Westminster Abbey, nestling under the wing of mother church.

Private neighbourhoods are those that vary most in kind and in degree, almost defying any attempt at classification, no two streets being exactly on the same level in point of gentility. Of strictly fashionable neighbourhoods, the west end is undoubtedly the region. There is no other end known to fashionable people; and no matter how wealth or magnificence may display itself to the north, east, or south ends of the town, the motives that lead to its display are, by fashionable people, neither appreciated nor understood.

Strictly fashionable neighbourhoods may be divided into

EXCLUSIVE,
ULTRA-FASHIONABLE,
FASHIONABLE,
QUASI-FASHIONABLE,
MIXED,
EAST INDIAN,

HIGH GENTEEL,
LOW GENTEEL,
EQUIVOCAL,
DECIDEDLY LOW.

Of exclusive neighbourhoods there are but few. Piccadilly, westward from Devonshire House, decidedly takes the lead: his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge lends to this neighbourhood the sanction of his preference. The hero of Waterloo makes Hyde Park corner classic ground; the Dukes of Devonshire and St Alban's, the Marquis of Northampton, the Earls Cardigan and Rosebery, Lord Willoughby D'Eresby, and a host of our nobility, stamp this locality with supreme *bon ton:* if wealth can enhance Piccadilly as a place of residence, Miss Burdett Coutts and the Baroness Rothschild divide between them more than a million charms; but, above all, there is no locality in London commanding a nobler view than that enjoyed from the windows of the mansions in Piccadilly, extending far and wide over the parks, and terminated only by the undulating outline of the distant hills of Surrey.

Most of the streets that abut immediately upon the parks, overlooking the greensward, are entitled to the rank of exclusives, although nothing can prevent vulgar wealth at times forcing itself into these favoured retreats of fashion, and becoming an eyesore to the whole neighbourhood. Who lives there? you enquire, pausing before one of these delicious retreats, uniting the pure air and extended prospects of the country with the dear delight of town; and are answered, the Duke of This, the Duke of That, or Earl of T'other; and to whom, pray, does that still more magnificent mansion to the left appertain? Oh! that, let me see; yes, now that I recollect, that is the town residence of Baron Stitchburg, the ennobled German tailor!

Arlington Street, overlooking the Green Park, is one of those dear exclusive neighbourhoods: the fine façade of Lord Spencer's noble mansion here attracts general attention. Park Lane is another, vying with Piccadilly in the intensity of fashion. Grosvenor Square, though in a less degree, approaches exclusiveness; while Portman, Cavendish, and Belgrave Squares, must be content to come within our ultra-fashionable category. Of merely fashionable streets, we boast a profusion; those tributary to the leading squares borrow from their aristocratic neighbourhoods a lustre not their own; thus George's Street, Hanover Square, on a friend's card or your own, is quite correct, while George's Street, Bloomsbury, is outlawry and civil death!

In nothing should a man who means to be in society in London be so scrupulous as about his address: life and death depend upon it: let a man study morals, character, dress, equipage, or appointments, manner, deportment, or amiability, as he will, Baker Street or Russell Square will make all his exertions null and void: he is condemned by the "card," and in every effort he makes to gain an entrance into truly fashionable society, he will discover to his cost that he has not the "ticket."

It does not matter how or in what way you live, provided your location, as Jonathan calls it, be correct: occupy an attic if you will, but take care that it is situate in Lower Mount Street, Arlington Street, (on the west side, for the east is only quasi-fashionable,) Brook Street, (upper,) or Park Street, Grosvenor Square. Be very particular about this: eschew streets abounding with brass plates of dentists and doctors, or you are a lost mutton: fly, as you would the plague, neighbourhoods with public-houses at the corners; if a batchelor, a first floor over a jeweller's shop in Bond Street may be tolerated, provided you bring your own man cook and valet; but if a married man, your family is disgraced for ever, and your daughters will not get proposals above a footman in a correct family.

How many men of no fortune and much impudence, whose wits would have been as good to them as a thousand a-year, commit suicide in this manner, striking on the rocks somewhere about the New Road, and sinking into the abyss of insignificance, never to be heard of more! We repeat over and over again, that there is not the remotest chance of a man's setting his foot, even by toleration, in a correct circle, if he have not a correct address: if he be poor, he must take a lesson from the flash drapers, who lay out the bulk of their capital upon the lease of their houses,

set out all their stock in their shop windows, put on white cravats, curl their hair, and trust to Providence! The most ridiculous and unnatural, although highly fashionable, alliance between poverty and pretension, so prevalent now-a-days, has given rise to a custom of giving cards from clubs, as thus:—

Mr Sidney Biddulph,
Rag and Famish Club,
St Luke's Square.

Mr Adolphus Cub,
One-and-Ninepenny Club,
Covent Garden,

and so forth.—Now, you must always avoid fellows who give you the card, not of their residence, but of their club; depend upon it, the leprosy of poverty hangs about those fellows, and if you are seen for one moment in their company, you will be suspected of having caught the infection, and have to perform quarantine for life. The idea of one gentleman inviting another to call and see him at a club!—Call and see me at Bartholomew Fair, or pop in upon me at Epsom Races, is quite as much of an invitation.

We recollect once being seduced, by associations arising from remembrances of old school-fellowship, into going to see a friend of ours at his club. Shade of Brummell—what a refinement of horrors! On enquiring for our friend, our message ran the gauntlet of half-a-score undisciplined louts in parsley-and-butter coats, and staring scarlet breeches, running across the hall in horrible confusion; having ascertained, in the course of half-an hour, that the person enquired for was within, we were then—but not till then—ushered into a half-naked room, without light or fire: this Pandemonium was called, we were informed, the waiting-room, and here, among a lot of strange-looking creatures like ourselves, "in waiting" were we forced to abide the coming of our old school-fellow, and in a corner to whisper into each other's ears our pleasurable reminiscences. There is only one excuse for a man having a card with a club on it: it is quite an allowable failing when one has the misfortune to be a member of Parliament, and, of course, to be liable to the horrid inflictions, than which the rack is more tolerable, of being eternally dunned by your infernal constituents to "do something" for them; which, being literally translated into English, means laying yourself under obligations to enable these fellows to "do nothing" for themselves.

Several of our parliamentary friends, consequently, are obliged to carry two card-cases, the one containing the address of their private residences, the other that of some political club: when encountered by one of these horrid bores, and there is no other means of escape, of course you shake him warmly by the hand, beg of him to dine with you *any* day, and poke into his mutton fist the card of your club: the fellow infests the waiting-room for a week or two, but of course you are not to be caught, and your independent elector, wearied out, re-emigrates to his paternal morasses, where he boasts that he dined with you every day—you blessing your stars, in the mean time, that you see no more of him till the next general election!

Military and naval men, too, whose lives are necessarily migratory, and who do not come regularly to town for the season, are entitled to receive your invitations at their club; but no man, whether civil or military, with the least pretensions to good taste, gives invitations to his club, unless to persons who may not with propriety be received any where else: if any such are given to *you*, it is impossible for you to maintain your position without giving your entertainer the *cut* direct.

Quasi-fashionable neighbourhoods abound; we would willingly leave them in well-deserved obscurity, but we feel it our duty to warn all pretenders to fashion, that is to say, of several hundreds of thousands who have no pretensions at all, of the fatal mistakes they may commit in this particular. We must caution them to avoid the more northerly parts of the populous borough of Marylebone, the new streets and squares to the northward of Hyde Park, and the territories, of whatever descriptions, in the vicinity of Pimlico. The last-mentioned neighbourhood, especially, is proverbially fatal to fashionable expectations; yet many simple-minded persons from the country, opine that, in the neighbourhood of a royal palace, they must be right. Nothing is more conclusive of the sensitiveness of the world

of fashion upon its geographical exclusiveness, than the fact, that even royal preference cannot establish the aristocracy of a vicinity famous only for its brick pits and its ale.

Privy Gardens, May Fair, and Spring Gardens, may probably assert the custom of society in favour of their strictly fashionable character: the two latter, however, have assumed somewhat of a *quasi* character of late years; the streets secondary to Belgrave Square, and those leading from Piccadilly, are very much in the same condition.

Mixed neighbourhoods are so numerous as to defy classification: one end of a street, as Piccadilly, shall be intensely vulgar, the other shall aspire to the Corinthian capital of society. In these difficult circumstances, the man who would stand well with people of fashion, must not only regard his street but his number; any figure under fifty, for example, in Piccadilly, and you are ruined for life. One side of a street, as Arlington Street, shall be exclusive, the other no better than genteel; so that in fashion, as in politics, you must deliberate wisely and well before you take a side.

The East Indian, colonial, and merely wealthy circles, gather together at the hither-end of Portland Place, and diverge round the Regent's Park, occupying those stately terraces, as new as their own families, and, like themselves, exhibiting fewer evidences of good taste than of magnificence. Harley Street, for example, is the headquarters of oriental nabobs—here the claret is poor stuff, but Harley Street madeira has passed into a proverb, and nowhere are curries and mulligatawny given in equal style. The natives here are truly a respectable, praiseworthy body of men; and if it were not for the desperate but unavailing efforts of their wives and daughters to lug them into circles where their wealth excites only envy, and their ostentation provokes only contempt, would be above all praise or blame. Their dinners we eat, if not with admiration, with respect; more solid than *recherché*, there is an old English substantiality about them that forbids severity of criticism. Pitying the poverty of their claret, we forgive them for the richness of their madeira—their evening parties we wish we could recommend—we might be severe upon this head, but, as we have just returned from an exhibition of this sort, we say no more. The lobster salads were respectable, and gratitude should last as long as digestion.

Of high genteel neighbourhoods, Baker Street, Gloucester Street, Portman Square, the swarm of little streets nestling at the verge of Park Lane, and those lying between St James's Street and the Great Park, may be taken as examples. The people inhabiting this class of neighbourhoods are usually scions of respectable, and distant connexions of noble families, remarkably correct in their style of living and equipage, but evidently of slender means; however, they boast this advantage, that an educated taste can do more in this style of living with a thousand a-year, than vulgar opulence can with ten times the revenue. Beyond the necessary wants and requirements of genteel life, all superfluity, unless sustained by exquisite taste, tends rather to diminish than to increase respect. A pony-carriage, tastefully appointed, shall excite the admiration of the Ring, while a coach and six, with outriders, shall, by the ostentation of its extravagance, become a laughing-stock upon wheels.

None understand these delicate niceties so well as your highly genteel people.

THE JUNE GALE, 1841.

After a week in London, the time at last arrived to betake ourselves to Blackwall on our way to Edinburgh, by the General Steam Navigation Company's ship the Clarence. Accordingly, on Saturday the 5th of June, we packed up our traps, put two nurse maids and three children, one only six months old, into a couple of cabs, and walked, accompanied by our spouse, to the Hungerford Stairs. The journey commenced under evil auspices; every thing seemed to go wrong. The first sight that saluted us on reaching the river, was a Blackwall steamer puffing with all its might towards Waterloo Bridge, and we had to wait a quarter of an hour before the next one started; and even then we had to be contented with a vessel bound to Greenwich, trusting to our own ingenuity to find our way across. All these delays were doubly provoking on the present occasion, as we had determined to have a pleasant party by way of a finish to the week's dissipation; and had agreed to meet some friends at Lovegrove's, at a white-bait dinner, before we embarked. By the time we reached London Bridge it was already past the appointed hour; it began to rain; the boat was full of cockneys, male and female, who were talking and making love after their kind; and we began to fear that we should come in at the end of the feast, which, though a good deal better than the beginning of a fray, is still not by any means desirable on its own account. Well, on we went through groves of masts, hissing and spluttering to the best of our ability, till the noble hospital received us on its majestic quay. But alas for the white-bait, the water-souché, the salmon and eels, of which we had a very vivid presentiment! there was no steam-boat to be seen to waft us to the haven of our hopes. Wherries and Thames boats in general, we hold in utter abhorrence as nothing less than hearses in disguise; and therefore we determined, at whatever expense of time and hunger, to wait till a more eligible conveyance should appear. At last a bluff voice beside us whispered, in the tone of a moderate north-easter, "Here's the Blackwall dingy, ho! ho!" We looked, but nothing answering our expectation met our longing eyes; though certainly up the reach there did come something which, as it was no other sort of boat known to the sons of men, we felt convinced must be a steamboat; but still it carried its steam, as the saying is, with a difference. Instead of paddle-wheels and paddle-boxes, to which custom has almost reconciled the eye, this nondescript crept up the river by the aid of a long upright iron bar, armed at the water end with one single paddle, which it jerked fore and aft at every motion, alternately with another at the other side. The advantage of this apparatus being, that it occupies very little space in the vessel, and can be unshipped in a very short space of time, a patent has been taken out for it to be applied in aid of sailing vessels, and it plies between Greenwich and Blackwall, to act, we suppose, as its own advertisement. We got all our *impedimenta* fairly shipped, and away we careered down the river on board our diminutive steamer, which kept tossing its long shanks about like a deranged spider, and were safely landed on the Brunswick wharf, where we saw resting on its shadow the stately Clarence. It was now seven o'clock; our friends were ready to receive us; the waiters in solemn procession, to the number of six, walked into the room, each bearing a miracle of the culinary art, which Mrs Hemans has unaccountably omitted to celebrate in her *Treasures of the Deep*: a few champagne corks flew out as if by accident, and at seven we had forgotten all the miseries not only of our journey from London to Blackwall, but of our journey through life. There are few pleasanter things in this weary world than a white-bait dinner at Blackwall. The view from the window is like a great peristrephic panorama of ancient Tyre; or rather, which is a far grander and nobler thing, it *is* a great moving panorama of the watery approach to modern London, where countless multitudes of ships—like the marriage procession of Aladdin—pass on in shining rows, to pour the wealth of Ormus and Ind

into the world's treasure-house. Here come ships from the Pacific, that have tossed and tumbled round Cape Horn; there's a huge brig from the Baltic; and here's an immense three-master from the city of palaces in "Gunga's sacred tide." And at this very moment that these are placidly floating homeward—loaded with the rewards of skill and industry—a vision rises before us of the sight we saw a little week ago, of the meteor flag waving from the mast-heads of all those glorious men-of-war at Portsmouth and Spithead. Gentlemen, here's ships, colonies, and commerce, and the three kingdoms, against the world!

But it is a most distressing fact that a white-bait dinner cannot last for ever. People began to pull out their watches and make ominous enquiries about conveyances back to town. In the mean time the plot was evidently thickening at the Brunswick wharf—carts, coaches, and all manner of vehicles had been sounding on the rough stones, with redoubled activity, for the last hour; whistling, of a nature unknown to birds and landsmen, had been piercing the dull ear of the drowsy night for a long while; and we had barely time for a cup of coffee and its indispensable *chasse*, when a bell frightened the isle (of Dogs) from its propriety; an unearthly screaming of steam, as it forced its way up the narrow chimney, and hooted and whizzed at the top of it, to the alarm of all peaceably-disposed sailing vessels; and a multitude of other sounds too distinctly prognostic of an immediate flitting, hurried us to the pier without further delay; and as a very few minutes sufficed to satisfy us that all was right, children in bed and asleep, and luggage all safe in the hold, we felt quite delighted with our situation; and after a few convulsive strains, the great vessel moved slowly from her moorings, and dropped down the now darkened river, faintly smoking, slightly heaving, and dimly seen—like the ghost of a manufactory.

All mortals do not wear quizzing-glasses or spectacles, and yet all mortals are short-sighted—beyond the skill of Wardrop or the magnifiers of Dollond—or what could have accounted for the satisfied appearance of every one on board, as long as we were on the smooth water west of Gravesend, while innumerable white waves were boiling and roaring at the Nore, and a tremendous north-wester walloping the German Ocean, till it howled like a French thief at the whipping-post? But there we all were, as snug as possible, with the certainty—so we thought—of reaching Edinburgh at five o'clock on Monday. There certainly was a good deal of *reaching* before that time, but Edinburgh did not cast up till after many days. Small knots formed themselves round the tables in the saloon, either to consolidate old friendships among the passengers thus casually thrown together, or to make new ones. The stewards kept bustling about, carrying whisky and biscuits, and hot water and cheese, to the various "numbers;" while carpet bags, and dressing cases, and small portmanteaus were hurried into the cabins; and the stewardess—a nice little merry-faced woman—flitted across the doorway, loaded with silk cloaks and wicker baskets. Gradually the light of conviviality burned low—exclamations were heard in various tones of voice, "Well, I think I shall turn in,"—group after group disappeared, and we went up on deck to take a last look at the grand river and starry sky, before we wrapped ourselves into the wooden strait-waistcoat which people facetiously call a gentleman's berth. Great lines of grey clouds were sailing across the heaven—a sharp whistling sound was audible among the cordage at the top of the masts, and we detected the captain looking upwards every now and then, and walking at an increased pace along the deck. We thought he was, perhaps, an astronomer; and sitting down on the grating over the cabin window, we lived over again the glorious week we had spent in the great city. We saw before us our countryman Lauder's admirable picture of the Trial of Effie Deans, which we had seen on Wednesday in the Exhibition. We recalled the careful looks of Jeanie, bending over the insensible father, and the agonized attitude of the beautiful Lily of St Leonard's, striving in vain to reach the broken-hearted old man. A fine picture painted by a great artist, who is also a great poet—only handling a brush instead of a pen—for there is great poetry in the telling of the

story. We recalled, no less vividly, the sculptured forms of two beautiful children—a young boy trying to win over an offended little girl—the gem of the whole statue gallery of the Exhibition, and superior in gentleness and beauty to Chantrey's Sleeping Cherubs in Litchfield Cathedral. We brought before us, not less vividly, the majesty of the colossal figure of Mr Tennant—a most majestic impersonation of deep thought and dignified worth—and felt not a little proud that the creator of those two noble works was another of our countrymen—Parke. We, after that, went to the Opera; and as we got opposite Halderman "Armers," we heard the clear notes of Grisi and Madame Loewe, united to each other by the inimitable tones of Rubini, in the trio in the first act of the Don Giovanni Protegga il giusto cielo. Then we heard Persiani and Lablache, and again felt some ticklings of vanity that we should have listened to an opera, sung by the six finest performers in Europe—Lablache, Tamburini, Rubini, Grisi, Loewe, and Persiani. At last, in the course of our reminiscences, just about opposite Gravesend, we went again to the Opera House, and heard Mademoiselle Rachel in the Horace of the grand Corneille—a clever impassioned actress, able in some degree to get over the monotonous drawl of the French alexandrines, and the insupportable dulness of the individual part, Camille—and therefore a woman of genius; but as to dignity or the expression of the tragic passions, *negatur*. It may, perhaps, be French passion; but, to our plain ears, it sounded like very fine declamation by a young lady in a passion of a very different kind. We advise all persons unprovided with a wife to beware of any young lady with the tremendous powers of scolding possessed by Miss Camille. We confess we were neither surprised nor sorry to see Horace junior put an end to her vixenism and misery by a false stab with a tin dagger—if it had been a pinch on the ear, we should have been glad to see it *real*. After all these recollections, a turn or two about the deck, and on enquiry if all was right in the ladies' cabin, we plunged into the lower regions, and after sundry attempts to find our berth, performed the difficult achievement of getting into bed; and with our head filled with a confused jumble of all we had been meditating before, with Effie Deans, and Rubini, and the two statues by Mr Parke, singing, "Non ti sfidar O misera," we sank into a profound and comfortable repose.

At eight o'clock next morning we looked out of our dormitory, and thought we were spectators of a field of battle. Gentlemen in all sorts of picturesque attitudes and unstudied costumes, were spread helplessly along the floor; while one or two, who retained the perpendicular, were so unsteady in their movements—toppling over, first to one side, then to the other—staggering among the recumbent bodies of their companions, and making such desperate efforts all the while to stand still, that it almost appeared as if those staid and respectable individuals were endeavouring to dance Jim Crow for our amusement. However, we participated too fully in the unsteadiness under which they were labouring, to remain long under so pleasing a delusion. There are no words capable of a greater variety of deep tragic intonation than "Steward, bring the bucket." All men under the excitement of real feelings, are more effective than the most consummate actors. We accordingly felt as if we were surrounded by Keans and Kembles; but our friend, the steward, exhibited a pattern of equanimity, and command over his feelings, worthy of a Roman father, and seemed to have no more sympathy for the agonized wretches before him, than if they had been so many pigs. It almost appeared as if he disputed the right of any man to be sick in June. There were no preparations for such an uncalled-for occurrence, and the buckets so feelingly invoked were as intractable as the spirits of Owen Glendower. The more they were called for, the more they did not come. The vessel, which was very high out of the water, pitched and reeled, first from stem to stern, then from starboard to larboard, yawing, creaking, shrieking, and groaning in all her timbers, as if she had got into a position she did not at all like; and from sheer curiosity to discover what could be the meaning of all the hullabaloo, we managed with surprising dexterity to slip into our clothes, and by dint of holding on by

the sides of the cabin, and watching for a lull to make a movement forward, we succeeded in getting upon deck. The sight was very fine, only you may depend on it, that the German Ocean, in a gale of wind, is very different from the pond in your private gardens. It has an angrier look than the Atlantic—the waves come shorter and quicker, and we must candidly confess they made a regular example of the unfortunate Clarence. No land was in sight, for a nasty grey fringe of mist and rain lay upon the limit of the sea-line, and confined our view to the white-headed tumbling waters, and the writhing and jerking ship. Meanwhile the sky above was tolerably clear, but the wind was completely against us. Every now and then a huge wave hit right upon our bows, and seemed to drive us back for a minute or two, in spite of our three hundred horse-power; but the ship, shaking her head, like Scroggins after a facer from Gipsy Cooper, rushed forward again, only to be stopped by another tremendous body-blow, that made it go through the same process as before. As night closed in, we grew tired of watching the interminable struggle, and in spite of all the sights and sounds and smells we were certain to encounter in the cabin, we contrived to stagger safely below, and once more deposit ourselves in our crib. Our meditations this time were not of Rubini and Lablache, but of our own egregious folly in tempting the dangerous deep, when there were chaises and post-horses to be had on land. We also thought occasionally on powerful doses of ipecacuanha; and sometimes, when a lurch came deeper and longer-continued than ordinary, we confess we were not altogether forgetful of the President. Twenty-four hours of these miserable reflections would be unpleasant enough in December; but to go through all these distresses in the merry month of June, seemed so out of the course of nature, that we felt very much inclined to believe that the world was coming to an end. But if the world was not near its conclusion, our perils and disasters by sea were drawing near their close. The captain, finding it useless to buffet about with so chopping a sea, and perhaps feeling some little compassion for his passengers, put about on Monday morning, and at about twelve o'clock cast anchor in Bridlington Bay. Upwards of a hundred vessels of all shapes and sizes had taken shelter here before us, and we shall not soon forget the fine effect of so many ships lying under the bold cliffs of the Yorkshire coast, in comparatively smooth water, while, a short distance out to sea, the storm was still raging, and tossing the ocean into all manner of fantastic shapes. It is lucky we said *comparatively* smooth water, for even in the bay the waves were very disagreeable customers to any gentleman of weak nerves and debilitated stomach; and perhaps the motion in a smaller vessel would have been still more unpleasant, as it was not caused directly by the wind, but by the agitation of the tumultuous waves outside. They certainly were kicking up a tremendous row, and we were no little rejoiced to have got out of their clutches. The moment it had been announced that we were running for Bridlington Bay, a great stir took place among the passengers, many of whom determined, whatever it might cost, to get to land; and a message reached us from the ladies' cabin, that no time was to be lost in securing a boat, as another night in the steam-boat would be certain death to all. So speaks nausea, the most immitigable of tyrants—with no regard to the circumstances of the case:—for, supposing us landed, how were we to get to Edinburgh? We had but thirty pounds in our pocket, and seven people to convey two hundred and fifty or sixty miles. However, we determined to get ashore, somehow or other, and fight our way northward the best way we could. Groups of pale-faced, hollow-eyed passengers, surrounded with carpet-bags and travelling-cases, were now assembled on deck, and, by dint of soft words and hard ones alternately, we persuaded the two stewards to assist us in getting some of our luggage from the hold. But how to get to shore was now the difficulty. There were thirty-three of us determined, at all hazards, to leave the ship, and we were in some doubt as to the conveyance of so many. Shortly after dropping anchor, one of the coast boats, a low-lying Yorkshire cobble, with one little lug sail, double-reefed, and as black as a soot-bag, came alongside, and a little fellow tripped on board—a true Yorkshire jockey, though in a different element,

with very cunning eyes, set in a face which was by no means unlike a dried dog-fish, and said he was ready to carry any party ashore that desired it. The distance was perhaps a mile, and his charge only five shillings a-piece, —an exorbitant demand, which gave us a very luminous view of the advantages of a monopoly. The first party that went ashore consisted of fourteen, and as a parson and his family belonged to it, the sailors began to hope the wind would go down; for there is a very amiable superstition among seamen, perhaps handed down by tradition from the days of Jonah, that whenever a clergyman comes on board there is likely to be foul weather. The absence of our reverend friend, however, had no perceptible effect, and the sky seemed rather to get more and more threatening all round. Ours was the next turn, and being joined by a lady and her son—a pretty little boy in delicate health, who had suffered very severely from the sickness—our party was increased to nine. We looked over the gunwale of the steamer with no slight misgivings, as we saw the cobble we were to go in rising and falling with the swell alongside; sometimes sunk far below the stairs that had been let down for our accommodation, and sometimes heaved so high up on the crest of a wave, that we could nearly have stepped into her from the deck. But so great was the general distaste for another night on board, that nothing could daunt the patriotic ardour of the whole of our party to touch once more "their own, their native land;" or, indeed, any other land, provided only it was firm and dry. We got boxes and baskets tossed into the cobble, and by watching our time when the swell brought its gunwale just to the level of the step we stood on, we got safely in beside them, though at the expense of wet feet; for the waves had broke into her, and left her about half a foot deep in the floor. The children had next to be embarked, and the Yorkshire boatmen showed a very decided genius for cricket; for such bowling and catching we have seldom seen at Lord's, and we doubt whether Pilch and Lilywhite would have performed so well, the balls being children, and the wicket a Yorkshire hogboat. Great strong healthy boats these same cobbles undoubtedly are; high in the bows and low in the stern, they dash off the water without shipping a cupful while in motion; and with their stout mast and low sail, they take only as much wind as is good for them, and are as safe, when well handled, as a seventy-four. We glided gallantly through the waves, and on rounding the stone pier at Bridlington, found ourselves in perfectly calm water, in the midst of a host of coal barges and coasting vessels which were lying quietly alongside the wharf. We proceeded without loss of time to the principal inn, called the Britannia, and were shown into a comfortable room with a blazing fire, and were immediately welcomed by two of our late companions who had the start of us, and were solacing themselves with hot toast and tea. In this pleasing occupation we soon joined them, and speedily became like that numerous and enviable class of the queen's subjects, the gentlemen of England who live at home at ease, and very little think upon the dangers of the seas. Our thoughts were now rather on chaises and postilions, and the desirableness of a good map; for it seemed incredible to us that the nearest way to Scotland was through York. But so it was. Our two friends, who were merely travelling, as they expressed it, for a lark, had even discovered that their best way was to go to Hull by a coach, and thence to York by the railway, making a distance of nearly eighty miles. We thought at first they were specimens of the proud Republic, they talked so knowingly about the Atlantic and the President; their attitudes, also, corroborated our impression, as one sat with his leg thrown over the back of his chair, and the other threw himself with easy negligence at full length on the floor; but we gathered from their conversation that they were from the neighbourhood of Southampton, and concluded they had acquired those American refinements in the course of their intercourse with that highly polished and freedom-loving people.

While the children were being settled for the night in the nice clean rooms of the Britannia, we strolled out to the pier. It is built of magnificent blocks of red sandstone from Whitby, and in summer weather—as

this ought to have been—must be a delightful promenade. It commands a splendid view of the deep circular bay, and the bold projections of Flamborough Head—the whole shore not unlike the bay of Sandown in the Isle of Wight, and the Culver cliffs. The gale was still piping its loudest, and the crowd of shipping was immense. Our worthy friend the Dogfish was reaping a golden harvest, and making trips between the shore aud the Clarence continually. The country round Bridlington is very beautiful; and as a great deal of "quality" come to the quay in autumn, it must be one of the nicest little watering-places on the eastern coast. The village of Bridlington itself is distant about a mile; and, if it has no other recommendation, must at least be very healthy, for in the churchyard is a tombstone to the memory of Thomas Newman, aged 153—without any note or comment on his extraordinary longevity, but a mere announcement of the fact, as in other places one sees—died such a one, aged sixty-five. We suspect some waggish mason must have interpolated the first figure, and added a century to the age of the said Thomas Newman, who died in reality at the very moderate age of fifty-three—the date of the death is 1542, so it is now too late to find out the truth.

But time presses—a large old-fashioned barouche is at the door on Tuesday morning at ten o'clock; and after bundling our whole party into the capacious interior, we mount the box beside the driver, and amid bows and curtsies from waiters and chambermaids, we trot up the solitary street, turning our backs, nothing loth, on the good ship the Clarence, which we perceive still riding at anchor among the shipping in the bay. Our first stage was to Driffield, twelve miles through a beautiful country, with capital roads—the horses, though rum ones to look at, were rare ones to go—and the wind, which made it somewhat difficult to retain our hat, was a perpetual remembrancer to us that we were no longer at its mercy, but that we could say, with a nod over the left shoulder to the assengers we had left behind, "inveni portum; ludite nunc alios." The land, on first leaving Bridlington, is not very fertile; but the whole country, thanks to the absence of stone, is intersected with hedge-rows and young plantations, which give it a very rich and flourishing appearance. The villages we pass through seem all to be show places, rather than out-of-the-way Yorkshire hamlets. They are all beautifully whitewashed, and garnished from foundation to roof with flowers. A great proprietor in the neighbourhood, Sir Henry Boyton, has been particularly successful in beautifying his village — the modern lightness and prettiness of which contrasts admirably with the fine Elizabethan solemnity of the hall—a grand old building with an immense screen; and of which our Jehu told us the popular saying, that there were as many entrance doors in it as months, as many chimneys as weeks, and as many windows as days in the year—a pleasing piece of intelligence, we doubt not, to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. We recommend all writers of novels, especially those who, like the Marquis of Normanby, indulge in pictures of high life, and are in want of fitting names for their heroes, to post from Bridlington to York. On the commonest sign-posts are names that would electrify a drawing-room. No Smiths, or Whites, or Browns — the least euphonious being such appellations as Dallinford, (cheesemonger,) Allanby, (grocer; and in the village of Bortown—hear it ye glimpsers into Almacks, and authoresses of Family Records!—Mark Normandale, licensed dealer in tea and tobacco.

From Driffield we proceeded sixteen miles further to Carraby Inn—the country characterized by the same features, though unluckily, as our driver had exchanged the coach-box for the saddle, we could pick up very little information about the various seats we passed. Carraby Inn itself, is one of the nicest retirements imaginable for some hermit who did not wish to be entirely out of the world, and yet to have solitude to his heart's content. Nothing could be pleasanter than the clean-sanded floor of the little room we were shown into, and a finished appearance of neatness and comfort pervaded the whole house. Some time or other we should like nothing better than to spend a week under the hospitable roof of John Kirby. We should like, also, to lay a wager that there is some good port

wine in the cellar, and some exquisite home-brewed, of which the manufacture was skilfully superintended by the game-legged old gentleman himself. Twelve miles further, through a country thickening with the appearances of wealth, as befits the neighbourhood of a great city, conducted us into York, and landed us, tired and happy, at the George Hotel. Our sitting-room was about fifty feet long and twenty or twenty-five in breadth, with a floor so very uneven, and a ceiling so richly ornamented, that we fancied the inn, more fortunate than the knife-grinder, must have a story to tell. At one end of the room was an immense window, with some fine coloured glass still remaining in the upper portion. One whole pane, in very good preservation, contained the royal arms, with C. II. at one corner. Another contained a coat-of-arms richly coloured, with the Order of the Garter, and on a plain scroll at the foot, "Dieu est tout." The house, in reality, had belonged to many noble families; among others, being the property, at one time, of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, whose blazon still ornamented the window. After that it got into the hands of the Wentworths, and about a hundred years ago, sank down into an inn, and a very comfortable inn we have found it. A curiously-arranged place it was; with the modern and the ancient so jostling each other, that a stalwarth man-at-arms, in buff jerkin and high boots, would not have been more out of keeping with the new part, than the dapper waiter—a very civil and intelligent man—with a white napkin over his arm, was with the deep oak panellings and heavy ornate roof. There were passages that led to nothing; and so many ups and downs that it might have stood for a stone-and-mortar allegory of human life; and it was with some surprise and great gratification, that we found we had reached our sleeping apartments without tumbling into some dungeon, or, at all events, breaking our shins against some stair.

In the morning we sallied forth, at eight o'clock, to see the Minster; which, as all people either have seen it, and remember it without a description, or ought to have seen it, and therefore don't deserve to have it described—we shall pass over in silence, as the noblest and stateliest example of Gothic cathedral architecture which the world contains: but, though we omit all notice of the building, we cannot avoid entering our protest against the admission into so sacred a place of so ludicrous and disgusting an epitaph as that to Lora Dawnay, Baroness Downe. Oh, Archbishop of York!—oh, Dean and Chapter, or whoever has the jurisdiction in such matters!—get the horrid tablet covered over. You have no notion how it shocks the feelings of awe and reverence that your long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults have produced, to read about a person who "died at her house in such a street in London, which she lived in alternately with her other house in the country," and to be referred for an account of her merits to "the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August 1812." And this in the midst of tombs of saints and nobles—belted knights and mitred abbots—whose effigies are grey with the dust of seven hundred years! We are happy to say, however, that the epitaph, gross as it was, did not stick in our gizzard sufficiently to interfere with the swallowing of our breakfast. At eleven we were all comfortably seated in the railway coach to Darlington, and fizzed along the level at the rate of three-and-twenty miles an hour. It is difficult, while sitting in a well-built carriage, and moving so easily over the ground, to believe in the possibility of an accident; and yet it surely can't be that all those coroners and their juries who publish their proceedings every week are joking—or that they are all coach proprietors with a spite against steam, and bring in verdicts of fictitious deaths, and levy deodands on imaginary trains—or do some persons, devoted to the old system, heroically sacrifice themselves for the benefit of all other horse-contractors, by flinging themselves off the train, while at full speed, with the intention thereby of bringing that mode of travelling into odium and disrepute? These are puzzling questions, and whatever may be the answer, we can only say that, on the present occasion, we felt as safe as if we had been locked up in our own study; and a good deal more satisfied as to our position, than when we exchanged the steam coach at Darlington for the ancient four horse turn-out to Newcastle, The coach itself seemed old and crazy, and the harness in bad

condition. The driver also did not seem so skilful a charioteer as became his calling. He was a heavy Yorkshireman, who was more knowing about other things than the driving of horses; and the consequence was, that while we picked up information about pits and collieries, we were very nearly upset. Going down the hill into Durham, the pole chain slipped, and it was almost impossible to stop the ponderous vehicle. Luckily the horses were very quiet, and came to a stand-still within an inch or two of a high wall on the left hand side, the proximity of which so alarmed one of the outside passengers, that he threw himself off the coach on to the bank beyond the wall; but on finding all right he looked very sheepish, and stepped back again to his seat. Durham itself is the most breakneck of cities, and we congratulated ourselves no little, when, after threading its slippery streets, and crossing its narrow bridge, we found ourselves once more on the broad macadamized road. The coachman seemed also to be in high spirits after the perils of the journey, and endeavoured to amuse us with a variety of stories, of which Irishmen were always the heroes. How curious that a Yorkshireman, with a brogue as broad as Tyke's, should try to imitate the real Tipperary accent, making of the two so absurd a compound, that it was impossible to listen to him without being amused, though, at the same time, we confess we found it almost impossible to understand him! One of his stories was the old one about the Irishman driving a pig, who was asked by his friend, "Wheer be ye a-gowing to?" "Ush! Harrar—says he—Oi be a-gowin' to Limbrick; but don't say nuffin, Pat, for he thinks he be a gowin' to Dubling." Such was the Yorko-Hibernian version. Another was an incident that happened in his own hearing. A gentleman on the coach at one of the stopping-places in Gateshead, asked a hodman if he could direct him to the sign of the Sun in Newcastle. The fellow looked sorely puzzled for some time, and then said, "Faith, and I don't know of any other Sun in Newcastle except the Half-moon over the way—and sure enough sir, the Half-moon public-house was just across the street." The whole of the drive from Durham to Newcastle is through smut and coal-dust. Innumerable collieries are vomiting forth clouds of smoke—the very trees having their green leaves begrimed with soot. At short intervals along the road are splendid houses—the mansions of the great proprietors—built of the finest stone, but blackened and dirtied by the murky atmosphere. Perhaps the smoke arising from these subterranean treasuries has some sweet savour in the nostrils of the owners, unknown to the olfactories of disinterested men; but to us, the vicinity of so many chimneys would be intolerable. The expense in soap must be prodigious. The landscape, naturally beautiful, is utterly ruined; and henceforward we shall always be of opinion that old King Coal is a decided enemy to the picturesque. But if this be the case in single houses, what must it be in a town? and of all the dingy, dirty, detestable towns in England or elsewhere, Newcastle-on-Tyne is decidedly the worst; and we may venture to add, without much fear of contradiction, that the most abominable inn in that abominable town, is the ——. There were thirty different parties at tea, and only two waiters; the consequence was, we had all to turn waiters too, for an indefinite period, and at an immense sacrifice of time and temper. The rooms were dark and dirty; and there was a chambermaid who was so preternaturally ugly that she might have done for a portrait of nightmare. Fuseli never imagined any thing so diabolical after gorging himself on raw pork steaks; and to this hour we have some doubts whether the hideous being was not a fantasm of the brain, instead of a living and breathing native of Newcastle. There is, however, this abatement to her ugliness, that as beauty and ugliness, in spite of Lord Jeffrey, are rather relative than positive, she is perhaps thought a very tolerable young woman in her native place—for the streets were thronged with the most ill-favoured population we ever encountered—cripples, dwarfs, and drunkards. The number of spirit-shops is, indeed, amazing, and they seemed all in full trade; men tolerably well dressed were staggering about completely drunk—this was about seven o'clock in the evening—and women were crowding into the gin shops—a fearful sight. We have passed two or three times through Birmingham, and never saw

such proofs of the iniquity and demoralization of a great manufacturing town as we did in our two hours' stroll through the streets of Newcastle. The street advertisements were different from those we have been used to encounter elsewhere—one, for instance, was from a "Mrs Chapelsmith, who will deliver a lecture on Sunday evening, in which she will state the reason why, having been a Calv*a*nist"—this is her own spelling—"she is now a Socialist. Admission 2d." The reason assigned by this eloquent and respectable lady for the change, was probably the same that induces a horse that has been too tightly reined to get the bit in its teeth, and run away. There were also advertisements of the establishment of a Chartist newspaper by the conductors of the late *Northern Liberator;* and we don't know whether to consider it as a good or a bad sign, that amidst all these and numerous other handbills, was one inviting so steady and humdrum a man as our stupid old friend, Joseph Hume, to stand for Newcastle at the next election. We did not discover whether Mrs Chapelsmith—ominous name!—had signed the requisition; but in all probability the exorbitance of her charge would prevent our economical acquaintance from profiting by her lectures. There was a man with a very pale face and a most cunning expression of countenance, preaching on original sin, under the pillar to Lord Grey. About twenty half-tipsy raggamuffins were gathered round him; and one of these, a young fellow about fifteen, kept his eye fixed on our pocket-handkerchief, as if he had some idea it was the forbidden fruit. That lad will certainly be hanged, if there is truth in Lavater. The preacher was not by any means dull; he had considerable action and a great flow of words, and was exceedingly severe, and almost personal, to our first parents. He wore a black velvet cap, which gave him somewhat the appearance of a converted jockey, and was tremendously long-winded; for when we had circled the market, and seen a large portion of the town, we still saw the velvet cap, and caught a few words now and then about that "miserable happle."

We had heard a great deal of the architectural wonders of Newcastle, and the talents of its enterprizing inhabitant, Mr Grainger. It certainly was a bold thought to bestow any care on the masonry of a town so devoted to dirt and dinginess; but we cannot deny that the attempt to create fine streets and imposing masses of building, has been very successful. The Grey monument is very admirably placed, and the architecture in its neighbourhood very striking and massive. The most curious thing, in the present state of the improvements, is the evident encroachment of the new buildings on the old. The old town, with its wretched brick houses, is still there; but it is very manifest to the most cursory observer, that it will soon be entirely submerged in the progress of the architectural deluge. At the present moment it has the effect of the dissolving views which are shown at the Polytechnic, where the image of a new picture is thrown upon the disc before the old one has quite vanished away; and where the majestic porticos and long corridors of the new Royal Exchange are seen effacing, as it were, the blackened ruins of the old. It is only to be regretted that Mr Grainger's genius had not a fitter stage for its development; for the temples and towers of the Acropolis itself would become valueless in such an ungenial and detestable situation.

With lightened heart we started next morning, Thursday the 10th, on the driving-seat of a capital post-chaise, from the door of the uncomfortable —— Hotel for Morpeth, fourteen miles. The same perpetual smoke from unfathomable coal-pits destroyed the beauty of the scenery till we came near the end of the stage. Morpeth is a perfect specimen of an ancient burgh town, with remains of former ecclesiastical grandeur, and a spick and span new jail. Our funds were now wearing very low, and we are happy to record a trait which proves that the race of the good Samaritans is not extinct. As we were changing horses at the Queen's Head, we told the landlord, a most respectable looking member of the society of St Boniface, under what circumstances we had left the steam-boat at Bridlington, and asked him if he thought, when we got nearer to Edinburgh, the postmasters would forward us, if we happened to run short, to our destination. Our good-natured friend immediately inserted his hand into an apparently very well-filled

pocket, and offered us as much as we required. The assistance we needed was not much, but we are not the less indebted on that account to Mr Pearson, whose house we charge all well-disposed travellers, and all lovers of Maga, on no account to pass by. From Morpeth to Weldon Bridge is a drive of nine miles through a fine upland country little traversed by coaches, as the main road is through Alnwick and Berwick-on-Tweed. The inn itself at Weldon Bridge is the most captivating spot we ever saw. The Coquet winds gracefully under long lines of ash and oak plantations, and is full of excellent fish; and the landlord, evidently a brother of the angle, knows very well how to make his guests comfortable. In a couple of minutes he furnished us with the *beau-ideal* of a lunch, where every thing was the best of its kind: the bread home-baked, the butter cool and fresh, the cheese inimitable, and the porter superb. The country continues much the same till we pass Wooler, when it becomes doubly interesting, as being more decidedly a border region and the scene of feuds and forays, far different from these degenerate days—

> "When the thistle is join'd to the rose,
> An' the English nae langer are counted our foes."

Nothing struck us so much as the ride from Wooler, north, as the triumphs of agriculture over all natural disadvantages—up the sides of high hills, nearly to the top, ploughs and harrows were busy; and very fine crops were rising on ridges, in all probability a few years ago too barren to maintain a sheep. No houses of proprietors, no cottages of labourers were visible, and yet highly cultivated fields of immense extent, if fields they can be called, that stretched hundreds of acres without a single fence, gave evident marks of the toil and perseverance of the Northumbrian farmers. Where do all the labourers live?—for not one village did we come to in the whole of our journey from Morpeth to the Scottish border. Detached houses there certainly were, but very small and thinly spread, and by no means sufficient, as far as we could see, to supply such an army of ploughmen and farm servants as must be required for such immense operations. So thinly-peopled a district would have gladdened the heart of Malthus—if indeed any political economist has a heart to be gladdened—and in other respects it is well worthy of a visit. A fine old castle attracted our attention on the right, with antique towers and picturesque ruins, and altogether with more of a feudal air about it than any in that part of the country. We found it was Ford castle, the seat of the Marquis of Waterford, a place redolent of tilts and chivalry, and perhaps the better adapted, on that account, to be the scene of the return match at Tournament, at one time talked off, for the one played at Eglinton castle.

> "But lightly lightly tread, 'tis holy holy ground."

On the left, now covered with flourishing plantations, and interspersed with small hillocks, lies Flodden field, of which, as pious Scotch people, we desire to say as little as possible, unless, as a pendant to it, we may be allowed to make a few allusions to Bannockburn.

A few poor-looking trees, close to the road, had arrested our notice, from being surrounded by a very handsome hewn stone wall. The space so enclosed could not be more than sixty or seventy feet long, by thirty or forty wide. The trees, as we have said, were poor and common, and by no means worthy of such an expensive fence. On enquiring of the postilion, he told us it was called "Percy's Keep, 'cause one of the Earl Percies was slayed there." What Earl Percy? not Persæus ex-Northumbria, for he died, the heathen, on the other side of the Border. We went over all the Earl Percies we could remember in tale or history, from the hero of Chevy Chace and Hotspur downwards, but could not fix on any one who was likely to be the tenant of that roadside sepulchre; and as our cicerone, most probably, could not have answered our queries if we had propounded them to him, we were well pleased to take on trust that some gallant Percy had here looked proudly to heaven from the deathbed of fame, and we now looked back with very different feelings on the young trees and rough grey stones that mark the resting-place of one of that heroic line. We had been recommended to stop for the night at Cornhill, a village on the English side of the Tweed; but patriotism was strong in our souls, and we determined to proceed to Cold-

stream, and sleep on Scottish ground, —in this instance, as in many others, realizing the old adage, of going farther and faring worse. The point of entrance by this road, is perhaps the most beautiful on the Tweed. The river is spanned by a handsome bridge, and thick woods wave on each side of the water, as far as the eye can reach. Cornhill is a small village, with one remarkably good-looking inn, on which we cast back many lingering fond regards, when we pulled up in Coldstream, at the door of a miserable-looking change-house kept by Mrs Margaret Sang. At one time we had great thoughts of going back to the hostel we had passed; but the house, though dingy and unpromising outside, was clean and cozy within. The landlady was a tidy, bustling, nice old lady; and a comfortable "tea," flanked with corned beef, and a young salmon-trout, that morning caught in Tweed, reconciled us to our position entirely. A stroll by the banks of the river, and an inspection of the monument raised by numerous friends to Charles Marjoribanks of Lees—the only monument we could see about the straggling dirty village—concluded our labours for the day; and, in the midst of an attempt to recollect the passage in Walter Scott,

"Is there a man with soul so dead,"

we fell asleep. These two border villages struck us, even in their names, to be typical of their respective countries; or to be like the watchwords of two adjacent camps. Bluff, jolly, big-bellied, redfaced England, being represented by *Corn*-hill; and Cold-stream being the parole and emblem of long-armed, high-cheeked, strong-legged, lion-hearted Caledonia.

It is not to be supposed that the journey, such as we have described it, was performed "in sunshine and in calm." We did not, indeed, feel the effects of the wind so much on the dicky of a chaise, as on board the gallant Clarence; but the gale was blowing with unabated fury. The young plantations were bent beneath it wherever we looked; even the young wheat was in many places as completely laid as if it had been submitted to a fortnight's rain; and, greatly to our satisfaction, we heard, at the various places we stopped at, that the Edinburgh coaches were filled with passengers from Bridlington; from which we concluded, that many who seemed to consider our departure premature, had grown tired of tossing about at anchor themselves, and had disembarked on the following day. The Clarence itself did not leave her shelter till the Wednesday; as the captain very sensibly concluded, that after waiting so long, it would be useless to put to sea till what he waited for came. But even on Wednesday the passage must have been very rough. By land the wind was not only very high, but as chilly as we generally find it in November. The sea, which we saw on our stage from Aln bridge to Wooler, looked cold and tempestuous, and we could perceive, even at that distance, long lines of white breakers along the shore. The rest of the trip to Edinburgh is through a country so well-known, and of which, with the exception of the neighbourhood of Kelso, so little favourable can be said, that we pass all details of it *sub silentio*. The gale, in addition to causing us much fatigue and anxiety, we found, on arriving at Edinburgh, had cost us, besides the full passage-money to Leith, a little more than thirty pounds, which is a convincing proof that raising the wind does not always increase the property. And it is, perhaps, unnecessary to add, that the rest of our journeys, at whatever time of the year, shall invariably be by land.

TEN YEARS OF THE WHIGS.

We address our countrymen on the eve of the most important decision which can be formed by a free people. The elections are to settle the question, not between names but things—not between parties but principles. They are distinctly to decide, whether we shall henceforth be governed by individuals pledged to dangerous innovation, or to others whose opinions are in conformity with the spirit of the constitution. The writ which summons the nation to the hustings at this crisis, summons them to stamp the practical determination, whether we shall submit all that is dearest to us on earth, to a party elevated into power by the populace, dependent on the populace, and now offering to purchase that populace by a still deeper devotion to its will, or shall fix in government men of ability and character, alike superior to violent demands and criminal concessions.

In our remarks, we shall limit ourselves to the great object, the actual dangers of the constitution. We shall leave the characters of the present cabinet as we find them. They are not made for panegyric, and they will never be named by history—they are passing, even already, out of the public mind. No man regards them as formed by nature, or by circumstances, for the true depositaries of public power. If they had been thrown into the humblest condition of official drudgery, or left to lounge away their faculties in the shapeless and valueless round of fashionable life, no one living could have regarded them as misplaced—no national regret would ever have been called on to lament over their lost energies. The only use of such lives is to confirm the contemptuous maxim of the Swedish statesmen, "With how little wisdom states may be governed," and to guard posterity against the desperate evils that may be done by faculties which seemed to be made for doing nothing.

But the object to which we look, beyond the career of those triflers, is of a bolder form. The true danger of all free constitutions is democracy. By the predominance of popular power, all the constitutions of the ancient republics perished. The favourite demagogue became the despot; or the seizure of the public property broke down the resources of the state against foreign aggression; in all an element of discord had been introduced—a fatal disease which, sometimes gnawing away the vitals of the state, at others maddening it, rapidly brought the constitution to the sepulchre.

Modern Whiggism is pledged to democracy. A Whig government of great talents, vigorous activity, and public character, established by eminent public success, if such shall ever be, may by possibility refuse a compliance with the more extravagant caprices of the multitude; but a Whig ministry, at once weak in its composition, and ill-omened in its career, hopeless of pursuing any original course for itself, and helpless in carrying through even the ordinary duties of administration, *must* be dependent. The more it is scorned by men of character, the more eager it must be in its canvass of the men of none; the oftener it is defeated in the legislature, the oftener must it take refuge behind the rabble; until, altogether deserting the natural and manly means of appeal to the national judgment, it lives on intrigue, traffics in pledges, and thinks all the hurts of its nature healed by the prolongation of its pay.

We shall now proceed to give a brief history of Whiggism—once a noble name, and identified with British freedom, but long since degenerated into the watchword of a party, never trusted but with hazard to the national prosperity, never active but in times of public misfortune, and never obtaining power but to leave its trace in some broken bulwark of the constitution.

The Whiggism of the Revolution of 1688, was a declaration of the triumph of the Church of England over the tyranny of Rome; it established the great principles, that the government of England was not to be favouritism, nor the religion superstition; and protesting alike against the tyranny of James and the bigotry of his religion, it gave us a constitution unexampled in the world. Who

shall discern those features in the Whiggism of our day? No physiognomy ever more strongly bore the evidence of spuriousness. Illegitimacy is written in every line of its ill favoured and degenerate visage.

Faction always begins with the low; as the incendiary in a forest always lays his match among the weeds and brushwood. Modern Whiggism was first heard of in the middle of the last century. All fictitious public grievances are to be traced to the personal wants of the disturbers. Wilkes and Horne Tooke had turned politics into a profession, simply to recruit their wasted finances, and for a quarter of a century they contrived to embarrass the state. But such men were too feeble to shake the constitution; an outlawry or a jail was the natural result of their labours, as a tumult in St George's fields or a tavern dinner was the natural scene of their patriotism. They wanted the only position from which effectual good or ill may be done in England. Parliament repulsed the one, excluded the other, and paralysed both. Both now rapidly sunk out of public view; Wilkes to hide his head in a city sinecure, and Tooke to linger out life on a subscription.

But a personage of altogether superior rank, in point of abilities, connexions, and name, was to take up the fallen cause. In the year 1784, Fox stood at the head of the House of Commons. He was made for the leader of faction. Daring and reckless by nature; possessing eminent and cultivated talents; totally divested of all moral checks to their exercise; inflamed with ambition, and contemptuous of the opinions of men; no man was more distinctly trained for public employment, or more determined to convert it, at all risks, into permanent power. His early career had been characteristic. Commencing public life as a servant of the crown, his haughtiness had rendered him unfit for inferior office. He quarrelled with the minister, and lost his place. Pressed by personal difficulties, he again took office, and lost his character. The coalition with Lord North was a political suicide; it gave him a stab which could be given by no other hand. He might never have been a consistent leader of Opposition, or a safe head of the government, but that act doomed him to political expulsion for life. It was the mark of Cain upon his brow, and from that hour he felt the sentence of separation from all the settled honours of government; wandered away from the light of the constitution, and never returned within its verge, but to feel himself on the edge of the grave.

It is remarkable that, at this moment, the man should have appeared in parliament who was to inflict this sentence, and make the exclusion perpetual. William Pitt, a boy, a minister at the age of twenty-three, and, to all natural surmise, appearing only to be crushed by the first collision with the matured ability, parliamentary favouritism, and masterly eloquence of Fox. His character, his mind, and his eloquence, exhibited the most total contrast to those of the great leader of the Opposition. Pitt embodied the purity, the elevation, and the force of the monarchical and aristocratical principles of the constitution: Fox the heat, impetuosity, and restlessness of the democratic.

The removal of a dangerous man from power must at all times be of importance to a state; but times were approaching which rendered it essential. If it is religion to believe that a Providence superintends the world; it can be no superstition to believe that it adapts its means to its ends, that it prepares nations for trial and triumph; that it invests a people with the high commission of fighting the battle of truth and justice for mankind. It at the same time disables those influences which would shake its strength of soul in the day of battle.

The French Revolution was at hand. If Fox had been master of the councils of England in that day, the liberties of the empire must have fallen. He was too deeply pledged to the populace to have ever been able to retract. He might have been reluctant to follow (much less to lead) that wild tumult, which would have dragged the constitution to the altar; but he must have followed, with however tardy a step; he must have officiated in that wild ceremonial; the multitude would never have suffered their slave to affect the master; and the Minister of England must have only given the grace of official solemnity to the rite of blood and rapine. With Whiggism in power, and France raging with the new pestilence, England must have been revolutionized. The contact

must have been too close to escape the contagion. The speeches of Fox the partisan would have compelled Fox the minister to be dumb; and the feeble and transitory palliations of his advice, would have been nothing against the vivid and permanent venom of his example.

In our day we look back with astonishment and horror at the France of 1793; astonishment at the precipitate folly of its reforms, horror at the remorseless fury of its revenge. But the true moral of that terrible time is lost, if we regard it as the work of a transitory impulse. It was no casual barbarism, and no local fury. As well might the traveller in the American wilderness, who finds the bones of some slaughtered village bleaching in the wind, and sees the ground covered with the remnants of what was once human beings, imagine that the havoc was casual; or argue that, because the flames had smouldered away, and the knife reeked no more, the spirit of murder had passed, and that innocence and pastoral peace were the virtues of the forest and the prairie.

The spirit of the French Revolution was no more local than the light which, from the burning pile of the monarchy, threw its line over the horizon. The same distempered air which blew over France, blew over England and Europe. That revolution was rebuked by Pitt, and driven from our borders; but what must have been the calamities of this country, if, instead of a rebuke, it had been received with homage—if it had been installed as the tutelar genius of the constitution, and suffered to utter its voice as the sole oracle of a bewildered people? The same spirit is living still; wherever a democracy has been, or will be, there is its local habitation, whatever be its name.

In 1784, Whiggism had received its first defeat from the energy of the great English minister. From that period it lay at his feet. It has been its characteristic always to be torpid in times of public prosperity. No man has ever seen it taking a generous interest in the peaceful advancement of the nation. In the triumphs of England its existence was never to be known but—like that of a wild-beast in the day—by a growl from its cavern. But there never was an hour of public difficulty in which Whiggism was not instantly seen—not administering public help, but increasing the difficulty; bidding men take counsel of their fears and passions, exaggerating the evil, and accounting for every misfortune of nature or circumstances by the exclusion of the party from power. With the effrontery of the mountebank, Whiggism had always one object, its fee, and one remedy. Its wonder-working specific was sufficient for every disease: if the calamity came from heaven, or from earth, a failing harvest, or an unlucky expedition, a distemper among the cattle, or a panic in the funds, the quack was always ready, panacea in hand; Parliamentary reform was to cure all things. With the Parliament reformed, the sun was to shine for ever; pauperism was to be no more in the land; prosperity was to be universal, and all men were to be equally wealthy and wise.

In 1793, the second trial of Whiggism had begun. England, warned by the immortal wisdom of Burke, had soon shrunk from the atrocities of the French Revolution. But Whiggism, from that hour, but paid deeper homage to the faction of ruin. It adopted the wildest language of overthrow; followed all the substantial ferocities of France, with all the antics of imitative rebellion—under the vigilant and vigorous government of Pitt, it dared do no more. When France blasphemed Providence, and tyrannized over man, Whiggism gesticulated violence, and declaimed treason. These were times to try the hearts of men. The majority of all who, unconscious of the nature, had borne the name of Whigs, from old connexion, or hereditary reliance on its principles, now abandoned it, as its terrors deepened abroad. They felt as those might do, who, coming to the Roman amphitheatre to indulge their tastes with some glittering pageant, had seen the arena suddenly covered with gladiators, and swords drawn, and blood spilt, and fled from the wholesale massacre. But it was then only that the true spirit of the faction was discoverable. The murder of the unfortunate French King startled the whole honest mind of England. But it was only a signal for the more insolent language of Whiggism. Every hour saw its numbers reduced by the loss of some name of rank and honour, but every hour saw it only the more rigid, fierce, and

desperate. Statements of this order may now be listened to with incredulity, but they are true. What would now be frenzy, was then pronounced to be political wisdom; what would now be branded as the exclusive language of banditti, was then hailed as the patriotic expression of the regenerators of nations; declamations which would now consign their utterers to the cells of bedlam, or the dungeons of the public jail, were then the established dialect of men who pronounced themselves the only legitimate guardians of the rights of Britain and freedom. But England was not yet to be undone. She had first listened to the harangues of Whiggism with curiosity, she now heard them with disgust, and would hear no more. This contempt was fatal to the party. Whiggism without an audience, was without power, hope, or stimulant—always living on pretexts, it had opened its theatre with the French Revolution, as the most attractive drama of the time. But when the audience withdrew, the actors felt their occupation o'er, let fall the curtain, shut the doors, and shrank from tinsel regicides, fustian founders of states, into the common habiliments and common occupations of the obscure. The Whig leaders retired from Parliament, and were forgotten.

In 1804 another trial of Whiggism came. Napoleon had ascended the French throne; of all despots the most brilliant, but the most contemptuous of law, liberty, and the rights of nations. Hostile to the independence of all states, his hostility against England was rancour. Intrigue, insolence, the operation of vast power on the fears of the feebler continental thrones, and the subtlest labour of temptation and delusion with those who were above fear, characterized his antipathy. At length he furiously declared war; marched the whole military strength of France to the coast of the channel, and proclaimed his resolve to invade England. "I shall make it a country not fit for man to live in," was the atrocious threat of the modern Attila. But the English heart was only roused by the menace, and a million of men in arms instantly prepared to meet the invader. What was then the language of Whiggism? The most prostrate adulation of the national enemy, and the most peevish scorn of the gallant force which had arrayed itself to defend the hearths and altars of England. Napoleon was "the son of destiny;" "the irresistible;" "the great providential agent to change the face of nations:" with still more unlicensed sycophancy, he was called "an earthly providence." In 1805, he rushed upon Austria; in 1806, he smote Prussia; the two legs of the great image of European sovereignty, partly iron and partly clay, were now hewn down by the sword of the conqueror. The two gates of the universal empire were thrown open to him, and he was preparing to march through with spread banners, and the armies of Europe as subjects or vassals in his train. Slavery seemed the lot of all nations within reach of his ambition. Still Whiggism only kissed the dust more abjectly, and sang the louder pæan at his chariot wheels. Its language is on record, and is the language of that basest of slaves, a voluntary slave.

In 1808 another trial came. Spain rose in universal and gallant insurrection. Spain, the hereditary hireling of France, the hewer of wood and drawer of water for the languid dynasty of the Bourbons during a hundred years, had broken its fetters, and committed itself in the field against the rigorous tyranny of Napoleon. The stab of the French dagger had showed her that she had living blood in her veins; and she had made a heroic attempt to exact its price from her enemy. England answered her outcry for arms and help. All was generous sympathy but in one quarter. Whiggism exerted every effort to suppress the national feeling. Sneers and sarcasms, dull burlesques of what it called the new romance of Spain, and sinister predictions of the fate of any effort against the will of the French Emperor, were the only contributions of party to the cause. Even when the insurrection had continued for upwards of a year, and the capabilities of Spain to resist had been shown in the capture of French armies, in the gallant defence of fortresses, and in the formation of guerillas in every province, Whiggism still affected the language of alternate contempt and despair. It reproached ministers with the "crime" of sending money and arms to the peninsula, with the "folly" of allying England with a cause which *must* fail, and, above all, with the temerity of resisting Napoleon. It actually pronounced that

their liberality under such circumstances was "the *acme of madness*."

Even victory had no power to cure this acrid folly. In 1810, after the army under Wellington had triumphed over every force which had faced it in the field, party continued to pronounce that the war was utterly hopeless, that its only result must be to increase the power of the enemy, and that the best intelligence which the country could receive from the British general was, that he was enabled to escape on board his ships in the Tagus. A high authority in the party professed his opinion, "that it would have been just as well for the country if the soldiers who had fallen in the campaign had been shot in St James's Park."

Does any man in his senses now doubt that opinions like these, if they were sincere, argued either the most degrading ignorance or the most inveterate impolicy? If they were not sincere, what must be the minds which could thus flippantly distract the public council? But Whiggism must not be suffered to take refuge under the more respectable pretext of idiotcy. The eyes of the men who talked this solemn absurdity, were as much awake as those of the nation. They fully knew that a noble spirit had been summoned into existence in Spain; that Napoleon was, for the first time, destined to feel the resistance of a whole people; that a new and illustrious field was opened for the gallantry of the British armies; and that in Spain, if ever, the French eagle would be brought to the ground. Yet against this conviction they spoke, they acted, they intrigued. They had their reward. The people despised their predictions; ministers persevered, and shamed the soothsayers. The British general fought the French; —drove them from the Peninsula—climbed the Pyrenees with three armies, and poured them down upon France—restored the ancient family, and signed a capitulation for the Imperial throne. The usurper in chains was the answer to Whiggism. Which of those acts would have been done had Whiggism been paramount in the British Cabinet? Its bitter lips had already breathed an anathema on the rising honours of our troops; its ministerial hand would have snatched away the sword which was at once to smite the diadem of Napoleon, and sever the chains of Europe; it, whose legislative virtue would have been confined to making some contemptible truce, which, after rescuing France from the difficulties of a most desperate war, and paralysing the rising and indignant strength of the Continent, would have availed only till she was refreshed for new aggression; and England, stripped of allies, character, and resources, was left to wait the chances of battle alone. But this gratuitous insult to the feelings of the nation, this acrimonious denial of the most palpable truth, this intractable and callous insensibility to the noblest sacrifices of public virtue and individual patriotism—could be suffered no longer. The very name of Whig grew synonymous with degradation. Fatuity might be forgiven, but mean-spiritedness could find no excuse among an honourable people. The Whigs, first rendered objects of ridicule, now became objects of scorn. Their follies had made them pitiable, their bitterness now made them hated. They had been owls in the sunshine, only the blinder as the orb ascended nigher to the meridian; but, without the instinct of the owl, they had not sought the shade. The nation, weary of their hootings, at length pelted them from their perch, and drove them into obscurity. Whiggism was silenced for ten years.

In 1819, true to its instinct, the party appeared again; public disturbance was threatened, and the kite or the jackal was never surer to be seen prowling after the relics of some day of havoc, than Whiggism to be found starting from its lair in the track of threatened public evil. The unhappy conduct of the queen of George the Fourth had long excited foreign scandal. Without entering into a subject so repulsive, it is enough to say, that she was brought to trial, and that her cause was instantly adopted by Whiggism. The excitement has so long passed away, that the hopes, intrigues, and menaces of the party can be now remembered only with surprise at its unprincipled aptitude to seize on every occasion of power. If there ever was an instance in which political ambition should have kept aloof, it was in the discussions which involved only the rights of a husband and the innocence of a wife. The question was wholly domestic, though the individuals were Royal. But Whiggism saw its game, and determined to play it to the last extremity. The question of the royal

merits was already before the competent tribunal. But Whiggism resolved to transfer the trial to the streets. Mob processions were summoned to declare the voice of the empire; tavern declamations dictated to the Legislature; and the Queen, acquitted by the rabble, was taught her right to defy the law. Yet all failed; fortune once more escaped the grasp of those desperate gamblers. The queen suddenly expired, and with her the party was again consigned to lifelessness. They were unheard of for nearly ten years more.

In 1829, the Roman Catholic question came to disturb the country. The frame of a free country, like the frame of man, is continually in a balance between health and disease. Every noble organ of the frame is susceptible of derangement, and susceptible in proportion to its nobleness. A despotic government has but one disease—lethargy; a free government has the capability of suffering in every passion and impulse, every lofty energy, and every natural enjoyment of its being. Religion is among the vital principles of England. It is the heart, but, like the heart, requires the wisest care to prevent its inflaming into fever, or chilling into stagnation.

The claims of the Roman Catholics had been urged from the year 1752. First, for a relief of personal disabilities, the chains fastened on them as captives under James—a justifiable demand; next, for a share in civil offices, a dangerous one; and finally, for a share in the legislature, a claim amounting to a virtual mastery of the constitution. Whiggism, the professed guardian of that constitution, ought, on its own creed, to have instantly repelled the demand. But it regarded in Popery only the new accession to its ranks, and England saw the extraordinary display of the man of all religions, the man of none, and the man of an exclusive religion, marching under a common banner to a common spoil.

We pass rapidly over the recollections of that disastrous time. Ministers, pressed on all sides, menaced with disaffection in England, and insurrection in Ireland, harassed by perpetual clamour, and feebly sustained by the dying monarch, at length gave way.

But if it is to be alleged that our public men had forgotten the nature of Popery; that its violences had been dissolved away under the weigh of centuries; that its voluntary promises were boundless, and its incapable of being broken without the deepest infamy—there were at least those among the Whigs who had seen its operation in Ireland reviving its history. What was its description by the celebrated Grattan, the leader of the Irish Whigs, with the living enormity before his eyes?

"The light of apostolic Christianity was put down by its own ministers, and on its extinction a beastly and pompous priesthood ascended; political potentates, not Christian pastors, full of false zeal, full of worldly pride, full of gluttony—empty of the true religion. To their flock oppressive, to their inferior clergy brutal, to their King abject. They stood on the altar as a stepping-stool to the throne; glozing in the ear of princes, whom they poisoned with cracked principles and heated advice—a faction against their King, when they were not his slaves. But their power went down. It burst of its own plethory, when a poor reformer, Luther, with the Gospel in his hand, and with the inspired spirit of poverty, restored the Christian religion."

To the men who spoke this language, the mask of Popery was torn off. Grattan, and those whom he led, had no delusion to plead. His associates in this country were no more deluded than himself. There never was a class of men less suspected of superstition. In what religion the leaders of Whiggism in England believed, must be left to a higher tribunal. But the great majority of their followers were loud in their scorn of all that bows the heart of man before the invisible throne; proud of the republican ancestry who had torn down the national church; proclaiming universal toleration with the violence of a prosecutor; infidels in the spirit of zealotry, and openly declaring that the first ritual of revolution in England, as in France, must be inaugurated by the blood of the priesthood on the altar.

The first sign of national evil was the accession of the Whigs to power. The death of George the IV., in June 1830, had dissolved the Parliament. The Duke of Clarence had succeeded to the throne, and the known political views of the new sovereign encouraged the hopes of change. But foreign events were to operate with still more

powerful influence on the legislature and the people. France has, for ages, been to Europe a general disturber—a volcanic country, in which all the national impulses have tended to shake the adjoining kingdoms; every cloud thrown up, even from its smouldering ashes, darkening the European atmosphere, and when the eruption came at last, the flame spreading terror to every throne. The restoration of the Bourbons had failed even to restrain the restlessness which nothing could conciliate; but the recollections of the war were too strong for the renewal of the attempt to enslave the Continent. In the interval, the only resource for popular ambition was to intrigue against the throne. A bold government would have seized the intriguers and crushed them at once; a wise government would have consulted with its allies, and secured the peace of Europe. The government of Charles the Tenth did neither. It suffered faction to insult it from day to day, until the crown began to be despised; and, finally, it proceeded to overthrow illegal resistance by the folly of subverting the law. This single *coup d'etat* cost the king his throne, his family their country, and his cabinet their personal freedom. The populace took up arms; the king's troops, few and weakly conducted, were forced to retreat. A new constitution was formed, and the Duke of Orleans was placed upon the throne of a "monarchy surrounded with republican institutions."

The triumph of the populace in France produced its instant effect in exciting the party of the populace in England. Disturbances, without any assigned cause, began to spread among the manufacturing towns. Incendiarism spread through the agricultural districts; workmen combined for higher wages, and broke their looms; the peasantry complained of want of food, and exhibited their sense of famine only by the extraordinary step of burning the farm-yards. In October, the conflagration had made its way from Kent into Hampshire, Wilts, Berks, Sussex, and Surrey. It was rapidly surrounding the metropolis, and in the midst of this public alarm and confusion of counsel, the first parliament of William the Fourth met for the despatch of business on the 2d of November.

If there ever were coincidences in British history which deserved a deeper name than chance, the condition of England at that time was among them. With any of the ordinary pressures of human things—with two individuals at the head of her ministry, by their talents, character, and services, commanding not merely the homage of the nation, but of Europe—with the conqueror of Waterloo still in all the freshness of his renown—with Sir Robert Peel, unrivalled since the days of Pitt for parliamentary conduct and parliamentary eloquence, still it was evident that the country was on the eve of some vast and yet indistinct change; that she was urged, step after step, to the shore of a boundless expanse of political fluctuation, of which no man knew the chart, and on which, if once embarked, she might never be able to find a harbour. It was ominous and extraordinary, that at the same moment when her parliament was dissolved by the death of her Conservative king, the church should be menaced for the first time in a hundred years; that the fierce force of Popery should have been brought up to the gates of the legislature; and that the old enemy of the public peace, a faction, utterly unscrupulous and insatiate, tantalized with the long pursuit of power which constantly escaped their grasp, eager from necessity, violent from ambition, and virulent from revenge, should have been suddenly awakened to new hopes by the accession of a king who pronounced himself a Reformer; and, as if these strong coincidences were not enough, that a fiery blast from France should be sent in the moment of this fermentation, to set the struggling mass on flame.

England had never seen such elections since the accession of the House of Hanover. The hustings were stormed; the wildest doctrines were propagated with applause. The most furious partizans were the most popular. The heavy sacrifices made by ministers to popular opinion were utterly forgotten. Of the 82 members for the English counties, the stronghold of the cabinet, 54 were returned hostile; of the 28 members for the chief cities, 25 were anti-ministerial; of the 236 members returned by elections of a popular nature throughout England, 157 were pledged to vote against ministers. The multitude were inflamed against

every man who dared to name himself the friend of a cabinet which six months before had possessed the overflowing confidence of the nation—which had, by its sole strength, accomplished a measure too strong for all the powerful cabinets during the last half century, and which, on the completion of that measure, had seemed entitled to sit down in the full security of acknowledged and established power.

Instead of this security the cabinet saw all shaken without a conceivable cause. They saw the country covered with more than metaphoric flame, and distress threatened by the spreading destruction of years' provision. On their entrance within the doors of Parliament, they were met by a desperate defiance. Ministers found themselves fighting the battle of the constitution alone; for it was not merely now a conflict of party, but a subversion of principle. The constitution was, for the first time, in danger. A new power, unknown since the great rebellion, Radicalism, appeared in the Legislature, ready for the wildest commotions, and, contemptuous of all disguise, demanding a republic.

Whiggism made its assault without delay. Lord Grey, in his speech on the address, strongly objected to the language of the royal speech, which had characterized the Belgian insurrection as "a revolt." "All this sounded," said his lordship, "like threatened interference, while our policy should have been, as in the case of France, non-interference." But this language was merely preliminary to the true principle of his speech. "We ought," said he," to learn wisdom from what was passing before our eyes; and when the *spirit of liberty* was breaking out all around, it was our first duty to secure our own institutions, by introducing into them a *temperate reform.*"

Thus was sounded the trumpet, yet with how feeble a tone compared to the rude and desperate blast of those who have since taken it into their hands! "That reform, "added his lordship, "he did not found on any abstract right. We had been told that every man who paid taxes, nay, who had arrived at years of discretion, had a right to vote for representatives. The existence of such a right he utterly denied. The right of the people was, to have a good government, one calculated to secure their privileges and happiness; and if it was incompatible with universal, or very general suffrage, then the *limitation*, and not the *extension*, was the right of the people." His lordship was still deplorably behind the "march of his age." In the House of Commons, Mr Brougham gave notice of a motion for reform, and, like Lord Grey, protested against being charged with extravagance on the subject. He said, "that he had been represented, and that, from no good motive, as desirous of introducing a radical sweeping innovation, or, he might more correctly designate it, a revolutionary reform. This assertion, however, was devoid of truth. He was resolved to *take his stand on the ancient ways of the constitution.* Whatever might be the plan he would propose, it would be propounded with a view to conciliate the friends of that constitution, *as it existed originally* in its days of purity and vigour."

The cabinet now saw its days numbered. On the 15th of November, on the motion of Sir Henry Parnell for a "committee on the civil list," ministers were left in a minority of 29, 233 voting for the motion, and 204 against it. On the next day, the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, disdaining to keep the emoluments of power without the honours, announced that his Majesty had accepted the resignation of their offices. A new administration was formed, with Lord Grey at its head; Lords Melbourne, Palmerston, and Goderich, as the home, foreign, and colonial secretaries; Mr Brougham as lord chancellor; Sir James Graham at the admiralty; Lord Althorp as chancellor of the exchequer; and the Marquis of Lansdowne as president of the council.

Whiggism had now obtained power, and it recklessly proceeded to adopt measures for making that power perpetual. It had once been aristocratic, in the haughtiest spirit of aristocracy. In its fall it had stooped to the lowest flattery of the populace; it now pledged itself to the doctrines of change. Of all public wants, a reform of Parliament had been the least felt by the nation. It had been a habitual pretext, a trick, a tub to the whale; always the refuge of Whiggism when cast out from power, and always contemptuously abandoned when power was capable of being reached again.

Fox had always used it in his day of difficulty, as a mendicant affects the crippled leg and the professional whine, but throws them both aside when he has extracted alms enough to enable him to carouse. The Whigs had been the great boroughmongers, the keepers of the key of representation, the established dealers in all that constituted influence; and it was not until Pitt broke down their corporate commerce, their traffic in the constitution, that they had ever discovered the virtue of appealing to the mob.

The Reform Bill was brought in. We shall not now discuss this one-sided measure. It has long since been stigmatized by the men who then proclaimed it a necessity of the state. It has been scorned by Radicalism as a deception, and denounced by Whiggism as a failure; its only supporters have been found in those who, accepting it as the will of Parliament, obeyed it as the law of the land. But no man loved it either then or now—the Whigs took it as the child of Lord Grey's decrepitude, soon grew weary of their nursling, and have flung it on the highway. The Conservatives are now the only protectors of the Reform Bill.

There never had been a measure less required, if we are to judge of the necessity of public measures by the only true standard—calm, consistent, and continued public demand. The people had forgotten it for fifty years. The empire had gone through peace and war—the whole succession of all that tries a government and a people—without a sense of the privation. No man had uttered a syllable of enquiry for the "Whig elixir," of which the first draught was to banish public disease, and make national existence imperishable. This is not the history of things essential to relieve the hunger and thirst of states. With all the intrigue of Whiggism, driven to rely on this single topic for their last hope of popularity, the preceding ten years had been totally unproductive. In 1821, there had been but nineteen petitions for reform; in 1822, but twelve—a strong pressure on the screw, in 1823, had forced them up to twenty-nine; but, like all fictitious impulses, the strain produced exhaustion. From 1823 to 1829, not a single petition was sent in—so careless was the British empire of the food which Whiggism declared to be the national bread. Thus evidently had England disdained to breathe the reform "air, without which it must die." Even in 1830, with all the efforts of Whiggism in sight of power, the petitions were but fourteen. But at that moment, the French "three days" threw a new force into the hands of party. The explosion which moved the throne of the Bourbons from its foundation, laid open to the day the strength of those dark and dangerous materials which lie under the surface of all free governments; the Whigs instantly turned from the people to the populace, and the first levy of revolution was in the field.

On the 1st of March 1831, the Reform Bill was brought in by Lord John Russell. We pass over a discussion now become obsolete, and allude to it merely to show with what strange facility Whiggism can abandon its gravest opinions for the convenience of the hour. Sir Robert Peel, in a speech of remarkable force, after unanswerably proving the emptiness of the pretexts for reform, turned the lash on the mover of the bill,—"What," said he, "was the language of the noble lord in 1819, when the topic before the House was the disfranchisement of a corrupt Cornish borough? It was this, that a general disfranchisement of the unconvicted boroughs must be considered as a reconstruction of the House of Commons. Old Sarum had existed when Montesquieu pronounced the Constitution of England the nearest to perfection of any which the most enlightened states had ever experienced,—when Lord Somers, and the other great legislators and philosophers who flourished with him, bore attestation to its merits, it was open to the same objections which were since urged against it; when Hampden lost his life, Rutland returned the same number of representatives as Yorkshire. He was not inclined, with the pseudo-merchant in the fable, to cry 'new lamps for old,' neither would he willingly throw our political system into the wheel, on the chance of obtaining a prize in the lottery of constitutions."

"Such," said his powerful castigator, "had been the noble lord's warning against the danger of rashly departing from the practical wisdom of mankind, during centuries of experience; proffered too at the critical juncture of the year 1819, when the 'Six Acts' had passed, when the

Seizure of Arms bill, the Blasphemous Libel bill, and the Newspaper Stamp bill, were in actual progress through the House. If such was the line of the noble lord's argument in 1819, he, in his lordship's own language, would now call upon the House to prefer the solid ancient lamp of the Constitution to the tinsel of modern sophistry."

The second reading of the bill was carried but by a majority of one among 603 members—the largest House on record—302 for the bill, 301 against it, and that one an individual who had formed a part of the late ministry, and had even spoken strongly against the first reading: within a few weeks after this fatal act, he died by his own hand.

This majority was a virtual defeat of ministers. The bill was evidently lost in this parliament, and on the 11th of May it was dissolved.

Popular agitation was now the sole instrument, "The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill," was the general watchword; as if the bill was the exclusive purpose of Parliament. Pledges were universally demanded at the hustings. The right of the electors to bind the representative was unhesitatingly claimed; and in this subversion of the first principle of Parliament, a House was returned, charged to give additional security to the Constitution. That House soon showed how far it was disposed to tread beyond the bound of even its heated predecessor. On the 4th of July the second reading was carried by a majority of 136, in a House of 598. But the peers were still unshaken—the bill was thrown out in the Lords by a majority of forty-one.

In 1832 it was renewed, and carried in the Commons by a majority of 110; 355 for the motion, and 239 for the amendment. A popular clamour was then raised against the peers. A popular leader in the House declared that ministers had been armed with full powers for a creation of peers, and threatened them with impeachment unless they exercised those powers to carry the Reform Bill through the Lords. Such is the liberty of opinion, allowed by power in the dictation of the populace. Yet the second reading was carried only by a majority of nine, 184 against 175. The resistance in the Committee was more determined. Ministers were defeated by a majority of 35. The king refused to create peers to counteract this opposition; ministers resigned; returned; and the opposing peers withdrew. Finally the bill was carried; receiving the royal assent by commission, though the king had been violently called on by the press and the populace to give the last sign of his approval, by his personal presence at the ceremony. Thus, on the 7th of June 1832, was the Reform Bill made the law of the land. Whiggism was now in full power, and a new and unbounded horizon was opened to popular change.

It is not within our purpose to go into the detail of the subsequent years. The course of Whiggism fully justified all the fears and all the contempt of the country. It was seen to be wholly incapable of decided counsel, and wholly influenced by the circumstances of the hour; not a great directing principle, guiding the various currents of the national opinion into one large and healthful movement, one regular and beneficent tide; but a feeble and half-witted propensity to hazard every danger, and then fly from it at the moment it assumed a form; science, bewildered by every current that crossed its course; and courage, that, after the haughtiest boasts of piloting the national ship through all tempests, was ready to run her on shore at the sight of the first cloud.

The Irish agitator, himself but the agent of the Irish priesthood, became their chief counsellor for Ireland. He ruled them with a rod of iron, and a simple attempt to act without his approval ruined the ministry. The growing violence of Irish conspiracy had made some restraint palbably necessary. A Coercion bill was introduced. Its clauses were reprobated by the agitator. The Chancellor of the Exchequer instantly threw up office. The Premier followed his example with singular speed, and the cabinet seemed to be extinguished; but after a long and complex game, still unintelligible if it were ever worth comprehending, Lord Althorp announced the formation of a new ministry out of the old materials, with Lord Melbourne at its head—a *réchauffé* of the cabinet dish, of which the nation had become sick under its old form. No culinary art of Downing Street could ever render it palatable again. But what office was provided for Lord Grey? If the philoso-

phers declared that the sight of a hero struggling with the storms of fate was a sight for the gods, they had not defined for what class of spectators a broken Whig, remorselessly flung from the place which it had cost him half a century of feverish struggle to reach—was to be the admiration or the amusement. But his lordship's fall was complete; he never returned to power. The French orator who said that the Revolution, like Saturn, had devoured its own children, would have reversed the figure for his lordship, and described him as the Saturn in his decrepitude, deprived of power, mutilated, and fettered, to stand by and form a part of the pageant of the unfilial usurper who had dispossessed him of the throne.

We must now have done. The succession of the Melbourne cabinet—the "appropriation compact" of Lichfield House—the measures involving the discipline, revenues, and existence of the Protestant church in England and Ireland—the affected resignation of ministers in 1839—their restoration by the new and anomalous agency of the ladies of the bedchamber—are topics which history will pass over in willing and contemptuous silence, and which are almost too frivolous even for the slight and general sketching of the periodical page.

But the higher question presses on the country—Is England to be henceforth governed by chance, or by the constitution? A breathing-time has been given to her to decide. She has before her at this moment the choice which may mould the whole future good or evil of her empire. On the one side stand the Conservatives, headed by the first names of the country, Wellington and Peel—experienced in council, vigorous in administration, popular with every man of honour—with every man who can admire eminent abilities, and with every man who desires to see the first soldier of Europe and the first statesman of England guiding the vast resources, inspiring the ardent mind, and fulfilling the mighty duties of England to the world. On the other hand, we see a shattered and unpurposed party—a general gathering of the remnants of fallen cabinets—too feeble to stand on its own limbs, and therefore clinging for hourly support to others; too unprincipled to regard the nature of that support, and therefore bargaining for help alike with all the passers-by; now hanging on the skirts of the papist, now on those of the sectarian, now sending out a supplication to the Radical, and content to live in dependence, and do the drudgery of all in turn.

What, if the country has not already felt suffering as she has felt shame: What, if she has been, against all hope, marvellously protected from revolutionary insolence and foreign aggression: What, if she has not long since experienced the national disease arising from this handling of contagion and decay—we can ascribe it only to the Great Disposer, who had made her the depositary of religion and liberty for mankind, and who wills that her mission shall not yet be closed. One generous, bold, and combined effort would rescue the country. Ministers have virtually acknowledged that they cannot carry on the business of the country; their own House of Commons has voted them incapable; they stand now only holding the badges of office in their hands until their successors advance to take them. They stand now like servants discharged from their master's presence, and waiting now only to strip off their liveries. They are utterly extinguished; and though the polypus will propagate when cut to pieces, and the parts of the dissevered worm will creep away with equal vitality, we cannot believe that the present Cabinet is capable of any further existence, however writhing a reptile. The elections must decide, and well will it be for England if she there "does her duty." We are convinced, that upon this hour vast consequences depend. The state of Europe is threatening—the spirit of violence is growing in Ireland—Chartism and Socialism are arrogantly boasting of their designs among ourselves. Is this the prospect that will induce us to trust in men who have sunk in times of general peace; who, in the midst of public prosperity, have lowered the finances by annual millions; and with the most unusual confidence of the throne, and the keenest alliance with the most daring portion of the people, after a ten years' trial, have fallen on their knees, and, not hoping to find approbation, are scarcely venturing to ask acquittal, at the great tribunal of the empire.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

PART XX.

"FORTUNA sævo læta negotio, et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
Laudo manentem: SI CELERES QUATIT
PENNAS, RESIGNO QUÆ DEDIT, ET MEA
VIRTUTE ME INVOLVO, PROBAMQUE
PAUPERIEM SINE DOTE QUÆRO."
Hor. Carm. Lib. iii. 29.

WHILE Mr Pounce and Mr Quod, after their own quaint fashion, are doing decisive battle with each other, as it were, in a remote corner of the field of action; while—to change the figure—Mr Titmouse's pedigree is being subjected to the gloomy, silent, and mysterious inquisition of the ecclesiastical court, let us turn for a moment to contemplate a pitiable figure, a victim of the infernal machinations of Mr Gammon—I mean the poor old Earl of Dreddlington. He was yet—a month after the death of his unhappy daughter, Lady Cecilia—staggering under the awful shock which he had experienced. Before he had been in any degree restored to consciousness, she had been buried for nearly three weeks; and the earliest notification to him of the melancholy occurrence, was the deep mourning habiliments of Miss Macspleuchan, who scarcely ever quitted his bedside. When, in a feeble and tremulous voice, he enquired as to the cause of her death, he could get no other account of it—either from Miss Macspleuchan, his physicians, or the Duke of Tantallan—than that it was occasioned by the shock of suddenly seeing his lordship brought home seriously ill, she being, moreover, in a very critical state of health. When, at length, he pressed Miss Macspleuchan upon the matter, and challenged her as to the real cause of what had happened—viz. the blighting discovery of Mr Titmouse's illegitimacy—she resolutely maintained that he was labouring altogether under a delusion—indeed a double delusion; first, as to his imaginary conversation with Mr Gammon, and secondly, as to his supposed communication of it to Lady Cecilia. Her heart was smitten, however, by the steadfast look of mournful incredulity with which the Earl regarded her from time to time; and, when alone, she reproached herself in tears with the fraud she was practising upon the desolate and broken-hearted old man. The Duke, however, seconded by the physician, was peremptory on the point, believing that otherwise the Earl's recovery was impossible; and as his Grace invariably joined Miss Macspleuchan in scouting the mere mention of the matter as but the figment of a disordered brain, the Earl was at length silenced if not convinced. He peremptorily prohibited Mr Titmouse, however, from entering his house—much more from appearing in his presence; and there was little difficulty in causing him to appear satisfied that the sole cause of his exclusion was his cruelty and profligacy towards the late Lady Cecilia:—whereas, with a sickening inward shudder, he was apprised of the real reason by Mr Gammon. Very shortly after the Earl's illness, the Duke of Tantallan had sent for Mr Titmouse to interrogate him upon the subject of his lordship's representations; but Mr Gammon had been beforehand with the Duke, and thoroughly tutored Titmouse—dull and weak though he was—in the part he was to play, and which Mr Gammon made as easy to him as possible. He started with well-feigned astonishment, indignation, and disgust, as soon as the Duke had mentioned the matter, and said very little (such were Gammon's peremptory injunctions)—and that little only in expression of amazement—that any one could attach the slightest importance to the mere wanderings of a disordered brain. 'Twas certainly a ticklish matter, the Duke felt, to press too far, or to think of entrusting it to third parties. His Grace very naturally concluded, that what his own superior tact and activity had failed in eliciting, could be detected by no one else. He frequently pressed Mr Gammon, however, upon the subject; but

that gentleman maintained the same calm front he had exhibited when first challenged upon the subject; giving the same account of all he knew of Titmouse's pedigree—and clenching the matter by sending to his Grace a copy of the brief, and of the short-hand writer's notes of the trial—challenging, at the same time, the most rigorous investigation into the matter. It was very natural for the Duke, under these circumstances, to yield at length, and feel satisfied that the whole affair rested on no other basis than the distempered brain of his suffering kinsman. Nothing shook him more, however, than the sight of Titmouse: for he looked, verily, one whom it was exceedingly difficult to suppose possessed of one drop of aristocratic blood!—Miss Macspleuchan, a woman of superior acuteness, was infinitely more difficult to satisfy upon the subject than the Duke; and though she *said* little, her manner showed that she was satisfied of the existence of some dreadful mystery or other, connected with Mr Titmouse, of which Mr Gammon was master—and the premature discovery of which had produced the deplorable effects upon the Earl under which he was at that moment suffering. The Earl, when alone with her, and unconscious of her presence, talked to himself constantly in the same strain; and when conversing with her, in his intervals of consciousness, repeated over and over again, without the slightest variation, facts which seemed as it were to have been burnt in upon his brain. Miss Macspleuchan had—to conceal nothing from the reader—begun to cherish very warm feelings of personal attachment to Mr Gammon; whose striking person, fascinating conversation, and flattering attention to herself—a thing quite unusual on the part of any of the Earl's visiters—were well calculated to conduce to such a result. But from the moment of Lord Dreddlington's having made the statement which had been attended by such dreadful consequences, her feelings towards Mr Gammon had been completely chilled and alienated. Her demeanour, on the few occasions of their meeting, was constrained and distant; her countenance clouded with suspicion, her manners frozen with reserve and hauteur.

Mr Gammon's first interview with the Earl, after his illness and bereavement, had become a matter of absolute necessity—and was at his lordship's instance; his wishes being conveyed through the Duke of Tantallan, who had intimated to him that it was indeed indispensable, if only to settle some matters of business, of pressing exigency, connected with the failure of the Artificial Rain Company. The Duke was with his noble kinsman at the time of Mr Gammon's calling—having intended to be present at the interview. They awaited his arrival in the Earl's library. It is very difficult to describe the feelings with which Mr Gammon anticipated and prepared for the appointed interview with the man on whom he had inflicted such frightful evil, towards whom he felt that he had acted the part of a fiend. How had he dealt with the absolute and unrestrained confidence which the Earl had reposed in him! The main prop and pillar of the Earl's existence—family pride—he, Gammon, had snapped asunder beneath him; and as for fortune—Gammon knew that the Earl was absolutely ruined. Not, however, that Gammon really felt any commiseration for his victim: his anxiety was only as to how he should extricate himself from liability in respect of it. And had he not cause for shuddering in approaching the Earl on that occasion, to be interrogated concerning Titmouse—to look the Earl in the face and deny what had passed between them;—and that, too, when the rigid investigation was pending which might within a few short weeks convict and expose him to the scorn—the indignation—of society, as a monster of fraud and falsehood?

The Earl sat in his library, dressed in deep black, which hung upon his shrunk attenuated figure, as upon an old skeleton. He looked twenty years older than he had appeared two short months ago. His hair, white as snow, his pallid emaciated cheek, his weak and wandering eye, and a slight tremulous motion about his head and shoulders—all showed the mere wreck of a man that he had become, and would have shocked and subdued the feelings of any beholder. What a contrast he presented to the portly and commanding figure of the Duke of Tantallan, who sat beside him, with a brow clouded by anxiety and apprehension! At length—" Mr Gammon,

my Lord," said the servant, in a low tone, after gently opening the door.

"Show him in," said the Duke, rather nervously, adding to the Earl, in a hurried whisper,—"now be calm, my dear Dreddlington—be calm—it will be over in a few minutes' time."—The Earl's lips quivered a little, his thin white hands trembled, and his eyes were directed to the door with a look of most mournful apprehension, as the fiend entered. Mr Gammon was pale, and evidently nervous and excited; but his habitual self-command would have concealed it from any but a practised observer. What a glance was that with which he first saw the Earl!—"It gives me deep concern, my lord," said he, in a low tone, slowly advancing with an air of profound deference and sympathy, "to see that you have been so great a sufferer!"

"Will you take a chair, sir?" said the Duke, pointing to one which the servant had brought for him, and in which Gammon sat down, with a courteous inclination towards the Duke; and observing that Lord Dreddlington's face had become suddenly flushed, while his lips moved as if he were speaking, "You see," said his Grace, "that my Lord Dreddlington is but slowly recovering!"—Gammon sighed, and gazed at the Earl with an expression of infinite concern.

"Is it true, sir?" enquired the Earl, after a moment's interval of silence,—evidently with a desperate effort. Gammon felt both of his companions eyeing him intently, as he answered calmly—"Alas!—your lordship of course alludes to that unhappy company"—

"*Is it true, sir?*" repeated the Earl, altogether disregarding Gammon's attempt at evasion.

"You cannot but be aware, Mr Gammon, of the subject to which my Lord Dreddlington is alluding"—said the Duke, in a low tone.

"Oh!" exclaimed Gammon, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, and a sigh—"I understand that your lordship is alluding to some conversation which you suppose has passed between us concerning Mr Titmouse."

"Sir—sir—yes! yes"—gasped the Earl, gazing at him intently.

"Well, my lord, I have heard that you suppose I told your lordship that he was *illegitimate*."

"Ay," said the Earl, with tremulous eagerness.

"Oh, my lord, you are really labouring under as complete a delusion as ever"—commenced Gammon, with a melancholy smile.

"Sir—Mr Gammon—do you believe that there is NO GOD?—that HE does not know the—the"—interrupted the Earl, but ceased, apparently overpowered by his emotions. Gammon looked in appealing silence at the Duke.

"What makes you imagine, sir, that I am bereft of reason and memory?" presently enquired the Earl, with a strength of voice and manner which alarmed Gammon.

"I cannot account, my lord, for the extraordinary hallucination which seems"—

"And I suppose, sir, I am also in a delusion concerning the rent-charge for two thousand a-year, which you have got on the Yatton pro—"

"Oh, pardon—pardon me, my lord! All pure—absolute delusion!" interrupted Gammon, with a confident smile, a look, and a tone of voice, that would have staggered the most incredulous.

The Earl raised his thin, white, trembling hand, and pressed it against his forehead for a moment; and then said, turning to the Duke—"He would deny that he is now in our presence!"

"My dear Dreddlington—don't, for God's sake, excite yourself," said the Duke, anxiously; adding, after a pause, "I am as persuaded, as I am of my existence, that you're under a complete delusion! Recollect your serious illness—every one is subject to delusions of some sort or other when he's been so ill as you have!"

"Oh, Tantallan! Tantallan!"—replied the Earl, mournfully shaking his head—"I take God to witness how this man is lying!" The Duke glanced hastily at Gammon as these words were uttered, and observed that he had gone suddenly pale, and was in the act of rising from his chair.

"Pray, Mr Gammon"—commenced the Duke, imploringly.

"I can make very great allowance, I assure your Grace, for his lordship's situation—but there are bounds which I will allow no man living to overstep with impunity," said Gammon, calmly but resolutely—overjoyed at obtaining such a pretext for abruptly terminat-

ing the embarrassing interview—"and unless his lordship chooses instantly to retract what he has said, and apologise for it, I will never enter his presence again!"

"Oh—he had better go!" said the Earl feebly, addressing the Duke, evidently averting his face from Gammon with disgust and horror.

"Mr Gammon, *pray* resume your seat," said the Duke significantly—"I will undertake to warrant you in regarding the words as not having been spoken."

"I thank your Grace," replied Gammon determinately—"I require an explicit retractation. I entertain a deep deference towards your Grace, but am also aware of what is due to myself. My lord," he added, as if at a sudden impulse, addressing the Earl, "do permit me to request your lordship to withdraw and apologise for"——But the Earl turned his face aside, and extended his hand towards Gammon, feebly motioning him away; on which, with a low bow to the Duke of Tantallan, Gammon took his hat and moved towards the door.

"Sir—Mr Gammon—you *must* not go," said the Duke earnestly—"you are here on business of pressing importance—all *this* must pass away and be forgotten."

"Your Grace I shall be most happy to attend at any time, and any where; but this room I quit instantly."

"Then, sir, have the goodness to walk into the next room," said the Duke, somewhat imperiously, "and I will come to you presently." Mr Gammon bowed, and withdrew.

"Oh God! how atrocious is the conduct of that man!" said the Earl, when they were left alone.

"Really, Dreddlington, you must get rid of these—these—absurd notions."

"Let me never see his face again!" replied the Earl, feebly. "I have but a short time to live, and that time the sight of *him*, I feel, makes still shorter!" the Duke looked both vexed and embarrassed.

"Come, come—now he's here, and on a very important errand—let us have done with him. Let us have him back, and I'll tell him you withdraw"——

"Withdraw? He *is* withdrawn," said the Earl, confusedly.

"What d'ye mean, my dear Dreddlington? I say—let me tell him"——

"I mean, it was at his chambers, in Holborn—I pledge my honour, I recollect it as if it were yester"——

"Pho, pho!" cried the Duke, rather impatiently—"it must be done! He's come on matters of the very last importance—the thing's been put off to the very latest moment on your account—that cursed Company!" The Earl looked up at his companion, and a faint smile flitted over his wasted features.

"Ah—I'm now satisfied," said he, shaking his head—"that they must dig a very great depth indeed before they come to the copper." The Duke looked puzzled, but said, hastily, "That's right!—I'll have him back, and you'll allow me to say it's all a mistake?"

"Certainly—I am satisfied of it."

"That will do, my dear Dreddlington, that's the way such nonsense should be put an end to," said the Duke, and, ringing the bell, ordered the servant to request Mr Gammon to return. After a brief interval, that gentleman re-entered the library, but with some sternness and reluctance of manner.

"Mr Gammon," replied the Duke a little quickly, "my Lord Dreddlington owns he was mistaken—he, of course, withdraws the expression—so we had better at once to business"——

"Ay—certainly! certainly! Have you the papers with you, Mr Gammon?" enquired the Earl, while his trembling fingers were on his gold spectacles. Mr Gammon bowed rather haughtily, and, resuming the chair he had quitted, drew it to the table, and opened a little packet of papers.

"It was a ridiculous affair, I am afraid, sir," said the Earl addressing Mr Gammon, who felt a little surprised at the altered look and tone of the Earl.

"I fear it was extremely *unfortunate*, my lord, in its issue," he replied gravely, arranging his papers.

"The thing did not look so absurd *at first*, Tantallan, I assure you!" said the Earl, addressing the Duke, who was eyeing Mr Gammon's movements with much anxiety; for he had come prepared to state the final result of long negotiations between the creditors and the directors and share-

holders of the Artificial Rain Company.

"These things never do—at first," his Grace replied, with a sort of sigh.

"Just show us, Mr Gammon, if you please, the diagrams and the sections of the strata"——

"The *what?*" enquired the Duke, turning surprisedly to the Earl—so did Mr Gammon, and for a moment ceased arranging his papers. Both the Duke and he turned pale, and gazed in silent dismay at their companion. Gammon felt momentarily sick at heart. It was evident that Lord Dreddlington's mind had gently given way. There was a smile of indescribable weakness flickering about the mouth; the eyes were unsteady; all sternness had vanished from his brow; and his manner was calm, with even an approach towards cheerfulness. Gammon glanced with horror at the Duke, who, without removing his eyes from Lord Dreddlington, unconsciously exclaimed, "Oh my God!"

"Is it your Lordship's pleasure"——faltered Gammon, his hands trembling visibly.

"You are right, Tantallan," said Lord Dreddlington, as if suddenly struck by the peculiar look with which the Duke continued to regard him. "You shall hear all; but we must be alone. Sir, you may retire, and be in attendance another day," he added, abruptly addressing Gammon with all his former stateliness of manner, but with a feeble voice. Mr Gammon, very greatly agitated, hastily put together the documents he had partially arranged on the table, and with a profound bow withdrew.

"At nine this evening—in Portman Square, sir, if you please," said the Duke in an agitated manner.

"I will attend your Grace," said Gammon, and with not a little trepidation closed the door after him; on which the Earl proceeded, in a very anxious manner, to intimate the existence of a conspiracy on the part of the Earl of Fitzclaret and others, to prevent his—Lord Dreddlington's—obtaining a marquisite, on the ground that he had been connected with Sir Sharper Bubble in a swindling company; and his lordship had good grounds for believing that Mr Gammon was secretly lending his assistance to the undertaking, and his coming there that morning with the papers relating to the intended purchase of the Isle of Dogs, was in furtherance of his treacherous objects! The Duke listened in silent dismay to this rambling account of the imaginary conspiracy, and had just determined upon quietly sending for Miss Macspleuchan, when the Earl abruptly paused, and after a confused stare at his companion, pressed his hand to his forehead, and said with hesitation and embarrasment —"Pray, Tantallan, don't think any thing more about what I have been saying! I—I—feel that I have been talking nonsense—incoherently.—Surely it must have struck *you* so? Eh, Tantallan?"

There was something so imbecile and miserable in the look with which the Earl regarded his companion, that the Duke for a moment could not reply to him. At length, "My dear Dreddlington," said he, gently grasping his hand, "you are, at present, only a little excited—you will soon recover yourself. Let us ask Miss Macspleuchan to join us, as she is sitting all alone up stairs."

"Not just now, Tantallan—I feel I have wandered a little, but all is now right again. He is gone, is he?" The duke nodded. "The sight of that man was at first too much for me; I felt oppressed and confused, but I thought it right to struggle against it!—He denied it all?—Is not that enough to drive a man out of his senses?"

"My dear Dreddlington, we shall get wrong again—let us quit the subject," said the Duke, anxiously.

"No," replied the Earl, languidly, "do not fear me; I feel quite myself again! I can only repeat to you, that that man's conversation with me about —about"—he shuddered—"as certainly happened, as the heavens are above us!" The Earl had really, at all events for the present, recovered from the temporary confusion into which his thoughts had fallen; and proceeded, with as much energy as his shattered condition would admit of, to give the Duke, as he had often done before, a distinct and consistent account of all that had taken place at Mr Gammon's chambers:—and as he went on it all of a sudden occurred to his Grace, for the first time—how improbable is it that Lord Dreddlington

should have *invented* a scene, which he has uniformly described in almost the same words? What but truth and reality could enable him to preserve such a consistency in a scene described with such a minute circumstantiality? Having once looked at the matter in this new light, every succeeding moment saw him more and more satisfied that such was the true view of it; and before he had quitted his unfortunate kinsman, he had pretty nearly convinced himself of three things; first, that Mr Titmouse was a hideous, little, base-born miscreant and impostor; secondly, that Mr Gammon must be the profoundest scoundrel living; and lastly, that it was very singular that he—the Duke—had been so long in arriving at such a conclusion. But then, it subsequently occurred to the sagacious Duke,—how was he to act? What position was he to assume with Mr Gammon, when he came in the evening, in obedience to his Grace's own appointment? What reasons could he assign for his sudden change of opinion? Nothing new had occurred: and he felt a little embarrassed, seeing that all he should be able to say, would be, that he had at length taken a different view of the facts! At all events, he determined to put the brief of Mr Titmouse's case, used at the trials, and which Mr Gammon had some time before forwarded to his Grace's house, into the hands of some eminent lawyer, for a candid and confidential opinion.

Mr Gammon, on quitting Lord Dreddlington's house, quickly recovered from the momentary shock which he had suffered in the Earl's presence; and—shall I record the fact?—all other feelings were merged in one of delight and exultation at the awful calamity which had befallen Lord Dreddlington: no one, Mr Gammon considered, would thenceforth think of attaching the least importance to any thing the Earl might say, or had said, which was doubtless the mere creation of a disordered brain. Then all that would be necessary, would be the silencing Titmouse—no difficult matter, since even he could comprehend that secrecy was to him a matter of salvation or destruction! But then, again, like a criminal's chance glance at the hideous guillotine in the distance—a recollection of the ecclesiastical enquiry at that instant in vigorous action, blanched the cheek of Mr Gammon, and dashed all his new hopes to the ground. If those infernal inquisitors *should* discover all, and thereby demonstrate Titmouse's illegitimacy, how perfectly frightful would be the position of Mr Gammon? What would then avail him the insanity of Lord Dreddlington? Would it not, on the contrary, be then attributed to the right cause—the atrocious cruelty and villany which had been practised upon him? How irretrievably was Gammon committed by his repeated and solemn asseverations to Miss Macsplenchan and the Earl of Dreddlington? The evidence which sufficed to entitle Mr Aubrey to administer to Lady Stratton, would also suffice to entitle him to an immediate restoration to the Yatton property! And would the matter rest there? Would no steps be taken, in such an event, to fix him —Gammon—as a partner, or a prime mover, in the fraud and conspiracy by which alone, it would then be alleged, Titmouse had been enabled to recover the property? Absorbed by these pleasant contemplations, he was so lost to all around him, that he was within an ace of being crushed to death under the wheels of an enormous coal-waggon, which he had not seen approaching, as he crossed the street. It might, perhaps, have been well—it would certainly have saved him from a "*sea of troubles*," on which he may be tossed for the remainder of his life.

The chief object of Mr Gammon's interview with the Earl of Dreddlington, had been to communicate to his lordship information concerning the very alarming position in which he stood with reference to the defunct Artificial Rain Company. The very prominent and active part which his lordship had been seduced into taking, in the patronage and management of that Company, had very reasonably marked him out as the fittest object of attack to the creditors. The Company held no Act of Parliament, nor charter, nor deed of settlement; it was simply a huge unwieldy *partnership*, consisting of all such persons as could be shown to be interested, or to have held themselves out as interested, in it; and consequently, whether individually known or not, liable to the public, who had dealt with the Com-

pany, and given credit to it, on the very obvious principle of equity, that all who would seek to share the profits of the speculation must be responsible for its liabilities. In the present instance, had it not been for the circumstance of there being a considerable number of weak, inexperienced, but responsible adventurers, who, by entering into the speculation, had become liable to share Lord Dreddlington's burden of liability, his lordship must have been totally ruined to all intents and purposes. As soon as Sir Sharper Bubble's absconding had opened the eyes of the public, and of the shareholders, it became necessary to take instant measures for ascertaining the exact state of affairs,—and the liabilities which had been contracted on behalf of the Company. Heavens! what a frightful array of creditors now made their appearance against the Artificial Rain Company! It was inconceivable how so many, and to so immense an amount, could have arisen during the short period of the Company's being in existence; but the fact is, that there are always thousands of persons who, as soon as they once see individuals of undoubted responsibility fairly committed to a Company of this sort, will give almost unlimited credit, and supply any thing that may be ordered on behalf or for the purposes of the Company. This Company had originated in a supposed grand discovery of Doctor Diabolus Gander, that there were certain modes of operating upon the atmosphere, by means of electrical agency, which would ensure an abundant supply of rain in seasons of the greatest drought. Now, first and foremost among the creditors of the Company, was that distinguished philosopher himself; who, to constitute himself effectually a creditor, had declined to take any shares in the concern. He now claimed £1700 for a series of "preliminary experiments," independently of compensation for his time and services in conducting the aforesaid experiments;—and, in order to put the question of *liability* beyond all doubt, the doctor had taken care, from time to time, to invite the more distinguished and wealthy of the shareholders to come and witness his experiments—always carefully noting down their names, and the names also of those witnesses who could prove their attendance—the interest they took in the experiments—their observations as to the success of the Company, &c. &c., and their repeated acknowledgments of the uniform courtesy of the worthy doctor, who thought no pains too great to explain the nature of his surprising operations. Then, again, he had entered into an agreement, signed by Lord Dreddlington, and one or two others on behalf of the Company, by which he was appointed "permanent scientific director" for a period of ten years, at a salary of £1000 a-year, over and above the sums agreed to be paid him for "collateral and supplementary services." This latter clause, however, the doctor very generously offered to compromise, in consideration of the exhalation of the Company, on payment of four thousand pounds down. Then came a demand amounting to little short of £25,000 for an inconceivable quantity of copper wire, which had been purchased for the purpose of being used in all the cities and towns which chose to avail themselves of the services of the Company, in the following way—viz. a complete circle of electric communication was to be obtained, by attaching wires to the summits of all the church steeples, and it was necessary that the wires should be of considerable strength and thickness, to prevent their being broken by birds flying against, and perching upon them: (But, Dr Gander declared that he had discovered a mode of charging the wires, which would cause any bird which came into contact with them immediately to fall down dead.) Then there were fearful charges for at least nine miles' length of leaden pipes and hose, and for steam-engines, and electrical machines, and so forth; particularly an item of eight thousand pounds for the expenses of trying the experiment in a village in the extremity of Cornwall, and which was very nearly completed, when the unfortunate event occurred which occasioned the sudden break-up of the Company. This will suffice to give the uninitiated reader a glimpse of the real nature of the liabilities incurred by those who had become partners in this splendid undertaking. Dr Gander had two actions commenced the very day after the departure of Sir Sharper Bubble, against six of the principal shareholders, in respect of his "preliminary experiments," and his agreement for ten years' service; and writs came

fluttering in almost daily; all which rendered it necessary to take measures for coming to an amicable compromise. After very great exertions, and attending many meetings, Mr Gammon succeeded in provisionally extricating Lord Dreddlington, on his paying down, within twelve months, the sum of £18,000; the Duke of Tantallan was in for some £3000, the Marquis of Marmalade for £6000: and those two peers made the most solemn vows never to have any thing to do again with joint stock companies: though it must be owned, that they had been, as the phrase is, "let off easily." But I must not disguise from the reader that the Artificial Rain Company was not the only one with which these distinguished individuals, together with Lord Dreddlington, had become connected—there was the Gunpowder and Fresh Water Company, of which Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, were the solicitors—but *sufficient for the day is the evil thereof;* and let it suffice, for the present, to say, that some short time afterwards the Duke of Tantallan, on the part of the Earl of Dreddlington, paid down the sum of L.10,000 on account of the abovementioned sum of L.18,000, the remainder of which was to be called for in six months' time. Mr Gammon, however, could not think of the possibility of the Gunpowder Company's explosion without a shudder, on account of the dreadful extent to which Lord Dreddlington was implicated, and from which Gammon feared that there really was no means of extricating him. What would he have given never to have seduced the Earl into embarking into any such speculations? Nay, what would he not have given, never to have set eyes upon either the Earl of Dreddlington or the Lady Cecilia? What advantage had he ever gained, after all, by his desperate grasp after aristocratic connexion? If, however, the Earl should prove really and permanently insane, what a god-send would such an event be, in every point of view, to Gammon—silencing for ever the chief sufferer—and saving Gammon from all the endless vexations and anxieties arising out of personal explanations and collisions with the man whom he had drawn into the vortex of pecuniary ruin—from, in short, a world of reproaches and execrations.

As for Mr Titmouse, the *fortunate* (!) possessor of ten thousand a-year—as thousands, with a sigh of envy, regarded him—those of the public who had an opportunity of watching his public motions, gave him credit for feeling very deeply the melancholy bereavement which he had sustained in the loss of the Lady Cecilia; but those more intimately acquainted with his family circumstances, could not help remarking one little ingredient of pleasure in his recent cup of bitterness; viz. that as Lady Cecilia had left no offspring—no dear pledge of affection—Mr Titmouse was not only saved a vast deal of anxiety as to the bringing up of the child, but had become himself heir-apparent to the barony of Drelincourt on the death of the Earl of Dreddlington; who, whatever might be the effect of his whispered misfortunes in his pecuniary speculations, had not the power, being merely tenant for life under the entail, of injuring the fortune annexed to the title. Though Mr Gammon loathed the very sight, the very thought, of Titmouse, he was yet the centre of prodigious anxiety to Gammon, who felt that he had, at all events at present, a deep stake in the upholding to the world Mr Titmouse's position and credit. He had been frightened by Gammon into a state of the most abject submission to all his requirements—one of which was, the preservation of that external decorum, when in public, which had produced the very favourable impression already adverted to. The other was—a vast contraction of his expenditure. Mr Gammon insisted upon his disposing of his house in Park Lane—which had, indeed, been for months almost destitute of furniture, that having fallen a prey to divers of his execution creditors—but engaged for him a suit of handsome furnished apartments in Chapel Street, May Fair, allowing him the attendance of a valet, as usual; and also hiring for him a cab, tiger, groom, and a couple of saddle-horses, with which Mr Titmouse contrived to make an appearance, before so much of the world as was left in London during the autumn, suitable to his station. Some of the more clamorous of his creditors, Mr Gammon had contrived to pacify by considerable payments on account, and a solemn assurance that every one

of Mr Titmouse's debts was in train for rapid liquidation. Could his creditors, indeed,—Gammon asked—fail to see and judge for themselves, what an altered man, in his person and habits, Mr Titmouse had become, since the shock he had received on the death of Lady Cecilia? Had, indeed, Mr Titmouse felt never so disposed to re-enter the scenes of gay and expensive profligacy—in which he had revelled so madly during the first eighteen months after his extraordinary exaltation—there was a serious obstacle to his doing so, in his having neglected to pay divers heavy "debts of honour," as they are strangely called; for which delinquencies he had twice had his nose pulled in public, and once been horsewhipped. The gates of the sporting world were thus finally closed against him, and thus one source of profligate expenditure shut out. Though, however, he was free to ride or drive whithersoever he chose—and that, too, as became a man of fashion, in respect of appearance and equipment—he felt but a prisoner at large, and dependent entirely upon the will and pleasure of Mr Gammon for his very means of subsistence. Most of his evenings were spent in such of the theatres as were open, while his nights were often passed amidst scenes which were very strange ones indeed for a young widower to be seen in! Though he was a frequent visiter at Brookes', I must nevertheless do that respectable club the justice of saying, that its members were not very anxious for the presence or company of Mr Titmouse. In fact, but for the continued countenance afforded to him, for reasons best known to that gentleman, by Mr O'Gibbet, my friend would have been some time ago unceremoniously expelled from the club, where he had made, certainly, one or two exceedingly disagreeable exhibitions. Liquor was made for fools to get drunk with, and so shorten their encumbering existence upon the earth; and as for Titmouse, I really do not think he ever went to bed completely sober; and he avowed, that "whenever he was alone, he felt so miserable;" and there was only one way, he said, which he knew of to "drive dull care away." Though aware of it in point of fact, Titmouse had neither sense nor sensibility enough to appreciate the fearful frailty of that tenure by which he held his present advantages of station—never reflecting that he was liable at any moment to be precipitated down from his present elevation, far deeper into obscurity and poverty than he had ever emerged from! He had no power of enhancing his enjoyment of the present, either by vivid contrast with the past, or with the possible reverses of the future. A wealthy and profligate fool is by no means the enviable person he may appear to silly lookers-on; but what must he be when placed in the circumstances of Titmouse? He found town, at a dull season—the fall of the year—to be sure, become daily duller, the sphere of his enjoyments having become so miserably contracted. Mr Gammon was becoming more and more stern and gloomy; in fact, Titmouse always dreaded to go near him, and enjoined on him, whenever they met, a circumspection which was new and intolerable. He was refused admission at Lord Dreddlington's; the Duke of Tantallan's he dared not go near. When, in the park, he met the Earl's chariot—a dismal object indeed to him—driving slowly along—all in deep mourning—the place of Lady Cecilia occupied now by Miss Macspleuchan, and the shattered old white-haired man beside her, taking evidently no notice of any thing about him; if Titmouse caught Miss Macspleuchan's eye, it was instantly removed, as from a disagreeable object. He never met that carriage without a shudder, and a violent one, at thought of the frightful fraud of which he had been at first the unconscious instrument, but to which he was now a consenting party. He had earnestly besought Mr Gammon to allow him to spend a few months on the Continent, and provide him with funds to do so; but on due consideration, Mr Gammon refused, in the very critical conjuncture of existing circumstances—at all events till he should have been furnished with some clue to the course which the pending investigation was taking. But Mr Gammon consented to his going down to Yatton; so down he went, but to encounter only sullen faces; servants whose wages were in arrear; tenants whom his exactions were ruining; the friends of Mudflint and Bloodsuck indignant at his not coming forward to rescue them from

impending destruction; and his constituency furious at the number of bills remaining unpaid; at his total disregard of their interests in Parliament; and his contemptible and ridiculous conduct and appearance there. As for any of the nobility or gentry of the neighbourhood, of course their notice of him was quite out of the question. From good little Dr Tatham, even, he could get nothing more than a cold and guarded civility; in fact, Mr Titmouse was fifty times more miserable at Yatton than he had been in London; and, moreover, the old hall had been completely stripped of the handsome furniture that had been put into it on his coming into possession, by his voracious execution-creditors; and all he could do here to enjoy existence, was to smoke, and drink brandy and water. He felt an impostor; that he had no right to be there; no claim to the respect or attention of any one. Through the noble grounds of Yatton, amidst the soft melancholy sunshine of October, he walked, frightened and alone; a falling leaf alighting on him would make him start with apprehension, and almost drop his cigar. While such was the dreary aspect of things at Yatton, what was the condition of Mr Gammon in London?

It is not possible that any one who betakes himself to tortuous modes of effecting his purposes, and securing the objects which a keen ambition may have proposed to him, can be *happy*. The perpetual dread of detection and failure, causes him to lie, as it were, ever writhing upon a bed of torture. To feel one's-self *failing*, in spite of deeply-laid, desperate, and dishonourable schemes for securing success, is sickening and miserable indeed! Such a one feels that the bitterness of disappointment will not be mitigated or assuaged by a consciousness of the sympathy and respect of those who have witnessed the unsuccessful attempts—a thought which is deadening to the soul; and Gammon felt himself among the most miserable of mankind. All other anxieties were, however, at present absorbed in one—that concerning the issue of the enquiry then pending; and which, as it were, darkened his spirit within him, and hung round his neck like a millstone. If the issue of that enquiry should be adverse—he had absolutely nothing for it but instant flight from universal scorn and execration. Of what avail would then be all his prodigious anxieties, sacrifices, and exertions, his deep-laid and complicated plans and purposes? He would have irretrievably damned himself, for what? To allow the wretch Titmouse to revel, for a season, in unbounded luxury and profligacy! What single personal advantage had Mr Gammon hitherto obtained for himself, taxed to their utmost as had been his powerful energies for the last three years? First of all, as to Miss Aubrey, the lovely object of his intense desires—what advance had he made towards the accomplishment of his objects, after all his profound and cruel treachery against her brother? Not a hair's-breadth. Nay, on the contrary, the slight footing of intimacy which he had contrived, in the first instance, to secure, he had now lost for ever. Could they have failed to perceive, in spite of all his devices, his hand in the recent persecution of Mr Aubrey? The stern deportment of Mr Runnington, who had expressly prohibited, on the part of Mr Aubrey, all communication with that gentleman on the part of Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, except through himself—the aforesaid Mr Runnington—spoke volumes. Moreover, Mr Gammon had chanced to be prowling about Vivian Street on the very evening on which Lord de la Zouch made his unexpected appearance with Mr Aubrey, as already described; and Gammon had seen Mr Aubrey, Mrs Aubrey, and Miss Aubrey, followed by his lordship, enter his carriage, in dinner-costume; and he thought with a violent pang of one Mr Delamere! He had also ascertained how suddenly his lordship had come over from Paris—just at that crisis in the circumstances of the Aubreys; and how probable was it, that his lordship's potent interference had originated the formidable proceedings of the Ecclesiastical Court? And suppose the result of these proceedings should be, to detect the imposition by means of which Titmouse had been enabled to oust Mr Aubrey from Yatton—what must *she*—what must they all—think of Mr Gammon, after his avowal to Miss Aubrey? Inevitably, that he had either originally contrived, or was now conniving at, the imposture! And what if she really were now all the while engaged to the

future Lord de la Zouch? And if the present Lord de la Zouch, with his immense revenues, were resolved to bear Mr Aubrey through all his difficulties and troubles with a high hand? Had not Gammon already felt the heavy hand of Lord de la Zouch in the late accursed bribery actions? And suppose him stimulated to set on foot the pending proceedings, by the communication of Miss Aubrey concerning Mr Gammon's own admissions to her—was his lordship likely to falter in his purposes?

Look again at the financial difficulties which were thickening around him. Between sixty and seventy thousand pounds had been already raised on mortgage of the Yatton estates!—and not a shilling more could now be raised without additional and collateral security, which Gammon could not procure. Then there was the interest payable half-yearly on these mortgages, which alone swallowed up some £3500 annually. In addition to this, Titmouse was over head-and-ears in debt; and he must be supported all the while in a manner suitable to his station; and an establishment must be kept up at Yatton. How, with all this, was Mr Gammon's own dearly bought rent-charge to be realized? The already over-burdened property was totally unequal to bear this additional pressure. Again, if his motion which was to be made in the ensuing term for a new trial in the case of *Wigley* v. *Gammon* should fail, there he was left at the mercy of the plaintiff for a sum very nearly amounting to £4000, (including the heavy costs,) and capable of being immediately enforced by incarceration of his person, or seizure of his goods! Mr Gammon, moreover, had been unfortunate in some gambling speculations in the funds, by which means the money he had so quickly made, had been as quickly lost. It was true, there were the probable proceeds of the two promissory notes now put in suit against Mr Aubrey, and also the bond of Lord de la Zouch himself, in all amounting to twenty thousand pounds with interest: but months must necessarily elapse before, even in the ordinary course, the actions for the recovery of these sums could be brought to a successful issue—to say nothing of any disastrous occurrence which Gammon could just conceive the possibility of, and which might have the effect of fatally impugning the right of action of Mr Titmouse. Gammon had repeatedly turned in his mind the propriety of raising money by assignment of the bond of Lord de la Zouch, but for several reasons had deemed it inexpedient to venture upon such a step. For instance, the bond would be due within a month or two; and who would advance any serious sum on so large a security, without rigorous enquiries into the validity of the bond in point of exaction, and the right of the obligee to put it in suit? Supposing the issue of the Ecclesiastical enquiry to be adverse, and Titmouse's title to the Yatton property to be destroyed; would not that at once invalidate his claims upon the bond, and also upon the two promissory notes? Lastly, his hopes of political advancement, to which he clung with incredible tenacity, full blooming though they had been till the moment of his being sued for the bribery penalties, were all in danger of being blighted for ever, unless he could succeed in defeating the verdict during the ensuing term, of which he entertained scarce any hope at all. But even supposing him successful there—what was to become of him if the issue of the pending Ecclesiastical proceedings should brand him as abetting imposture of the most gross and glaring description—nay, as being, in fact, its originator?

Thus, success or failure in the Ecclesiastical suit, was in fact the pivot upon which every thing turned with Mr Gammon—it would be either his salvation, or his destruction; and the thought of it kept him in a state of feverish trepidation and excitement, from morning to night—rendering him almost wholly incapable of attending to his professional business. He had gone down several times, accompanied by Mr Quod, to ascertain, as far as was practicable, the course which things were taking. Mr Quod was very sanguine indeed as to the issue; but, alas! Gammon had not ventured to tell him the true state of the case: so that Quod naturally confined himself to the substantiating of Mr Titmouse's pedigree, as it had been propounded, and with success, at the trial of ejectment. Mr Gammon trembled at the systematic and vigorous prosecution of the cause on the

part of Mr Aubrey; what might it not elicit? Regardless of the consequences, he had several times tried to ascertain from those who had been examined, the course of enquiry which had been pursued, and the evidence which had been obtained from them—but in vain: some of the witnesses were in a station of society which repelled his advances; and others were effectually deterred from communicativeness by the injunctions of the commissioner. Thus Mr Gammon could ascertain nothing—and was left to await, in fearful suspense, the legitimate issue of this tantalizing and mysterious process, till the day when "publication" should "pass," and both parties be put in possession of all the evidence which had been obtained.

The prospects of the Aubreys, brightened though they had been by the sudden interference of Lord de la Zouch, at the very moment of their deepest gloom, did not disturb that calm and peaceful course of life which they had maintained through all their troubles. Oh, how animated and happy, however, was now that little family!—and that not through any overweening confidence as to the result of Lord de la Zouch's operations on their behalf, but from a pious and cheerful persuasion that they were not forsaken of Heaven, which had given this token of its remembrance. The beautiful bloom began to reappear on the cheeks both of Mrs Aubrey and Kate, and the eye of Mr Aubrey was no longer laden with gloom and anxiety. He pursued the study of the law with steadfast energy till the period of Mr Mansfield's quitting town, and his chambers being closed till the beginning of November. The Aubreys, poor souls! secretly pined for a glimpse, however brief, of the pleasures of the country; and about the middle of September, they, sure enough, received a very pressing invitation from Lord and Lady de la Zouch, for all of them to join them in France, by way of a total and enlivening change of scene. Mrs Aubrey and Kate had all but persuaded Mr Aubrey into an acceptance of the kind invitation, when he suddenly thought of what he deemed an insuperable obstacle. It will be borne in mind that Mr Aubrey had given bail to a very large amount, nearly sixteen thousand pounds, in the two actions at the suit of Mr Titmouse, and of Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap; and, on enquiry, two of the friends who had become bail for him were abroad, and could not be communicated with; so Mr Aubrey peremptorily refused, under such circumstances, to quit the country, though for ever so brief an interval. On seriously assuring Lord de la Zouch that there existed insuperable objections to his just then leaving England, the ever-active kindness of his noble friend prompted a fresh proposal,—that they should, within a week's time, all of them, set off for a lovely residence of his lordship's in Essex, some fifteen miles from town, called Tunstall Priory—where they would find every thing fully prepared for their reception, and where they were earnestly entreated to remain till they should be joined by their host and hostess from France, about the latter end of October. 'Tis quite impossible for me to describe the exhilaration of spirits with which, the invitation having been most gratefully accepted by Mr Aubrey, they all prepared for their little journey. Mr Aubrey had made arrangements for their going down by one of the coaches, which went within a couple of miles of the Priory; but here again the thoughtful delicacy and kindness of his lordship was manifest; for the evening before they set off, one of the servants from Dover Street came to ask at what hour they would wish the carriage to call for them, and the van for their luggage—such being the orders which had come from his lordship; and further, that the carriage was to remain at their command during the whole of their stay at the Priory. Both Mrs Aubrey and Kate, in their excitement, burst into tears on hearing of this additional trait of anxious and considerate kindness. Oh! it would have cheered your heart, good reader, to see the blithe faces, and bounding spirits with which that little family set off on the ensuing morning on their little expedition. Oh! how refreshing was the country air!—how enlivening and beautiful the country scenery amid the gentle sunlight of September!—'Twas a little Paradise of a place—and as day after day glided away, they felt a sense of the enjoyment of existence, such as they had never experienced before!

Though it is not a very pleasant

transition, the order of events requires us to return to town,—and to no very pleasant part of town, viz. Thavies' Inn. 'Twas about eight o'clock in the evening, towards the close of October, and Mr Gammon was walking to and fro about his room, which was cheerful with the light of a lamp and the warmth of a fire. He himself, however, was very far from cheerful—he was in a state of exquisite anxiety and suspense—and well he might be, for he was in momentary expectation of receiving a copy of the evidence which had been taken on the part of Mr Aubrey, in the ecclesiastical suit, publication having passed the day before. He muttered blighting curses at the intolerable delay of old Mr Quod, who, Mr Gammon was assured, might have procured a copy of the evidence several hours before, with only moderate exertion. Twice had Mr Gammon's messenger been dispatched in vain; and he was now absent on the third errand to Mr Quod's chambers. At length Mr Gammon heard a heavy footstep ascending the stairs—he knew it, and, darting to the door, opened it just as his messenger had reached the landing with a bulky white packet under his arm, sealed, and tied with red tape.

"Ah!—that will do. Thank you, thank you!—call to-morrow morning," said Gammon, hastily, almost snatching the packet out of the man's hand.

"Mrs Brown—don't let me be disturbed to-night by any one—on any consideration," said he to his laundress; and, having ordered her to close the outer door, he re-entered his sitting-room, and with a beating heart burst open the seals, tape, and cartridge-paper, and fastened in an instant with devouring eyes upon the pregnant enclosure. Over page after page his eye glanced with lightning speed, his breathing unconsciously accelerated the while. When he had got to about the middle of it, his breath was for a minute or so suspended, while his affrighted eye travelled down a couple of pages, which told him all—all he had feared to see, and more—more than he had known himself. "Ah, perdition—the game is up!" he faintly exclaimed, and, rising from his chair, threw himself down upon the sofa, in a state of dismay and bewilderment which no words of mine are powerful enough to describe.

Quite as much anxiety had been felt on the same subject in a different quarter, during the whole of the day, at the Priory; where were still the Aubreys, who had been joined a week before by Lord and Lady de la Zouch, and Mr Delamere, for he had come over with them from the continent. Mr Runnington had written to assure Mr Aubrey, that the first moment of his being able to procure a copy of the evidence, he would come down post with it. As, however, nine o'clock elapsed without his having made his appearance, Mr Delamere slipped out, and, without announcing his intention, ordered his groom to have his horses in readiness, instantly; and within a quarter of an hour's time he was on his way to town, having left a hasty verbal message, acquainting Lord and Lady de la Zouch of the object of his sudden move. When he reached Mr Runnington's offices he found no one there, to his infinite disappointment. Having slept in Dover Street, he reappeared at Mr Runnington's about ten o'clock the next morning, and found a chaise and four at the door, into which Mr Runnington, with a large packet under his arm, was in the very act of entering, to drive down to the Priory.

"How is it—for God's sake?" said Mr Delamere, rushing forward to Mr Runnington, who was sufficiently surprised at seeing him.

"Oh, thank God! The battle's ours!"—replied Mr Runnington with delighted excitement. "The murder's out!—I'll pledge my existence that within six months' time we have them all back at Yatton!"—

"You're *off*, are not you?" enquired Delamere, as excited as himself—

"To be sure—won't you come with me?" replied Mr Runnington.

"Rattle away, my lads!" cried out Delamere to the post-boys—and the next moment they were on their way, and at indeed a rattling pace. In somewhere about an hour and a quarter's time, the reeking horses and dusty chaise dashed up to the hall door of the Priory; and, as Delamere caught one or two figures standing at the windows, he waved his white handkerchief in triumph through the chaise window. That brought Lord and Lady de la Zouch, and Mr and Mrs Aubrey, breathless to the door—out jumped Delamere, without waiting for the steps to be let down, and, grasping

the hands of all four, exclaimed with enthusiasm—" Victory!—Victory!—but where is she?"—

" Somewhere in the grounds, sir, replied a servant."

" Mr Runnington will tell you all" —said Delamere; and, springing off the step, was out of sight in a twinkling, in quest of Miss Aubrey—burning to be the first with the joyful news. He soon caught sight of her graceful figure—she was standing with her back towards him, apparently in a musing posture, gazing at the bubbling rivulet. Hearing his bounding steps, she turned round, and started at seeing him.

" Oh, Miss Aubrey—Kate, Kate!" —he stammered, breathlessly—" By Heavens, we've won!"—Miss Aubrey turned very pale.

" Oh, Mr Delamere—you cannot be —I *hope* you are not mistaken"—said she faintly.

" On my sacred word of honour, I have seen—I have read it all myself! 'Tis as sure as that the sun is shining —'Tis all up with the villains!" Miss Aubrey made him no answer; her cheek continued white as that of a statue; and it was absolutely necessary that he should put his arm round her,—if he had not, she would have fallen.

" Come!—Come! My sweet, my lovely Kate! Rouse yourself!" cried he with fond anxiety, and pressed his lips gently on her forehead—a liberty of which she was probably not conscious, for she made no show of resistance. Presently she heaved a deep sigh, her eyes opened, and, finding herself entirely in his embrace, she made a slight effort to disengage herself, but in vain. He was supporting her on one knee—for there was no bench or seat within view. She burst into tears, and they soon relieved her pent-up bosom of its excitement.

" Dearest Kate—it's glorious news, and I have been too hasty with it."

" No—no—Mr Delamere! I am only overpowered with joy and with gratitude! Oh, Mr Delamere, I could sink out of your sight!"

" Pho! my own angel!—Don't make me miserable by talking in that strain."

" Well, what *shall* I say?" cried she passionately, bursting again into tears, and turning her face from him, feeling that it was reddening.

" *Say*, Kate? That you will let me love you, and will love me in return! Come, my own Kate! Heaven smiles on you—smile you on *me!*" She spoke not—but sobbed, her face still averted from him.

" I know you won't say me nay, Kate, if it's only for the *news* I've brought you express"—said Delamere ardently, and imprinted a passionate kiss on her unresisting lips.

" My sweet Kate! how I have thought of you in every part of the world in which I've been"—commenced Delamere, after having a second, and a third, and a fourth time imprinted his lips upon the ripe and rosy lips of his beautiful mistress—and Heaven only knows what other absurdities he might have been guilty of, when, to Kate's inconceivable embarrassment, behold a sudden turn brought them full in view of Lord and Lady de la Zouch and Mr Runnington.

" My dear Miss Aubrey," cried Lord de la Zouch, " we have come to congratulate you on this great event!" and he grasped her affectionately by the hands, and then Lady de la Zouch embraced her future daughter-in-law, whose cheeks burned like fire, while those of Mr Delamere tingled a little.

" Upon my honour, sir, you seem to have been making hay while the sun shines," said his lordship in a low tone, and laughing, having left Miss Aubrey and Lady de la Zouch together for a few moments.

" Dearest Lady de la Zouch, how did my brother bear it?" enquired Miss Aubrey.

" He bore it with calmness, though he turned very pale; but poor Mrs Aubrey was very painfully excited—it was really a most affecting scene. But she is much better now—shall we return to the house?—By the way," added she slyly, " now you're *come into your fortune*, as the saying is, Kate—I—I suppose Geoffrey has been talking nonsense to you." Poor Kate blushed deeply, and burst into tears.

That was a happy day, and Mr Runnington, having been compelled to stay to dinner, returned home at a late hour, feeling already richly repaid for all his exertions. Miss Aubrey sat up till a late hour in her own room, writing, according to a pro-

mise she had given, a very long letter to Dr Tatham, in which she gave him as full an account as she could of the surprising and decisive event which had happened. 'Twas quite the letter of a daughter to a fond father—full of ardent affection, and joyous anticipations of seeing him again; but as to the other little incident of the day, which concerned herself personally, Kate paused—laid down her pen—resumed it—blushed—hesitated—and at length extinguished her taper and retired to rest, saying to herself that she would *think* of it, and make up her mind by the morning.

The letter went off, however, after all, without the slightest allusion to the possibility of its lovely writer becoming a future Lady de la Zouch.

But it is now high time that the reader should be put into possession of the important disclosures produced by the ecclesiastical enquiry: and we must for a while lose sight of the happy Aubreys, and the gloomy, discomfited Gammon, in order to become acquainted with the exact state of facts which had called forth such violent and opposite emotions.

The reader may possibly bear in mind that Mr Titmouse had established his right to succeed to the Yatton property, then enjoyed by Mr Aubrey, by making out to the satisfaction of the jury, on the trial at York, that he, the aforesaid Mr Titmouse, was descended from an elder branch of the Aubrey family: that there had existed an unsuspected female descendant of Stephen Dreddlington, the elder brother of Geoffry Dreddlington, through whom Mr Aubrey derived his claim to the succession; and that this obscure female descendant had left issue equally obscure and unsuspected—viz. Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse—to whom *our* friend Titmouse was shown to be heir-at-law. In fact, it had been shown in open court, by clear and satisfactory evidence, *First*, that the aforesaid Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse was the direct descendant of Stephen Dreddlington; *Secondly*, the marriage of Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse; *Thirdly*, the birth of Tittlebat Titmouse, the first, and indeed the only issue of that marriage. All these were not only proved, but unquestionable facts; and from them, as far as descent went, the preferable right of Titmouse to that of Aubrey, resulted as an inevitable inference, and the verdict went accordingly. But as soon as, according to the happy and invaluable suggestion of the Attorney-General, a rigid inquiry had been instituted *on the spot*, whence the oral and documentary evidence had been obtained by Mr Gammon—an enquiry conducted by persons infinitely more familiar with such matters than common lawyers, those acute and indefatigable inquisitors succeeded in making the following remarkable discovery. It was found that the two old witnesses who had been called to prove that part of the case, on the trial, had since died—one of them very recently. But in pushing their enquiries, one or two other old witnesses were met with who had not been called by Mr Gammon, even if he had been aware of their existence; and one of these, an old man, while being closely interrogated upon another matter, happened to let fall some expressions which startled the person making minutes of the evidence; for he spoke of Mr Titmouse's mother under three different names, *Gubbins*, *Oakley*, and Johnson. Now, the proof of the trial had been simply the marriage of Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse, by bans, to Janet Johnson, *spinster*. Either, then, both the witnesses must be mistaken as to her having had other names, or there must be some strange mystery at the bottom of it—and so it at length turned out. This woman's maiden name had been Gubbins; then she had married a ropemaker, of the name of Oakley, in Staffordshire, but had separated from him, after two or three years' quarrelsome cohabitation, and gone into Yorkshire, where she had resided for some time with an aunt—in fact, no other a person than old blind Bess. Afterwards, she had become acquainted with Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse; and, to conceal the fact of her previous marriage—her husband being alive at the time—she was married to Gabriel Titmouse under the name of "Johnson." Two years afterwards, this exemplary female died, leaving an only child, Tittlebat Titmouse. Shortly afterwards, his father came up to London, bringing with him his little son—and some five years afterwards died, leaving a few hundred pounds behind him for the bringing up of Tittlebat decently

—a duty undertaken by a distant relative of his father, and who had been dead some years. Of course Titmouse, at the time when he was first presented to the reader, knew no more than the dead of his being in any way connected with the distinguished family of the Aubreys in Yorkshire; nor of the very unpleasant circumstances attending his mother's marriage, with which the reader has just been made acquainted. Nothing can be easier than to conceive how Mr Gammon might have been able, even if acquainted with the true state of the facts, to produce an impregnable case in court by calling, with judgment, only that evidence which was requisite to show the marriage of Titmouse's father with Janet Johnson—viz. an examined copy of an entry in the parish register of Grilston, of the fact of the marriage under the names specified, and some other slight evidence of the identity of the parties. How was the Attorney-General, or any one advising him, to have got at the mystery attending the name of "Johnson," in the absense of suspicion pointed precisely at that circumstance? The defendant, in an action of ejectment, is necessarily in a great measure in the dark as to the evidence which will be adduced against him, and must fight the evidence as it is presented to him in court; and the plaintiff's attorney is generally better advised than to bring into court witnesses who may be able, if pressed, to disclose more than is necessary or desirable!

The way in which Mr Gammon became acquainted with the true state of the case was singular. While engaged in obtaining and arranging the evidence in support of the plaintiff's case, under the guidance of Mr Lynx's opinion, Mr Gammon stumbled upon a witness who dropped one or two expressions, which suddenly reminded him of two like documents which had been some time before put into his possession, without his then attaching the least importance to them. He was so disturbed at the coincidence, that he returned to town that very night to inspect the papers in question. They had been obtained by Snap from Old Blind Bess: in fact, (*inter nos*,) he had purloined them from her on one of the occasions of his being with her in the manner long ago described, having found them in an old Bible, which was in a still older canvass-bag; and they consisted of, first, a letter from one James Oakley to his wife, informing her that he was dying, and that, having heard she was living with another man, he exhorted her to leave her wicked courses before *she* died; secondly, a letter from one Gabriel Titmouse to his wife, reproaching her with drunkenness and loose conduct, and saying that she knew as well as he did, that he could transport her any day he liked; therefore, she had better mind what she was about. This letter was written in the county jail, where he had been sent for some offence against the game-laws. Old blind Bess had been very feeble when her niece came to live with her; and, though aware of her profligate conduct, had never dreamed of the connexion between the great family at the Hall and her niece's child. These were the two documents which Mr Titmouse had destroyed, on Gammon's having entrusted them for a moment into his hands. Though I do not attach so much importance to them as Mr Gammon did—since I cannot see how they could have been made available evidence for any purpose contemplated by Gammon—I am not surprised at his doing so. They were infinitely too dangerous documents to admit of his taking the opinion of counsel upon; he therefore kept them entirely to himself, as also the discovery to which they led, not trusting his secret even to either of his partners. Before the case had come into court, Mr Gammon had been in possession of the facts now laid for the first time before the reader—contemplating, from the first, the use to be thereafter made of the prodigious power he should have become possessed of, in aid of his own personal advancement. Thus was Titmouse base-born indeed—in fact, doubly illegitimate; for, first, his mother was guilty of bigamy in marrying his father; and, secondly, had that not been so, her marrying under a false name was sufficient to make the marriage utterly void, and equally, of course, to bastardize her issue.

Such, then, was the damning discovery effected by the ecclesiastical commission, and which would by and by blazon to the whole world, the astounding fact, that this doubly base-

born little miscreant had been enabled, by the profound machinations of Mr Gammon, not only to deprive Mr Aubrey of the Yattton estates, but also to intermarry with the Lady Cecilia, the last of the direct line of the noble Dreddlingtons and Drelincourts—to defile the blood, and blight the honour, of perhaps the oldest and the proudest of the nobility of England. Upon Mr Gammon, it lit like a thunderbolt. For many hours he seemed to have been utterly crushed and blasted by it. His faculties appeared paralysed. He was totally incapable of realizing his position—of contemplating the prodigious and appalling consequences which must inevitably and almost immediately ensue. He lay upon the sofa the whole night without closing his eyes, or having moved a muscle since he had thrown himself down upon it. His laundress came in with his bed-candle, trimmed the lamp, stirred the fire, and withdrew, supposing him asleep. The fire went out—then the lamp—and when, about eight o'clock the next morning, his laundress re-appeared, he still lay on the sofa; and a glimpse of his pale and haggard face alarmed her greatly, and she went for a medical man before he was aware of her having done so. On her returning, and informing him of what she had done, it roused him from his lethargy, and, rising from the sofa, he desired her to go back and request the medical man not to come, as it was unnecessary. Heaving profound sighs he proceeded to his dressing-room, got through his toilet, and then sat down to the breakfast table, and for the first time made a very powerful effort to address his mind to the awful nature of the emergency into which he was driven. Mr Quod soon after made his appearance.

"This is a *very—very—ugly business*, Mr Gammon!" quoth he, with a gloomy countenance, as he sat down; "I look upon it there's an end to the suit—eh?"

"It is not likely that we shall stir further, certainly"—replied Mr Gammon, with a desperate effort to speak calmly: then there was a pause.

"And I should think the matter can't end *here*;" presently added Mr Quod. "With such evidence as this, of course they'll attack Yatton!"

"Then I am prepared to resist them," said Gammon; convinced in his own mind that the sole object of Mr Quod's visit was to see after the payment of his bill—a reasonable anxiety, surely, considering the untoward issue of the proceedings.

"How could all this have escaped *me*, in getting up the case for the trial?" said Gammon, after a pause, darting an anxious and furtive glance at his companion.

"Ay—I hope this will teach you common-law fellows, that there's a trick or two worth knowing at Doctors' Commons!" replied Mr Quod. "D'ye remember what I told you at starting?—How was it, d'ye say, *you* couldn't find it out? No one could, till we did!—But, by the way, do we fight any more in the cause? Because we must decide at once—it's no use, I should say, going to the expense of a hearing"—

"I will give you an answer in the course of the day, Mr Quod," replied Gammon; and succeeded in getting rid of his visiter, for the present; and then re-perused the whole of the evidence, and considered within himself, as well as he was able, what course he ought to pursue. He had need, truly, to do so, for he very shortly found that he had to deal with an enemy in Mr Runnington—uncompromising and unrelenting—whose movements were equally prompt, vigorous, and skilful. That gentleman, following up his blow, and acting under the advice of the Attorney-General, who had just returned to town for the commencement of the legal year—viz. Michaelmas Term—first of all gave notice, through Mr Pounce, of his intention to proceed with the suit for administration; but found that the enemy in that quarter had struck; Mr Quod formally notified his abandonment of opposition on the part of Mr Titmouse. So far so good. Mr Runnington's next step was to go down into Staffordshire and Yorkshire, accompanied by Mr Pounce, and by his own experienced confidential clerk, in order to ascertain still more distinctly and conclusively the nature of the evidence which was in existence impeaching the legitimacy of Mr Titmouse. His enquiries were so satisfactory, that, within a week of his return to town, he had caused an action of ejectment to be brought for the recovery of the whole of the Yatton property; and copies of the "Declaration" to be served on

Mr Titmouse, and on every tenant in possession upon the estate. Then he caused notices to be served on every one of the tenants, calling upon them not to pay rent in future to any one except Charles Aubrey, Esquire, or his agents by him lawfully appointed; and caused a formal demand of the title-deeds of the estate to be forthwith served upon Mr Titmouse, Messrs Bloodsuck and Son, and Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap; and also advertisements to be inserted in the newspapers, to caution all persons against advancing money on mortgage or on other security of the Yatton property, "formerly in "possession of, and now claimed by, "Charles Aubrey, Esq., but at pre-"sent wrongfully held by Tittlebat "Titmouse, Esq., M.P., and for the "recovery of which an action has "been commenced, and is now pend-"ing;" and also from advancing money "on the faith or security of "a certain bond conditioned in the "penalty of £20,000 for the payment "to Tittlebat Titmouse of £10,000, "with interest, on or before the 24th "day of January next, and dated the "26th July 18—, and signed by Lord "de la Zouch and Charles Aubrey, "Esq., the same having been obtained "by undue means, and on a fraudu-"lent pretence of money being due "from the said Charles Aubrey, Esq., "to the aforesaid Tittlebat Titmouse." These advertisements, and certain paragraphs relating to the same matter, which found their way into the newspapers, to the consternation of Gammon, came under the eye of the Duke of Tantallan, and struck him dumb with dismay and horror at so decisive and public a corroboration of his worst fears. A similar effect it produced upon Miss Macspleuchan, who, however, succeeded in keeping them for some time from the observation of the unfortunate Earl of Dreddlington. But there were certain other persons in whom these announcements excited an amazing degree of excitement and agitation; viz. three Jewish gentlemen, MORDECAI GRIPE, MEPHIBOSHETH MAHAR-SHALAL-HASH-BAZ, and ISRAEL FANG, who were at present the depositaries of Mr Titmouse's title-deeds, with a lien upon them, as they had fondly imagined, to the extent of nearly seventy thousand pounds, that being the amount of money they had advanced, in hard cash, to Mr Titmouse, upon mortgage of his Yatton estates. The last of these unfortunate gentlemen—old Mr Fang—had advanced no less a sum than thirty thousand pounds. He had been the first applied to, and had most fortunately taken a collateral security for the whole sum advanced; viz. a bond—the bond of our old friend, "THOMAS TAG-RAG, draper and mercer, of No. 375, Oxford Street, and Satin Lodge, Clapham, in the county of Middlesex." As soon as ever the dismayed Israelite, by his attorney had ascertained, by enquiry at the office of Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap—where all was confusion—that there really was a claim set up to the whole of the estates, on behalf of him who had been so recently and suddenly dispossessed of them, he exclaimed in an ecstacy, "Oh, ma Got! oh, ma *dear* Got! Shoo Tag-rag! Shoo on the bond! Looshe no time"—— and he was obeyed. Terrible to tell, two big bum-bailiffs the next day walked straight into the shop of Mr Tag-rag, who was sitting in his little closet at the further end, with his pen in his hand, busily checking some bills just made out, and without the least ceremony or hesitation hauled him off, hardly giving him time to put his hat on, but gruffly uttering in his ear some such astounding words as "Thirty thousand pounds!" He resisted desperately, shouting out for help, on which all the young men jumped over the counters, and seemed to be coming to the rescue! while one or two female customers rushed affrighted out of the shop. In short, there was a perfect panic in the shop; though the young men merely crowded round, and clamoured loudly, without venturing upon a conflict with the two burly myrmidons of the law, who clapped their prize into a coach that was standing opposite—Mr Tag-rag, frothing at the mouth, and with impassioned gesticulation, protesting that he would have them both transported to Botany Bay on the morrow. They laughed at him good-humouredly, and in due time deposited him safely in the lock-up of Mr Vice, who, on seeing that he was disposed to be troublesome, thrust him unceremoniously into the large room in which, it may be recollected, Mr Aubrey had been for a few minutes incarcerated, and left him,

telling him he might write to his attorney. There he continued for a long while in a state bordering on frenzy. Indeed, he must have fancied that the devil had made it, just then, his particular business to worry and ruin *him;* for what do you think had happened to him only two days before? an event which had convulsed Clapham to its centre—so much, at least, of Clapham as knew of the existence of the Tag-rags and the Reverend Dismal Horror, his chapel, and congregation. That young shepherd of faithful souls having long cherished feelings of ardent fondness towards one gentle lamb in his flock in particular—viz. Tabitha Tag-rag—who was the only child of the wealthiest member of his little church—took upon himself to lead her, nothing loth, a very long and pleasant ramble—in plain English, Mr Dismal Horror had eloped with the daughter of his head deacon—to the infinite scandal and disgust of his congregation, who forthwith met and deposed him from his pulpit; after which his father-in-law solemnly made his will, bequeathing every thing he had to a newly-established Dissenters' college; and the next day—being just about the time that the grim priest of Gretna was forging the bonds of Hymen for the happy and lovely couple before him, Mr Tag-rag was hauled off in the way that I have mentioned—which two occurrences would have the effect of enabling Mr Dismal Horror to prove the disinterestedness of his attachment—an opportunity for which he vowed that he panted—inasmuch as he and she had become, indeed, all the world to each other. He must now go into some other line of business, in order to support his fond and lovely wife; and, as for Tag-rag, his pious purposes were frustrated altogether. There was no impeaching the validity of the bond held by the infuriate and inexorable Jew who had arrested him, and who clearly had been no party to any fraud by which—if any—the signature of Mr Tag-rag had been procured to the bond. Mr Tag-rag's attorney, Mr Snout, instantly called upon Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, to enquire into the particulars of the astounding transaction by which his client had been drawn into so ruinous a liability—but was very cavalierly treated; for he was informed that Mr Tag-rag must, in their opinion, have lost his senses—at all events his memory; for that he had most deliberately executed the bond, after its nature had been fully explained to him by Mr Gammon—and his signature was witnessed and attested in the usual way by a clerk in the office, and also in the presence of all the three partners. On hearing all this—and examining Mr Aminadab, who stated, without any hesitation, as the fact in truth was, that he had been called in specially to see Mr Tag-rag execute the bond, and had seen and heard him deliberately sign and say he delivered it as his act and deed—Mr Snout hurried back to his frenzied client, and endeavoured, for a long while, with praiseworthy patience, to reason with him, explaining to him the glaring improbability of his version of the affair. This led to very high words indeed between them, and at length Mr Tag-rag actually spit in his face: and Mr Snout, being a very little man, and unable to resent the insult effectually, instantly quitted the room, expressing his firm belief that Mr Tag-rag was a swindler, and he would no more be concerned for a person of that description. Mr Tag-rag could not get bail for so frightful an amount; so he committed an act of bankruptcy, by remaining in prison for three weeks. Down, then, came all his creditors upon him in a heap, especially the Jew; a rattling bankruptcy ensued—the upshot of the whole being—to anticipate, however, a little—that a first and final dividend was declared of three farthings in the pound—for it turned out that he had been *speculating* a great deal more than any one had had the least idea of. I ought, however, to have mentioned that, as soon as Mr Tag-rag had become bankrupt, and his assignees had been appointed, they caused an indictment to be preferred against Mr Titmouse, and Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, for fraud and conspiracy in obtaining the bond from Mr Tag-rag; and, on the same grounds, made an application, fortified by strong affidavits, to the Lord Chancellor, to strike them all off the rolls. In addition to all this, the two other unfortunate mortgagees, Mordecai Gripe, and Mephibosheth Mahar-shalal-hash-baz—who had no security at all for their advances except the title-deeds of the estate, and the

personal covenant of Mr Titmouse—beset the office in Saffron Hill from morning to night, like a couple of frantic fiends, and nearly drove poor old Mr Quirk out of his senses. Mr Snap was peremptory and insolent; while Gammon seldom made his appearance—and would see no one at his private residence, pleading serious indisposition.

After anxious reflection, Mr Gammon did not absolutely despair of extricating himself from the perils with which he was personally environed. As for certain fond hopes of political advancement, after which, indeed, his soul pined, he did not despair of prevailing on his friend at headquarters—to whom he had undoubtedly rendered considerable political services at no little personal risk—to overlook the accident which had befallen him, in the adverse verdict for the bribery penalties, even should he fail in his motion to defeat that verdict in the ensuing term. He had had a distinct intimation that—that one obstacle removed—a very important and influential situation under government was within his reach. But, alas! this last overwhelming misfortune—how could he possibly evade or surmount it? What human ingenuity or intrepidity could avail to extricate him from the consequences of his avowal to Miss Aubrey—and his counter-statements to the Duke of Tantallan and Miss Macspleuchan—to say nothing of the Earl of Dreddlington? He resolved to risk it—to rely on his own resources, and the chapter of accidents. The mere presence of difficulty, strung his nerves to encounter it. He resolved to rely on the impossibility of fixing him directly with a knowledge of the rottenness of Titmouse's pretensions—at all events, till a period considerably subsequent to the trial, and Titmouse's marriage with the Lady Cecilia. It occurred to him, as calculated, moreover, to aid his contemplated movements, if he could find a fair pretext for throwing overboard his partners, especially Mr Quirk—satisfied that his own uniform caution had prevented him from committing himself to them—or at least had deprived them of means of proving it. He very soon met with an opportunity, of which he promptly availed himself.

Some week or ten days after the commencement of the term, Mr Quirk was walking down Parliament Street, on his way to the Court of King's Bench, hoping, amongst other things, to hear the court say whether they would grant or refuse a rule *nisi* for a new trial, in a certain cause of Wigley *v.* Gammon, which had been moved for on the first day of term by the Attorney-General, and which Lord Widdrington had said the court would take a day or two's time to consider. Mr Quirk's eye caught the figure of a person, a few steps in advance of him, which he fancied he had seen before. In a few minutes' time, the old gentleman was covered with a cold perspiration; for in a young man, about thirty years old, decently dressed—thin, sallow, and wearing a very depressed air—Mr Quirk recognized Mr Steggars—a gentleman whom he had imagined to be at that moment comfortably settled at Botany Bay! This was the individual, it may be recollected, whose execrable breach of trust, when a clerk of Mr Parkinson's at Grilston, had led to Mr Quirk's discovery of the infirmity in Mr Aubrey's title. The fact was, that Mr Steggars had quitted England horribly disgusted with Mr Quirk's conduct towards him; and had also subsequently experienced some little remorse on account of his own mean and cruel conduct towards a gentleman and his amiable family, who had never given him the slightest pretext for hostility or revenge. He had contrived to make his feelings upon the subject known to the official individual at Botany Bay, who had given him an opportunity of explaining matters fully to the authorities at home—the principal of whom, the Home Secretary—had been, and indeed continued to be, a warm personal friend of Mr Aubrey's. This minister caused enquiries to be made concerning Steggars' behaviour while abroad, which were so satisfactorily answered as to procure a remission of the remainder of his sentence, just as he was entering upon his fourth year's service at Botany Boy. Immediately on his return—which had taken place only a few days before the commencement of Michaelmas term—he sought out Mr Aubrey's attorneys, Messrs Runnington, and put them fully in possession of all the facts of the case relating to Mr Quirk's grossly dishonourable conduct in obtaining and

acting upon a knowledge of the supposed defect in Mr Aubrey's title. Upon Mr Quirk's coming alongside of this gentleman, and looking at him with a most anxious inquisitiveness, he encountered a fearfully significant glance—and then Mr Steggars, in a very pointed and abrupt manner, crossed over the street for the purpose of avoiding him. He was so dreadfully disconcerted by this occurrence, that instead of going on to Court, where he would have heard Mr Gammon's rule for a new trial *refused*, he retraced his steps homeward, and arrived at the office just as a clerk was enquiring for him; and who, on seeing him, put into his hands the following startling document, being a rule, which had been granted the day before, by the Court of King's Bench:—

"On reading the Affidavit of Jo-
"NATHAN STEGGARS, the Affidavits of
"James Parkinson and Charles Run-
"nington, and the paper-writing
"marked A, all hereunto annexed,
"and on the motion of Mr Attor-
"ney-General, it is *ordered*, that
"Caleb Quirk, Gentleman, an attor-
"ney of this Honourable Court, do,
"on Wednesday next, in this present
"term, show cause why he should
"not forthwith deliver up to Charles
"Aubrey, Esquire, the deeds and
"documents specified in the paper-
"writing hereto annexed marked A,
"*and also, why he should not answer*
"*the matters contained in the said*
"Affidavits."

"Oh Lord!" exclaimed Mr Quirk, faintly, and, sinking into his chair, enquired for Mr Gammon; but, as usual, he had not been at the office that day. Giving orders to Mr Aminadab to have copies taken immediately of the affidavits mentioned in the rule, Mr Quirk set off for Mr Gammon's chambers, but missed that gentleman, who, he learned, was down at court. The next day Mr Gammon called at the office, but Mr Quirk was absent; on going, however, into the old gentleman's room, Mr Gammon's eye lit on the above-mentioned "rule," and also on the affidavits upon which it had been granted; then, hastily replacing them on the desk as he had found them, he repaired to his own room greatly flustered—resolved to wait for Mr Quirk's arrival, and appear to be informed by him, for the first time, of the existence of the aforesaid rule and affidavits. While he was really buried in a reverie, with his head resting on one hand and a pen in the other, his countenance miserably pale and harassed, Mr Quirk burst hastily into his room with the rule and affidavits in his hand.

"Oh Lord, Gammon! How are you Gammon?" he stuttered, "Haven't seen you this age!—Where have you been? How are you, eh?" and he grasped very cordially the cold hand of Mr Gammon, which did not return the pressure.

"I am not very well, Mr Quirk; but—you seem agitated!—Has any thing fresh hap"——

"Fresh?—Ecod, my dear Gammon! Fresh, indeed! Here's a *new* enemy come into the field!—D——d if I don't feel going mad!—Look Gammon, look!"—and he placed the rule and affidavits in Mr Gammon's hands, and sat down beside him.

"What!—Answer the matters of the affidavit?" quoth Gammon, amazedly.—"Why, what have you been doing, Mr Quirk? And—who upon earth is—*Jonathan Steggars?*"

"Who's Steggars!" echoed Mr Quirk, stupidly.

"Yes, Mr Quirk—*Steggars*. Who is he?" repeated Gammon, intrepidly.

"Steggars, you know—Gammon! You recollect Steggars, of course—eh?" enquired Mr Quirk, with an apprehensive stare—"Steggars; *Steggars*—you know! eh? You don't recollect! Oh, botheration! Come, come, Gammon!"

"Who is he?" again enquired Gammon.

"Oh Lud! oh Lud! oh Lud!" exclaimed Mr Quirk, despairingly—"What *are* you after, Gammon? You don't intend—it can't be—that you're going to—eh?—It's Steggars, you know—we defended him, you know—and he got transported for robbing Parkinson. You recollect how we got hold of Mr Aubrey's story from him?" While Mr Quirk was saying all this with feverish impetuosity, Mr Gammon appeared to be, for the first time, glancing eagerly over the affidavits.

"Why—good heavens, Mr Quirk!" said he, presently, with a start—"is it possible that these statements can have the slightest foundation in fact?"

"Ay, drat it—that *you* know as well as I do, Gammon," replied Mr Quirk, with not a little eagerness and trepidation—"Come, come, it's rather late in the day to sham Abraham just now."

"Do you venture, Mr Quirk, to stand there and deliberately charge me with being a party to the grossly dishonourable conduct of which you are here accused upon oath—which, indeed, you admit yourself to have been guilty of?"

"D——d if I don't, Master Gammon!" replied Mr Quirk, slapping his hand on the table after a long pause, in which he looked completely confounded. "Why, you'll want, by and by, to persuade me that my name isn't Caleb Quirk—why, zounds! you'll drive me mad! You're gone mad yourself—you must be!"

"How dare you insult me, sir, by charging me with conniving at your infamous and most unprofessional conduct?"

"Why—come! Do you know how we first got scent of the whole thing? It dropped down from the clouds, I suppose, into our office—oh lud, lud, Gammon! it isn't kind to leave an old friend in the lurch at such a horrid pinch as this."

"I tell you, Mr Quirk, that I never had the least idea in the world that this wretch Steggars—I should have scouted the whole thing! I would rather have retired from the firm."

"That's it, Gammon! Go on, Gammon! This is uncommonly funny! It is, indeed, ah, ha!"

"This is no time for trifling, sir, believe me. Let me tell you thus much, in all candour—that I certainly had, from the first, misgivings as to the means by which you became possessed of this information; but, considering our relative situations, I did not feel myself at liberty to press you on the point—Oh, Mr Quirk, I am really shocked beyond all bounds! What will the profession think of"——

"D—— the profession! What d'ye think I must be just now thinking of *you?* Why, you'd make a dog strike its father!"

"I may have been unfortunate, Mr Quirk—I may have been imprudent; but I have never been dishonourable—and I would not for the whole creation have my name associated with this infernal transac"——

"Who wanted me to forge a tombstone, Gammon?" enquired Mr Quirk, glancing very keenly at his friend.

"Wanted you to forge a tombstone, sir!" echoed Gammon.

"Ay! ay! Forge a tombstone!" repeated Mr Quirk, dropping his voice.

"Upon my word and honour, Mr Quirk, I pity you! You've lost your senses."

"You wanted me to forge a tombstone! D——d if you didn't!"

"You had better go home, Mr Quirk, and take some physic to clear your head, for I am sure you're going wrong altogether!" said Gammon.

"Oh, Gammon, Gammon! Ar'n't you ashamed of yourself? Come—honour among thieves! Be honest for once"——

"Your conduct is so extraordinary, Mr Quirk, that I must request you to leave my room, sir"——

"I sha'n't—it's *mine* too"—quoth Quirk, snapping his fingers, with a desperate air.

"Then I will, sir," replied Gammon with a low bow; and, taking up his hat, moved towards the door.

"You sha'n't, Gammon—you mus'n't!" cried Quirk, but in vain—Mr Gammon had taken his final departure, leaving Mr Quirk on the very verge of madness. By-and-by he went in to Snap's room, who sat there the picture of misery and terror; for whereas it had always seemed to him that he had never been fairly admitted into the confidence of his senior partners in the very important matters which had been going on for the last two years—now, that every thing was going wrong, he was candidly given credit by Mr Quirk and Mr Gammon for having lent a helping hand to every thing from the very beginning! In fact, he was frightened out of his wits at the terrible turn things were taking. 'Twas he that had to stand the brunt of the horrid badgering of the three Jews; he was included in half-a-dozen indictments for fraud and conspiracy, at the instance of these three accursed Jews, and of the assignees of Mr Tagrag; and Heaven only could form a notion of what other things were in store for him! He wondered vastly that they had not contrived to stick *his* name into the affidavits which had that day come in, and which seemed

to have turned Mr Quirk's head upside down. But conscious of his own innocence, he resolved to hold on to the last, with a view, in the event of the partnership blowing up, of scraping together a nice little practice out of the remnants.

Half recklessly, and half in furtherance of some designs which he was forming, Gammon followed up, on the ensuing morning, his move with Mr Quirk, by sending to him and to Mr Snap a formal written notice of his intention to retire from the partnership, in conformity with the provisions of their articles, at the end of a calendar month from the date; and he resolved to take no part at all in the matter to which Mr Quirk's attention had been so sternly challenged by the Court of King's Bench—leaving Mr Quirk to struggle through it as best he might. But what was Mr Gammon to do? He could not stir a step in any direction for want of money—getting every hour more and more involved and harassed on this score. The ecclesiastical suit he had given up, and Mr Quod had instantly sent in his heavy bill, requiring immediate payment—reminding Mr Gammon that he had pledged himself to see him paid, whatever might be the issue. Here was an action of ejectment, on a tremendous scale, actually commenced; and being vigorously carried on for the recovery of every acre of the Yatton property. Was it to be resisted? Where were the funds? Here he was, again, already a defendant in four indictments, charging fraud and conspiracy—proceedings entailing a most destructive expense; and his motion for a new trial in the action for the bribery penalty having failed, he was now liable to pay, almost instantly, some L.2500 to the plaintiff, for debt and costs. As for the balance of their bill against Mr Aubrey, that was melting away hourly in the taxing-office; and the undoubted result would be an action against them, at the suit of Mr Aubrey, for a malicious arrest. Was it possible, thought Gammon, to make the two promissory notes of Mr Aubrey available, by discontinuing the actions, and indorsing over the notes at a heavy discount? He took an opinion upon the point—which was to the effect that such a step could not be taken, so as to give any third party a better right against Mr Aubrey than Mr Titmouse had. But even had this been otherwise, an unexpected obstacle arose in Mr Spitfire, who now held Mr Gammon at arms' length, and insisted on going forward with the actions—when he, in his turn, was, as it were, checkmated by a move of Mr Runnington's in the Court of Chancery; where he obtained an injunction against proceeding with the actions, till the result of the pending action of ejectment should have been ascertained; and, in the event of the lessor of the plaintiff recovering, an account taken of the mesne profits which had been received by Mr Titmouse. No one, of course, would now advance a farthing on mortgage of Mr Titmouse's interest in the Yatton property; and Mr Gammon's dearly-earned rent charge of L.2000 a-year had become mere waste parchment, and as such he destroyed it. The advertisements concerning Lord de la Zouch's bonds, had effectually restrained Mr Gammon from raising any thing upon it; since any one advancing money upon the security of its assignment, must have put it in suit against his lordship, when due, in the name of Mr Titmouse, and any answer to an action by him, would of course operate against the party using his name. Mr Gammon then bethought himself of felling the timber at Yatton: but, as if that step on his part had been anticipated, before they had got down more than a couple of trees at the extremity of the estate, down came an injunction from the Lord Chancellor, and so there was an end of all resources from that quarter. Should he try the experiment of offering to surrender Yatton without the delay and expense of defending the ejectment? He knew he should be laughed at; they must quickly see that he had no funds to fight with, even had he the slightest case to support. Mr Gammon saw that Mr Aubrey's position was already impregnable, and the notion of a compromise utterly ridiculous. As for resources of his own, he had none, for he had been exceedingly unfortunate in his dealings in the British and Foreign funds, and had suffered severely and unexpectedly through his connexion with one or two of the bubble companies of the day. In fact he was liable to be called upon at any moment for no less a sum than £3000, and interest, which

had been advanced to him on security of a joint and several bond given by himself, and Mr Titmouse; and he lived in daily dread lest the increasing frequency of the rumours to his discredit, should get to the ears of this particular creditor, and precipitate his demand of repayment. To the vexation occasioned by this direct pecuniary embarrasment, and by the impossibility of retrieving himself by a move in any direction,—being, in short, in a complete *dead-lock*—were to be added other sources of exquisite anxiety and mortification. To say nothing of the perilous legal and criminal liabilities which he had incurred, the consciousness of his appearing an atrocious liar, and indeed an impostor, in the eyes of the Duke of Tantallan, of the Earl of Dreddlington, of Miss Macspleuchan, of the Aubreys, of *Miss Aubrey*—in fact, of every one who saw or heard of what he had done—stung him almost to madness: considerations of this kind were infinitely more insupportable than all the others by which he was oppressed, put together. And when he reflected that the Lord Chancellor, to whose favourable notice he had ever fondly aspired—and, to a considerable extent, successfully—had been put in possession of all the heavy charges made against him, on the score of fraud and conspiracy, by means of the various motions made before his lordship, and the affidavits by which they were supported, he felt his soul withered within him. In short, it must surely appear, by this time, that the Devil had, in his dismal sport, got his friend Mr Gammon up into a corner.

In like manner Mr Titmouse had his lesser troubles—for he was all of a sudden reduced very nearly to the verge of literal starvation. His creditors of every kind and degree seemed actuated by the spirit of the law of the Twelve Tables—which, when a debtor was insolvent, permitted his creditors to cut him, bodily, physically, into pieces, in proportion to the respective magnitudes of their claims against him. Actions were commenced against him by the three Jews, on his covenants to repay the principal and interest due on the mortgages; half-a-dozen actions were pending against him on bills of exchange and promissory notes, which he had given for various sums of money, which had been lent him on terms of the most monstrous usury. Scarcely was there a single tradesman in town or country with whom he had ever dealt, that had not sued or was not about to sue him. Every article of furniture both at Yatton and at his lodgings—great or small, cabs, harness, horses—all had disappeared; and, but for the protection afforded to his person by Parliament, he would have been pounced upon by at least a hundred ravenous and infuriate creditors in an instant, and never been seen or heard of any more, except on the occasion of some feeble and vain cry for relief under the Insolvent Debtors' Act. He had been obliged, on coming up from Yatton, to borrow five pounds from poor Dr Tatham!—who, though infinitely surprised at the application, and greatly inconvenienced by compliance with it, lent him cheerfully the sum he asked for; Titmouse, the little scamp, pledging himself to enclose the Doctor a five-pound note by the first post after his reaching town. That, however, even had he ever intended giving the matter a thought, he could no more have done than he could have sent Dr Tatham the mitre of the Archbishop of Canterbury; in consequence of which the worthy little doctor was obliged to postpone his long-meditated purchase of a black coat and breeches indefinitely. The morning after his return, he betook himself to Saffron Hill, which he reached just as Mr Quirk and Mr Snap, deserted by Mr Gammon, were endeavouring, in great tribulation and terror, to concoct affidavits in answer to those on which the rule in the Court of King's Bench had been obtained. Mr Aminadab, with a little hesitation, yielded to his importunities, and allowed him to go into Mr Quirk's room.

"Oh, Lud! Oh, Lud!—you—you—you—infernal little villain!" cried out Mr Quirk, hastily approaching him, pale and stuttering with fury—and, taking him by the collar, turned him by main force out of the room.

"I say!—I say!—Come, sir! I'm a member of"—

"I'll *member* you, you impostor! Get out with you!—get out!"

"So help me ——! I'll go to some other attor"—— gasped Titmouse, ineffectually struggling against Mr Quirk.

"Eugh!—Beast!" exclaimed Snap, who kept by the side of Mr Quirk, ready to give any assistance that might be requisite.

"What have I —— eh?—What have I done—demme!—Come, come —hollo! hands off"—

"If ever—if ever—if ever you dare show your cursed little face here—again"—sputtered Mr Quirk, trembling with rage.

"This is breach of privilege!—On my life I'll—I really *will*—I'll complain to the House to-night." By this time he had been forced through the outer door into the street, and the door closed furiously behind him. A little crowd was instantly collected around him, and he might possibly have thought of addressing them, in terms of indignant eloquence, but he was deterred by the approach of a policeman with a very threatening countenance, and slunk down Saffron Hill in a shocking state of mind. Then he hurried to Thavies' Inn, pale as death—and with a tremulous voice enquired for Mr Gammon; but that gentleman had given special orders to be invariably denied to him. Again and again he called—and was again and again repulsed; and though he lingered on one or two occasions for an hour at least, in order to waylay Mr Gammon, it was in vain. Letter after letter he sent, but with no better effect; and at length the laundress refused to take them in.

Gammon *dared* not see Titmouse; not because he feared Titmouse, but himself.

The House of Commons was sitting, unusual as was such an occurrence at that time of the year; but Parliament had been called together on a special urgency, and a very fierce and desperate contest was carrying on between the Opposition and the Ministers, whose very existence was at stake, and almost nightly divisions were melting down their majority till they were within an ace of being in a positive minority. Under these circumstances, although Mr Titmouse's position had become a matter of notoriety, and he could no longer exhibit in public even the outside show and trappings of a man of fashion, beyond his mere personal finery, (which had become very precious, because he saw no means of replacing it,) and though he was *cut*, as a matter of course, by every one out of doors, yet he found he had one friend, at least, in his extremity, who scorned to imitate the fickle and perfidious conduct of all around him. That frank and manly individual was no less a person, to his honour be it spoken, than the Secretary of the Treasury—*and whipper-in* —Mr Flummery; who always spoke to him in the most cordial and confiding manner, and once or twice even asked him to join his dinner-table at Bellamy's. On one of these occasions, Mr Titmouse resolved to put Mr Flummery's friendship to the test, and boldly asked for "*a place*." His distinguished friend appeared certainly startled for a moment, and then evidently felt inwardly tickled, as was evinced by a faint twitching at the corners of his mouth. He proceeded, however, in a very confidential manner, to ask Mr Titmouse as to his familiarity with financial matters; for (in the most sacred confidence) it did so happen that, although no one knew it but himself and one other person, there was sure to be a vacancy in a certain office within a fortnight at furthest; and, without saying any thing further, Mr Flummery laid his finger on his lip, and looked steadfastly at Titmouse, who did similarly; and within half an hour's time made one of a glorious majority of four, obtained by the triumphant Ministry. Titmouse was now in excellent spirits concerning his future prospects; and if he could but contrive to hold on during the fortnight intervening between him and his accession to office, all would be well. He therefore conceived he had nothing to do but apply to some one or two friends, whom he had accommodated with loans, for repayment. But, alas! Mr O'Doodle acknowledged that his exchequer was empty just then; and Mr M'Squash said he really fancied he had repaid Mr Titmouse the hundred pounds which he had lent him, but he would look and see. Then Mr Titmouse ventured to apply to Mr O'Gibbet—that gentleman being Titmouse's debtor to the tune of some five hundred pounds. He called Mr Titmouse aside, and in the most delicate and feeling manner intimated the delight it would have afforded him to respond to the call of Mr Titmouse under ordinary circumstances; but the fact

was, he felt placed in a most painfully embarrassing position, on account of the grave doubts which had occurred to him, as to the right of Mr Titmouse either to have lent the money at all, or, consequently, to receive repayment of it. In short, the lawyers would call this setting up the *jus tertii;* Mr O'Gibbet protesting that he looked upon himself, in point of conscience, as a trustee of the money for the real owner; and, till *he* should have been discovered, bound to retain it—so pleasant is *sometimes* the performance of one's duty! Titmouse could not in the least appreciate these exquisite scruples; but knowing Mr O Gibbet's influence over Mr Flummery, he feigned to acquiesce in the propriety of what was advanced by Mr O'Gibbet, who, on being pressed, *lent* him five pounds.

Finding that those whom he had till then imagined bound to consider his interests, had, in so unprincipled and ungrateful a manner, deserted him, he resolved to be true to himself, and bent all the powers of his mind to the contemplation of his present circumstances, and how he should act with advantage. After due and deep reflection, a very felicitous stroke occurred to him. He did not know the exact state of the question with reference to the right to the possession of Yatton—little dreaming that, in point of fact, Mr Aubrey was at that moment virtually reinstated in the enjoyment of that fine estate. Now, it occurred to Mr Titmouse as very probable, that his opponent would catch at any fair offer of a compromise, since he—Titmouse—had unquestionably the advantage over him at present, having nine-tenths of the law on his side, viz. *possession*; and if he was to propose to split their differences by making an offer of his hand and heart to Miss Aubrey, it could do no harm, and *might* be attended with the happiest results. How was she to know the desperate shifts to which he was driven at present? And if he could but contrive, consistently with his pledge to Mr Flummery, to give her an inkling of the brilliant prospects that awaited him! In short, I am able to give the reader an exact copy of a letter which, after infinite pains, two days being spent over it, he sent to Miss Aubrey; and which was duly forwarded to her, and deposited in her hands, as she alighted from her horse, on returning from a ride with Mr Delamere and Lord de la Zouch. Here follows that skilful and touching performance:—

" House of Comones,
" *Wednesday, Nov.* —, 18—.

" (*Private.*)

" Madam,—hoping That this Will
" not Disapoint you Through Strange-
" ness (which I own Looks Somewhat
" So) at First sight of my adressing
" This Epistle to You, to Say Ever
" since I Have had The unhapiness
" to Be a Widdower Since the Death
" of Lady Cecilia Titmouse of which
" There Is Many False accounts
" Every Thing Goes Entirely Wrong
" (For the present) with me, all For
" Want of a Lady Which wd feel
" That Conubial Interest in me That
" is So delightful In The Married
" State. I was Honoured With wri-
" ting To You soon After I was so
" Happy as to Get the Property But
" Supose you could not Have Got It
" Seeing I got No Ansr. And Nat-
" rally suposed There Was obstacles
" In The Way For it Was Settled
" Soon as You might have Heard
" That I was to Mary my Cousin
" (The Lady Cecilia) whom I Loved
" Truly till Death cut Her Short On
" her Way To an Erly Grave, Alas.
" I know It is In Dispute whr. yr.
" respectable Brother or I are Owners
" of Yatton You See The Law which
" Gave It me Once *may Give it Me*
" *Again* who knows (in this uncertain
" Life) whatever Turns Up I can
" (Betwixt Ourselves) assure You
" There Is *Something In The Wind*
" For me wh. dare Not say More Of
" at this Present. But Suposing You
" & I shall Hit it what Say You if I
" should Propose dividing The Estate
" betwixt Him & Me & *Settling All*
" *my Half on You* And as To the
" *Title* (wh. at present I Am Next to)
" what say You To Tossing up for it
" When It comes for I am Sorry to
" hear His Lordship is breaking. and
" I know *Who I shd. Like To see Lady*
" *Drelincourt,* oh what a hapiness
" Only To think Of, As They are
" dividing very soon (And they *Do*
" Run It *Uncommon Fine,* But Mini-
" sters Must Be Suported or The

"Country Will Go to the Devil
"Dogs) Must Close Begging the An-
"swer? directed to Me Here, And
"Subscribe Myself,

"Hd. and dear Madam,
"Yrs. Most Obediently,
"T. Titmouse.

"Miss Aubrey,
"Vivian Street."

"I hope, Kate, you have not been giving this gentleman encouragement!" quoth Delamere, when he had read the above. It formed a topic of pleasant merriment when they all met at dinner—a right cheerful party, consisting solely of the Aubreys and Lord and Lady de la Zouch, and Delamere. Mr Aubrey had returned from town with important intelligence.

"Mr Runnington is steadily and patiently unravelling," said he, as they sat in unrestrained converse after dinner—(I must take the opportunity of saying that Miss Aubrey looked as beautiful as ever, and in brilliant spirits)—"one of the most monstrous tissues of fraud that ever was woven by man! We sometimes imagine that Mr Gammon must have had in view the securing Yatton for himself! The firm of Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, are completely overwhelmed with the consequences of their conduct!—I understand they have terribly taken in the Jews—to the amount of at least seventy or eighty thousand pounds of hard cash; and one of them, it seems, on discovering that he has no security, very nearly succeeded in hanging himself the other day!"

"What's this I see in the paper about a Mr Tag-rag?" enquired Lord de la Zouch:—and Mr Aubrey told him the miserable condition to which Tag-rag had been reduced by the alleged chicanery of the firm of Quirk, Gammon, and Snap.

"Mr Runnington seems to be managing matters with great vigour and skill," said his lordship.

"Admirably! admirably! I never in my life saw or heard of such complete success as attends every step he takes against the enemy; he is hourly pressing them nearer and nearer to the verge of the precipice, and cutting off all retreat. They would fight, but they have no funds! Look at the administration suit!" Mr Aubrey then proceeded to mention two very important circumstances which had transpired since his former visit to town. First, an offer was understood to have come direct from Mr Gammon, to abandon the defence to the ejectment, on condition of his receiving, on behalf of Mr Titmouse, the sum of two thousand pounds; but Mr Runnington had peremptorily refused to listen to any proposal of the kind, and the actions were, at that moment, in full progress, with every prospect of there being no real defence even attempted. The next piece of intelligence was, that Messrs Screw and Son, the solicitors to the Vulture Insurance Company, had called on Messrs Runnington, on learning that they were the solicitors of the party to whom letters of administration had been granted, and intimated that the directors, "taking all the circumstances of the case into their consideration," had determined to offer no further opposition to the payment of the policy on the life of the late Lady Stratton. Mr Screw talked very finely about the high principle and good feeling which ever actuated that distinguished company; but he did not tell Mr Runnington what was the real cause of their abandoning their opposition, which was this—before their "commission" to examine their sole witness, Dr Podagra, had reached China, they accidentally received authentic intelligence of his death, having been killed for vaccinating the infant of one of the Chinese! Under these circumstances, Mr Runnington agreed to the terms proposed on the part of the Company; viz. that the action be discontinued forthwith, each party pay their own costs, and the whole amount of the policy, minus the £2000 which had been advanced to Lady Stratton, be paid to Mr Aubrey within a month from the day of discontinuing the action. Though Kate very vehemently protested against it, she was at length persuaded to allow her brother to act according to the manifest intentions of the venerable deceased; and he, in his turn, received a very gratifying assurance that she would have given him, under the special circumstances of the case, no anxiety respecting his bond for £2000 given to Lady Stratton, even had the grant of administration to the debtor interposed no technical objection! Thus was

Kate no longer a dowerless maiden; having at her absolute disposal a sum of eighteen thousand pounds, in addition to which, in the event of their being restored to the possession of Yatton, she would be in the receipt of the income left her as a charge upon the estate by her father; viz. five hundred a-year.

While the cheering sunshine of returning prosperity was thus beaming with daily increasing warmth and brightness upon the Aubreys,

"And all the clouds that lower'd upon their house,"

were, indeed,

'In the deep bosom of the ocean buried"—

the sun of that proud and weak old man, the Earl of Dreddlington, was indeed going down in darkness. The proceedings which have been laid at length before the reader, arising out of the extraordinary termination of the enquiry set on foot by the Ecclesiastical Court, and quickly ending in the adoption of measures for the immediate recovery of Yatton, had attracted far too much of public attention to admit of their being concealed from the Earl, comparatively secluded from the world as he was. But the frightful confirmation of his assertion concerning what had occurred between himself and Mr Gammon, respecting Titmouse, appeared to make no commensurate impression upon a mind no longer capable of appreciating it. He had been seized by a partial paralysis shortly after the last interview between himself, Mr Gammon, and the Duke of Tantallan, with which the present part of this history opens; and it was evident that his reason was failing rapidly. And it was perhaps a merciful dispensation, for it appeared that the cup of his misery and mortification was not even yet full. That other monstrous fabric of absurdity and fraud, built upon public credulity—the Gunpowder and Fresh Water Company—suddenly dropped to pieces, principally on account of its chief architect, Mr Gammon, being unable to continue that attention and skill by which it had been kept so long in existence. It suddenly exploded, involving every body concerned in it in ruin. The infatuated, and now dismayed, shareholders, and the numerous and designing creditors, came crowding round the most prominent of the parties concerned, clamorous and desperate. Meetings were called from time to time—producing, however, no other results than extending the view of liability incurred. The shareholders had fondly imagined that they could repose with confidence on the provision inserted in the prospectus, and in the deed of settlement, viz. that no one was to be liable beyond the amount of their shares actually subscribed for: alas! how dreadful the delusion, and how quickly was it dissipated! The houses of Lord Dreddlington, the Duke of Tantallan, and others, were besieged by importunate creditors; and at length a general meeting was called, at which resolutions were passed, strongly reflecting upon the Earl of Dreddlington and Mr Gammon; and directing the solicitor concerned for the rest of the shareholders to file a bill against the Earl and Mr Gammon, for the purpose of compelling them to pay all the debts incurred by the Company. More than this, it was threatened that unless satisfactory proposals were promptly received from, or on behalf of the Earl of Dreddlington, he would be proceeded against as a TRADER liable to the bankrupt-laws, and a docket forthwith struck against him!—Of this crowning indignity impending over his head, the poor old peer was fortunately not conscious, being at the moment resident at Poppleton Hall, in a state not far removed from complete imbecility. The Duke of Tantallan was similarly threatened; and alarmed and enraged almost to a pitch of madness, resolved to take measures for completely exposing and punishing the individual to whose fraudulent plausibility and sophistries he justly attributed the calamity which had befallen him and the Earl of Dreddlington.

"Out of this nettle danger, I'll yet pluck the flower *safety*"—said Mr Gammon to himself, as he sat inside one of the coaches going to Brighton, towards the close of the month of November, being on the morning after the explosion of the Gunpowder and Fresh Water Company. Inextricably involved as he appeared, yet he did not despair of retrieving himself, and defeating the vindictive measures taken against him. His chambers were besieged by applicants for admission—Titmouse among them,

whose senseless pertinacity, overheard by Gammon as he sat within, while his laundress was being daily worried by Titmouse, several times inflamed him almost up to the point of darting out and spliting open the head of the intruder; old Mr Quirk also sent daily letters, in a piteous strain, and called besides daily, begging to be reconciled to Gammon; but he sternly turned a deaf ear to all such applications. In order to escape this intolerable persecution, at all events for a while, and, in change of scene and air, unpropitious as was the weather, seek to recruit his health and spirits, he had determined upon spending a week at Brighton; telling no one, however, except his old and faithful laundress, his destination; and instructing her to say that he was gone, she believed, into Suffolk, but would certainly return to town within a week. His pale and harassed features showed how much he required the repose and relief he sought for, but which he sought for in vain. He felt not a whit the better after a two days' stay, though the weather had suddenly cleared up, and the air become brisk and bracing. Whithersoever *he* went, he carried about him a thick gloom which no sun could penetrate, no breezes dissipate. He could find rest nowhere, neither at home or abroad, neither alone nor in company, neither sleeping nor waking. His brow was clouded by a stern melancholy, his heart was bursting with a sense of defeat and shame, exposure, mortification; and with all his firmness of nerve, he could not contemplate the future but with a sickening apprehension. In fact, he was in a state of intense nervous irritability and excitement from morning to night. On the evening of the third day after his arrival, the London paper, forwarded to him as usual from the neighbouring library, contained a paragraph which excited him not a little; and which was to the effect that a named solicitor of eminence had been the day before appointed by the Lord Chancellor to a specified office; being no other, in truth, than that which Gammon knew his lordship had all along destined for *him*, one which he could have filled to admiration, which would have given him permanent *status* in society; and the salary attached to it was, moreover, £1800 a-year! Gammon laid down the paper, and a sense of desolation came into his soul. After a while his eye lit on another part of the paper—gracious Heavens!—there were three or four lines which instantly roused him almost into madness. It was an advertisement, stating that *he* had "ABSCONDED," and offering a reward of £100 to any one who would give information by which he might be *discovered* and *apprehended!*"

"*Absconded!*" he exclaimed aloud, starting up, and his eye flaming with fury—"accursed miscreants!—I will quickly undeceive them." Instantly unlocking his paper-case, he sat down and wrote off a letter to the editor of the newspaper, giving his full name and address; most indignantly denying his having attempted or dreamed of absconding; stating that he should be in London within forty-eight hours; and requiring an ample apology for the gross insult and libel which had been perpetrated, to be inserted in the next number of his paper. Then he wrote off to the solicitor, Mr Winnington, who had conducted all the town proceedings in the cause of *Wigley* v. *Gammon*, alluding in terms of indignation and astonishment to the offensive advertisement, and assuring him that he should, within forty-eight hours be found, as usual, at his chambers, and prepared to make an immediate and satisfactory arrangement in respect of the damages and costs which were now due from him. In a similar strain he wrote to Mr Runnington, (who had maintained throughout, personally, a cautious courtesy towards Mr Gammon)—begging him to postpone signing judgment in the action of *Doe on the demise of Aubrey* v. *Roe*, till the last day of term, as he had a new and final proposal to make, which might have the effect of saving great delay and expense. He added, that he had also a proposition to offer upon the subject of Lord de la Zouch's bond and Mr Aubrey's promissory notes, and begged the favour of a line in answer, addressed to him at his chambers in Thavies' Inn, and which he might find on his arrival. To a similar effect, he also wrote to the solicitor who was working the docket which had been struck against Mr Tag-rag; and also to the solicitor who was employed on behalf of the

shareholders in the Gunpowder and Fresh Water Company:—in all of them reprobating in terms of the keenest indignation the unwarrantable and libellous use of his name which had been made, and making appointments for the individuals addressed to call at his chambers on the day after his arrival in town. Having thus done all in his power to counteract the injurious effects which were calculated to arise from so very premature and cruel a measure as that which had been taken, in offering a reward for his apprehension as an absconded felon, he folded up, sealed, and directed the letters, and took them himself to the post-office, in time for that night's post; and very greatly excited he was, as may be easily believed. He did not touch the dinner which he found laid for him on his return, but sat on the sofa, absorbed in thought, for nearly an hour: when he suddenly rung the bell, ordered his clothes to be instantly got ready for travelling—his bill made out—and then he went and secured a place in that night's mail, which was starting for town at half-past eight o'clock. At that hour he entered the mail, and as the only passenger—a circumstance which gave him an ample opportunity for reflection, and of which doubtless he availed himself—at all events, certain it is, that he closed not his eyes in sleep during the whole of the journey. Greatly to the surprise of his laundress, he made his appearance at his chambers between six and seven o'clock in the morning, rousing her from bed. He had thus, it will be observed, reached town contemporaneously with his own letters; and as all the appointments which he had made, were for the day after that of his arrival, he had secured a full day's freedom from interruption of any sort, and resolved to avail himself of it, by keeping within doors the whole of the time, his laundress denying him, as usual, to any one who might call. He asked her if she had seen or heard of the atrocious advertisement which had appeared in yesterday's paper? She replied that she had; and added, that no doubt to that circumstance were to be attributed the calls made yesterday from morning to night—an announcement which seemed to heighten the excitement under which Mr Gammon was evidently labouring. As soon as his lamp had been lit, he opened his paper-case, and wrote the following letter:—

"Thavies' Inn,
"Wednesday Morning.

"Dear Hartley,—As I have not "missed an annual meeting of our "little club for these ten years, I shall "be found at my place to-night at "nine to a moment: that is, by the "way, if I shall be admitted, after "the execrable advertisement con-"cerning me which appeared in yes-"terday's papers, and the writer of "which I will give cause, if I can "discover him, to repent to the latest "day he lives. I came up this morn-"ing suddenly, to refute, by my pre-"sence, the villanous falsehoods about "my absconding. *Entre nous*, I am "somewhat puzzled, just now, cer-"tainly—but never fear! I shall find "a way out of the wood yet. Expect "me at nine, to a minute,

"Your's as ever,
"O. Gammon.

"Harry Hartley, Esq.
"Kensington Square.

This he sealed and directed; and requesting his laundress to put it into the office in time for the first post, without fail—he got into bed, and slept for a couple of hours: when he awoke somewhat refreshed, made his toilet as usual, and partook of a slight breakfast.

"You did not suppose I had absconded, Mrs Brown, eh?" he enquired, with a melancholy smile, as she removed his breakfast things.

"No, sir; indeed I did not believe a word of it—you've always been a kind and just master to me, sir—and"—she raised her apron to her eyes, and sobbed.

"And I hope long to continue so, Mrs Brown. By the way, were not your wages due a day or two ago?"

"Oh yes, sir—but it does not signify, sir, the least; but on second thoughts—it does, sir—for my little niece is to be taken into the country—she's dying, I fear—and her mother's been out of work, for"——

"Here's a ten-pound note, Mrs Brown," replied Mr Gammon, taking one from his pocket-book—"pay yourself your wages; write me a receipt as usual, and keep the rest on account of the next quarter's wages, if it will assist you just now." She took the bank-note with many

expressions of thankfulness; and but for her tears, which flowed plentifully, she might have noticed that there was something deadly in the eye of her kind and tranquil master. On her retiring, he rose, and walked to and fro for a long time, with folded arms, wrapped in profound meditation—from which he was occasionally unpleasantly startled by hearing knocks at his door, and then his laundress assuring the visiter that Mr Gammon was out of town, but would return on the morrow. It was a cheerless November day, the snow fluttering lazily through the foggy air; but his room was made snug and cheerful enough, by the large fire which he kept up. Opening his desk, he sat down, about noon, and wrote a very long letter—in the course of which, however, he repeatedly laid down his pen—got up and walked to and fro, heaving deep sighs, and occasionally exceedingly agitated. At length he concluded it, paused some time, and then folded it up, and sealed it. Then he spent at least two hours in going over all the papers in his desk and cabinet; a considerable number he burnt, and replaced and arranged the remainder carefully. Then again he walked to and fro. The cat, a very fine and favourite cat, one which had been several years an inmate of the chambers, attracted his attention, by rubbing against his legs. "Poor puss!" exclaimed Gammon, stroking her fondly on the back; and, after a while, the glossy creature quitted him, and lay comfortably coiled up on the hearth-rug, as before. Again he walked to and fro, absorbed in melancholy reflection for some time; from which he was roused, about five, by Mrs Brown bringing in the spare dinner—which, having barely tasted, he soon dismissed, telling Mrs Brown that he felt a strange shooting pain in his head, but doubted not his being well enough to keep his appointment at the club—as she knew had been his habit for years. He requested her to have his dressing-room ready by a quarter to eight, and to have a coach fetched by eight o'clock precisely; and as soon as she had withdrawn, he sat down and wrote the following letter to an old, and the most devoted personal friend he had in the world:—

"My Dear ——. I entreat you, "by our long unbroken friendship, to "keep the enclosed letter by you for "a fortnight; and then, with your "own hand, and alone, deliver it to "the individual to whom it is ad-"dressed. Burn this note to you, the "instant you shall have read it—"and take care that no eye sees "the enclosed but *hers*—or all my "efforts to secure a *little* provision for "her will be frustrated. Call here "to-morrow—at any hour you please "—and say that you have called to "see me, *according to appointment*. "Bear this in mind, by the value you "set upon my friendship. Whatever "you may then see or hear, be firm "and prudent.

"O. G."

"Wednesday."

In this letter he enclosed the long letter already spoken of, and having sealed and directed the whole with elaborate distinctness, he threw his cloak round him, and went with his packet to the post-office, and with his own hand, after an instant's hesitation, dropped it into the box, and returned to his chambers.

Then he took another sheet of paper, and wrote thus:—

"Dear Viper,—I doubt whether, "after all, there will be a dissolution; "but, at any rate, I will perform my "promise, and be ready with what "you wish for Sunday week.—Your's "ever, "O. G."

"P.S.—I shall call on you on "Saturday."

This he folded up and directed, and proceeded to commence the following:—

"*Thavies' Inn, Wednesday.*

"Dear Sir,—I have finally deter-"mined to make every sacrifice in "order to extricate myself from my "present embarrassments. You will "therefore, as soon as you get this, "please to sell out all my——" here he laid down his pen; and Mrs Brown presently announcing that every thing was ready in his dressing-room, he thanked her, and proceeded to shave and dress. He was not more than a quarter of an hour over his toilet. He had put on his usual evening dress, his blue body-coat, black trowsers, a plain shirt and black stock, and a

white waistcoat—scarcely whiter, however, than the face of him that wore it.

"I am going for the coach, now, sir," said Mrs Brown, knocking at the door.

"If you please," he replied, briskly and cheerfully—and the instant that he had heard her close the outer door after her, he opened the secret spring drawer in his desk, and calmly took out a very small glass phial, with a glass stopper, over which was tied some bladder. His face was ghastly pale; his knees trembled; his hands were cold and damp as those of the dead. He took a strong peppermint lozenge from the mantelpiece, and chewed it, while he removed the stopper from the bottle, which contained about half a drachm of the most subtle and potent poison which has been discovered by man—one extinguishing life almost instantaneously, and leaving no trace of its presence except a slight odour, which he had taken the precaution of masking and overpowering with that of the peppermint. He returned to get his hat, which was in his dressing-room; he put it on—and in glancing at the glass, scarcely recognised the ghastly image it reflected. His object was, to complete the deception he intended practising on the Insurance Company with whom he had effected a policy on his life for L.2000—and also to deceive every body into the notion of his having died suddenly, but naturally. Having stirred up the large red fire, and made a kind of hollow in it, he took out the stopper, and dropped it with the bladder into the fire; took his pen in his right hand, with a fresh dip of ink in it; kneeled down with his feet on the fender; uttered aloud the word "*Emma;*" poured the whole of the deadly contents into his mouth, and succeeded in dropping the phial into the very heart of the fire—and the next instant dropped down on the hearth-rug, oblivious, insensible—*dead.* However, it might be that the instant after he had done this direful deed, he would have GIVEN THE WHOLE UNIVERSE, had it been his, to have undone what he had done—he had succeeded in effecting his object.

Poor Mrs Brown's horror, on discovering her master stretched senseless on the floor, may be imagined. Medical assistance was called in, but "the vital spark had fled." It was clearly either apoplexy, said the medical man, or an organic disease of the heart. Of this opinion were the coroner and his jury, without hesitation. He had evidently been seized while in the very act of writing to some broker. [Gammon had no more stock of any sort, for all he wrote that letter, than the cat which had witnessed his death.] Mr Hartley came, and produced the letter he had received, and spoke of the disappointment they had all felt on account of his non-arrival: the other letters—the appointments which he had made for the morrow—all these things were decisive—it was really scarcely a case requiring an inquest; but as they had been called, they returned a verdict of "Died by the Visitation of God." He was buried a few days afterwards in the adjoining churchyard, (St Andrew's,) where he lies mouldering away quietly enough, certainly; but as to any thing further, let us not presume to speculate.

His "friend" was faithful and discreet, obeying his injunctions to the letter. The "individual" alluded to in Mr Gammon's note to him, was a very lovely girl whom Mr Gammon had seduced under a solemn promise of marriage, who was passionately attached to him, whose name he had uttered when on the eve of death; and who, though Mr Gammon's creditors were entitled to every farthing of the L.2000, out of which he had so artfully swindled the Insurance Company, was yet generously allowed by them to receive the sum of L.1000.

THE DYING SPANIEL. BY DELTA.

Old Oscar, how feebly thou crawl'st to the door,
Thou who wert all beauty and vigour of yore;
How slow is thy stagger the sunshine to find,
And thy straw-sprinkled pallet—how crippled and blind!
Yet thy heart still is living—thou hearest my voice—
And thy faint-wagging tail says thou yet canst rejoice;
But how different art thou from the Oscar of old,
The sleek and the gamesome, the swift and the bold!

At sunrise I waken'd to hear thy proud bark,
With the coo of the house-dove, the lay of the lark;
And out to the green fields 'twas ours to repair,
When sunrise with glory empurpled the air;
And the streamlet flow'd down in its gold to the sea;
And the night-dew like diamond sparks gleam'd from the tree;
And the sky o'er the earth in such purity glow'd,
As if angels, not men, on its surface abode!

How then thou would'st gambol, and start from my feet,
To scare the wild birds from their sylvan retreat;
Or plunge in the smooth stream, and bring to my hand
The twig or the wild-flower I threw from the land:
On the moss-sprinkled stone if I sat for a space,
Thou would'st crouch on the greensward, and gaze in my face,
Then in wantonness pluck up the blooms in thy teeth,
And toss them above thee, or tread them beneath.

Then I was a school-boy all thoughtless and free,
And thou wert a whelp full of gambol and glee;
Now dim is thine eyeball, and grizzled thy hair,
And I am a man, and of grief have my share.
Yes! thou bring'st to mind all the pleasures of youth,
When hope was the mistress, not handmaid of truth;
When Earth look'd an Eden, when Joy's sunny hours
Were cloudless, and every path sprinkled with flowers.

Now Summer is waning; soon tempest and rain
Shall harbinger desolate Winter again,
And Thou, all unable its gripe to withstand,
Shalt die, when the snow-mantle garments the land:
Then thy grave shall be dug 'neath the old cherry-tree,
Which in spring-time will shed down its blossoms on thee;
And, when a few fast-fleeting seasons are o'er,
Thy faith and thy form shall be thought of no more!

Then all, who caress'd thee and loved, shall be laid,
Life's pilgrimage o'er, in the tomb's dreary shade;
Other steps shall be heard on these floors, and the past
Be like yesterday's clouds from the memory cast:
Improvements will follow; old walls be thrown down,
Old landmarks removed, when old masters are gone;
And the gard'ner, when delving, shall marvel to see
White bones, where once blossom'd the old cherry-tree!

Frail things! could we read but the objects around,
In the meanest some deep-lurking truth might be found,
Some type of our frailty, some warning to show
How shifting the sands that we build on below!
Our fathers have pass'd, and have mix'd with the mould;
Year presses on year, till the young become old;
Time, though a stern teacher, is partial to none;
And the friend and the foe pass away, one by one!

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NON-INTRUSION.

The approaching commencement of a new Parliament induces us to bestow some attention on the present state of the question which divides the Church of Scotland, and which, for some time past, has been made a subject of political agitation in this part of the kingdom. Of that question, in the shape which it has latterly assumed, it is scarcely possible to overrate the importance. It involves local and practical considerations of great magnitude; but it also involves general principles of infinitely mightier moment, and of which the operation is not confined to one country or one period of time, but must extend to every place and occasion in which the establishment of a national religion and the maintenance of civil government are attempted to be combined. The settlement of this question, in its more immediate relations, must decide whether Presbytery, as it exists among us here, is capable of permanently remaining, what we are proud to think it has long been found, a peaceful and profitable auxiliary of the State—diffusing the blessings of Christian regeneration, moral improvement, and social obedience among the people; or whether it must now be regarded, in an established form, as a treacherous ally, or an imperious tyrant, making use of the power entrusted to it to subvert the authority that gave it a civil existence—undermining, by its precepts and practice, the foundations of law and government—violating the express conditions on which alone it was established, and usurping over the consciences and rights of men an irresponsible and undefined autocracy, exempted from every principle of legal interpretation, and every check of constitutional control. In its wider effects, the question, if not rightly determined in this part of the kingdom, is calculated to scatter the seeds of discord and disorganization over the whole empire—to excite ecclesiastical pretensions which no concession can ever satisfy—and to reduce us to the melancholy alternative of either foregoing altogether the benefits of a religious establishment, or of bowing our necks in blind submission to the yoke of priestly power.

The strife which the Church is now maintaining, originated in a discussion as to what is commonly called the Veto Act. It was matter of controversy whether the Veto was legal, and whether it was expedient. These enquiries were of grave importance, at least within the precincts where Presbytery was established. But they have long since ceased to possess much attraction as compared with another and more weighty dispute; they have long been swallowed up in a contest of far broader application and more engrossing interest. The issue to which matters are now brought, is not as to what is the law, or what is the policy of the case; but whether that *which is decided to be* law, is to be obeyed, or may be resisted, by the Church *as a body*

which the LAW *has established.* This is a general question, wholly independent of the merits of the Veto Act, or the principles of Non-intrusion. Law may often be one thing, and justice or expediency another. But in civilized society, it is an universal rule that the law must be obeyed until it be altered. The question is, whether the Church is to form an exception from that rule, and may violate the law of its constitution, while its disobedient members retain the whole benefits which the law has conferred on them; and not only so, but whether it may punish and degrade its members for obeying that law which it has itself violated. In point of principle and example, it is difficult to conceive a question more important in its consequences, or less difficult in its solution.

We consider this to be a question which does not affect one party in the state more than another, but which all are interested in having settled on a just and permanent basis. In the remarks we are about to make upon it, we shall endeavour as much as possible to avoid all political bias, and to appeal only to those feelings which we trust are common to both Liberal and Conservative politicians —a desire to see justice administered, and good order upheld.

The conduct of many of the ultra Non-intrusion party during the late elections in Scotland has, in various respects, been such as to subject them to the suspicion of being either unprincipled or insane. The country was appealed to on a question partly of financial policy, partly of ministerial confidence. The interests of the country in its commerce and agriculture, its colonial prosperity, its public credit, were staked upon the issue, and each man was called on, according to his honest convictions, to determine on which side he would enlist his influence. In this situation, a knot of ecclesiastical agitators bring forward a question, which in itself is or ought to be one of church discipline only, and force it into notice, not merely as an element of consideration in the exercise of the elective franchise, but as a cardinal and essential point to the exclusion of all others. Non-intrusion, in the senses in which the word is used by these monopolists of piety and purity, was made the *sine qua non* in a candidate's qualifications. Like charity, it was to cover a multitude of sins; and without it, neither wisdom nor virtue, loyalty nor religion, were to be counted as any thing. The elector was urged to support any Non-intrusionist, however vitally opposed to him on every other question; and to oppose the anti-Non-intrusionist, however eligible and orthodox in every other respect. This of itself was sufficiently wild. But the footing on which the principle of Non-intrusion was pressed, was still more exceptionable. It was set forward as a question, not of reason, but of faith—not of polity, but of religion. To vote for a Non-intrusionist was a matter of divine duty—to vote against him was to hazard the pains of everlasting condemnation. "I maun vote for the major," said a Morayshire farmer, in answer to the importunities of his parish minister; "for the major supports *the corn.*"—"O, John!" said the minister, "what is the corn to the salvation of your immortal soul!" "If you support Colonel Mure," said a reverend Paisley doctor to one of his congregation, whom he was lecturing on Sunday between the hours of divine service, on his duties as a voter,—"if you support Colonel Mure, you will repent it to your dying day, and it will torment you on your deathbed."

In conformity with the same principle, all other qualifications of a candidate were forgotten in comparison with this one point. It has never been denied that the Conservative party have shown themselves attached to the Established Church. They have defended her against opponents—they have preserved her influence—they have sought to extend her usefulness;—their tenets have tended to the preservation of the Protestant faith in the three kingdoms. Their adversaries, on the other hand, have at different times been accused by these very enthusiasts (with what justice we shall not now enquire) of a disregard of all religious institutions, and of a systematic encouragement of dissent and popery. Any one who recollects Mr Makgill Crichton's abuse of the Whig party, or Dr Chalmers's sallies against the government, only a year or two ago, will see what hatred and contempt they and many of their friends then entertained towards them. But

in the late contest all these differences have been disregarded. The most tried attachment to the Establishment, the most friendly exertions on her behalf, have been counted as nothing where Non-intrusion was not added, while infidelity has been forgiven, laxity of life connived at, and hostility to the Church itself overlooked, where there was a willingness to take the Non-intrusion pledge. The Non-intrusionist has shown himself ready to hold out the right hand of fellowship to those whom he accused of favouring Popery or despising religion, in preference to a brother Protestant and Presbyterian, who might differ from him on a controversy regarding a question of discipline. But the truth is manifest: To such partisans as these the existence of the Church is of less consequence than the triumph of their party; and Christianity itself is scarcely more important than Non-Intrusionism.

We are far from saying that the spirit we have now described has been universal even among the clergy; still less that it has actuated all those laymen who profess principles of Non-intrusion. But we assert that the interference of the clergy and of the partisans of Non intrusion, has been so general and frequent, as to justify the conclusion, that the tendency of their policy and principles is, to establish over the souls of men a tyranny which is incompatible alike with their personal independence, their temporal interests, and a just and discriminating sense of their religious duties. We entreat those whose views of ecclesiastical polity may lead them to seek by constitutional means for a greater share of popular influence in the choice of a pastor, to believe that we do not include them in the condemnation we are pronouncing upon others who take advantage of their good feelings. But we entreat them also, to show by their conduct, that they are not identified with the party who so pervert the nature of the question and set themselves in opposition to the law as it stands.

The violent promoters of the Non-intrusion cause have every where, during the late elections, been the stirrers up of strife and the makers of mischief. In Aberdeenshire, their animosity against an excellent nobleman, in whom they should have recognised their best friend, induced them to make offer to a respectable Whig baronet, hitherto opposed to their wild tenets, to pay the expense if opposition were given to Captain Gordon. We need not say that the proposal was indignantly rejected. We believe that serious intentions were entertained of intruding Mr Alexander Dunlop upon the electors of Ross-shire, with whom he has no connexion, except as sitting in the Assembly for some rotten burgh or presbytery in the north. But it was found that such an attempt would all the better unite both political parties in supporting the present member. In Edinburgh, the peace of the city was sought to be disturbed, by setting up the Non-intrusion Lord Provost against Mr Macaulay; but the plan was abandoned almost as soon as formed. In Morayshire, we have reason to think that General Duff was induced to stand by the promise of Non-intrusion support, which proved, as usual, to be an incumbrance rather than an aid.

But without a longer enumeration of instances, a reference to the contest in Bute will afford the strongest proof and illustration of our allegations.

Sir William Rae stood for the county of Bute at the late election on Conservative principles, and with the good wishes of the largest proprietor of the county. Lord Bute has long been known, not only as an excellent and religious nobleman, but as the disinterested and cordial supporter of the Establishment, who has built and endowed churches within his district, who has exercised his patronage in the most enlightened manner, and who has received the recorded acknowledgments of the General Assembly for his zeal and munificence. Sir William Rae, of all men in Scotland, had the best claims on the confidence of the Conservative party. He has also been known as the uniform friend and supporter of the Church. His exertions, when in office, were directed to promote the extension of religious instruction, and were mainly instrumental in bringing about a measure which all must approve—that of erecting forty new churches and manses in the Highlands of Scotland. His advocacy of Church Extension in 1835, may not have met the approval of some parties in the community; but with

churchmen, at least, it should have formed a strong claim to gratitude and support. In such circumstances, and looking to the whole situation of the constituency, an opposition to Sir William Rae's return was not to be supposed, particularly in any quarter where there was no avowed difference of political opinions. But what takes place? Sir William Rae declined a test which would have bound him to support or oppose whatever the General Assembly, *or* its Commission, or its Non-intrusion Committee, might support or oppose. Thereupon Mr Henry Dunlop of Glasgow, a professed Conservative, but who, we believe, has veered through every point of the political compass, comes forward as a candidate on Conservative and spiritual-independence principles. An address is issued to the "Christian Electors" of Buteshire, ringing the changes on the delinquencies of the civil courts, "which have attempted to rob the Church herself of the liberty wherewith Christ hath made her free, and to deny in effect the Saviour's authority in his own house altogether." The election of Mr Dunlop is then recommended by topics such as the following:—

"By supporting Sir William you will sell your birthright, for what here may be a paltry gain, but, hereafter, an irreparable loss. By opposing him you may secure your Christian rights and privileges, and will show yourselves the friends of right principle, worthy of the power given you, and the place you hold in the constitution of this country. Some of you are said to be so void of principle that you will not act with independence, but will be led at the chariot wheels of Sir William's friends, to vote as they please. Those who know you cannot believe this; and it now remains with yourselves to show whether the case be so or not. Will you then consent to vote away, at this election, your own and others' Christian liberty, and *prostrate the church of your fathers at the feet of her and your enemies*, so as to have, as far as in your power, every parish in the land liable to the same outrage lately inflicted in the case of Marnoch? In the days of King Robert Bruce, after the nobles of Scotland had sold their liberties, your ancestors stoutly stood forward in defence of civil liberty, and nobly gained the day. But surely the cause now at stake is unspeakably *more important!* and deserves nobler sacrifices to be made for its assertion, and greater struggles maintained in its defence. And if its friends be but steady and faithful, it must soon be triumphant.

Christian Electors of Buteshire, you are placed in the front of the battle, at once the post of honour and responsibility, and have an important part to act. Yours is one of the first elections. Choosing Sir William Rae unpledged, considering the office he is likely to hold under Sir Robert Peel, must prove deeply injurious to the Church. A right election now will go far to decide the present conflict, by the lesson it must read to the whole country, while it also cannot fail to cover yourselves with enduring honour. You have now the cause in your own hands. Now is the time to prove *the faithfulness of your profession as Christian men*, and the value you set on privileges more precious than can be purchased with gold. The eyes of Scotland and of Britain are upon you; and surely it cannot be doubted but, like your fathers, who, at the expense of property, and in caves of the earth, stood fast by the cause of truth in former days, you also will prove the steadfast supporters of *the same good cause* in your own time, and thus show yourselves not unworthy of the position in which you are placed. *By your love to the faith once delivered to the saints*, and the privileges transmitted to you by your fathers—by your regard to the welfare of your families and the interests of posterity—by all that should influence you as men, or *bind you as Christians*, you are now called not to flinch, but as one man to stand forward in behalf of a member who, in the high assembly of the nation, will give a faithful expression to your sentiments and a devoted support to your cause, and thus show that you will not tamely surrender your privileges, or suffer them to be wrenched from you by any power whatever."

In the mean time the work goes on in such a manner as might be expected from those who thus addressed the "Christian Electors." On the Sunday of the Sacrament, their agents in Arran were dragging the poor people aside to canvass them as they were entering to the communion table, and watched them for the same purpose as they retired. Before the church service was over, on the Monday after the Sacrament, Mr Dunlop himself, and his friend Mr Collins, a Non-intrusion bookseller, sent into church for the parish minister of Arran: and having got him to come to them, while his assistant was still preaching, they endeavoured to obtain his consent to their using the church for a public political

meeting. They met with a distinct refusal, and a severe reprimand. They had a similar mortification in another part of the island, where they wished the use of an extension chapel for the same object. In Bute the canvass was conducted by prayers and preaching, combined with the more usual appliances of wheedling and whisky. Ministers who owed their places and endowments to Lord Bute, voted against his interest, under the influence of the fanatical feelings with which they were animated. We are horrified to be obliged to say, that on the hustings the allusions of the candidate and his friends to the "headship," were received by the mob with loud "hurrahs!" It should be added, that Mr Dunlop, disappointed at the loss of his election, did not vote for Mr Mure in Renfrewshire, whom he had previously promised to support.

Such are the scenes and proceedings that would habitually disgrace this country, if the spirit we have described should gain the ascendancy which it seeks. It has of late been chiefly directed against the Conservative candidates, when it was found that they were intractable; but the same machinery would equally be put in motion to oppose or embarrass a Whig government, if they were the party likely to possess power; and every effort would be used to fetter their supporters by pledges as much at variance with all constitutional government as those demanded by the Chartists themselves.

For all this violence, no doubt, it will be pleaded as a justification, that the question at issue is truly one not of policy but of principle, and of a principle, too, which is essentially religious, and which could not be waived without criminal indifference. The moment the case is so put, we must take it up as raising in that view a counter principle of paramount importance; and from the very defence which they thus maintain, we trust to be able all the more conclusively to demonstrate, that the conduct of these violent Non-intrusionists is in the highest degree dangerous to good order, and destructive of civil governments.

The principle for which the violent section of the Church contend, is embodied by them in the very appalling and fearful term of THE HEADSHIP OF CHRIST. That Our blessed Saviour is the Great Head of our Church, is a proposition which no one will deny; but the practical operation of the principle, as urged by the Non-intrusionists, involves this assertion, that the majority of the General Assembly have an absolute power of determining to what the Headship of Christ extends, and a right to declare the mind of Christ in reference to any matter by which the Established Church may be affected. We consider all such pretensions as unfounded and monstrous. If not absolutely blasphemous, they are essentially anti-Protestant and anti-Presbyterian. They can be compared to nothing but the assumptions of infallibility and inspiration which were advanced by the Popish Church, and from which it was the object and glory of the Reformation to set us free. We deprecate all introduction of so sacred a topic into questions of this description; and if we were superstitious, we should say that we saw a providential, as we undoubtedly see a moral warning against it in the scene which occurred in the late General Assembly, when a declaimer upon the "Headship" became insane, while he was yet in the act of speaking. No man or body of men, whether laymen or presbyters, have a warrant to promulgate the mind of our Saviour on such subjects. Will any man presume to say, that it is the Divine mind that patronage should exist, and that it is not the Divine mind that the presentee should be inducted if found qualified by the Presbytery? Who can presume to tell what is the Divine mind in such matters, except in the sense in which all can say that it is the Divine mind that every thing should be done "decently and in order:" that we should hold as essential doctrine that which is expressly revealed, and that in that which is not revealed we should seek what under all circumstances is most expedient? It is the mind of Christ that the Church should be duly ordered: but it is also the mind of Christ, if it is the command of God, that the law should be obeyed.

To change the language of its demands, the Church claims that the State should recognize its *spiritual independence*: which being interpreted, means an independent jurisdiction in all things which it shall *allege* to be spiritual. This pretension, it is obvious, is equal-

ly dangerous and inadmissable as the claims of Popish infallibility, to which we previously adverted. We admit the independence of the Church in all things in which the State, through its judicial organs, shall recognize its independence; but we cannot concede to it any further privilege.

But truly the question as to the limits of secular or spiritual power is not here raised in its simple or abstract form. We are not dealing with a body of ordinary Christians who claim an immunity from civil interference, and freedom to follow their own forms, however crotchety or absurd. The question here is with a statutory Established Church, and all that we have occasion to ask relates to the terms on which it has been established. We have nothing to do with the question in what manner a Church *ought* to be established. We have an actual and existing case, in which we are merely called on to determine the nature and effect of the constitution which the Church has received.

The Church as an Establishment is "the creature of the State." Such, we are glad to see, are the sentiments and language of the Non-Intrusionist Lord-Advocate, and we say the same thing, without meaning to use the words in a derogatory sense. The Established Church has been created by the State. The Church of Christ is co-eval and co-extensive with Christianity; but we are not now speaking of a Spiritual Church. Neither are we speaking of a certain voluntary sect. In this country the State at the Reformation selected a Protestant and Presbyterian body of Christians, and established them as a National Church. It offered to them certain conditions, which individuals were free to accept or decline. It still offers the same conditions; but it presses them on no one. It merely says to individuals, "If you like my conditions, take my endowments; but if you do not accept the one, you ought not to seek the other."

In the late discussions there has been a vain attempt to assimilate the Church and its independent jurisdiction to Parliament and its privileges. The extravagance of the claim carries with it its own answer. The Church, in the sense already explained, is the creature of the State—it is the creature of the Legislature. Is Parliament in the same predicament? Is Parliament the creature of an Act of Parliament? The crown and the two Houses of the Legislature are not the creations of law. They are the great sources of it; their original functions are its fountain heads, hid like the Nile in inaccessible distance or obscurity. The law is their creature, and the parent has retained over its child certain mysterious, inherent, and immemorial rights, which it may sometimes be difficult to decide, but which it is never possible to deny. But the Church as an establishment in this country, the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, has no immemorial existence to boast of. It owes its formation to acts of the Legislature of comparatively modern date, and without which confessedly it would be no establishment at all.

A question here arises of fundamental importance in this discussion. When the State created an endowed Church by a legislative act, in whom was vested the power of interpreting that act, if its meaning should be contested? On this point, no doubt can be entertained—no compromise can be permitted. It is an essential requisite of all government, that the interpretation of statutes belongs to the courts of law;—it belongs to the supreme secular judicatures of the State. To say that the interpretation of a statute constituting the Church, can be interpreted by the Church, is an unworkable absurdity. The statute is a civil ordinance; it flows from the civil power; it must operate according to the interpretation of the civil tribunals. That every individual, or set of individuals, deriving their rights and their constitution from the legislature of the State, must hold those rights, and observe that constitution, according as the supreme courts of the State may construe the grant or charter that has been given them, is a proposition which needs no demonstration. It is elementary—it is axiomatic—it cannot be denied without subverting the nature of the things to which it relates, and striking at the root of all government and justice.

The Church, then, was constituted as an establishment, by means of a civil ordinance, and upon the terms which that ordinance must be held to import, according to the interpretation of the civil courts. As soon as

any ambiguity in the statutes arose, or was alleged, the meaning which the civil courts may declare, must be held to have been the original meaning of the legislature when the statutes were passed. The construction finally fixed by the courts of law, must be held as if it were engrossed in the body of the statutes themselves. This is the invariable and inevitable tenure by which all statutory rights are held. If this principle were endangered, society would cease. It applies to corporations as well as to individuals—to private persons and to public functionaries, and it must apply not more to laymen than to ecclesiastics, wheresoever ecclesiastics consent to hold peculiar powers and privileges, by virtue of a civil enactment.

Now, let us see what was the nature of the constitution which the State conferred on the Presbyterian Church at its establishment. It bestowed upon it many privileges. It invested it with many functions, and imposed upon it corresponding duties. Among others, it imposed upon its members the *duty* of taking upon trial, and inducting if found qualified, the presentees of patrons. Without this arrangement, the purpose of the State would have been frustrated. That purpose was to provide endowed Christian ministers in every parish in the kingdom; and in order to secure that object, the statutes in favour of the Church contain the most express recognition of the rights of patrons, and the most positive injunction to receive presentees. Independently of prior enactments, the act of 10 Queen Anne, c. 10. enacts, that "the Presbytery of the respective bounds shall, and is HEREBY OBLIGED to *receive and admit* in the same manner, such qualified person or persons, minister or ministers, as shall be presented by the respective patrons, as the persons or ministers presented before the making of this act ought to have been admitted."

It were in vain for the Church openly to repudiate this statute, which, in the matter of presentation, is the last and most explicit declaration of the mind of the legislature, in reference to the constitution of the establishment. Yet, much of the recent agitation in the Church has sprung from a covert dissatisfaction with this part of their charter, and from a dishonest attempt to make a dead letter of that which all have solemnly adopted who have accepted the ministerial office in the Church as so established.

It has been finally decided by the House of Lords, that the Veto Act is a violation of that statute, and a prominent leader of the Church agitation has avowed, that all along he was of that opinion. How comes it, then, that this illegal measure is still adhered to by the General Assembly, while its supporters, at the same time, adhere to the legal benefits which their official functions confer upon them? How comes it that those who systematically violate one clause of their constitution, claim the benefits of the law as far as the rest of it is concerned?

The only answer that has been attempted to this question is, that the majority of the Assembly acquiesce in the decision of the civil courts, so far as the temporalities are concerned, and are willing to relinquish the civil fruits of the benefices in question. Any thing more fallacious and jesuitical than this plea has scarcely been propounded even in the course of the present controversy.

It is now finally found, that a part of the constitution offered by the state to the Church, was the obligation of presbyteries to receive and admit the qualified presentees of patrons: and the meaning of that obligation, as expressed in a civil statute, has been irreversibly fixed by the civil courts. Does it not follow that all those who continue connected with the Church, must discharge this obligation: and that those who cannot conscientiously discharge it, must forego the benefits which they derive from a *civil* constitution of which this condition is a part? Can any honest and reflecting man remain longer a member of any established presbytery, who is not prepared to concur in discharging those duties of his office, which he is paid to discharge, including, among others, this express duty of receiving and inducting ministers? The endowments of each minister are conferred by the state, not merely in respect of his willingness to discharge his parochial duties, but in respect expressly of his becoming bound to discharge his duty as a member of presbytery by receiving presentees, and thereby filling up the vacancies which occur in other parochial cures. This is a positive statutory duty, which cannot honestly

be violated by any man who holds the office to which the duty is attached.

What answer is it, then, to our complaint to allege that the Church is willing to renounce the temporalities?

In the first place, no majority of the Church can renounce its temporalities. As long as the establishment has a legal existence, the temporalities are inalienably attached to the respective offices of its parochial ministers. Individuals may renounce temporalities for themselves; or rather they may demit the office to which the temporalities are attached.

In the next place, let us see what these contumacious ministers say. They are charged with retaining their civil endowments, while they refuse to perform the legal conditions on which the civil power bestowed them. What is their answer? "We are ready to relinquish the temporalities." Well, that seems fair and honourable. We respect you as conscientious men, and are sorry to lose you as established ministers. "Oh, but we are not ready to relinquish the temporalities which we possess ourselves: we are only ready to relinquish the temporalities which we don't possess; we are ready to relinquish the vacant temporalities which you want to bestow upon your presentee." The portly ringleader of a rebellious Presbytery magnanimously surrenders the Exchequer stipend of a vacant cure which he prevents from being filled up, while our reverend recusant is at the very time the pursuer of a process of augmentation, with the prospect of an additional couple of chalders, which can only be due to him in respect of his performing the duty he thus repudiates. Mr Candlish and Mr Cunningham, in abetting the non-obedience of the law, are willing to relinquish the temporalities of Marnoch and Auchterarder, which they would never have enjoyed; but they retain their share of the Edinburgh annuity-tax, which is only given to them by the same law which says, that all members of the Church courts, in addition to discharging their individual functions, shall be obliged to receive and admit presentees or ministers in other parishes. An easier example of self-denial, a cheaper acquisition of the honours of martyrdom, was probably never before made a subject of boast.

The very sacrifice thus pretended to be made, so far from being an answer to the complaints of the State, is an illustration and aggravation of the evils complained of. The State endowed ministers, in order to secure an endowed clergy over the whole length and breadth of the land. Its essential intention was, that the benefice and the function should nowhere be ever separated; and it enacted that presbyteries should be OBLIGED to concur with it in that object. The pretended relinquishment of other men's temporalities, for which credit is now claimed, is a direct frustration of the State's purpose. The refusal to admit a legally qualified presentee to the pastoral office, is not expiated or excused by a pretended consent that he shall receive the stipend, without the cure of souls. The State has no desire to give the endowment to any man who is not to discharge the spiritual duties; and it insists that the Church shall admit and receive to the spiritual office the man to whom the endowment is due. The conduct of the clergy in refusing to admit, is an attack by these members of the Establishment on the very principles which have established them. It is a divorce, to that extent, between Church and State. The essence of an Establishment is not that there shall be an endowed minister here and there, but that there shall be an endowed minister every where, and that there shall be no Established minister that is not endowed. The conduct, therefore, of Established ministers, in retaining their individual temporalities, while they refuse to promote an indispensable object which the State contemplated and avowed when those temporalities were instituted, is such as, in the affairs of ordinary life, would deserve no other name than that of downright dishonesty.

Perhaps the argument we have now urged could not be more clearly and closely stated, than in the following passage extracted from the first edition of Mr Dunlop's *Law of Patronage*.

"In the case of the admission of a minister, the title to the temporality (meaning thereby the whole patrimonial rights) is a question of purely civil cognizance; the admission to the spiritual office of purely ecclesiastical cognizance. But in accepting the sanction of the civil power, and the endowment thereby provided for those

who should be admitted to the spiritual office, the Church, in terms of the condition on which I must here assume this sanction and endowment were conferred, *became bound to admit the qualified presentees of patrons.* The church thus submitted to *an obligation* CIVIL in respect of its being contracted towards the *civil* power, and established by merely *civil* ordinances. This *civil* obligation, then, may be by the *civil* power prevented from being violated; and there seems nothing, therefore, to prevent the supreme civil court from interdicting the proceedings of presbyteries in violation of it, as to the admission of ministers, any more than from interdicting or even rescinding *quoad civilem effectum* their proceedings in regard to the admission or deposition of schoolmasters, which has been found competent.

"Further, there is a *civil* interest which may be affected by the proceedings of the presbytery; for although they cannot in the face of a competition confer on a person, not duly presented, any right to the fruits of the benefice, admission by them is essential to enable the true presentee to obtain possession thereof; and if they proceed to fill up the pastoral office of a parish, they place a bar to his attaining the enjoyment of the benefice so long as the other party retains the pastoral office, during which period the benefice must remain vacant, and its fruits be disposed of accordingly; and the court have found a less material civil interest than this, sufficient to warrant their interference with the proceedings of a church court.

"It may no doubt be said, that the Church Courts, in proceeding to the admission of a minister not presented by the lawful patron, do not pretend to confer on him any civil right, but merely a spiritual office, which, as a Church Court, it is competent for them to do, without reference to any temporal rights or power whatever; and (apart from the consideration that they are thereby excluding the civil right of another) this might be true, *were the Church entirely unfettered by obligations come under by herself.* But *the object of the State,* in creating an established Church, *was to* CONJOIN *the patrimonial rights of the benefice to the spiritual rights of the pastoral charge, and establish* ONE OFFICE *which should combine the two classes of rights in the same person;* and to secure this, and, at the same time, preserve the former rights of patrons, it is held to have been made *a condition of the endowment, that the Church should receive and admit the qualified presentees of lawful patrons;* while, on the other hand, the Church, by accepting the endowment so regulated, became a party to the object for which it was intended, and BOUND herself to fulfil the condition whereby this was to be effected.

"Nor will it do to maintain that it was unlawful for the civil power to prescribe such a condition, whereby to fetter Church Courts in the exercise of their spiritual jurisdiction, because, 1, *The Church have submitted thereto by accepting the benefits tendered by the State on that condition,* while, had they deemed the condition unlawful, they had it in their power to have rejected the benefits therewith clogged; and, 2, A Civil Court cannot listen to any objection on the supposed unlawfulness of any enactment of the legislature, as their only province is to obey and to enforce it."

It is true that this reasoning is only employed, by Mr Dunlop, as establishing the right of the civil courts to interdict the Church from admitting to the pastoral office any other than a lawful presentee. But the premises, taken in connexion with the express terms of the statutory enactments, lead equally to the conclusion, that the civil power can compel the Church to induct a lawful presentee, in the same manner as they can prevent it from inducting one who is not lawfully presented. If, in Mr Dunlop's words, the Church, in accepting the sanction and endowments of the State, "became BOUND to admit the qualified presentees of patrons;" if the OBLIGATION to which the Church "thus submitted" was in its nature "CIVIL, in respect of its being *contracted towards the civil power,* and established by merely *civil* ordinances," then it assuredly follows, not merely that "this civil obligation may be by the civil power prevented from being violated," but that it may by the civil power be *positively enforced.* Nor will it do to maintain that it was unlawful for the civil power to prescribe such a condition: "Because, 1st, The Church have submitted thereto, by accepting the

benefits tendered by the State on that condition;" "and, 2d, A Civil Court cannot listen to any objection on the supposed unlawfulness of any enactment of the legislature, as their only province is to obey and to ENFORCE it."

We know of no other *civil* obligation established by *civil* ordinances, which may not be enforced by the civil court; and, even if it were otherwise, it were but a degrading plea for the Church to resist the compulsion while she admits the obligation. Honest men pay their debts and discharge their obligations, without waiting for compulsion; and no man attains much merit in sheltering himself from his creditors by a personal privilege, or a retreat to a sanctuary.

The passage above quoted from Mr Dunlop is valuable, as enforcing the propositions which are implied in our previous argument, that "the object of the State, in creating an established Church, was to conjoin the patrimonial rights of the benefice to the spiritual rights of the pastoral charges;" that, "to secure this, it is a condition of the endowment that the Church should admit lawful presentees, and that the Church, by accepting the endowment so regulated, became a party to the object for which it was intended, and bound herself to fulfil the condition whereby this was to be effected."

The great question is, whether the members of the Church are to be allowed to defeat instead of fulfilling that object. It is admitted that they cannot do so by appointing pastors of their own choice. But can they do so by refusing to admit pastors who are lawfully presented? The purpose of the State is disappointed equally the one way and the other—the Church equally fails to fulfil the condition of her endowment, and equally disjoins the patrimonial and spiritual offices, whether she appoints a pastor who has not been lawfully presented, or refuses to appoint one who has.

Mr Dunlop has no doubt, in later editions, recalled or withheld the opinions we have above extracted. But he has done so in circumstances not tending to increase the authority of his more recent statements. He has since become an active partisan and leader of the Non-intrusion majority, as well as the counsel for some of the recusant presbyteries; and the course he has followed is more to the credit of his original penetration than of his present consistency. It is unfortunate for a writer on law, when a change in his convictions leads him to withdraw his earlier doctrines, at the very time when they stand confirmed and illustrated by decisions of the court pronounced against himself and his clients.

But the dominant faction in the Church are not content with their own disobedience, or, as they may choose to term it, their own non-obedience of the law. They punish and degrade others for obeying it. They proclaim that no man is to remain a minister of the Establishment who performs towards the State those conditions on which the Establishment was constituted. Was any thing more monstrous ever promulgated by an Established Church? This is not passive resistance merely; it is active resistance of the most outrageous kind. To evade the fulfilment of their statutory duties, on pretended scruples of conscience, and under shelter of supposed technicalities, is in itself bad enough. But to insist that others who have no such scruples, and who seek no such subterfuge, shall also refrain from fulfilling their obligations to the State, which they are ready to fulfil, and for which, among the rest, they have been endowed, is an act of tyranny so gross, and of resistance to the law so daring and dangerous, that no good citizen can view it without indignation and alarm. It has accordingly roused throughout the country a more decided and unanimous expression of condemnation from all ranks and parties, than has ever been elicited in our own times by any public transaction.

The Assembly could scarcely suppose that their act of deposition would involve the loss of the endowments to the objects of their resentment. The law could not deny its protection to the men who had been punished for obeying it. What then is the result? According to the views of the Assembly, the seven ministers of Strathbogie possess no longer the pastoral office, though they may retain the fruits of the benefice. On that footing there is no longer an established minister in any of the seven parishes affected, and this state of things must continue during the lives of the deposed ministers. Nay, it would appear that there can never again be established minis-

ters in these cures. The parishes, according to the Assembly's principles, are *vacant:* for they cannot surely be *full* if the ministers are deposed; and unless now filled up by the patrons, which the law will not allow, the presbyteries must claim the right of afterwards filling them up by the *jus devolutum*, and will scarcely at least recognise the right of presentation in the patrons at any subsequent period. But omitting the obvious and interminable confusion thence arising, it is certain that during the lives of the present incumbents the Established Church has been extinguished, so far as the Assembly could do it, in these seven parishes. Not only so, but the Presbytery of Strathbogie is blotted out of the establishment, if we hold the act of the Assembly to be in any respect valid. There is now *one* Presbytery of that name for performing the legal functions of such a court, for the admission of schoolmasters, for the repair of churches and manses, and for every act which can have a civil sanction; while there is said to be *another* Presbytery for ecclesiastical things, either mutilated of half its members or filled up to its complement by a reinforcement of *voluntary* ministers, belonging in one sense to a pretended establishment, but who have no civil status, no parish church, and no endowment. This state of matters is only beginning, and is by-and by to spread over the whole country, wherever a patron shall assert his rights and a presbytery either recognise or resist them.

Already, however, it is plain that the Church is not confining itself to the practice and enforcement of a mere refusal to admit ministers. A more positive usurpation of authority is embodied in the late extraordinary and unprecedented act of the Assembly, appointing a special commission of persons for SETTLING and providing with spiritual ordinances the various parishes in dispute, including expressly those of Marnoch and *Auchterarder*, and superseding the Presbyteries of the bounds in that duty.

We believe we may affirm, that the terms of this grossly unconstitutional act, for controlling and superseding, in their most important functions, the lawful church courts of the country, were never read aloud in the Assembly that passed it, and were never even adjusted till after the Assembly rose. Had its bearings been seen and understood, we cannot help thinking that it would have given pause, even to the headlong haste of the enthusiasts who thus adopted it on credit. We are glad to remember that some gentlemen, named in the commission, have disclaimed any participation in their nomination, and have declined to act.

The commissioners, however, who have accepted, have entered on their duties in the full spirit of their appointment. We have before us now an address which they have issued "to the Members of the Church of Scotland, in the seven *vacant* parishes in the Presbytery of Strathbogie:" and we venture to say, that no imagination, however fertile or fanciful, could have conceived the possibility of such a production proceeding from a church established by law, in reference to decisions which the courts of law have pronounced.

After explaining the heinous offences of the Strathbogie ministers, which are stated to consist mainly in their complaining to the civil courts of a suspension which has been declared illegal; and after expressing an anticipation that the deposition may still be sustained as civilly effectual, the commissioners proceed in these terms.

"Meanwhile, ordinances will continue to be provided, *and in due time pastors will be set over you;* and we rejoice to think that your own experience has already given you assurance, that the grace of God may be as freely poured out *at meetings in upper rooms, or on threshing floors, or in the open air*, as with all the accessories which the law has provided for your convenience, but *of which, for a time, you have been deprived.* We rejoice that our predecessors, the Commission of last Assembly, have, during the past year, been enabled to secure for you the services of preachers of the gospel so well fitted to speak a word in season to your souls, and that you have so greatly profited by their instructions; and we look for a continuance, and even an increase, of that regard and attention to their ministrations which you have hitherto evinced.

"You may, perhaps, be troubled by knowing that ministers of the Church apparently countenance your late ministers in their conduct, by preaching in the parish churches of your respective parishes. We believe that this is done under the idea that it cannot be construed into holding communion with these men, but falls only to be regarded as the lesser irregularity of

preaching in parishes without the authority of those charged with the dispensation of ordinances therein—an irregularity which, in ordinary circumstances, many are inclined not to consider as involving any very serious offence. We give no opinion on this matter: but of this you may rest assured, that *the authority of the Church will be vindicated, and the observance of her sentences enforced on all her office-bearers.* When, in the year 1838, the General Assembly resolved that they would, AT ALL HAZARDS, maintain the spiritual jurisdiction committed to the Church by her Great Head, they also resolved that they would *firmly enforce obedience to the same.* The Church will, doubtless, maintain that forbearance, and that calm deliberation, free from all haste or rashness, *which she has hitherto displayed!* but she will likewise evince that firm determination to maintain the honour and authority of her Lord and Master, which has marked her proceedings in this *vital* conflict.

"We trust we need not warn you *against accepting sealing ordinances at the hands of those unhappy men,* who, having been deprived of all power to administer the same, by deposition, in the name and by the authority of CHRIST our Lord, from the office and functions of the ministry, rest their claim to exercise such power on the sentence and authority of the Court of Session alone. On ordinances so administered, we have no warrant to expect a blessing. *The validity of baptism,* administered by these men, cannot be admitted by the Church; their dispensing of the sacrament of the Supper can only be deemed *a desecration of that holy ordinance on the part of them and of all who partake of it;* while the accepting of sealing ordinances at their hands, is in itself *a withdrawal from the communion of the Church of Scotland.* We expect better things of you—things *not tending to division and schism* and the despising of God's ordinances, but tending to the *unity and peace of the Church!!*"

It would be a waste of time to expatiate on the absurdity of this address, or on the papistical spirit, both of ambition for power and mysterious sanctity, which it displays. The ministrations, forsooth, of the Strathbogie ministers are no longer valid, because, for fulfilling the conditions of their establishment, they have been deposed, by men who, in that very act of deposition, if not sooner, forfeited before God and man every honest title to hold the offices of established ministers, which alone authorised them to pronounce their sentence.

It will be remembered that this Commission is expressly extended to the settlement of the parish of Auchterarder, as a vacant parish, and is thus in direct violation of the judgment of the House of Lords in that case.

Is it not strange to say, that the men who have done and instigated these things are protestants and presbyterians? Is it not stranger still that the clergy who concur in them are themselves the nominees of patrons, deriving right to their parishes and places in the General Assembly from the law of patronage in its old unmitigated form, without a dream about the veto, or a doubt about intrusion? Retaining the offices which they have thus acquired, they make use of those offices to exclude others who seek admission in the same way, and they say it is an encroachment on their spiritual independence to enforce against them that very law which alone gives them the opportunity of now resisting it.

One other word on the relinquishment of the temporalities. When we hear the Church professing, on the one hand, to renounce the temporalities of vacant benefices, and find, on the other, that those very temporalities, however long the vacancy may endure, are claimed in other proceedings as a perquisite of this same Church for the widows and children of its members, the whole plea assumes the aspect of a juggle that would be ludicrous if it were not discreditable. Whether there should or should not be legislation on any other point, here at least a remedy should be applied, if the law should ever be found to sanction such a claim.

We rejoice to think that the extravagant pretensions of the Church party, which we have here endeavoured to expose, have excited no sympathy throughout the country, and that their efforts to obtain a body of representatives to support their cause in Parliament have utterly failed. They overlooked the fact, that the Reformation had occurred, and that the sanctity of the priestly character is not an element in the Presbyterian creed. They forgot that we have been taught to regard them as the ministers of religion, not as the oracles of God. The Bible and the standards of our faith are open to all, as well as to them, and while we cheerfully and

respectfully listen to their religious expositions and exhortations, and receive the sacred ordinances at their hands, we will firmly resist the slightest attempt on their part to exceed their province, or, by adding new doctrines to the simple truths of scripture, or promulgating new interpretations of what is old, to subject us, in matters of temporal interest or ecclesiastical expediency, to any other dominion than that of our own reason.

We repeat, that the advocates of the spiritual independence of the Church have nowhere been successful in the late elections in Scotland. In Haddington, in Wick, in Kilmarnock, in Glasgow, the burghs of Scotland have given their verdict, and have rejected the men who professed, or approached most nearly to, extreme Non-intrusion principles, even though possessing many separate claims on the support of their constituencies. Of the Glasgow candidates, Campbell went as far as possible in favour of the Church's assertion of her independence. Oswald and Dennistoun, though favourable to the abolition of patronage, which is a totally different matter, declared themselves strongly opposed to the Church's claims. They declined to support the Duke of Argyll's bill, and stood out for the authority of the law. In answer to a question by the Anti-Patronage Society, which was answered by Campbell in the affirmative, Oswald replied, "I am of opinion that all persons are bound to yield obedience to the existing laws, and that the deposition of the seven Strathbogie ministers is illegal." The answer of Dennistoun was, "I would allow the civil courts to maintain and enforce their present powers, in reference to the Established Church, and would insist upon the restoration of the seven deposed ministers of Strathbogie." Oswald and Dennistoun were returned by a considerable majority, and it is generally admitted that Campbell's Non-intrusion professions were even injurious to his success.

In Edinburgh, the other great stronghold of Non-intrusionism, the party were compelled to submit to be represented by Mr Macaulay, who ably exposed the inadmissibility of their claims to independence; and few probably will think that the point of Mr Macaulay's morning observations was taken off by some supposed generalities that he is said to have conceded to them at night, and of which, the most remarkable is his affirmative answer to the question, whether he was disposed to allow the law to take its course without legislative enactment.

In the counties, we have already adverted to the triumph of Cumming Bruce in Elgin, and the discomfiture of Dunlop in Bute. Nowhere, either in burghs or counties, have these presumptuous men secured one representative who is likely to serve the purpose to which they truly look—that of making all politics subservient to ecclesiastical ambition and intrigue. Renfrew will perhaps be pointed to as an example of the contrary. But every body knows that Renfrew was gained by other influences; and even if a petty cabal should be found to turn the scale in a nicely balanced contest, this is no evidence of their general weight or importance. From Renfrew, however, one important truth is deducible. It is not merely for non-intrusion, or for the Duke of Argyll's bill, that these ecclesiastical demagogues contend. Mr Mure was ready to support that bill, but did not thereby secure the support of the dominant Church party. The object of that party is obviously nothing short of *power*—the power, indeed, to determine, without appeal, *what their power shall be.*

We cannot help, in this place, directing a single observation to some of our brethren in the north of Ireland, who are apt to think, that because they are also Presbyterians, they can easily form an opinion on this important question. Of all men in the world, however, they are the least in a situation to understand it, and the most likely, by their own natural feelings, to be misled regarding its merits. They think that the privileges they possess themselves belong necessarily also to the Church of Scotland. But they forget the distinctions that exist between us and them. They are not an established church. They are possessed, indeed, of certain pecuniary endowments; but these have not been qualified by any condition as to their duties in regard to the admission of ministers. So far as the State is concerned, they have been left free as air to fill up, or leave vacant, as they please, the spiritual cures which they have

voluntarily instituted. They know nothing of patronage, and have ever refused to recognize it. When once they shall have submitted themselves to an express statutory obligation, to receive and admit the qualified presentees of lay patrons, or when they have supposed themselves placed under that obligation, they may then reason upon the subject. It is probable that many of the Irish Presbyterians would steadily decline to subject themselves to such conditions. But why should they shrink from doing so, unless on the footing that by once accepting them, they would be bound in honour and honesty to fulfil them? We can pardon in our Irish friends something of that confusion of ideas, from which even the northern portion of the Sister Isle is not exempt. But a little reflection must convince them all, that an unestablished presbyterian church is a thing essentially different from a presbyterian church established by statutes, and which, in its very establishment, has consented to the recognition of lay patronage, and cannot read the charter of its legal rights without reading also the stringent clause which rivets its obligations. The conscientious Irish Presbyterians, who would refuse to accept of such conditions, because they would not agree to fulfil them, cannot approve of the conduct of those who refuse to fulfil them, after having already accepted of them.

While we feel convinced that the immoral and destructive doctrines of the Non-instrusion league are nowhere gaining ground in the country, we see, at the same time, that they are doing much mischief to the Church, to the cause of establishments, and to religion itself. The efficiency and legitimate influence of pastors is diminished by their being placed, on such subjects, in opposition to their flocks. The schemes which the Church has set on foot for diffusing religious instruction at home and abroad are languishing for want of support. The more wealthy and reflecting are alienated from her interests. The poorer classes are not conciliated, and yet are encouraged in those tendencies which are most natural to their condition—discontent with their situation, and jealousy of their superiors. It is indeed melancholy to see those whom the State has chosen as the teachers of peace, becoming abettors of agitation, and holding out an example, which, to the popular mind at least, is only intelligible as inculcating resistance to the law.

In what manner are these evils to be remedied? By a legislative measure, or how otherwise? We confess we doubt the propriety of any legislation at present. We see no prospect of a measure being carried that would satisfy at once the reasonable part of the community and the majority of the Church, and we are unwilling as yet that any coercive enactment should be passed against them. We were disposed to consider very favourably the bill of Lord Aberdeen, though we doubted whether its provisions did not give more power to the Church than she was entitled to obtain. But latterly we have inclined rather to the opinion of Lord Melbourne, that the fever should be allowed to run its course, provided, however, it be subjected to the usual anti phlogistic treatment which such cases require. We disapprove entirely of the direct or indirect encouragement which the contumacious party have already received from the Government in the distribution of patronage and otherwise: and we think it indispensable that to that system an instant termination should be put.

Independently of the general principle, that extraordinary measures should not be resorted to, while they can be avoided, we think that, in the present position of things, an obstacle to legislation has arisen, which is not likely for some time to be either removed or overcome. We allude to that which forms a most important part of Sir Robert Peel's views, as stated at his interview with the Duke of Argyll and certain delegates of the Church. The point to which we refer is explained in the following paragraphs of Sir Robert Peel's letter, containing an account of that interview:—

"I observed, that even if I were to admit (which I could not) that the provisions of that bill were in themselves wholly unexceptionable, still that they were prospective only; and that I did not think the House of Lords would consent merely to legislate for the future, if the General Assembly should persist in its claim of authority to depose ministers of the Church, upon this ground—that those

ministers had obeyed the law as interpreted by the Supreme Court in Scotland, and by the House of Lords, on an appeal preferred to that tribunal at the instance of the Church of Scotland.

"That I presumed that the right to depose ministers involved substantially the right to deprive them of the privileges and emoluments attached by law to their parochial cures, and that it appeared to me—if such penalties could be inflicted for the cause assigned—the authority of the Church over the statute law and civil tribunals of the country would be paramount even in matters of a civil and temporal nature.

"That I thought such a claim on the part of the Church of Scotland would greatly diminish, if not altogether destroy, any advantage that might have been hoped for from merely prospective legislation; and that new causes of difference, and new conflicts of authority, not provided for by such legislation, would very soon occur."

We conceive that the difficulties here stated must cease to exist before the legislature can interfere further in the matter, in so far at least as any healing measure is concerned; and we have already said that we are averse to adopt, as long as we can avoid it, any measure of coercion. We attach so much importance to these preliminary questions, that we must be allowed to develope somewhat fully our views regarding them.

Before passing a new legislative measure regarding the Church, we must distinctly understand the effect and consequences of what we are to do. We must know upon what footing we are to legislate, and how the proposed enactment is to be carried into operation.

More particularly, we must have it clearly ascertained by what tribunal any statutes regarding the Established Church, whether past or future, are to be interpreted, if any dispute arise regarding them. We must have that question determined as a general and vital principle. If the Church is to claim in any respect the power of interpreting such statutes in competition with the civil courts, or to the exclusion of those courts, we must either now make up our minds to concede that general claim, which no rational statesman will ever do, or we must have the claim distinctly disallowed and put to silence.

Further, we must explicitly understand whether the Church is to claim the right to disregard the interpretation of statutes as declared by the civil courts, and is to assert the power to depose ministers for disobeying the statute law as so interpreted. We care little whether such deposition is to involve the loss of the benefice or not. The permission to deposed ministers to retain their emoluments, might remove or mitigate our feeling for them as individuals, but would make no difference on our views as to the political question. We require to know this fact, whether, in the event of the civil courts interpreting any statute in a manner different from the wishes of the Church, the Church is to claim the power of deposing ministers who obey the law, and of thereby either depriving them of their livings, or of separating the endowment from the spiritual office. In either way, we conceive it clear that such pretensions must be disallowed by the legislature, as incompatible both with social peace and with the principle of an Establishment; and if the legislature and the majority of the Church are at variance upon this vital point, it is needless to proceed further. Any pacification that may be thus attempted will be hollow and transient. The sole effect of the concession will be to postpone and aggravate the struggle which must ultimately ensue, and which can only terminate either in the submission of the Church to its statutory duties, as explained by the civil courts, or in the prostration of the civil power at the foot of ecclesiastical tyranny.

The question here noticed, does not now arise in an abstract shape. We have not now to deal with vague pretensions and protests, with vain vapourings, and *verba jactantia*, with which the clergy may be indulged, as a salvo to their scruples, and which the State, while they remain as "winged words," can afford to smile at and despise. The arrogant assumptions of hierocracy have assumed a tangible and a terrible reality in the Strathbogie deposition—a proceeding of which it is difficult to say whether it be more cruel in its execution or more calamitous in its probable consequences. An act of such flagrant invasion of

the law, of such palpable subversion of the establishment cannot be overlooked by the legislature, if the legislature is again to legislate for the Church. It sees before its eyes how its former enactments have been treated; it sees how its existing arrangements for uniting cures and endowments have been respected. The legislature may, without any interference on its part, leave the parties who have so acted to the strong arm of the judicial power. But if the legislature is to interfere at all, it cannot overlook the past in providing for the future, where the two are so inseparably linked together in principle and in practical operation.

If the majesty of the law is not to be surrendered, it is of course impossible that the deposed ministers can be sacrificed, or any arrangement recognised that does not proceed on the footing of their still possessing their original status.

It is in vain to say, as has been attempted, that there is no probability of any future question or collision between the Church and the law, if such a bill as the Duke of Argyll's were now to pass. The man must be very inexperienced, or very disingenuous, who assumes that any statute can be enacted in which ambiguities may not exist, or may not be raised by the conflict of opposing interests: and the legislature is not likely to act in such deplorable ignorance of its duties and difficulties.

But, in the present case, and after passing any act which left the claims of the Church untouched, a plain and palpable cause of collision might immediately occur. Suppose a majority of the Assembly to declare patronage to be contrary to the "headship," and refuse to induct the presentees of lay patrons—and not only so, but to depose, as they now do, any members of presbytery who shall discharge their duty to the state in this respect? Such a state of things is not unlikely to occur, if the present spirit of the Church is encouraged, and it might be defended by the very arguments now urged in the name of spiritual independence. We should then stand precisely in the situation which we at present occupy, or rather we should be in a much worse position: and should find too late, how vain it is to legislate upon undefined principles, for a body which further concession may make stronger in its resistance, but which, according to its own pretensions, no obligation can ever bind to the performance of its duties.

We think, then, that the cure of these lamentable mischiefs must be left to time, to the law, and to the influence of public opinion. The arm of civil authority is powerful and not easily wearied. The withdrawal of encouragement on the part of Government will abate the fervour of an enthusiasm which is not altogether blind to personal considerations: and the clergy will at last learn that where they can command no popular support they can possess no influence. All classes of men must in the end combine against the nuisance with which we are at present threatened. Those who revere the constitution of the country must desire to see the law enforced. Those who are lovers of liberty must abhor the encroachments of irresponsible power. The adversaries of an Establishment cannot wish to see it invested with an arbitrary and anomalous authority. Its friends must lament that its pretensions by exciting the alarm of every well regulated government, should render it doubtful whether it can be trusted with any authority at all. In the doctrines of the Church-majority, the statesman will discern the expanding germs of social discord and dissolution, while the simplest private citizen must understand their direct tendency to unsettle the foundation of his dearest rights. The man of honour will not suffer the conditions of a contract to remain unfulfilled by those who profit by its advantages. The religious man must shudder to hear the most sacred sanctions of Christianity desecrated by an unholy and promiscuous use, and the obligations of faith and doctrine confounded with the squabbles of ecclesiastical politics.

We trust, that ere long, these influences will produce their effect, that we shall look back on our present troubles, as on a feverish dream, and that the Church of Scotland will resume her place, and regain her usefulness, as the equal instructress of rich and poor, the nurse of piety and peace, and the constitutional supporter of that civil authority, which is itself founded on the ordinances of God, for the temporal and spiritual benefit of man.

TRAITS AND TENDENCIES OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

Literary criticism, when plied regularly as a business, and allowed to become a habit, is a very barren and also a very dangerous affair. For as we do not live to anatomize our bodies, or eat to understand the chemistry of chyle, so we do not read books or look at pictures for the purpose of criticizing, but for the purpose of enjoying them. A sensible man, indeed, may—must make his remark on what he sees and feels; but he will do so accidentally as it were, and without pretence, not formally and in the style of a separate business. It is not every man, moreover, who is entitled even to drop casual remarks on what he sees; we must first serve a long apprenticeship of seeing and comparing before our speaking can serve any purpose but to publish our own folly. "Judge not, that ye be not judged." The spirit of this grand precept applies to intellectual almost as much as to moral judgments. Young minds beginning with criticism, generally ripen into conceit, and end in ignorance; as the most that criticism can achieve, even with those whom it does not utterly pervert, is to give a sort of dialectical nimbleness to the mere understanding, while it leaves the general intellectual character destitute of all real basis, and barren of all vital grandeur. A clever critic takes up an idea like a sword, and fences with it to the admiration of many; a great man enters into every idea as it were into a temple, and worships; and, like all true worshippers, worships oftentimes best when he worships in secret and in silence. With small ideas a clever critic may succeed in playing off a fine game of words to inferior men; but when he attempts to lay hold of large thoughts, he is like a dog snapping at the air. In vain, indeed, do we apply criticism of any kind to the highest creations. God gave us these like a sea to swim in; and when we swim not in them we are intellectually dead, and have only a name to live, how learnedly soever we may talk. Literature in itself, apart from life and nature, of which it is the mere reflection, is a thing altogether unintelligible; and a literature of literature, a systematic science of criticism, a formal architecture of the rules of the beautiful, attempted to be raised up by the mere understanding out of written books, will at best represent a botanist's *hortus siccus*, which a learned eye may microscopize to all eternity, and never be able to gain the simple conception of a green field. All attempts to explain literature out of literature alone, will never lift a man above the perfection of a delicate fingering: a mere critical, a mere literary man, we may say, is merely—a pedant. No man ever got from a book the key to understand a book. Biblical criticism has saved few souls, and literary criticism has made few poets. The most that the one can do is to clip the noisy wings of a rambling religiosity; the most that the other can do is to prevent sounding sumphs from deceiving themselves and the public into the conceit, that they are sage singers; and now and then, also, to give a friendly hint to a real artist, that he do not look so strenuously upward as to forget the stone at his feet, on which he is about to stumble. Such is the humble office of criticism.

It is one of the most ominous and least healthy symptoms of modern German literature, (for we exclude the Niebelungen and the Minnesinger as belonging to a practically isolated world,) that as it ushered itself into existence some eighty years ago with Lessing's lancet, so now it seems hewing itself to death with Menzel's hatchet;—not that either Lessing or Menzel are personally to blame in the matter; they were both of them made for better things, and have, in fact, achieved better things than mere criticism; but their literary battles

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(1.) Die Deutsche Litteratur, von Wolfgang Menzel. Stuttgart, 1836. The same, English, by Gordon. Talboys, 1840.

(2.) Æsthetische Feldzüge, von Ludwig Wienbarg. Hamburgh, 1834.

(3.) Deutschland's Jungste Litteratur und Cultur Epoche, Characteristiken, von Hermann Marggraff. Leipzig, 1840.

have been forced upon them, like Napoleon's wars, by a peculiar train of circumstances; only we must say, that the circumstances which forced such bloody work were necessarily bad. In Lessing's case the cause of the evil is manifest. Germany had lain bleeding and exhausted, the victim of her own dissensions, since the unsatisfactory peace of Westphalia. She had no native strength to do any thing, and, of course, fell an easy victim, intellectually as well as physically, to the dazzling superiority of Louis XIV.: in this palsied and enfeebled condition Lessing found her, looking, nevertheless, very dignified —a starched caricature of French courtliness—utterly insensible to her own native worth, utterly false to her own native character. There was no remedy left but the surgeon's; "*mittatur sanguis plenorivo*,"—out with the old corrupt blood, that there may be room for the new. Lessing was forced to waste a great part of his vigour in cutting down gigantic dolls, in unrobing lay-figures, solemnly frilled and furbelowed, to look like breathing men. He protested the first in Europe, and with true old Teutonic independence, against the French dynasty of Voltaire; in that man he annihilated all clever shallowness: in numberless adversaries at home, he caused pretenceful pedantry, if not to blush with shame, (for of this it is seldom capable,) at least to roar with ineffective rage. Menzel, again, in these latter days, had a nobler, but, in some respects, not a less dangerous enemy to contend with. He found the poetry of petty princedom, the true German ideal of the eighteenth century, incarnated in Goethe; and two-thirds of the German people in the nineteenth century blindly worshipping this incarnation. As a genuine son of this new century—as a man in whom the grand national inspiration of 1813 had found a literary representative, Menzel was impelled to a *debut* in the shape of a rude, slashing anti-Goethian criticism, more beneficial to the public mind of his nation, than favourable to the healthy development of his own intellect, or calculated to impress strangers with large ideas of what was to be expected from the young German genius of the present age. He has, however, like Lessing, laboured manfully for more durable laurels than those which a polemical criticism, however noisy and however clever, can earn. In his "History of the Germans," we delight to recognise a national work, in spirit and in execution second to none, perhaps, of which any people can boast.

There is one good thing which characterizes not only Menzel's criticism and leanings, but Frederick Schlegel's, Herder's, and indeed German criticism generally. It is essentially a searching criticism: a criticism of men, not of books; of the spirit, not of the letter; of the inward soul, not of the outward lines; of great general tendencies rather than of particular artistical results. One may indeed become vague in this region; and, what is worse, distort things fearfully if one idea happens to master the mind, as the idea of the middle ages mastered Frederick Schlegel, and the idea of Germanism generally, as opposed to petty princedom, masters Menzel; but the criticism of tendencies when carried out by men who are something more than mere praters, always ensures a certain comprehensiveness in the spirit, and a certain philosophy in the tone of enquiry, which we shall seek for vainly in the works of those writers who are fluent to discourse of the creations of art, as isolated products apart from the informing genius of the producer. One may make a cabinet of shells and stones, but not easily construct a cosmogony, without a God. And, as for the one-idea men, your Schlegels, Owens, Urquharts, *et hoc genus omne*, political as well as literary, they are dangerous only to a few fools; for the many, led by the healthy instincts of nature, disregard them utterly; while a select few, whom the world call philosophers, find, that by allowing the extremes of all nonsense to work quietly together, by a sort of wise chemistry of the brain sense is invariably the result. The fact of the matter is, that the German critics are, of all species of that ill-favoured genus, the least to be suspected, because they criticise, for the most part, with the heart as much as with the head, by a grand speculative intuition more than by a precise hair-splitting understanding, with a glowing imaginative sympathy as much as with that nice, fastidious, priggish thing which we used to write essays on, called TASTE.

Another thing that deserves to be noticed in respect of German criticism is this, that their "æsthetical" discussions are a sort of parliamentary debates which they indulge in, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, to compensate for newspapers and a house of commons, which Prince Metternich and the King of Prussia, putting a politic interpretation upon the 13th and 18th articles of the act of Confederation, are agreed that they are not entitled to. We are not, therefore, to be surprised if, in books of German criticism, instead of the standard topics in which Blair and Kames delight, a strange jumble entertains us. Aristocracy and democracy, feudalism and citizenship, as variously handled from Montesquieu to Tocqueville, the Archbishop of Cologne, and the Archbishop of Posen, old Lutherans in Liegnitz, and new Pietists in Dresden, the King of Bavaria's architectural mania, and the Elector of Hessia's civil list, the King of Hanover's Prusso-mania, and the European Russophobia, the emancipation of the Jews and the emancipation of women—and tossed through these sublime themes a battledoor and shuttlecock game of "genial" personalities touching Henry Heine, Ludwig Börne, Ludwig Wienbarg, Karl Gutzkow, Wolfgang Menzel, and all the other scribbling notabilities of the hour—all this belongs to the wide province of *Deutsche critik*—and, however crude the conglomerate may appear, it is certainly more edifying to hear plain Herr Herrmann Marggraff philosophizing on the social condition of women, than Herr Augustus Wilhelm *von* Schlegel criticising a bad rhyme in Schiller.

There is one unfortunate accident, however, of these recent German writers on German literature; their discussions are so completely what we have termed them, a substitute for native newspapers and parliamentary debates, and partake so largely of the polemical, local, and ephemeral character of such productions, that it is not easy for strangers to understand the position from which they are written, or the references and allusions with which they are replete. One must have lived long not merely in the literary, but also, and mainly, in the political element of German life, in order to understand Menzel, and to be able on so many necessary occasions to temper wisely his judgments when they are violent, and to correct them when they are distorted. So with Gutzkow, Wienbarg, Marggraff, &c., a thousand personal literary feuds, as well as complicated political relations interfere between the English reader and the true state of the case. We have thought it better, therefore, in attempting a rapid outline of the main traits and tendencies of German literature, to shake ourselves free from our recent German guides altogether, and endeavour, from our own English position, to give an independent survey of so disturbed a region. The attempt on our part, we are aware, is not without rashness; but the daily increasing number of German students, many of whom know neither what nor wherefore they are studying, and the facility which our periodical press affords of propagating partial and imperfect views of so important a subject, have induced us to attempt giving the enquiring student a sort of birds'-eye view of this province, which may be of use till the literary world is favoured with something more satisfactory. We scarcely think that we are attempting a work of supererogation; for of the two writers who have done most to enlighten the English mind on this subject, Thomas Carlyle is at once too scattered in his form to be within the reach of the many, and too much enveloped in the atmosphere of Germany to be capable of exhibiting it impartially, or even intelligibly, (in some respects,) to the English intellect; while Professor Wolff's admirable essay in the *Athenæum* is still the work of a German, who cannot be supposed perfectly to understand the necessities, or to appreciate the sympathies of an Englishman in reference to so complicated a matter.

Of the four grand influences which affect a literature—race, geography, church and state, we shall proceed from the last, because, in the present case, it is the most potent, and the most pregnant in contrasts and characteristics.

"Of all things in the world," said oracular old Goethe, "the most uncongenial to art are politics and theology: such characters as Plato, Luther, and Coriolanus, make me shrink back with a mystical repugnance." O the arch old German! Who said that he was a Greek? Æschylus wrote *The Persians;* but he also fought at Sala-

mis, and was a practical politician and patriot of the best kind. Not so Goethe, the German, or rather the Weimarian, for he knew and acknowledged no Germany; and his patriotism consisted in preaching Johann von Müller's gospel, that Napoleon was a δαιμων, not to be conquered by mortal men, and in making profound obeisances, and looking sublimely submissive before every titled baronial or ducal *Von* in the Holy Roman Empire; while Beethoven, with most un-German impudence, crushing his hat on his head, buttoning his coat, and joining his hands behind his back, marched up at Töplitz right on to the face of Kaiser Franz, and all the starred dignitaries of Vienna. The state in Germany is supreme, and the reverence of the state in the minds of men supreme, accordingly; so Goethe, when he expressed his horror of Luther and Coriolanus, however ridiculous the conjunction may appear to us, merely expressed the arch loyalty and religious submissiveness of his German nature. There is nothing goes deeper into German character, and into German literature, than this. Statesmanship in Germany is a science practised exclusively by men thereto systematically trained, as lawyers with us are trained to the practice of the law; and a regular German, like Goethe, will no more think of intermeddling with politics, than a sensible man in this country would dream of writing out the title-deeds to his own estate. The working of this on German literature is most manifold, and most penetrating; for however we may refuse to have any thing to do with politics, politics will unquestionably have to do with us. Church and State contain all men, and bind them down with a strong grateful necessity, as space and time contain and limit the universe. How then do the absolute governments, the exclusive, court, and aristocratic influences of Germany, mould and modify the national mind, and with it the national literature? First, manifestly by exclusion from a pre-occupied sphere. Politics, and whatsoever smacks of them, being reserved for the special practical science of the statesman, is necessarily excluded from that common floating capital of ideas which we call literature. Nothing, accordingly, will be found better deserving of study, than the German law-books — the Austrian and Prussian particularly—nothing more trifling and inane than a German newspaper. No man who habitually reads and digests the contents of an English newspaper, can be called an uneducated man. The daily reading and talking about public affairs is the best practical education which the mind can receive; and because practical it is manly, practice being the end of all manhood. But the evil does not stop with the newspapers;—memoir writing, and contemporary history, and history generally, by indirect operation is powerfully modified, weakened, and sometimes altogether annihilated, by the influence of the German system. For, when the principle of government is, that to allow popular interference in matters of government is only to admit bungling, it is a necessary consequence, that not merely babbling Parliaments shall not be allowed, but babbling fools in other public places also shall cease; i. e., without the censorship of the press, an unlimited monarchy is inconsistent with the principle of its own vitality, and can hardly exist. Accordingly, we find that in Prussia and in Austria, a very strict censorship is constantly exercised; and that the greater freedom in this regard which may exist in Berlin, in Wirtemburg, and in Saxony, is continually liable to be curtailed; and has once and again, during the last twenty years, been most sensibly curtailed by the overriding influence of Austrian and Prussian counsels at Frankfort. The effect of this system upon historical literature deserves to be well noted by the student. For the public men in many cases will not speak, ("I have an office merely, no opinion,") and the private men dare not speak; so that between these two negatives, it is often only by the aid of cunning combinations, and shrewd genius, that a person not personally concerned in any recent matters of German history can arrive at the truth. No man can blame Prince Metternich for giving a deaf ear to the proposal which has more than once been made to him, that the proceedings of the Frankfort Diet should be made public in detail;—enough that the result be published; it were the most absurd and preposterous conduct to create a talk and a discontent about that which has previously been fixed irrevocably in secret council;

the aim of government is not to supply publicists with the most easy materials for writing learned folios, but that the people may be well governed; and as there is nothing more hostile to good government than the conceit of the uneducated many, that they are entitled to call to account the decisions of the skilful few, so nothing would be more pernicious to Germany than the publication of the papers laid before Münch Bellinghausen, and his coadjutors, at Frankfort. So argues Prince Metternich; and it is impossible to deny, that on German principles, he argues with perfect justice. Meanwhile, however, German history languishes both at home and abroad; state documents are bottled up, and private memoirs, (witness Arndt, and von Ense,) are generally blank on those very points where we wished them to speak out. Nor does this affect contemporary history only; it is not fitting and proper that the Prussian youth should be told in some popular Plutarch, that one of their kings was a stiff old Calvinist, and a drill sergeant of grenadiers; that another began his life with most unchivalrous robbery, ended it with most base theft, and was all the while a cold, loveless infidel; that a third was a believer in ghosts, and a worshipper of lewd women; and that a fourth (just departed) might have been most respectable in a private station, but, as a king, was great only once in his life, when necessity forced great men on his counsels. If therefore Forster, or any other refurbisher of ancient papers, shall publish a work revealing the secrets of the first King of Prussia's tobacco-room, and the second king's sentry-box, it is not to be expected that such boldness shall pass without reprimand. And if the Chancellor Hardenberg dies in the year 1821, leaving behind him valuable memoirs of the state of things in Prussia, between 1801 and the peace of Tilsit, the state seal is immediately clapped upon them; and it is ordered that they shall not be opened till the year 1850—and only then, (we may suppose,) if convenient. This state of things, no doubt, has its excellences; it excludes irreverential gossip, scandal, and evil-speaking—and calumny, which is the devil, (διαβολος;) but it also excludes truth; and we, on this side of the water, whatever we may be in other matters, are certainly not "one-sided," in our habit of estimating public characters. Fair play and a free field are the only tactics, in these matters, which John Bull acknowledges; and he canonizes no political saint, (according to the pious ecclesiastical practice,) without hearing both *advocatus diaboli* and *advocatus Dei* fully out.

But are not the Germans great in history? what have Talboys and Mr Murray been doing but translating German histories for the last dozen years? Niebuhr, Heeren, Ranke, Rotteck, Neander, Menzel—are these men nothing?—Is it not plain, that while we, with our blessed constitution of checks and drags, bawling and battling, tugging and tearing, are succeeding only with the most painful exertion to act history after a bungling fashion, the Germans alone have time to write it? Can a man both fight the battle, and paint a picture of it?—No! the Germans are, in fact, better historians than ourselves, and must be so; for they alone have leisure and impartiality,

This other view of the matter is perfectly true; for in literature, no more than in science, are opposite views always, or for the most part, contradictory. He who has no newspapers to read, and no speeches to make at political dinners, can afford to become more profound in Tacitus and Thucydides. And as a living Protestantism and a high-pressure educational machinery unite in the north of Germany to produce an extraordinary activity of brain, the inquirers into any region of human fates will seldom take up a Leipzig catalogue without finding something (often in the shape of the vulgarest thesis) that will materially lighten his labour. In history, a German is at home every where except at home.

The operation of the censorship in Germany is somewhat various and complicated, and is influenced by a number of considerations that tend practically to make the yoke tolerable. Herr Marggraff says, that a man may print any thing he pleases in Germany, for if one state will not allow the publication, another will; and this is so far true, that many books are published daily in Baden and Wurtemburg, of the most anti-absolutist, and even republican character, which,

were the Prussian or Austrian police omnipotent over the whole confederated territory, never could have seen the light. To judge by the sweeping terms of the Carlsbad decrees in 1819, and the Frankfort ordinances in 1832, a stranger might imagine that the historico-political literature of Germany was a thing altogether as narrow and one-sided as the religious literature of the Roman Catholic Church in Italy and Spain. And, with regard to Austria, this notion is no doubt practically correct. But in Prussia we have Protestantism, which by a silent salutary operation widens the sphere of licensed thought considerably, in spite of government theories: then comes Frederick the Great, by no means an advocate of a free press in political matters, but too enlightened and too sensible a man to dream of ruling an educated people by a forcible suppression of free thought in every character: theology, literature, and philosophy he left free; and through these regions, it is no difficult task for a willing man to enter into politics. After him came, as was natural, under Frederick William II., a smart reaction of religious bigotry; but the bookselling trade was already too strong to be put down; it was a very hydra and a Briareus. A new phasis of developement appeared after the battle of Jena; Napoleon was then the censor, and Davoust his prefect of police; but neither Napoleon nor Davoust could read German: and thus many works were published (witness those of Arndt) instinct with the strong glow of freedom and the native pith of independence. In 1813 again, the King of Prussia himself, by calling on his people to strike for him, of course allowed them to speak; and Marshal Blücher, in fact, celebrated his arrival in Dresden by a public proclamation, to the effect that he had come to restore to the Saxons the liberty of the press! In accordance with the same spirit, the Congress of Vienna promised to the Germans that the Diet would take this matter into consideration at the first convenient opportunity. No doubt what the Diet has hitherto done in the matter sounds more like slavery than liberty of the press; but we mention these facts in order to show that practically the Germans, and even the Prussians, have been so long accustomed to a certain latitude in the worst times, that it would not be wise in the Prussian or Austrian governments, whatever their wishes may be, to attempt carrying matters with too high a hand against the literary and publishing interest. Accordingly, we find that a history of the world, in nine volumes, by the famous Rotteck, recently deceased, inspired throughout by the most decided democratic and republican principles, has reached a fourteenth edition, and traverses the length and breadth of Germany (Austria perhaps excepted) without challenge. Menzel's history of the Germans, also, a work carried up to the most recent times, and though moderate and rational in its tone, yet decidedly opposed to the principles on which the Diet and the Governments have acted since the peace, is in every body's hands. In fact, with a little management, a German historian, even of the present moment, though he does not over loudly trumpet, may contrive to let the truth, in political matters, peep out significantly enough for such readers as have their senses exercised to discern between good and evil. Political pamphlets, however, directly attacking public persons or Government measures, are forbidden in all the states. A man may say many things in a folio that would be dangerous in a duodecimo. In general, the works that are positively forbidden are comparatively few, and one may have even these with a little caution and trouble. But the grand operation of the censorship, so far as the present writer has observed, consists in the confined and artificial atmosphere which it causes the historical writers of Germany generally to breathe, and in forcing men of keen and discriminating senses, in these matters, to content themselves with dubious and cloudy generalities where a smart stroke of detail could alone bring out the truth. This, of course, with regard to modern and native history only: in this region the Germans are mostly puerile or consumptive, blind, bigoted, or pedantic. Far away in time and space, they are giants: the records of limbo (where the fathers and the infants dwell) would supply the most innocent materials for their historians; and a Plutarch for the moon were the safest work to be undertaken by a prudent Berlin biographer.

The next literary growth that the system of absolutism not only blights and palsies, but absolutely annihilates, is eloquence: the eloquence of legislative assemblies, which is the highest; and the eloquence of public jurisprudential discussion, which is the next honourable. For the eloquence of the pulpit, in variety of theme and in cogency of interest, can compete with these two only on great and singular occasions. Martin Luther and John Knox, with their protestations and their preachings, were the sublime thunder and lightning of God to purify the moral world, in the sixteenth century; but the candles of the church, in common times, burn quietly to quiet worshippers. We prevail, indeed, in Scotland, with our democratic church, to open our mouths and make a noise by virtue of the General Assembly; but they have no such thing in Germany: and there being no states except in their infancy, and crippled by Austrian and Prussian influence, or only provincial ones for matters of paltry detail, (as in Prussia,) and no bar except in the Rhenish provinces, where it is very closely tied in Prussian laces, and a little asthmatic, it follows necessarily that there is no grand popular eloquence in Germany; that the most they can boast of is a few Zollikofers and Schleiermachers—elegant preachers,—but that, as a people, they are not eloquent, and their literature here is almost a blank. One consolation they have, and a great one: It is a good thing to be Orpheus taming the wild beasts with divinest music; but it is a better thing to have no beasts to tame, or to cage them up beforehand, where they may be either tamed or not as they please, but can do no harm, especially as we see that when the bears and grunters of an English mob are once up, the wisest Orpheus of Lords and Commons will often charm in vain to soothe them.

Another matter is style. The Germans cannot speak, and for this reason mainly, they cannot write. If the late King of Prussia, instead of a university at Berlin or Bonn, had, or could have, established a national parliament in the capital, we should not have waited long for a philosophy more intelligible than Hegel's, and men would have written history less profoundly, perchance, but more legibly than Niebuhr. Goethe said (in one of his edifying discourses to Eckermann) that an Englishman, *quâ* Englishman, always writes well; that is to say, he writes clearly, distinctly, and energetically—which are the main qualities of a good style. It is notorious, on the other hand, that the Germans, as a nation, cannot write. How comes this? First, no doubt there is something weighty and elephantine in their whole nature, which strives in vain to attain the graceful agility and strength of the squirrel and the tiger. But we Britons are also of the Teuton stock. So we must even come back to the great want in Germany, the want of public life, of free independent action in society, as the real cause of that heavy, painful wading which so many of us have felt in our first experience of German books. In a university a man will never learn to write. It is our newspaper wars and our hustings speeches that have taught us to use the pen. To speak to or write for the masses, you must express yourself intelligibly at least, which is more than many famous German authors have done, or endeavoured to do; above all, you must speak directly *at* the thing, without circumlocution or involution of any kind, with quarterstaff or small-sword, or simply boxing, which is one of the most characteristic of English things, and believed in Germany to be as essential to a John Bull as a horn is to a natural bull. Also, when we speak to the masses and to the general human heart, we must speak dramatically, and eschew abstraction. Hence our Scotts and our Shakspeares—hence the raciness, briskness, freshness, vividness, energy, and power, not only of our common novelists and romancers, as compared with the Germans, but of our daily talk, and of our vulgarest newspaper paragraphs and cheapest magazine articles. On the other hand, consider the German style; the style of university men and tenth-heaven philosophers. Observe the dense smoke coming out of that funnel; with what sublime (truly sublime) voluminosities it winds, and wreathes, and whirls, and rolls, and then disperses into—nothing! Something such is the similitude of some German styles, and the result of some German philosophies. But it is not always so pleasant, or so poetical. What throes would it not cost a plain-spoken direct

Englishman to construct some of Immanuel Kant's sentences in the *Critik*, labouring, as they do, like an ill-constructed steam-engine, grandly clumsy, trailing slowly along like a half-created antediluvian crocodile, separating itself scarcely from the primeval slime; with a soul in the body most uncomfortably lodged, staring stonily, or with a stiff petrified frown, like the creature in Frankenstein, which the impious bungling of man made, and not God! Oh, if our German neighbours would only learn to write short sentences! Some of them do, thank God! there is a visible improvement latterly. Menzel writes like an Englishman; and Varnhagen von Ense might decorate the heads of all the tobacco-pipes in Heidelberg with Julias and Matildas, so neat is his pencil; but as for the Germans generally, you might as reasonably expect that the English lawyers should frame their counts with the epigrammatic neatness of Beranger's stanzas, as that a German professor, beneath folios and fumes, and beneath the eye of the censorship, should write books which an English gentleman will delight to read. As eating much makes a heavy body, so reading much makes a heavy soul. These professorial erudites stuff each sentence violently with every thing that can go into it, and a few others, as the clown stuffs his breeches-pockets in the pantomime. No wonder that they are clumsy and inelegant, heavy as a carrier's wain, and moving along as awkwardly and uncomfortably as a cow with a stick leg.

We have said that the style of German writers generally is not dramatic; and we are inclined to go a step further, and say, that the acknowledged inferiority of the German drama, as a branch of art, is to be attributed, in some considerable measure, to the same cause that gives their literature generally, and their style of writing, a university rather than a popular cast. To write drama well, a people must live dramatically; the great dramatist must be trained on a great living stage, and amid the bustle and collision of great living interests. Now, not only is there a manifest want of popular activity and energy in Germany, caused by the organizing principle of the Government, that the people shall be allowed to do nothing for themselves, or as little as possible, but, unfortunately, there is no German *nation* (as Madame de Stael wisely remarked) in any shape, no grand German interest to create a grand German stage. And no one, accordingly, can read Goethe's classical pieces—*Iphigenia* and *Tasso*—without feeling instinctively that these are pattern works for a Saxon duchy, but not for a German people. So Schiller has hinted himself; and no doubt he felt it painfully.

> "Give a grand object, if thou wilt upstir
> The deep foundations of humanity;
> A narrow sphere doth narrow in the soul,
> A larger prospect makes more large the sense."

And Goethe, also, in his ripest production, *Faust*, where he handles a truly national legend, shows the undramatic character of his nation in another regard—he wants action; he floats where he ought to strike, and discourses on an easy chair with all complacency, as if the audience to be moved were some decent devout John Peter Eckermann, and not the pit and the gallery. *Faust*, even the first part, is not a good acting play; and in the second part, the old gentleman sails about with the most playful indifference—and piles up a magnificent circus of fairy palaces, through which Dr Faust, or the reader, or the devil, are led, in confused bewonderment, to stare. Altogether—whether the military system, or the petty princedom, or the university aristocracy, or the beer, or the tobacco, or all, be in fault—there seems something too formal, too systematic, too architectural, on the one hand; and, on the other, something too vague, cloudy, and floating in the German mind, for the attainment of high excellence in the drama. Take Schiller's *Wallenstein*, for instance, one of the most obvious, and, we presume, also one of the most esteemed masterpieces of the German stage; it is in too many places literally a "building up" of rhyme,—lofty, indeed, but heavy. The genius of Schiller may, in this respect, serve as a representative of the German genius generally. Without vivacity, rapidity, and salient point, in some degree, (though we English may, perhaps, overdo this,) no high dramatic excellence is possible; and it is needless to say that these are the very qualities of

mind in which the German intellect is, and has been, particularly deficient. Schiller seems to have had a secret consciousness that his great work was too prolix by much, and might prove wearisome:

"Forgive the poet if, with rapid pace,
He rush not to the fateful goal at once;
But, scene by scene, with studious care unrolls
The earnest pictures of the mighty past."*

We do forgive him, because he is a German, and because he wrote his play for a Weimarian, not for a London audience. We do forgive him, because the banks of the Ilm were necessarily less fertile in dramatic incident than the quays of the Thames, and because it was naturally a much more simple thing to satisfy, with a grateful titillation, the "æsthetical" sensibilities of a petty or "grand" German duke, than to command the heart of a mighty people. The latter is the great feat that a dramatist in England has to achieve—a hard granite quarry, in which to work to any purpose there must be a long laborious wedging and boring, of which the noblest chamber-enthusiasm is not capable. But a German PEOPLE has yet to be created; and whatsoever good (or evil) may have been effected by Münch Bellinghausen and his diplomatic coadjutors at the Diet since the year 1816, in the present aspect of things we are likely sooner to see a Prussian national stage in Berlin, and a Hungarian one in Pesth, than a German one in Frankfort.†

Thus far we have traced, or rather hinted, the influence of political condition on German literature, somewhat unfavourably at the first blush, both for absolutism and for German literature, we must confess. But there is another view of the matter, bright and sunny; and to this we shall now turn.

In the remarks which we have made above, we should by no means wish to be understood as hazarding any sweeping proposition with regard to the necessary connexion between certain forms of government, and certain forms of literary development. We only state that, in fact, certain influences of the state on literature are observable in Germany, according to the best of our judgment; and we think, also, that some at least of these influences in the general case (open, however, to countless modifying circumstances) are necessary. We think, also, that a limited monarchy, such as the British, is, on the whole, a better atmosphere for a healthy literature than an absolute military government, and a strict centralizing system such as that of Prussia; or a petty aristocratizing princedom like Weimar, where Goethe was cherished with artistical delicacy, as rare plants are in a hot-house. But we will not say, with certain shallow writers, that any of the *avatars* of Vishnu is profane; or that, of the various political and religious forms that embody the soul of social life on the face of the earth, any one is exclusively the church of God, and all the rest unlicensed chapels, dedicated to the devil. God is every where, and with God, good; and the good that is in German literature, despite the weaknesses noted above, is manifold.

In the first place, the German intellect, being excluded altogether from

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* We have contracted the *five* lines of the German original here into *four*, and think we have improved them. So, throughout the whole drama, as Coleridge well remarks, to curtail is generally to improve. In the tragic verse of Wallenstein, there is a great want of variety, breaking up, and accentuation. In Schiller's earlier plays, again, we have fire and impatience, and glaring dramatic points enough; but here there is a want of that calm strength which, in the midst of bustle, characterises manhood. Altogether we are inclined to think that, as a dramatist, Schiller never attained to the proper balance between youth and age—between passion and reflection, and, we may say also, that a want of balance is the main want of German poetry generally.

† As we shall not have occasion, in the present rapid sketch, to refer to the German drama again, we request our readers here to note, that the observations he will find below on the emotional and the imaginative, applied more particularly to lyric poetry, apply also in a considerable degree to the quality and expression of passion in the drama.

the dissipating influence of the moment's gossip, and the narrowing influence of urgent present interests, applies itself with undivided energy to the collection and arrangement of all recorded facts in most remote space and time; and thus arises that famous German ERUDITION, a thing which only a shallow coxcomb and a paltry merchandizing pedant will despise. Take your host of wits and witlings away, in God's name, who whisk their pools of frothy feeling into a fashionable cream, and call it poetry; and give us in exchange a German polyhistor, a Herrmann Conring, a ὁπλίτης of the old soldiership, a mind written "literally within and without," with all the *mirabilia mundi* encyclopædia ever contained. If there is any man that wishes to be a scholar, that is to say, not merely an Oxonian or a Cantab, cunning to hunt old anapests out of, and new iambics into *Æschylus;* but a man learned generally in the history of his kind—Greek, Roman, Indian, Egyptian, and Kamschatkan; let him study German by all means, and before every thing; for the Germans have compiled, so to speak, with most lawyer-like accuracy and completeness, the very ancient year-books, and the most modern *Barnwell* and *Creswell* of human experience. It is, indeed, an admirable thing to behold, and a more admirable thing to know and to use the works of German scholarship. A man is literally a fool who will employ a French or an English book on subjects of vast erudition, when he can get a German one. And there is another matter to be considered here, of no secondary moment. The Germans not only compile the best works on all subjects from the best authorities, but they also, of the best works in all languages, ancient and modern, make the best translations. Were it for their literature of translations alone, the language of the Germans deserves to be studied by every man who aspires after comprehensive scholarship. They have already, in a great measure, remedied the evil that was brought in by the men of Babel. One may trust to a German translation ninety-nine times in every hundred; to an English translation in every hundred only once; and that for several plain reasons.—The Germans make a business of translation; they study it as an art; they may well do so, for they can boast a language equal to the most difficult pranks of that difficult art; and they are honest also, conscientious, and self-exenterating in the matter, which we English, because of our habitual occupation with other matters—because of the less flexible character of our language, and because of our strongly pronounced one-sided nationality, can seldom afford to be. Let us, therefore, study German for its erudition more even than for its poetry and its philosophy; we have infinitely better poetry at home in every genus; and as for philosophy, of that immediately. Let them be our quarrymen, our falcons, our hounds, our balkers—"herrings a-head, ho!"—if we are too proud to give them a higher dignity. But it is vain for us to pretend that the learned Germans are not architects also, as well as masons. We are no advocates for *mere* erudition; for what can Latin, and Greek, and Hebrew, piled up mountains high, do for a man, but to weigh him down from the upper story, and make him clumsy and baker-legged? The Germans are learned, but their coacervated facts are organized by ideas; and it cannot be said of Böckh and Müller as Mephistopheles says of the chemist, that they

> "Count the parts in their hand,
> Only without the spiritual band."

Nay, rather, in respect of plastic and organizing ideas, our trans-Rhenane neighbours do shoot as far beyond us, for the most part, as in respect of accuracy and comprehensiveness of erudition; and this brings us to the second good thing that is in German literature, chiefly by virtue of absolute governments and of the censorship of the press. This thing is—SPECULATION.

> "Thou hast no *speculation* in those eyes!"

By virtue of speculation the soul stands upon a watchtower, and looks out, and, "with preparatory blast of cow-horn," (in the special case of German speculation,) proclaims the travail of the time and its own (for "the whole creation groaneth") to the general ear. Speculation is not metaphysics; but metaphysics is a part of speculation; and as this word of the species is an ancient one, notwithstanding that it is ungrateful to Eng-

lish ears, we shall beg leave to retain it also. In speculation the Germans are known to be particularly strong, and have pursued it even to pedantry, as we in this country have done classical literature; for nothing is more barren than logic and metaphysics, *when they have nothing to work on:* when beardless boys are set systematically to finger the stamens and pistils of the soul, at the perilous season when the small innocent bud is only now slowly, it may be painfully, opening to the blessed influences of the sun —a very torture, and a martyrdom, and a mind-murder, the contemplation of which we are not surprised to see delighting the satirical malignity of Mephistopheles.

"Redeem the time, for fast it flits away;
Use order; rule the hour you cannot stay:
And thus 'tis plain to common sense,
With a course of logic you must commence.
There will your mind be trained circumspectly,
Dressed up in Spanish boots correctly!
That, with caution and care, as wisdom ought,
It may slink along the path of thought,
And not, with fitful flicker and flare,
Will-o-the-wisp it here and there.
You must be taught that a stroke of thinking,
Which you had practised once as free
And natural as eating and drinking,
Cannot be made without one! two! three!

"True, it should seem that the fabric of thought
Is like a web by cunning master wrought,
Where one stroke moves a thousand threads,
The shuttle shoots backwards and forwards between,
The slender threads flow together unseen,
And one with the other thousand-fold weds:
Then steps the philosopher forth to show
How precisely it must be so;
If the first be so, the second is so,
And therefore the third and the fourth is so;
And unless the first and the second before be,
The third and the fourth can never more be.
So, schoolmen teach and scholars believe,
But none of them yet ever learned to weave."

In which admirable passage Goethe sufficiently exposes the pedantry of that department of speculation called logic, as it was expounded in German universities in his burschen days. And it is true now, as then, that the systematic classification of the necessary forms of thought, will never teach even a ripe man to think to any purpose, much less a beardless boy; for form without substance is nothing. Metaphysics, again, strictly so called, has more body, and may (when healthily tinged with love and poetry) be indulged in properly and profitably by young men when their beards are sprouting; but it also is sadly liable to abuse, and has been most sadly abused in all times and places, particularly in modern Germany, as Mephistopheles, in the same discourse, testifies:—

"After logic, first of all,
To metaphysics stoutly fall;
There strive to know what ne'er was made
To go into a human head;
For what is within and without its command,
A high-sounding name is always at hand."

Which few verses pretty completely comprise the sum and substance of an Englishman's estimate of German Metaphysics.

"Dat Galenus opes, dat Justinianus honores
Sed nos philosophi turba misella sumus."
"Physic gives wealth; Law wealth and honours—You
Philosophers!—who the devil cares for you?"

But the matter cannot be dismissed altogether so expeditiously as gentlemen in haste to make money might wish. For whatever phases or phrases of the thing particular persons or peoples may choose to legitimate, a man may in fact as soon hope to escape from his own soul as from metaphysics or speculation in some shape or other. A system of theology, for instance, (of which we have many,) built upon such a book as the Bible by Christian thinkers who are not Rationalists, is a system of metaphysics, of which, while the materials are believed to be furnished by God, the form is supplied by man; for every man who reads the Bible, must either read it with the naked eyes of his own understanding, (Protestantism,) or with hierarchical spectacles, (Popery.) He cannot ride out of his own skin; and the word of God most implicitly believed is still the belief of man; and man's belief, whether worked out by independent isolated speculation, or received by historic tradition and cus-

tomary enspherement, is man's metaphysics. Thus are we all metaphysicians, consciously or unconsciously; though conscious metaphysics is that only which we commonly dignify, or (according to our English use) reprobate with the name. "O wonderful ship, but wonderfully ill-rigged! how grandly it plunges through multitudinous, monstrous, self-created billows! but having no back-stays, down suddenly pitches the main mast; and the mizen reels; and the vessel is on her beam ends!" So we English, with kindly contempt and a friendly feeling of superiority, are wont to apostrophize German metaphysics; sitting the while coolly by, and from the warm windows of our snug beef-steak club-room, beholding the sad wreck of another, and yet another systematic dream—of another, and yet another "Teutonic philosopher." But, O Englishman, who boastest thyself to be alone wise, because thou art alone practical, and despisest idealism, and mysticism, and Germanism, in every shape, consider whether thou that accusest another doest not the same things—in a different guise. Consider whether, in unquiet times, (and the present particularly,) a man should in magnanimity—can in possibility, remain quiet? Consider that the world, however pleasant it might be so to picture it, is not one vast beef-steak club, and that the mind of man is not one grand steam-engine—what James Watt may construct, and Adam Smith may calculate. Consider that thou also art a man, and sharest the blessing and the curse of thy kind: on that vast ocean of speculation thou hast been tossed in times past, and wilt be tossed again. Nay, is it not certain that thou art tossed even now? Consider Puseyism, that grand miracle of these latter times, (in England verily a miracle, in Germany it were nothing strange)—concerning which, we shall not say at present how much truth or how much falsehood it may incarnate; but it is certainly a product, a stately, imposing product of British speculation; a phenomenon which proves at least one thing, that the English Church at the present moment is a-stir and alive—that her clergy are in earnest, and that they will no longer permit Christianity (or even Episcopacy, of which they are the special wardens,) to be greeted of all men in name supreme, but virtually to sit like an old man in the back galleries of intellectual worship nodding. "Out then with Christianity! out, I say, out!" as a thinking man lately wrote; and if this is to be the watchword, we must consider that Christianity cannot be brought out to any purpose without speculation and without metaphysics. Puseyism is, in fact, a sublime crystallization of ecclesiastical metaphysics; for there are only two kinds of metaphysical results possible, of which the one at the present moment is preached most publicly by the Puseyites, (not as Episcopalians, however, but as the most prominent advocates of the extreme positive and historical in Christianity,) the other by innumerable champions—but we may take as their main prophet, Goethe. A man must either believe with a firm faith, that he has received at least the whole materials of his metaphysics externally, and by historical tradition from God, and God's messengers, as opposed to man, and the invention of man; or he must throw himself back on the great sea of healthy human instincts, finding in himself alone, and in the sympathies which he is compelled to share with his brother, whatever best spiritual polarity he can. The one is the metaphysics of divine institution, the other the metaphysics of mortal striving. The one is revelation, as we understand the word strictly in England—the other naturalism, or rationalism. Puseyism is merely a grand ecclesiastical architecture, and projected stereotype of Christianity in a definite form; and whatever a Christian man may think of the taste of the columns and the cornices and the mouldings, and of the security of the foundation-stone of the temple, he can have no doubt for a moment what worship is celebrated there, and that it is a magnificent building. We English, therefore, and Scotch, in so far as we either acknowledge a supernatural Christianity and a Church, or swear by Goethian naturalism, or something to that effect, are metaphysical at least in the *result;* for as to the thousand windings and labyrinths, climbings and tumblings, creepings and turnings, by which a thinking man arrives at this result, or that, it were endless to talk of them. Only two things we shall say. First, that metaphysics, to be of any value,

must begin and end with poetry; and, second, that metaphysics as a mere *means*, that is to say, the dim feeling and floundering through metaphysical systems, must cease before a man is five-and-twenty, or, at the very utmost, before thirty. For, without poetry and the lustihood of a vital enjoyment, to wade through Hegel, and Immanuel Kant, and half a dozen more, is merely to grope and grabble, and to gnaw at the root of one's own growth perversely, to ply busily the treadmill of nothing, and to dig a man's own grave. O premature speculator, smooth-cheeked meditator, that would be metaphysical, and art yet scarcely physical, "be not wise overmuch; why wilt thou destroy thyself?" Why wilt thou violently withdraw the veil on which life's divine magic is painted, charming thee with countless witcheries, to discover in the uncomfortable abyss below, not God, as thou vainly deemest, but darkness only and vacuity, with not even a gnome or a goblin for thy companionship? Speculate by all means; but from a high tower and on a fair landscape. Is divinity a spider, is nature a toad, that she should sit in the dark centre of things moping, to hold converse with metaphysicians? Remember Doctor Faust and the devil. Remember Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and the thousand sunny poems that he should have written, had it not been for that unhappy itch of anatomizing the smallest fibres of his own heart—("*so gehts mit Dir, zergliederer deiner freuden!*")—as if it would beat one whit the healthier for that. Sir William Hamilton himself told the metaphysical youth of Edinburgh that his "first philosophy" and queen of all sciences was useful merely as a gymnastic of the soul, an expert fencing and pleasant somerseting of the inner man. We are inclined to go a little beyond this, and say, that metaphysics, pursued as a study, is useful as a survey and a sounding of the human capacity, teaching us, to a reasonable certainty, what we can know, and what we can *not* know: a great blessing this last; for a bird in a cage, being once convinced that it can't get out, may make itself very happy. Up to five-and-twenty, then, or even thirty, (if there be time,) let the trout swim about in the pond, plash violently, and make many transcendental plunges, all as German as may be: for the English are blunderers here, piecers and patch-workers; the utmost they can do is to prevent your snout, in a fit of explorativeness, from being snubbed by the impudent claws of a gritty rock, which is a benefit, no doubt; but if you will swim with buoyant bladder, plash with muscular tail, oar with gallant fin, and roll and spout like a porpoise in the ocean (or pond, as you may deem it comparatively) of human thought; if you will become a true intellectual gymnast, according to the idea of Sir William Hamilton, you must hire a German master, as we hire French masters to teach us the gymnastics of the body. But beware always lest this pleasant game be protracted unduly: bring out a result; come to a decision; take a side; act a part; *do* something, in God's name; for "the harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few."

So much for German erudition and speculation; and we may say here, in a single sentence, as the result of various German studies carried on continuously through many years, that the erudition and speculation of the Germans is both the best thing they have, and a thing perfectly *unique*. None but a very Teutomaniac will maintain that German poetry—or literature, more strictly so called—does in any branch rival, much less surpass, our own. It is less masculine, less tasteful, less healthy, less rounded, less national than the Greek; no impartial person will even say, that, in respect of grace, vigour, and a well-rounded totality, it is not inferior to the Italian and to the French, not to mention the poetic richness of the Sanscrit, the Persic, and oriental literature generally. But if we look on the German erudition as a grand intellectual quarrying, and on their speculation as a sublime boxing the compass of human thought, sounding the lowest depths of humanity, and ballooning heavenward as high as the increasing rarity of the air will allow, we must confess that the world nowhere, not even in Greece, beheld a nobler spectacle; for though it is not given to man to solve the problem of the universe, it is given to him—nay, he is necessitated—to attempt the so-

lution:* he *must* go as far as he can go, for so soon as he stops he becomes a mere huddle and conglomeration of chances, and an utter vacuity; he must assume a keystone to his thoughts if he cannot make one; he must hope and believe the best, if he cannot prove it. Praise be to the Germans for their Titanic achievements in this region! When a man is tormented with inward questionings that will not be blinked, let him not deceive himself with neat stitches and smooth painting, according to any respectable standard of local orthodoxy; but let him take the Bible and Shakspeare, and Kant and Schelling, into the green fields, and work these thoroughly and conscientiously in his soul till they rise up with spontaneous elasticity into one harmonious architecture of manifold spiritual organism. Thinkers and theologians ought all to be proficients in German; and not this only, but all the professors of natural science who are not content to pare the nails and to curl the hairs of nature, and to tell her items curiously, as religious Jews number every Dagesh and Mappik in the Hebrew Bible. We do not value Kant and Schelling, indeed, for anything they are in themselves, so much as for the spirit with which they animate the sciences of material detail, which, without such spirit, sink invariably into puerility and pedantry. Facts, the framework of speculation; and speculation, the plastic indwelling spirit of facts; and a glowing heart, to billow both buoyantly before God—this is the grand triad of functional intellect, the well-poised union of which alone makes great scientific MEN; and they who know science and know Germany have ever been forward to attest, that in no other country has it been more successfully or more wonderfully achieved.

There remains now, to complete our survey, the whole region of the emotional and the imaginative, except in so far as it has been already touched on incidentally. Here, however, having somewhat cleared our way, and adjusted our whereabouts, we can afford to be more brief. The Germans are strong in sentiment, so strong as to tumble over into weakness; strong also proverbially in imagination, so strong as oftentimes to jerk away into madness. Oh, there is something kindly and almost motherly in the character of a real German! Börne, with his fierce glowing political fanaticism,—a pillar of cloud and a pillar of fire in one,—was a Jew in this respect, verily, and no German. We never looked into one of those blue eyes,—genuine old Saxon, which the men wear as much as the women, —without being softened down, for the moment at least, into perfect gospel. O singular people, whom we may justly censure as less manly, but justly also envy as more happy! Absolutism, again, with its blessings, by God's grace more potent than its bane, comes in here, and works mightily; for why should the Austrian Teut be careful when good Kaiser Franz cares so well for him? Why should a warm Suabian heart not feel, not float in sentiment, not bathe in sentimentality, (as you hard Birmingham Britons will phrase it,) not sway in upper air, for a season at least, pleasantly in Ludwig Uhland's crescent boat, and see bright visions—blue spirits and green, red spirits and grey—through a rainbow of pious tears with Dr Justinus Kerner, when there are no Whigs and Tories below (Rotteck being dead and Menzel dumb) to beat one another with clubs daily? It is even so; we may take it in jest or we may take it in earnest, but the Germans overflow in all their writings with the purest milk of human kindness, swim in the most billowy intoxication of enthusiasm, melt, even the most manful of them, on common occasions, into womanish tears, and are otherwise "sentimental" and "*very German.*" It is

* "Man is not born for the purpose of solving the problem of the universe, though he certainly has the vocation to seek the point where the problem begins, and then circumscribe himself within the limits of the intelligible. To measure the operation of the universe is a work far beyond our capacities; and to inoculate our reason into the mighty whole, is, from our present terrestrial point of view, a most vain endeavour. The reason of man and the reason of God are two very different things."—GOETHE, (*Eckermann.*)

a fault, a disease, or, say more charitably, only a want of proportion and balance; it is a superabundance of a pleasant fountain, which, with us broad, brawny, practical Englishmen, is rather apt to run scantily. We might borrow from them in this case profitably; but it is not easy: the instruments are tuned differently; the whole intellect is braced differently. Where one man laughs and another weeps at the same thing; where one caricatures and the other preaches; where one trifles and the other worships, there is an immense gap—not to be filled up by a whole colony of masters of languages—by a whole army of translators of *Faust*. The German lyric poetry is the richest, perhaps, in the world; in some points perhaps the best: *but it is not for us*. Individuals may be benefited by it—but the nation will not relish it. It is too cloudy, too tearful, too shadowy, for the beef-eater. It wants brawn—ay brawn, and blood, and lustihood! So Lessing said, a hundred years ago, and it is true still. They cannot name the man whom we should deliberately prefer to Burns—to Beranger. But let us confess, further, that the political palsy under which the Germans suffered for so many centuries, and from which they have not yet recovered, the petty princedom, feudal aristocratism, and rotten Louis Quartorzism which narrowed the sphere of their sympathies, and clipped the wings of their aspirations, gave—at least, for the greater part of the last century—a smallness to the objects, and a childishness to the fashion of their feelings, the very reverse of that breadth and grandeur of thought which is an essential element of the classical. The Germans, even at the present day, are continually making a fuss about small matters: there is too much ado about literary nothings: notability is too cheap. Over the dead carcass of every dog, and cat, and house-sparrow, they raise up a baldachin, pillared and purpled, and bear it about with much pomp, and scatter incense, and sing psalms, and with chaunt and counter-chaunt contend, till you believe, in very deed, that the pope is there, and *Corpus Domini*, and with the foolish worship foolishly. Were there any grand practical national interest habitually to occupy the German mind, literary lions would require to roar louder in order to be heard—(so it is in England, where genius must practise, like Demosthenes, and learn to vanquish the sea;) but now the things which they call lions in Germany appear to us rather to be pug-dogs; and most certainly no Ludwig Uhland, respectable as he is in his way, could go through five, ten, and fifteen editions in England with or without the help of Sergeant Talfourd's bill.

We must consider again and again, for it is the main regulating idea from which the present observations branch, the influence of the state and of public life on German literature. Where there is no House of Commons, every man will make more ado with his own house; and where there are no processions of Chartists, and no Whig and Tory dinners, papa and mamma will walk the more complacently by the river side; and some John Henry Voss, ambitious to be the German Homer, (as Klopstock is the German, the "*very German* Milton,") will tell in sounding hexameters the epos of a pic-nic. And there is in fact nothing more truly German and pleasant to read than that same parsonage and pic-nic epos of "*Louisa*." There the poet, slippered all the while no doubt, and smoking quietly, sings how, after dinner, the venerable parson of Grunau sits in the cool shade of two broad-leaved lime-trees which overshadow the manse from the south, beside a stone table, and on a hard-bottomed chair, which his old cunning-headed servant Hans, in the weary hours of winter had carved curiously and painted white and shining green; and how, with edifying discourse and pleasant tales of olden time, he delighteth the heart of his wife and his daughter—and how the beautiful Louisa all the while feeds the chickens and the guinea fowls benevolently with crumbs, while, in more respectful distance, the proud cock, strutting like the sultan with many wives, snatches the wandering morsel, and the pigeon comes tripping by, and the turkey cock gabbles, and the dog Packan in an adjacent corner is gnawing a bone, and watching the cat, and snapping at the buzzing flies: and how then the sensible housewife unfolds the plan of the pic-nic, and sends Hans off on nimble legs to have the factor's boat ready to ferry Louisa and her intended Walter, and the little Graf Charles,

across the lake to the wood—and how, under the hanging greenery of the white-stemmed birches, dry sticks are gathered together, and a light is struck, and the coffee-pot is brought forth, and the coffee is boiled; but the little Graf, Charles, whose education has been too delicate and aristocratic, will have no coffee at all, because it sets his blood in commotion; whereupon, up rises the venerable pastor of Grunau, and holds a discourse on Divine goodness, and on the goodness of the dinner which they had just enjoyed, and insists that Charles shall behave like a good boy, and not like a spoiled Graf, and drink the coffee nevertheless.

"Fie on the foolish excuse! was the rice soup burned? was the wine not
Good and strong? were the peas not young and fresh? and like sugar
Sweet the carrots? the goose and the herring, in what could you blame them?
Better lamb could you find? and with bright bird-pepper besprinkled,
Surely the sallad was good! the vinegar, was it not pungent?
Sweet as balsam the oil, and sweet the cherries? the butter
Sweeter than kernels? and say, Oh, were not the radishes tender?
What! and the nurturing bread so white, and so light! it is shameful
God's good gifts to reject, and to call the rejection good breeding,"

And so on, from the anti-teetotal dinner in the parsonage to the pic-nic in the wood, and from the pic-nic in the wood to the end of all great epic changes that do not end in death—marriage. Goethe improved upon this in Herrmann and Dorothea; but Voss's Louisa is an original and a real true natural picture; and Voss himself is perhaps *the* German Homer, more creditably so at least than Klopstock is the German Milton. Holstein is a pretty country, with woods and lakes, and sandhills; but no Ida, and no Olympus.

Of German imagination, so famous for all sorts of devilry and witchery, imps and elixirs, bodiless shades and shadowless bodies, we shall spare ourselves saying any thing. It is the twin-sister of emotion, (fears and phantoms being constant fellows,) and subject to the same laws. Imagination with us is prematurely nipt by paltry, political pettifogging here, by the love of money there, which is the root of all evil, and by the worship of rank, which is idolatry. In Germany, absolutism, setting up a Chinese wall between the governors and the governed, gives free rein to the fancies of literary men, and creates an artistical world apart, where some pious yogees of the pencil and pen may sketch bloodless arabesques at their pleasure, (Goethe,) while others jerk, and shoot, and dive, and plunge, and toss themselves wantonly, and create a strange dance of not unmeaning figures in the optic chambers of their brain, (Richter,) which, were they only clearly, and in some decent Christian order, set before him, plain John Bull, who has a sound enough instinct (not a philosophy) in these matters, would not be slow to admire. Petty princedom, again, having no grand interests to exhibit, vulgarizes imagination, and teaches fancy to be trivial. Nothing on the whole is more perplexing to an Englishman than German imagination; for it intrudes every where most impudently, disturbing the Augsburg Confession and the Heidelberg Catechism with no greater ceremony than the stamens and pistils of the Linnæan botany. It is an exuberant thing, and full of rampant vitality—happy beyond its own proper blessing in this, that God, who created it, has created also Englishmen to prune it.

One general remark we may make on the whole emotional and imaginative development of the German mind, whether exhibited in literature or in the fine arts—and it is a pure praise belonging to absolute governments—viz., that there pervades cultivated society in Germany an atmosphere of artistical enjoyment, that there is found more or less, in all classes, an habitual aptitude for the beautiful, which is not found in England. The artist stands higher in public estimation—infinitely higher than with us. We estimate artists, whether actors, musicians, or painters, not so much because they are artists as because they are lions; hence the immense gap between the few stars and the οἱ πολλοὶ of our artistical class. The Englishman pays a first-rate artist with guineas and with much staring, a vulgar one with scanty pence—the German pays both with reverence. This is the best thing in Ger-

many, better even than the folios—a reach of emotional purity, in the region of the beautiful, which it is to be feared our rude political battlings, our pride, and our pelf, may long hinder us to attain.

On the German Church, and its influence on literature, we have few remarks to make, and these we have mostly anticipated. The ecclesiastical corporation in Germany has no independent *status*, is altogether subordinate, and, properly speaking, built into the state, both in Catholic Austria and in Protestant Prussia. As a Church, therefore, it can play no prominent part. With regard to the state of religion and theology, two remarks will suffice:—First, in respect of religion, it is universally acknowledged that the Germans are the most religious people in Europe—that is, the most instinct with devout feeling, without particular reference to the object of devotion. This, the tone of their literature and of their music equally testifies; and so, indeed, they must have been, unless by some peculiar interposition of the devil the emotion of reverence alone had been stunted where all other emotions are so luxuriant. The state of theology, again, we have explained already under the heads of erudition and speculation; and so it also must have been. Nothing was more natural than that, when the political censorship had forbidden men of active intellects to occupy themselves with the affairs of the present life, they should give themselves up with more undivided devotion to pry into the mysteries of futurity. Add to this, the memory of Huss, Luther, and Melancthon, and the forty years' reign of Frederick the Great, and you will see clearly how the German theology has risen to that Cyclopean vastness which we admire—is instinct with that transcendental magnetism, disturbing the ecclesiastical needle, which we fear. It is quite certain, that to be a profound theologian now, a man must know German, as it is indubitable that a good knowledge of that language will bring a man further, in most theological investigations, in a month, than could be managed without it in a year. One caution, however, is necessary to a young man entering this region. He must be able to stand firmly on his own legs, and to see clearly with his own eyes; he must have courage to look truth in the face, whatever shape it may assume; he must be proof against intoxicating gas of all kinds—proof against strange stenches multifarious; otherwise he is certain to faint, and fall into the arms of the good old pope, or die floundering in the mud, like a foolish fat sheep, helpless, hopeless, on his back.

The reader will now understand sufficiently, from the whole tenor of these observations, why we commenced with the state, and indeed have carried this one idea through our whole discourse. The state is every thing in Germany, overrides all, moulds all, controls all—in fact makes the national literature run in a certain channel, as certainly as the geology of a country shapes the course of the rivers. With us, as we have repeatedly stated, there is no state, no government, no permanent superinduced mould; but a mere battle of parties trying to govern, and keeping one another from governing as much as possible. We are trees growing wild; strong and lusty, as befits the mountain child; chance-sown and educated by buffets of unpolite Boreas; stems of God, as the old Hebrews would have said: by nature every thing, by art nothing. The contrast is in every respect so complete, that we have not been able to find any point of view from which we could at once more strikingly, and more comprehensively, attempt a rapid bird's-eye view of the general traits and tendencies of German literature. We have said nothing formally, though here and there a little incidentally, of the great characteristic traits of the Teutonic character, as distinguished from the Celtic, the Sclavonic, and other European races; but we are Teuts ourselves; and, though an interesting paper might have been written with this leading idea, it would scarcely have been so fertile in instructive contrasts as that which we have chosen.*

To conclude. Germanism is a fashion of the day; and we wish it well.

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* For a general view of the more prominent traits of the German character, we cannot do better than refer our readers back to Herr Weber, in our July Number last year.

It seems to us that there are four languages which must soon become universal over the globe—English, French, German, Russian. These are the languages in which the history of the future will, in all probability, be written; these are the languages with which every thinking man who sympathizes with the progress of his kind must court acquaintance. Greek and Latin are good; but if they are pursued with a prim, perverse pertinacity, as if a man had only one eye, and that on the back of his head, then we think truly it is time to apply the text of the gospel—*let the dead bury their dead!* German, in particular, we *must* study; for, like Goethe's magical apprentice, having set the imp agog after waterbuckets, he threatens to swamp and drown us altogether, unless we get hold of the word which he will obey. Nor is it from Germany only by external importation that the deluge floods in; we have a sort of indwelling Germanism at home, which is very powerful, and has many names. Undeniably Coleridge was a German, and that not only in the grand healthy speculative and imaginative excellencies of the German mind, but in the excess and the disease of these, and in that he once—

> "Soared to eulogize an Ass,"

as Byron, with his true British instinct, did not fail to note. Wordsworth, also, in his calm architectural meditativeness is a German, braced, however, with a British atmosphere, and girt round with British strength; so that there is no danger of his dissolving into clouds and melting into mere tears, as the Germans sometimes do. A German of the Germans was Percy Bysshe Shelley; German in his pure incorporeal idealism; German in his pantheizing poetry and poetical pantheism; British only in his pride. Southey is a German, not only in the main character of his mind, but in the whole style of his life; in his single-hearted devotedness to the priesthood of literature; in the systematic comprehensiveness of his studies—in the wide grasp of his erudition—in his pure idealism—in his grand architectural constructiveness: thoroughly English, however, in the historical definitiveness and decision of his religious convictions. Finally, Thomas Carlyle: who will doubt that *he* is a German? more than Coleridge—more than Shelley; a German both by perfect nature and perfect inoculation; a mind grand in all the virtues, equally grand in all the vices, of Germanism. In this man, we wish the reader may see a living epitome of all that we have ramblingly discoursed on this subject—a breathing incarnation of the modern Teutonic spirit, as it is fast marching over to amalgamate with and complement the old Saxon stock isolated here, in this "snug little island," from some good as from much evil—though we must say, in justice, that he is at the same time something better than a German; his sturdiness, his raciness, his dramatic breadth of brush, seem thoroughly English. Carlyle is a man that, above all others, the German tyro should assay; if he finds nothing that he can sympathize with in the "Tailor re-tailored"—that most German of modern English books, then, most assuredly, German literature (the soul of it at least) is not for him. But let not the plain, straightforward English reader take offence hastily, at the first ungainly aspect either of Thomas Carlyle or of German literature. Why an ugly porter should be oftentimes placed at the gate of heaven, we cannot tell; but so it is. With Carlyle and the Germans, you must be content to wade a little while painfully at the bottom of a deep, heavy, sometimes gusty sea of smoke; but keep your breath till you reach a certain height, and you will see notable things—perchance encounter gods. In this outlandish region, as elsewhere in God's world, the good (when a good man holds the balance) is found immeasurably to outweigh the bad.

RESULTS OF OUR AFFGHAN CONQUESTS.

Two years have now elapsed since the restoration by British bayonets of our newly adopted protegé, Shah Shoojah-al-mulk, to the hereditary throne of Affghanistan, from which thirty years before he had been driven by the chiefs of his own people, was hailed by the almost unanimous acclamations of the English and Anglo-Indian press, as effectually terminating all anxieties for the frontier of our eastern empire, and securing to us the services and alliance of a brave nation, inhabiting a country naturally almost impregnable, and easily to be rendered altogether so by the application of European military science. These satisfactory results, it was indeed admitted, could not be expected to be immediately evident:—time was to be allowed for the tranquillization of the hostile feelings naturally excited in the minds of the Affghans by the armed occupation of their territory, and the expulsion of the rulers, their preference for whom, over the monarch now imposed upon them, they had so unequivocally shown;—and a writer in the *Asiatic Journal* (vol. xxx. p. 161) even lays down, with commendable candour, as a necessary preliminary for the attainment of a good understanding, "the *arduous but gratifying task of reconstructing the social edifice* in that unsettled country, where, judging from the description of their various tribes, their mutual animosities, and their *joint antipathy to authority*, given in Mr Elphinstone's admirable work, the task of government, even in quiet times, and under a ruler whose title is undisputed, requires almost superhuman powers"! The 'gratifying' task thus propounded as indispensable for the realization of the advantages derivable from our victories, would amount, we should think, to a very considerable deduction from their value, even if no further obstacles opposed themselves to its fulfilment—but the 'reconstruction' of the political edifice must in this case precede that of the social; and though we have at length pretty effectually succeeded in overturning the order of things which we found existing, the foundation of the future fabric destined to replace the ruin has even yet been scarcely laid.

It will be remembered that the originally declared objects, for the accomplishment of which the Indus was crossed for the first time by a British force, were twofold—to secure the fortress of Herat from the attacks directed against it, at the scarce-concealed instigation of Russia, by the Shah of Persia, the success of which would have converted it into an advanced post for the further prosecution of any designs which might be formed against India; and to acquire a controlling influence over the intervening country of Affghanistan Proper, by the substitution of the friendly dynasty of the Suddozyes for the rule of the Barukzye chiefs, whose policy was beginning to wear an aspect of decided opposition to British interests. The vast complication which the question has already assumed, renders this recapitulation, at the present day, far from unnecessary. From the relief of a border fortress, and the support of an allied prince, by the temporary aid of an auxiliary force, in the recovery of his rightful throne, has sprung the necessity of "either asserting a paramount right of interference within a vast circle, the circumference of which touches the Sutlej, Herat, the Gulf of Persia, and almost the Caspian Sea; or of pursuing a system of conquest and appropriation of territory, the very idea of which would have terrified the critics of Lord Wellesley's administration."—*(As. Journ.)* That such would be the probable, if not inevitable, consequences of the hasty policy which first led us to overstep the natural limits of our eastern empire, we have endeavoured on two former occasions* to demonstrate to the readers of this Magazine, by laying before them the past and present state of the populations and countries comprehended within this new sphere of action;—we shall now proceed to

* Jan. 1839, "Persia, Affghanistan, and India,"—and April 1840, "Khiva, Central Asia, and Cabul."

examine how far the events of the past year have verified our anticipations.

From the commencement to the close of the year 1840, our Affghan conquests presented an almost ceaseless succession of petty conflicts and guerilla inroads, from the Uzbek frontiers north of the Hindoo-Koosh to the Belooch tribes in the south, whose country almost touches the Indian Ocean; arising from the fierce but luckily uncombined struggles of the various tribes to shake off the foreign yoke, to which the rapidity of our march, and their own unprepared state, alone compelled them (as they consider) to submit at first almost without resistance. The results of this harassing and desultory warfare, if viewed in a merely military point of view, have unquestionably been, on the whole, favourable to the British arms, notwithstanding the severe but temporary checks received at Nufoosk and Khelat, from the valour of the Beloochees—a brave race who in the last century defied all the efforts of Ahmed Shah himself to reduce them to more than a nominal dependence on his crown. Tribe after tribe has been crushed into sullen submission to the authority exercised in the name of Shah Shoojah; and the throne of the reinstated dynasty has acquired additional stability from the removal of the competitor, Dost-Mohammed Khan. This exiled chief had again appeared in arms, early in the autumn, on the northern frontier, at the head of a considerable force, partly composed of such of his Affghan adherents as still followed his fortunes, and partly furnished by the Uzbek rulers in that quarter; but in attempting to penetrate through the passes of the Hindoo-Koosh, he was opposed by a British division, and after several partial encounters, completely overthrown (Nov. 2.) in the defile of Purwan-Durrah, notwithstanding the shameful misconduct of one* of our regiments of native cavalry, which abandoned its officers in the heat of the action. Thus deprived of all hopes of success in the field, the Affghan leader came to the resolution of throwing himself on the mercy of his victorious enemies; and crossing the country direct from the field of battle, with only a single attendant, reached Cabul almost before the news of his defeat had arrived there, and at once surrendered himself to the English resident. He has since been sent into Hindostan, "leaving behind him," in the words of the *India Gazette*, "the regrets of his own people, and carrying with him the sympathies of all the gallant British officers by whose agency he has been dethroned."

The fate of Dost-Mohammed, thus sacrificed to a policy, with the interests of which he had no natural connexion, must be admitted to be severe, even by the warmest partizans of the measures which have caused his fall; and both his frank and manly demeanour in prosperity, and the magnanimity with which he has borne his present reverses, derive additional lustre from the contrast afforded by the character of his triumphant rival, Shah Shoojah. In April 1840, we alluded to a report which had even then become prevalent, that this weak and vicious prince had already shown himself impatient of the restraint imposed upon him by the presence of the British auxiliary force, and was anxious to indulge (as he hoped) in the uncontrolled exercise of his despotic inclinations. The combined folly and ingratitude implied in this alleged conduct on the part of, perhaps, the only individual to whom our march into Affghanistan has been productive of any substantial benefit at first threw discredit on these suspicions; but transactions have recently come to light which leave little doubt that our royal protégé was actually the prime mover in some of the late insurrectionary outbreaks ostensibly directed against his own authority, and that he is still engaged in endeavouring covertly to bring about a new revolution, which he hopes will at once ingratiate him with his subjects, by relieving them from the presence of the British, and leave him to the undisturbed enjoyment of the degrading sensuality in which he is sunk, and in the practice of which his sons are worthy emulators of their father. It is needless to say, that the evacuation of Affghanistan by our forces, by whatever means brought about, would be followed by the instant dethronement, and probably by the

* The 2d Bengal Light, since disbanded and erased from the list of the Indian army.

death, of Shoojah and all his family; but the madness of the conduct attributed to the restored king is no palliation of its perfidy: and even in the event of its becoming necessary to punish his machinations by again dismissing him to the obscurity from which we raised him, the position which we have assumed in Affghanistan must be maintained, by whatever means, or under whatever pretext. We have, in fact, whether justifiably or not, *conquered the country for ourselves*, and we *cannot* now give it up.

Still, though Affghanistan may be for the moment tranquil, our prospects there are far from cheering. Every day more clearly demonstrates the utter hopelessness of our being able so far to conciliate the natives, as to hold the country merely by the presence of a force sufficient to maintain order, as under an established government: we are hated both as strangers and infidels, and as the interested supporters of an unpopular dynasty; and any disaster which befell our arms, any material reduction of the army of occupation, would be followed by an instant and universal revolt of all the tribes from the Bolan Pass to Bameean, and from Peshawur to the Persian frontier. Even at present not a single rupee of revenue can be levied except by armed detachments; and as the whole country is studded with redoubts and hill-forts, which require to be taken and razed in detail, the collection can only be enforced by an amount of toil and loss to the troops employed, wholly disproportioned to the results: many of the Ghilji districts, and nearly all the strong tract called the Zemindawer, have hitherto refused altogether to acknowledge the authority of the intrusive king: nor have our commanders been able to spare troops for their subjugation. While thus a twofold spirit of disaffection, against the titular sovereign, and against the dominant allies by whom he is supported, prevails among the people, and the only point of concord between the king and his subjects is a common wish to rid themselves of their *soidisans* protectors, the *ikbal*, or good fortune, which is popularly believed in our eastern dominions to be inseparable from all the operations of the Company, will be severely taxed to maintain its reputation: and the consolidation of Affghanistan, if ever destined to take place, must be looked upon as a far distant event.

On the side of Herat, again, the state of affairs is even less satisfactory than in Cabul. The Persian invasion of this petty principality was the first provocation, *causa teterrima belli*, to repel which, and to insure the future inviolability of the fortress which commanded the high road to Hindostan, the British standard was first advanced beyond the river which forms the natural boundary of our eastern empire; and it might reasonably have been supposed that the cultivation of amicable relations with its ruler, who had so successfully withstood the tide of hostility, would have been our principal diplomatic care after the first triumph of our arms in Affghanistan. An envoy was, indeed, despatched to Herat soon after the conquest of Candahar, and a liberal subsidy assigned to the authorities for the maintenance of the defences of the place; but the reigning prince Kamran, and his powerful minister Yar-Mohammed Khan, (a man of extraordinary abilities, but of an unscrupulous and perfidious disposition,) showed themselves from the first averse to the intrusion of foreign interference, and indignant at the elevation of the rival branch of the Suddozye family to the throne of Cabul;—and early in last year it had become notorious, (as we stated in our April No. 1840,) that Yar-Mohammed had deserted the British party, and was lending a favourable ear to the propositions of Russia. The subsequent progress of events in this remote and isolated quarter cannot easily be traced with accuracy, as the accounts transmitted to England relative to the negotiations are remarkably vague, and even contradictory; but their result was, that early in the present year, Major Todd, our resident at Herat, precipitately quitted that city, and made the best of his way, with a few followers, to Candahar, having received what he considered authentic intelligence of the advance of a Persian force for the purpose of occupying the place as friends, at the invitation of Yar-Mohammed. It soon became known, however, that Todd had been duped by the crafty vizier, who was only anxious to rid himself of the surveillance of his presence: and that, so far from meditating a fresh attack, the Shah was at the moment agreeing to

give up, on the demand of England, the fort of Ghorian, on the frontier of the Herat territory, which he had held since the former invasion. Still British influence at Herat is, for the time, utterly annihilated; and while Shah Shoojah is vehemently suspected (as we before noticed) of plotting at Cabul, for the withdrawal of the troops which maintain him on his uneasy throne, Kamran and his minister are known to be intriguing with all the chiefs in their own vicinity for the removal of Shoojah, and the restoration of Kamran as representative of the elder branch. Therefore, (says the *Bombay Times*,) "Herat must be taken and annexed to the Doorauni empire; its sovereign has proclaimed himself a traitor. And yet the occupation of a territory, 700 miles from our East Indian frontier, and whose revenue does not exceed £60,000, might cost us more than it is worth."

Without stopping to controvert the charge of *treason* brought against Kamran, in the passage just quoted, for his opposition to a monarch whose title is neither, according to European nor oriental notions, superior to his own, and has never been acknowledged by him—it is curious to contrast the tone of the last clause with the all-engrossing importance attached only two years since to the preservation of this now-despised territory. It is not, in fact, till the value of Herat for our purposes has comparatively passed away, from the increasing anarchy and weakness of Persia, and the repulse of the Russians in Transoxiana, that the crisis has arrived which we anticipated in January 1839, (pp. 101–2,) when the refusal of Kamran to submit to the supremacy of his nephew Shoojah, or to make his whole conduct subservient to our own policy, would leave us no alternative between seeing Herat turned into a stronghold for our enemies, or forcibly taking it into our own hands—an odious and ungrateful act, which has probably ere this been perpetrated. The last advices stated, that a column of from 8000 to 9000 men, with a battering train, &c., was in the course of equipment with all speed at Sukkur on the Indus, for the purpose of advancing through the passes, and by the route of Girishk, to Herat, and either compelling Kamran to receive a garrison within the walls of his capital, or of dethroning him in case of resistance, and incorporating his dominions with Affghanistan. Thus, while Russia repairs by intrigue the checks received in the field, the errors of our diplomatists, on the contrary, are to be rectified, as usual, by an appeal to the sword; though so ill can the troops be spared for this new demonstration, that Sukkur, an open town wherein are deposited all the stores of grain and provisions for the main army, will be left protected by only a single weak regiment without artillery, against the not improbable treachery of the chiefs of Scinde. What, then, would have been our condition, if the Russians had succeeded (as there was every probability of their doing) in occupying Khiva last year? in which case the appeal of the Herattees for aid would have been promptly responded to by the march of a force from Transoxiana, and we should have found the battlements, recently repaired by Indian gold, defended against us by the troops of that "faithful ally," our jealousy of whose designs first led us into the vortex of trans-Indian politics.

On the side of Transoxiana, indeed, a principal source of apprehension has been removed during the past year, by the total failure of the Russian expedition against Khiva—a failure which the Russians themselves ascribe, with considerable show of reason, to the unusual severity of the weather, the mortality among the camels, and the consequent famine and disease which thinned the ranks of the invading force; though we have also heard it attributed in some measure to the incapacity of the commander-in-chief, General Peroffski, a junior officer (as it is said) of no great experience or ability, who owed his appointment on this arduous service to the personal favour of the emperor. The Russian accounts are of course sedulously vague and indefinite; but it appears certain, at all events, that this formidable armament, (the strength of which was stated in detail in our April Number last year,) after penetrating only a short distance from the Russian *nominal* frontier on the Emba, was compelled to effect a retreat upon Orenburg, with the complete loss of its baggage and *matériel*, arriving there in as disastrous a state of demoralisation, as the shattered columns under

Witgenstein appeared on the banks of the Danube, when driven from before Shumla in the winter of 1828—a spectacle which will not soon be forgotten by those whose fortune it was to witness it. A second attack upon the Khivans was indeed loftily talked of at Petersburg; and rumours were industriously put in circulation by the agents of Russia, even up to the Indian frontier, that Khiva had actually fallen, and that the victorious legions of the *White Khan* were in full march for Herat and the Hindoo-Koosh; but these fanfaronades were speedily replaced by the pacific announcement, that the emperor had graciously accepted the mediation of the Anglo-Indian government, and that the differences between Russia and Khiva were in the course of adjustment by British employés. Captain Abbott and Lieutenant Shakspear accordingly proceeded from India into Transoxiana, and found little difficulty in persuading Allah-Kooli Khan, who had been thoroughly alarmed by the impending danger, to pledge himself to the discontinuance of the plundering and man-stealing forays which his subjects had been in the habit of directing against the Russian frontier, as well as to deliver up all the Russians detained in slavery within his territories. These stipulations having been fulfilled, and the Russian slaves delivered up to Mr Shakspear, who escorted them in person to their native country, a similar restitution was made on the part of Russia, of the Khivan merchandise which had been seized within the empire on the declaration of war; and the re-establishment of pacific relations was formally notified, near the close of last year, in the *Petersburg Gazette*. The terms in which this official document is couched, merit attention, as affording a fair average instance of the extent to which the *suppressio veri* is carried in the communication of political intelligence by the Russian government to its subjects. *No allusion whatever* is made either to the ill-success of the expedition under Peroffski, or to British intervention; but, after detailing the aggressions complained of, and the advance of a force to repel and punish them, the *Gazette* proceeds to state, that "this measure of retaliation, *even before it had been fully put into effect*, had sufficed to convince the enemy of the utter ruin which must result from continuance in their hostile conduct; that the khan, therefore, had thrown himself on the clemency of the emperor, released all the captives, and published a firman prohibiting further acts of depredation; and that his imperial majesty, finding that the Khivans had *purely and simply* satisfied the principal object demanded, had condescended to admit the appearance of a Khivan ambassador at Petersburg, and to authorise the re-establishment of commercial intercourse," &c. &c.

It is obvious, therefore, that the luckless campaign of General Peroffski has had the effect, not only of materially weakening the prestige of Russian power in Central Asia, but of investing us with a controlling influence over at least one of the Uzbek states: such as it would have been almost impossible for us to have acquired by any means previously within our reach. Negotiations have also been commenced with the more remote sovereignty of Kokan or Ferghana, (in the N.E. quarter of Transoxiana,) to the capital of which Lieutenant Conolly has proceeded by the invitation of the Khan; and there can be no doubt that the openings thus afforded, if improved with only common diligence, will, in a few years, lead to the extension of British commerce, not only through the vast regions of Transoxiana and Turkestan, (in which, as we showed in April last year, our manufactures were already rapidly supplanting those of Russia,) but probably also in the western provinces of Chinese Tartary and Mongolia, with which we shall then be in immediate contact, and which are at present supplied almost wholly by caravans from China Proper. Even the Kirghiz, whose territory, though nominally subject to Russia, is beyond the line of the Russian *douane*, would in this case receive in abundance, by the streams of the Sirr and the Oxus, the woollens and linen of England, which already reach them in considerable quantities through Persia. The commercial advantages to be derived from a predominance in Mawara'l-nahr, cannot, in fact, be more clearly shown than by the passage which we extracted, in the article above referred to, from the *Russian* work of General Mouraviev, and by the sta-

tistical details there given from the *Augsburg Gazette*, on the already declining trade of Russia in that quarter—advantages which the political events of the last twelve months have thrown most completely into the power of the English. But, on the other hand, it must be borne in mind, that in opening diplomatic relations with these semi-barbarous principalities, and in coming forward to shield the Khivans from the second attack with which they were menaced, we have in effect made ourselves responsible both for the safety and the good conduct of the Uzbeks, and are bound to exercise the supremacy thus assumed, as occasion may require, for either their protection or coercion. Neither of these objects, however, can be effected without the presence of a military force in Transoxiana; and, even in the event of neither contingency arising, it would be idle to expect that the impression produced by our interference in behalf of Khiva can long retain its hold over the tribes of Mawara'lnahr, unless supported by an adequate display of visible and tangible power. The Khan of Khiva, indeed, (according to the *Bombay Times* of August 29,) "seems dubious of our position without troops, and asks, very naturally, where is your army?"—and, further, doubts of the reality of British power may reasonably be expected to suggest themselves to this Uzbek chief, from the impunity with which we have suffered the ruler of Bokhara, whose frontier is almost within the sound of our cannon, to detain, imprison, and persecute Colonel Stoddart,* the accredited envoy of our government. It is necessary, therefore, that we should be at least prepared with the means of making a military demonstration in this direction whenever circumstances demand it; but not a gun, not a company, can be spared for this purpose from the force now in Affghanistan; which, already barely adequate for the harassing duties required of it through the vast extent over which it is dispersed, is on the point of being further weakened by the separation of the division to be directed against Herat. Nor can the deficiency be supplied from the Bengal establishment, which, exclusive of the corps of observation kept up on Nepaul and Burmah, and the draughts necessary to keep up the effective strength of the Chinese expedition after the ravages of the Chusan fever, will require every disposable regiment for the operations against the Sikhs, which, as the state of the Punjab renders evident, cannot be long delayed. Here, then, is another reason which imperatively calls for the augmentation of the army in India.

Thus our conquests in Affghanistan, (the originally-declared intention of which was, by a temporary occupation of the country, and its re-settlement under a stable and recognized monarchy, to provide a secure and permanent rampart to India on the N.W.) have already become, by the operation of the *principle of unavoidable expansion*, (to recur to a favourite phrase of writers on India,) the *centre* of a new sphere of action, the future extent or magnitude of which it is as yet impossible to conjecture. The Doorauni kingdom, the vaunted buttress of our Eastern empire, requires (it now appears) to be itself propped and fenced in by the subjugation or coercion of nearly all the states on its borders! In the late campaign against Dost-Mohammed north of the Hindoo-Koosh, the British banner was displayed at the eastern extremity of Transoxiana, and actual hostilities took place with the Uzbeks of the mountain state of Koondooz, the ruler of which, Mourad Beg,† is himself a conqueror on a small scale, and likely ere long to give us further trouble. The hill-country, or *Kohistan*‡ of

* The last accounts relative to this unfortunate officer, who, after a long confinement in a loathsome subterraneous dungeon, only saved his head by making profession of Islam, state him to have been driven mad by his sufferings!

† An account of this marauding chief, his subjects, and territory, will be found in the recently published travels of Moorcroft, who narrowly escaped from his clutches, after a long detention.

‡ The frequent use of this word to designate different regions, is calculated to perplex the readers of the narratives of recent transactions; but it implies merely a mountainous country, from the Persian *Koh*, a mountain, and is applied to any hilly district.

Koondooz, is all which intervenes between Affghanistan and the rich plain of Bokhara—a country against which the wrongs inflicted on Colonel Stoddart have given us better grounds of quarrel than existed with any of the states beyond the Indus against which our arms have been hitherto directed, and which therefore, we presume, will not be suffered to escape without due chastisement. Khiva, as we have shown, must henceforth be looked upon as a voluntary vassal of our empire, the shadow of which has thus extended, in barely two years, from the Indus to the Kirghiz steppes! To what extent similar results may follow to the west of Affghanistan, when the threatened occupation of Herat has been carried into effect, can at present only be surmised; but it is not likely that in that quarter only an exception will be made, and our frontier remain stationary.

But while the aspect of affairs beyond the Indus is thus daily becoming more complicated and difficult, a fresh call on the energies of the Anglo-Indian army is impending on the left bank of that river, where the appropriation of the Punjab, the fair realm of our late "faithful ally" Runjeet Singh, is spoken of as almost immediately inevitable. That the British must be the eventual heirs of the old Maharajah, could never have been doubted for an instant by any one in the smallest degree conversant with Indian affairs; and our present position in Affghanistan makes still more indispensable to us the possession of a country, through which lies the only practicable military road from the Upper Provinces of the Bengal presidency to our trans-Indian posts, and the hostility of which might at any time impede the sending reinforcements to our troops in that quarter. Still it would have been desirable, had circumstances permitted, to postpone the execution of this important measure till either the augmentation of our army, or the tranquillization of some of the numerous points on which it is now engaged, might enable us to commence operations on an adequate scale; but the rapidity with which, during the last few months, the affairs of the Sikh nation have been hurrying on towards a crisis, leave us no alternative but either to step in with a speedy and effectual intervention, or to see the Punjab relapse into the same disorderly form of a federative republic, under a number of hostile and independent chiefs, from which it was raised by its consolidation under Runjeet. The annexation to our territory of the rich plains of the *Indian Netherlands*, (as some have called the Punjab,) will form one of the most important eras which have occurred in Anglo-Indian history since the overthrow of the Mysorean power in the south. But before we proceed to discuss the political bearings of this question, it will be well to give a preliminary sketch of the history and former institutions of the Sikhs, the character of whose community is very imperfectly understood in England, particularly in those points which constitute their separation, both as a nation and a religious sect, from all the tribes and castes of the Hindus.

The word *Sikh* is of Sanscrit derivation, and literally signifies a "disciple," or one attached to some particular sect; but it has long since been appropriated, as both a religious and a national title, by the followers of Gooroo Nanuk,* a famous teacher who was born in a village of the Punjab about A.D. 1470. His family were Hindus, of the military caste; but his naturally mild and contemplative disposition led him to embrace the life of a fakeer, or religious devotee, and he spent many years in devout exercises, and the performance of distant pilgrimages. But his wanderings were not restricted to the shrines hallowed by Hindu superstition; he also visited Mekka and other sites revered by the Moslems, and, returning at length to his native country, commenced the promulgation of a new religious system, the avowed object of which was to reconcile the antagonist creeds of Hinduism and Islam, and thus to terminate the devastating wars which continually laid waste Hindustan. Though he made no distinct pretensions to divine revelation, his followers have constantly regarded as a sacred work of

* He is often called Nanuk *Shah* by Moslem writers, who are in the habit of using the titles of *royalty* to denote pretensions to *sanctity*.

unquestionable authority, the *Adi Grinth*, or volume, in which he set forth the rule of his new doctrine,* the leading tenets of which were, the unity of God, and the duty of benevolence towards all living creatures. Thus, while the Moslem convert was enjoined to respect the prejudices of the Hindu, by abstaining from the slaughter of cows, and other actions viewed as abominable by the followers of Brahma, the Hindu was exhorted to forsake the debasing idolatry which had become engrafted on the pure and simple theism of former ages, and to unite with the Moslem in the worship of a single and indivisible Supreme Being. The new sect met with greater success among Hindus than Moslems; but, as its votaries made no attempt to assume political power, they were left unmolested for nearly a century, during which period their tenets were extensively disseminated by the assiduity of their Gooroos, or apostles, nine of whom, in succession from Gooroo Nanuk, were acknowledged as the spiritual heads of the Sikhs. The Punjab continued to be their head-quarters; and, in 1574, the Gooroo Ramdas built the town and tank of Amritsir, "the Spring of Immortality," (originally named from the founder, Ramdaspoor,) at a spot about thirty miles from Lahore, which he appointed as a place of general pilgrimage and reunion.

But the evil days of the Sikhs were now at hand. The rapid increase of their numbers, and the foundation of Amritsir, had awakened the jealousy of the ruling powers; and their inoffensive character was insufficient to protect them from a furious persecution which broke out in 1584, and of which Arjimnal, the successor of Ramdas, was one of the first victims. The Hindu rajahs, who execrated them as renegades, and the Moslems, who involved all infidels in equal condemnation, vied with each other in their efforts to suppress them; and the hostility shown by the latter, which was viewed by the Sikhs as wholly unprovoked on their part, gave rise to the bitter and vindictive feelings of animosity with which they are still regarded by the children of Nanuk. The Sikhs were at last driven to take arms in their own defence; but during the ensuing century their power continued to wane, till, in 1675, their character and institutions underwent a total transformation through the instrumentality of Govind, the tenth and last of the spiritual Gooroos, who perceived that nothing but vigorous measures could save the sect from utter extermination by the unsparing bigotry of Aurungzebe. The volume propounded as a supplement to the *Grinth* by this daring reformer, at once converted the Sikhs into fierce and armed fanatics, who were commanded to defend and propagate their religion, like the Moslems, by the edge of the sword, and to slay or reduce to tribute all who resisted.† In order more strongly to mark the isolation of his people, he struck at once at the root of all Hindu observances, by decreeing the summary abolition of caste—declaring that, as the four ingredients of the *betel* mixture became all of one colour when chewed, so the four grand divisions established by the Brahminical law would lose their distinctive peculiarities when fused into one nation; while, by the adoption of the title *Singh*, or "lion," as the general surname of his followers, he asserted for them an equality with the haughty Rajpoots, by whom it had before been exclusively borne. The influx of enthusiastic proselytes from the lower castes, who were eager to share in the prospect of liberty and equality thus suddenly thrown open, justified the anticipations of Gooroo Govind so far, that they sufficed to save the Sikh name from the annihilation which was on the point of overtaking it; but they were still compelled to bend for the time to the resistless power of Aurungzebe, and their leader, after numerous vicissitudes of fortune, died in concealment.

With Govind terminated the series of the Sikh patriarchs, whose authority was thenceforward replaced by that of the *Gooroo-Mata*, or national

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* The *Grinth* is believed to have been almost wholly *composed* by Nanuk, though it received its present form and arrangement from his fourth successor, Arjimnal.

† The pacific doctrines of Nanuk are still held by a small number called *Udasis*, from whom the Gooroos or priests are usually selected.

diet—a convocation instituted by Govind himself, and which continued to meet at Amritsir, on occasions of emergency, till the commencement of the present century—the last meeting being on the appearance of the British army in the Punjab, during the war with Holkar in 1805. During the short and disturbed reigns of the successors of Aurungzebe, the fortunes of the Sikhs fluctuated. Proscribed and slaughtered without mercy whenever the state of Hindustan allowed the court of Delhi to pour a preponderating force into the Punjab, they reassumed the ascendancy in that province when the imperial armies were drawn off, coining money, and assuming all the attributes of independent sovereignty—till the memorable invasion of India by Nadir Shah in 1737, followed by the repeated inroads of the founder of the Affghan monarchy, Ahmed Doorauni, wrought a total change in the political aspect of the empire, and for ever wrested the Punjab from the grasp of the falling house of Timoor. The Sikhs had now to dispute possession with the Affghans; but the latter maintained the ascendant during the life of their warlike monarch, Ahmed Shah, who gained repeated advantages over his antagonists, and in 1762 overthrew them with such carnage, that 20,000 Sikh heads were piled in pyramids on the field of battle, and the walls of the mosques which had been desecrated by their presence were washed with the blood of the slain by way of atonement! But the fanaticism of the Sikhs, equally indomitable with that of the Moslems, rose undismayed after every reverse; and when Ahmed was succeeded, in 1773, by the indolent and enervated Timoor, they found little difficulty in expelling the Affghan garrisons from Lahore and the other towns, and assuming the rank of an independent and powerful nation.

The republican form of government which had succeeded the patriarchal sway of the Gooroos, had been by this time moulded into a sort of federative commonwealth, divided into twelve *missuls* or associations, each of which, though really independent under its own chief or *serdar*, and often at war with its neighbours, paid a nominal deference to the supreme authority of the Gooroo-Mata, and joined its forces with those of the others to repel any invasion from the Moslems—the united armament of the whole being rated at about 70,000 men, chiefly cavalry. The feudal system prevalent in India was copied in a great measure in their civil and military institutions, the lands of the missul being subdivided into fiefs, held each by a zemindar, who was not only responsible to the serdar for the rent or land-tax, but led his contingent to join the chief in war; the supreme administration of civil and criminal justice in each missul was, however, vested solely in the serdar, whose decisions were regulated by the *Grinth*, or rather by the interpretations put on the sacred volume by his Gooroos or spiritual advisers. Of one of these missuls, (though far from the most considerable,) the chief, during the latter years of Ahmed Shah, was Churut Singh, by birth a Jat, from the neighbourhood of Bhurtpore, whose remarkable valour and capacity had not only raised him from the rank of a common robber to that of serdar, but enabled him to transmit his authority to his son Maha Singh, who, though a minor when his father fell in battle in 1774, supported with such ability the rank bequeathed to him, both in peace and war, that at his death in 1792, his reputation as a serdar was exceeded by none in the Sikh nation; and his son Runjeet Singh, though only twelve years old, was admitted without question as his successor, though his mother continued, for four years longer, to act as his guardian.

His first act, when in possession of supreme power, is generally said to have been the procuration of death to his mother by poison, as a punishment for disgracing his father's memory by a criminal intrigue with her treasurer; but such an act of unnatural severity is at variance with the tenor of his whole life,* and is far from being proved by sufficient evidence. But in the following year (1796) the Punjab was again invaded by an overwhelming Affghan force under Shah Ze-

* He never punished criminals with death, even for attempting his own life; though mutilation, &c., was liberally practised upon all classes of offenders.

maun, (the elder brother of Shooja-al-mulk,) who aspired to tread in the steps, and emulate the conquests of his grandfather, Ahmed Shah; and though domestic revolts, and the attacks of the Persians in the west, prevented the prosecution of his schemes of ambition, this fresh apparition of the Doorauni chivalry on the east of the Indus elicited a sensation which spread far into Hindustan, and produced an universal panic among the Sikh serdars, who were far too disunited to offer any combined resistance, and aimed only at temporizing with the Shah by pretended submission. This political crisis afforded the youthful Runjeet a golden opportunity for the exercise of his intriguing genius, of which he availed himself to the utmost, and at the expense of both parties, during the succeeding campaigns of Shah Zemaun; till, on the final retreat of the Affghan king in 1799, he succeeded, as a reward for the restoration of some guns which had been sunk in a sand-bank of the Ravea, in obtaining from him a grant of the city of Lahore, with its dependencies, which he occupied accordingly, and continued ever afterwards to retain.

From this period his rise was uninterrupted. In 1803, he was already recognized as the virtual head of the Sikh nation; and in 1811, having completed the subjugation of the twelve *missuls*, he assumed the style of *maharajah* or king, thus formally converting the Sikh republic into an absolute monarchy. During the subsequent decline and fall of the Doorauni empire, its rich out-lying provinces were successively dismembered from Affghanistan, and annexed to the new realm of the Sikhs: Peshawur and Moultan were subdued in 1818; Kashmeer shared their fate in the following year; and the battle of Noushehro, in 1823, effectually turned the scale against the Affghans, who were reduced thenceforward to a defensive policy. The first intercourse between the Sikh prince and the English rulers of India arose in 1808, when, in consequence of his continued encroachments on the Sikh chiefs between the Sutlej and the Jumna, a body of Bengal troops advanced into the disputed territory. But his sagacity quickly perceived the inadequacy of his irregular army to contend with the disciplined battalions of the Company; and a convention was concluded in April 1809, which fixed the Sutlej as the boundary. From this time to the death of Runjeet, his amicable relations with the Anglo-Indian government continued undisturbed; and his interviews on the frontier with Lord William Bentinck and Lord Auckland, will long be remembered for their gorgeous displays of Oriental pomp and military pageantry. The organization of part of his forces on the European model, from which he has derived so much celebrity in Europe, was originally undertaken about 1814, under the superintendence of deserters from the Company's army; but the arrival at Lahore, in 1822, of two French officers who had served with distinction under Napoleon, MM. Ventura and Allard, gave a fresh impulse to this military experiment. Numerous other European officers made their appearance in the Punjab; and at the time of his death, Runjeet possessed 25,000 regular infantry, considered by Sir Alexander Burnes as equal in discipline and effectiveness to the sepoys of the Company,* besides cavalry, and a formidable train of artillery; independent of a host of irregular marauding horse, (the old Sikh array,) which swelled his aggregate force to between 70,000 and 80,000 men.

The foregoing details will be sufficient to show the causes which conduced to the aggrandizement of the late sovereign of the Punjab, as well as to explain the important changes, both in the political and social aspect

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* Captain Osborne, however, (*Court and Camp of Runjeet Singh*, p. 158, &c.,) thinks that the efficiency of these troops, excepting the artillery, has been much overrated, and that Runjeet himself was well aware that the principal advantage to be derived from their maintenance, was the awe with which they inspired his refractory serdars. On one occasion, when in action against the Affghans, some of the crack regiments broke their ranks when ordered to advance, exclaiming that drill was all very well on parade, but in battle they must fight their own way! Captain Osborne, however, admits that, if better officered and regularly paid, they may become very serviceable troops.

of his dominions, which resulted from his attainment of undivided power. It will not be necessary for our present purpose to give more than a brief recapitulation of the diplomatic arrangements in which he took a part with the cabinet of Calcutta, in the last years of his life, for the settlement of Affghanistan. The inveterate hostility, both political and religious, which had long existed between the maharajah and Dost-Mohammed, was found an insuperable obstacle to the conclusion of any league which should bind these two chiefs to combine, as subsidized allies of the British Government, for the maintenance of the integrity of the north-western frontier against the intrigues of Persia and Russia; and our long friendship with Runjeet, as well as his superiority in military strength, decided the rulers of India to reject the propositions of Dost-Mohammed for a separate treaty, and to form an offensive and defensive alliance with the Sikh sovereign. The consequences of this line of policy were not slow in developing themselves. Left single-handed to maintain himself against the Sikhs on one side, and against the invasion with which he was speedily threatened from Persia on the other, Dost-Mohammed took the only course left open to him, and commenced negotiations with the Shah, then encamped before Herat, in order to make the best terms in his power for himself. [See our No. of January 1839, pp. 101, 2.] But this inevitable measure of self-preservatien being declared an act of overt hostility against the English, who had before refused his offered alliance, was immediately followed by the famous coalition for the restoration of Shah Shoojah. The advance of a Sikh corps from Peshawur towards Cabul, was the only effective co-operation in the war on the part of Runjeet, who doubtless congratulated himself on seeing the humiliation of his foe undertaken by other hands. He did not live, however, to witness the complete downfall of Dost-Mohammed—dying at Lahore of a fever produced by his excesses, June 27, 1839, or little more than a month before the flight of the Dost from Cabul.

The succession had been guaranteed by the treaties with the British government, to Khurruck Singh, the only acknowledged son of the maharajah, who accordingly mounted the throne without opposition. But the mental and bodily imbecility of this prince almost disqualified him from taking any active part in the management of affairs; and after a few months, he was virtually deposed (as we stated in April 1840) by his own son, No-Nihal Singh, who assumed the reins of government under the title of *koonwur* or regent, with the co-operation of Rajah Dhian Singh, the ablest and most trusted minister of his grandfather. But the measures pursued by this fiery young prince and his councillor, (who even during the life of Runjeet had been the head of the anti-English party,) speedily assumed so decidedly hostile a character as to render a rupture inevitable; petty acts of aggression against the British dependencies, committed by the Sikh serdars on the frontier, were openly connived at, and all explanation refused to our agent at Lahore; and it was even currently reported that *hoondees*, or bills, to the amount of fifteen lakhs of rupees (L.160,000,) had been intercepted on their way across the Hindoo-Koosh to Dost-Mohammed, then in arms in Turkestan. Such an overture as this on the part of the Sikh prince (if the rumour were well founded) to his hereditary and national enemy, would argue an extreme degree of animosity against the British, which appears to have been confirmed by his whole conduct during his short career: on one occasion, he is even said to have drawn his sword in full *durbar*, throwing the scabbard on the ground, and giving vent, in the presence of his chiefs, to the most unmeasured invectives against the *Feringis*. But the rule of this Sikh Hotspur (as the *Asiatic Journal* terms him) was not destined to be of long continuance. His father, Khurruck, died on the 5th of November last year; and in attending the obsequies in the course of the same day, No-Nihal was so severely injured by the fall of a beam, *said* to have been displaced by the crush of the elephants in a narrow gateway, that he expired in a few hours, at the age of twenty-one, thus terminating the direct male line of Runjeet.

However suspicious may have been the circumstances attending the death of No-Nihal, no party in the state appears to have been prepared to profit,

at the moment of the event, by the confusion and anarchy which immediately resulted from it. Shere Singh, the *adopted** son of Runjeet, whose personal qualities had rendered him a favourite with the army, at first succeeded in seizing the throne: but counter claims were set up by two of the *ranees* or queens, the mother and widow of No-Nihal, each of whom gained over by largesses and promises a part of the soldiery, and invoked the aid of the British; till Shere Singh, finding his position precarious, agreed, after some vacillation, to abdicate in favour of the elder of these two princesses, who thereupon assumed the titles of sovereignty. But the retirement of Shere Singh was merely temporary: he speedily reappeared before Lahore (Jan. 1841,) at the head of a large body of partizans whom he had levied in the hill districts; and, being joined by Dhian Singh and a large portion of the regular army, compelled the queen, after some severe fighting and considerable bloodshed, to return to her old quarters in the zenana, leaving him in possession of the kingdom. His capacity for government has not, however, proved equal to his military talents: and all recent accounts represent the Punjab, since his accession, as a prey to the excesses of the turbulent troops, and to mal-administration of all kinds, before which the reforms and improvements introduced by Runjeet are fast disappearing: while most of the European officers have been driven to take refuge in the British territories, and the country is plundered without mercy by the disbanded soldiers, and the *Akalees* (a sort of predatory Sikh fanatics.) In the mean time, the dagger and the cup have been in active operation; the old ranee, the temporary occupant of the throne, has been murdered by the chiefs of Shere Singh's party; and death or confiscation has been the fate of all the serdars opposed to the faction now predominant. "So long," (says the Indian correspondence,) "as Shere Singh abstains from any act that would restore the army to any thing like discipline, he is suffered to occupy the throne; but the first measure he may adopt for the restoration of good order and tranquillity, will, we are assured, involve his expulsion from authority."

Such is the existing situation of the Punjab: and though the conduct of Shere Singh, far from evincing any tendency to the hostile line adopted by No-Nihal, has been marked by an apparent solicitude to conciliate the friendship of his powerful neighbours, it is evident that the dictates of self-interest which form the rule of Anglo-Indian policy will not long admit of our remaining tranquil spectators of the convulsions of a country on the state of our relations with which so much is depending. There can be little question, indeed, that Shere Singh would gladly purchase, at any price, a new treaty which would fortify his own tottering power by the guarantee of a British defensive alliance; and it is not impossible that matters may be patched up in this way for some little time longer; but even in this case, it appears doubtful whether any thing short of the presence of a British subsidiary force will enable him sufficiently to coerce his own mutinous regiments and refractory serdars, so as to have it in his power to fulfil any stipulations into which he may enter: and whether the insurrectionary movements of the people, or the inability of the prince to act up to his engagements, be assumed as the pretext for invasion, the practical results will be the same—the country will become, in fact if not in name, a British province. At present, indeed, though all accounts agree in considering it "impossible that affairs can be suffered to proceed in the Punjab without an active and immediate interference," there is a variance as to the ostensible ground which is to be taken for the aggression; and one report even asserts that a formal demand has been made on Shere Singh for the cession of the provinces of Kashmeer and Moultan as inalienable appendages of the restored Doorauni empire; and that his surrender of them is to be rewarded by his recognition

* Shere Singh was the son of one of Runjeet's principal wives; but as the maharajah had been long absent from Lahore previous to his birth, he constantly refused to acknowledge him as his *legitimate* offspring, though he advanced him to a high rank, and made him viceroy of Kashmeer.

and support on the throne of Lahore. If this report prove well founded, it will certainly afford an instance of political profligacy almost without parallel, since it is well known that the failure of the negotiation attempted some years since with Dost-Mohammed, was principally owing to his resolute refusal to accede to any arrangement which should guarantee to Runjeet the undisturbed possession of these very provinces—the chief of Cabul declaring, with the fearless frankness which characterised him, that nothing should prevent him, if he were ever sufficiently powerful, from reclaiming by arms the territories rent from his country by the "infidel debauchee" at Lahore. Yet, on the other hand, it is equally well known, that it was only by the surplus revenue of these rich tracts that the splendour of the former Doorauni monarchy was supported in its days of prosperity; the income derivable from Affghanistan Proper, after their loss, never being adequate to the expenditure. At the present time, when scarce any revenue can be levied from the subjects of the new kingdom except at the point of English bayonets, and a large subsidiary force has to be maintained in addition to the current expenses, the deficit in the Cabul exchequer must be, of course, enormously greater: and the drain on the Calcutta treasury, on which the ultimate responsibility falls, has already become so severe, that a new five per cent loan was set on foot in March last, under a very unfavourable aspect of the money market. In this emergency, we fear that the scheme of recruiting the finances of a country which we hold in vassalage, by the dismemberment of a kingdom which is still independent, bears too close a resemblance to many former strokes of Anglo-Indian policy, not to wear an air of considerable probability.

But, even if the fate of the Punjab be delayed for a time by the acceptance of Kashmeer and Moultan as an instalment, its ultimate appropriation is not the less inevitable. There can be no probability, at least for several years to come, that the country can become sufficiently settled, or any party sufficiently strong, to ensure the execution of the terms which we might impose by treaty; and our tenure of Affghanistan can never be secure, if we do not possess a commanding ascendancy at Lahore. Had the death of Runjeet occurred four or five years earlier, and his dominions passed into our hands as they are now on the point of doing, we should have been spared the commission of those political errors, the consequences of which have as yet scarcely begun to develope themselves. With the Indus* for our frontier from Attock to the sea, and a flotilla of armed steamers navigating its waters, we might have either dispensed altogether with the Affghans, or overawed them by our proximity in the event of their evincing hostile dispositions. At that time our mistrust of the wily maharajah's good faith was alleged as one of the most cogent reasons for occupying ground of defence in advance of his country. At the present day, we are told that we must seize the Punjab, because our communications with Affghanistan cannot be securely kept up without it! But on the other hand, those who were warmest in their commendations of the policy of the Anglo-Indian government in its attack on Cabul, admitted that the necessity for this extreme measure would not have existed, if our line of defensible frontier had not been rendered incomplete by the independence of the Sikhs. The irresistible inference then is, even on the showing of those most favourable to the other side of the question, that as soon as the Company's standard is hoisted at Attock and Lahore, our acquisitions in Affghanistan will cease to be more than an useless encumbrance, from which we cannot withdraw with either honour or safety, and which can only be held at an enormous expense, and by keeping up there a disproportionately large military force; while, so far from being capable of being made a remunerating source of revenue, it is impossible to extract from them even the current expenses of their own administration. This may be considered a gloomy, but it is by no means an unfaithful, picture of the dilemma in which our Indian government is ap-

* One of the Mogul emperors truly characterized the Indus as the "town-ditch of Delhi."

parently on the point of becoming involved; and upon the policy to be pursued during the next few years, will probably depend the fortune of a crisis, which may either establish on a surer basis the unwieldy fabric of our Eastern empire, or pave the way for its disruption and eventual dissolution.

In the foregoing remarks, we have endeavoured, as far as the nature of the subject would permit, to keep clear of theoretical argument, and simply to lay before our readers an unvarnished statement of the results, as at present existing, of that grand stroke of Anglo-Indian policy which has so fully verified the prophetic warning of the Duke of Wellington, that "it is impossible for England to engage in a *little war*." The military promenade for the restoration of Shah-Shoojah, (for it seems to have been at first considered as amounting to little more,) has already expanded into the permanent occupation of a vast country, where every thing beyond the range of our guns is hostile; while the treasury at Calcutta is drained almost to the last rupee, and fresh demands are daily made on the energies of the army, even now exhausted by its unceasing exertions during the last two years, and weakened beyond all former precedent by the injudicious reductions introduced by Lord William Bentinck. The misconduct of the 2d Bengal cavalry, in the last engagement with Dost-Mohammed, is not a solitary instance of the discontent which is beginning to manifest itself among the native soldiery at the unreasonable amount of service required from them; murmurs have been heard in other sepoy regiments; and, though no overt acts of mutiny have taken place, it cannot be denied or concealed, that fair grounds of complaint exist in the disproportion between the present effective strength of the army, and the new and severe duties imposed on it. The restoration, then, of the Indian military establishment to its pristine strength and efficiency, should be the first care of the government in the present emergency; and we cannot better conclude this article than by adducing some pertinent and *practical* observations on this all-important point, which appeared in the *Naval and Military Gazette* in April last:—"It is therefore incumbent on Government to obviate such imminent danger in future, by keeping up in India an army adequate to the services required of it. Forced marches and overstrained exertions must have an end. The European force is 10,000 men *under* its required strength, and the native army fully 30,000 under its fitting establishment. We hold some of the principal stations in India at present by a most insecure tenure, the fear of a long-subdued people, but whose numbers could easily, under a daring leader, drive us into the sea. The fact may be stated thus:—Whole countries as large as Ireland are now left with 1000 Europeans to awe them. Look over the map, and take the stations of the European regiments in proof. On the west side alone, over all Guzerat, Kattiwar, and Cutch—in fact over a space larger than France—about 1400 Europeans are distributed, the major part of which force consists of the 2d foot at Deesa, while the rest of the European force consists of artillery details at various stations. Well as we feel disposed to think of the native troops, we cannot think them *alone* able to keep India. The Court of Directors must open their purse-strings, and augment their European and native armies by at least ten European and thirty native regiments, if they wish to keep, *without revolt and attempted rebellion*, their Eastern empire. It is, in our opinion, safer to trust it to the keeping of British bayonets, than *to what philosophers call opinion*."

THE WORLD'S HONESTY.

BEING A LETTER TO EUSEBIUS.

I TOOK your letter in my hand, Eusebius, and read it in my afternoon's walk, and soon found a comment upon your text, that "after all it is an honest world." You must have been in a fine humour of self-conceit, and talked, as most people in such case do, of the world and thought of yourself. An honest world! Did you ever calculate how much the dishonesty of it costs you? how much of your substance, and how much wearisome care and vexation those perpetual checks upon the Bank of Life, that make more wry faces for you than any drafts upon your pocket? The world is barefaced, scarcely affects honesty, excepting for advantage—and that an almost obsolete mode of dealing. Reading your letter, I found myself under the garden wall of a rich merchant, a neighbour, and there I heard the following short dialogue:—A man was at work upon the wall; another of the same condition passing, calls out to him—

"Still there, Tom!—when wilt thou make an end on't?"

"Why," said honest Thomas, "d'ye see, not just yet; we could have done it well in a day, but we've been here four days, and I think we must make it the week, for they've an uncommon good tap, and not sparing of it neither."

There now, Eusebius, was a pretty slap in the face to your admired honesty. Your letter, quoth I, shall go back to you with this comment, if the honest postman does not purloin it; but to ensure it's reaching you, I determined to put nothing in it but words. It was not an enviable train of thought that ensued. How much have I been robbed of during my life? Large amounts I gulped down, and got over pretty well; but the minor items brought all confusion of calculation, with multiplication of vexation, that I could bring to no sum, nor dismissal. And I know, Eusebius, you have not fared much better. Your little estate has been invaded, encroached upon—landmarks removed, and trees cut down. How many gaping wolves have thought you fair game! And when I consider your helplessness—*our* helplessness, let me say—it rather seems that we ought to give public thanks to the numerous rogues and rascals that have environed us, that they have left us any thing we can call our own. And the more circumscribed that is, the less circumference have we to defend. That is one comfort. It is in a degree the happiness of the beggar who has nothing to guard, and *cantat vacuus coram latrone.* Full of those thoughts, I wandered on till I reached a small shady retreat, a green spot, just admitting an entrance, encompassed with brier and leafage, that all bowed down to me, and over me, as if I were the lord and master, and they offered me obeisance and service. Here was contrast to the roguish turbulence of life; happy the man, thought I, who can so encompass himself, where nothing may tempt the enemy to find him out! But bitter experience brings the enemy home to us; and when there is no reality for him to touch, he invades us in dreams. I fell asleep, with this picture of secluded and quiet briery beauty in my mind's eye—asleep, I was still its tenant, or its master. There is a noise; the bushes are stirred. Ah, you thief! there is a wolf's head under the dark leafage directly in front: there is another to the right; and through the bushes to the left another monster! Ah, I see how it is! I dare say there is another behind, and they are going to make a simultaneous attack. I'm off: not quite so fast, one villain has hold of my foot; a kick in the jaw with the other has sent him howling. I jump up, they are all upon me. Thanks to a good cudgel, I lay well about me; two are prostrate, one sneaks off, and I strangle the fourth. This is pretty well for a snug retreat. What a heat I am in! There is not room to breathe in here, and the rascals may come too close to me. I must enlarge my domain. "Enlarge your domain, you fool, must you!" said a voice. Where did that come from? Never mind: here's an open-

ing, so away I scamper and reach a wider domain indeed; the woody circumference is enlarged, and here down I sit to recover my breathing: little breathing time is however given me. Whoop! whoop! there is howling all about me; every bush shakes; and underneath every individual bough, wherever I look, is a wolf's head, with his red tongue protruded, fringed with handsome furniture of teeth. Up I jump again, round goes the cudgel, on come the wolves, rampant, audacious villains! They are too many for me. This is what I get by enlarging my domain: it only brings more I see. Well, do thy best and lay about thee—and so I do, stoutly. Oh! there is a sad twinge! that rascal has snapped off my right leg! I'm down on one knee! I shall get it now, surely. Well, if I'm not killed outright! There goes my left arm! Now, not a leg have I to stand on—one arm and both legs gone! Whew! if I survive this, I may get my fortune by being exhibited at a fair, and pass for a *lusus naturæ*. Not much chance of that, though, for here they are thick upon me. Keep your distance, gentlemen, for, like Witherington, I fight upon my stumps. There goes my t'other arm! now then am I nothing but *truncus inutile lignum*—that's me and my cudgel. Wonderfully voracious these creatures! and good surgeons—they whip off joints as if they understood anatomy, I see: and do it so clean, that it's quite wonderful what little pain I feel. Snap, gulp, and a gobble. Hang me if they hav'n't whipped off half my body. I'm heart-whole, however, and that is all I can say for myself: and see, the monsters are making off fast! It is astonishing that a human being should live, so mutilated as I am. Look here, I've only—no I hav'n't that—I'm nothing but head, neck, and bit of the brisket. Well may they say, "Oh! what a piece of work is man"—and but a piece—one of shreds and patches would be a beauty to me. Stop if you please there—give me back my bread-basket. Not a bit of it—he's off: then do be so good as to come back and take my head, and then you'll have the whole of me between you." "Not this time," said a wolf, wonderful to relate, majestically rearing on his hind-legs, and lifting himself up, while down flew his black robes, and his band and wig metamorphosed him instanter into an eminent barrister. "Your head!" said he, "that cannot be worth having, for if it had held any brains, you wouldn't have let us divide your body between us—you are welcome to your head—make the most of it." Make the most of it! and why not, quoth I? more brains in it than you think for, limb of the law; if I'm nobody, still I'll make head against you—oh! oh! you're off, are you?—then I'll just look sharp for an amanuensis, and dictate this combat with you wolves, and send it to Maga—and let's see what will come of that! for

"When land and money's gone and spent,
Then learning is most excellent."

The wish to be doing made me soon sprout out a pair of arms, with hands to them, and resolution at my fingers' ends; not so very hard to maintain one's-self after all—how I do write away! and I sha'n't have an empty stomach to fill—that's gone at any rate. Gone! why here it is, and, as I live, a portly belly too! I fill apace—and here are my legs and feet. Richard's himself again!—so up I am in a twinkling—just shake myself to see or feel that all's tight and well-fastened together; and that shake does the business, and I find myself with my back against a stone in the shady little spot I first entered, and your letter, Eusebius, in my hand. Have you not heard of an executioner so expert, that after long flourishing about his sword, when the culprit requested he would put him out of his misery, he replied, "Out of your misery! shake your shoulders;" he did so, and off fell his head; but the shake of the shoulders did more for me, it gave me life, body, and bones, whereas the other—

"Pover uomo,
Andava combattendo ed era morto."

Now, is there not the pith and marrow of truth in this dream? There are wolves about every property. Who enlarges his domain, makes to himself a larger circumference to defend, greater temptation to thieves, a more expanded field for iniquity to work in, and upon. Multiplied means often prove multiplied vexations. Establish "a raw" upon vitality. Poverty may have to keep its "wolf from

the door," but property has to keep more from its many boundaries; and the guards it sets up, themselves let in the thieves, join in the plunder, or take the whole to themselves, more boldly, justifying the satirist—

> "Quis custodiet ipsos
> Custodes?"——

It is an old saying, "what the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve at." If the man of much substance, as he lays his head upon his pillow, could, instead of an easy sleep, be made to witness, as in a magic mirror, the great and little depredations committed against him, with distinct portraits of the perpetrators, and that, repeated only for one week, as he lies helpless, at the end of it he would first think himself incapable of managing his affairs, and very soon be thought so by others. And am I selfish, that I can sit calmly, and see and hear the boasting of the depredations committed upon my neighbours? What magic is there in the mere *meum* and *tuum!* My rich friend gives me the benefit of the better part of his wealth; I enjoy his grounds, his gardens, with more leisure than the business of his estate allows him; I enjoy them freely, with an eye to see all beauty, not the scrutinizing one of a master that looks for what is wrong; I pay nothing for the pleasure, and am not responsible for any thing; if there be bad taste in the opinions of others in any part, it moves not my pride, no comparison stirs my jealousy. If I see any thing amiss, any negligence in his servants, it is astonishing with what indifference I notice it, and turn to other scenes where there is nothing to offend. But he, the master, would feel vexation, anger, and, if in company, the secret fretting would be worse. He pays for all, both ways, in purse and feeling. These magic words, *meum* and *tuum*, make such a wonderful difference. Now, which of the two is the better off? the owner who but half enjoys, or you or I who enjoy wholly? It only requires a little philosophy to resolve into their true essences the *meum* and *tuum*, and we may in thanks take off our hats to the great, who, to gratify our eyes, walk by us in their paraphernalia—making the world to us a cheap theatre, where we may hiss or applaud as pleases our humours. But the selfishness of all this, if so much be owed to our friend's bountifulness, why not grieve for him? why only enjoy? It is because in every case of robbery, plunder, negligence, or ill-management, we are not sensible of any personality. There is no touch upon our own pride—no personal offence—we are not mocked, cheated, derided. So that, in some sort, every man puts himself in comparison with others, and advantage over us is hard to bear. How strange it seems to us, of moderate means and views, to see fine places and establishments kept up, which the owners do not visit a week in the year—the expense great, and the management such as it may be. With our own knowledge of our own little affairs, we calculate the goings wrong, the demands of every kind upon the owner, absent or present, the weight of the pride and responsibility attached to all this; and we ask, for what and for whom is it endured? Is the establishment for the man, or the man for the establishment? He was not an unwise, though perhaps a whimsical man, who, wearied of the little knaveries of his household, let himself out to his servants. They were to provide every thing for him and his guests, pay all charges, taxes, and all at a given sum; and he slept quite indifferent whether it was high or low life below stairs.

I am making too wide a range, thus rambling over other people's estates like a poacher—a poacher! there, too, is a pretty source of discomfort! Imagine packs of them—wolves again! The owner all ears, the only sympathy of similitude between him and the hares he would preserve. The gang are well known, but law is not a sure catch, while the poacher is; so he lives to vex the very heart out of the fretful owner of many pleasures—the cheating, pilfering scoundrels! One of these was (to get at him) surcharged for the keeping of sundry dogs. I was present when the magistrates questioned him. He and his dogs had the impudence to come into the room together. He would swear to any thing, so they could make nothing of him that way. "Whose dogs be they?" said he to a question. "How should I know, bless your honour; the poor things follow me as natural like as if they were one's children. They ben't

mine—down there!" A butcher-looking rascal put his paw on him, and stared him in the face, as if he should say, "What! disown me!—well, if that ain't too bad!" No, they could not fasten the ownership of one upon him, and he left the room with *his* dogs at his heels, doubtless determining that his honour's preserves should that night pay for his time, and he thought it an honest charge against justice. Why am I dwelling upon mere outskirts of petty knavery, adjoining, or close upon, to the debateable land of honesty? When knaveries, rogueries, villanies of infinitely greater frequency and damage rise up and meet one in every nook, corner, and alley of this sinful world, making us blush for the name of civilization we arrogate to ourselves, adepts in chicanery and profligacy boast of the advancement of the age. And advancing it is, and, it might be added, in the road to the gallows, if the word with the thing were not becoming obsolete. Impunity breeds villany at a fearful rate. Schools there are, and perhaps universities, where it offers degrees. Dickens' Fagan is scarcely an imaginary character, and most probably falls short of reality.

"Is he so young and yet so old a lifter?"
SHAKSPEARE.

may no longer be quoted with surprise. Villany, pilfering, cheating villany, more than divides the interest of the world with politics. The newspapers, for the amusement of the civilized, give you nearly as much of one as of the other. They progress *pari passu*, and, alas! sometimes intermingle; trick, jugglery, and lying, it is hard to say to which item of interest they principally belong. The Press has been called the Fourth Estate. Then roguery is the fifth—nay, it is more, for it has a considerable share of partnership with some of the others; and so barefaced lying and thimble-riggery assume high privilege. If civilization be the prevalence of moral virtues, we are openly retrograding, becoming barbarians. The test of a man is not his honesty, but his cleverness. Honesty now shivers, without being even praised. It is no longer "*laudatur et alget.*" Why don't we go one step further, (the public foot is half lifted for the purpose,) and imitate the Azoreans, who, we find in a recent traveller's account, are politeness itself to thieves? "The prisoners who gaze and gossip through the bars of a prison, bend as respectfully, and are capp'd in return, with precisely the same deference as they would be if they walked the streets. Imprisonment is neither disgrace nor humiliation to them—there is no diminution in the every-day round of salutation; but the hat-worship, as George Fox called it, is observed with unaltered gravity, and the world is quite as much their friend, and as full of smooth pretence, as when they lived on the honest side of the gates." Yet, Eusebius, thieves may have some advantage here over the Azoreans; they do not easily get into prison, and when in are very easily let out; and for a man who is tired of life to get hanged, requires far greater interest than to get him a comfortable place under government, which might render it no longer necessary to his wishes to court the gallows. Thieves and rogues are of all persons those mostly pitied; the robbed are not spared either by thieves or law. Law, Eusebius—frightful monster!—lives by perpetual suction; a little monosyllable, with a long bill. The injustice perpetrated by law exceeds calculation and belief. We prate of reforming grievances—the greatest grievance is law; and lawyers, cunning fellows, all gaping open-mouth'd, like a nest of ill-fledged birds, importunating power for special commissions.

"The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions."
SHAKSPEARE.

Lawyers they are upon the country like fleas upon a dog's back, innumerable, busy, and troublesome, and like a dog they use it. How much of every man's substance, that has had much to do with the world's business, has not gone into the hands of lawyers? At births, deaths, and marriages, there they are—would they were a little cheaper! You settle some paltry matter with your neighbour, and each pays his lawyer more than the fee-simple of a little estate; the *trifle* would ruin a poor man who had saved up a hundred or so. What a frightful case was that of the gold dust robbery, where the great cormorant law was law and maw too, and licked up dust and all, clean. It really is a most frightful state of things at the best. With no very great experience of law—yet not

unbitten at toes and fingers, and somewhat to the quick—I entertain a horror of all pertaining to it as well as yourself, Eusebius, who used to say the only virtuous act of Punch was his hanging the judge. It makes one uncomfortable to read the trials in the different courts—and in fancy go over the costs: the adjournments, too, because the clock strikes—and all to be done again, till fees, fees, fees, nothing but fees, become the all-important matter.

"The suit begins with plaintiff and defendant,
But both are *plaintiffs* long before the end on't."

And how is it all connected with law get such rascally looks?—is it real, or our dislike paints them so? Somebody has remarked that we never see in the "*Hue and Cry*" a rogue advertised as handsome. Is it then that the courts are crowded with rogues, or that we think them so? What a frightful picture Mr Dickens has given of the Fleet Prison, and the poor cobbler who was ruined by having an estate left him. All true, true, true, but true only as far as it goes; truth goes beyond even that. Why must justice always come with sheriff and assize, and muffled up like an old woman—why not come periodically like an Hercules to the Augean stables? Oh! "Quirk, Gammon, and Snap," are you not detestable? Your names and your doings are a deserved satire—personifications of the *triformis* Diana, justice. For what is law but justice's left hand—and justice's right, what of that? It is clenched with the fee, fully equal in weight to the decision held in the other: and so justice is complimented with being called "even-handed." The world now seems to take a particular interest in thievery, and every kind of cheating. Nothing goes down so well with the public taste as the brutal doings of the worst of mankind; the most detestable holes of villany are visited and minutely described, for the purpose of painting mankind to the life; sickening and disgusting as the scenes are, the taste that permits it is more so, and is indicative of a very unhealthy state of morality and manners. Some writers of great power most unnaturally fasten upon the vilest character one commanding virtue, to render punishment and the gallows particularly odious. All greatness but among rogues is treated in burlesque—we are in no other quarter to look for heroes. Hence vice assumes unblushing effrontery. We are going fast the "Rogue's March." We are Spartanizing—encouraging wickedness, so it be done adroitly. The consequence is that peculiar air and swagger which rogues assume at the offices of police; as if the rascals were conscious of the *éclat* and flourish with which they come off in general opinion. A thief is not ashamed to tell you in confidence whose property he has pilfered, whose house he has broken into, and how he has effected it; perhaps not without some hope that you are an author, and will celebrate him. A friend of mine not long ago was robbed at his lodgings in town—his portmanteau, money, and clothes taken away. One of the thieves was discovered. As there was no possibility of a successful denial of the matter, the fellow assumed an air of familiarity and indifference, offered his services in the manner of one who was conferring a kindness, to procure any items particularly valued; told, with a professional gusto, how they had proceeded: cut his gibes upon some letters found and read—and finally betrayed one of his companions—accompanied my friend to the house where he was to be found, or rather directed my friend and the officer to come in after him, and take the man he should be sitting with. They did so; and when the officer took him, the rascal most artfully remonstrated with the officer. It must be a mistake—he would be answerable for his honest friend to any amount; and when, finally, the thief was conveyed away, he pretended to shed tears, and said, most pathetically, "My dear Jem, can I do any thing for you?" If there were as much zeal in hunting out these professional haunts, for the purpose of putting down the disgraceful nuisances, as there is in cooking up these dishes of villany for the public taste, vice would not get a-head as it does. What must other countries think of us, especially the more moral, when let into the secret of our iniquities through our fashionable literature? The boasted morality and high principle of this nation are oozing out of fingers that hold the pen of the ready

writer; whilst other publications, daily, weekly, and monthly, innoculate contagious and virulent poison. And, what is worse, the men who do these things, who ought to be whipped at the cart's tail, come forth as candidates for public honour and station—and obtain it. And so you, Eusebius, in your fit of philanthropy, cry out, "It is an honest world, after all!" just because you happen not to be galled at the moment by the consideration of any iniquity; and reposing in your own pure conscience, think benevolently your peace is the result of others' virtues. Would you have shown the same benignity had you received the following letter, which reached me not long since? You know I have some little house property at ———. The letter is from an agent:—

"Sir,—I am sorry to inform you that last night some thieves broke into your house, No. 4, —— Street, now vacant, and stole the lead entirely off the roof. They have evidently been loosening the hinges from the doors, and wrenching the casements, but were disturbed. It is expected they will, either this night or very shortly, return to complete their work, and make off with the doors and windows.—I am, Sir, your dutiful servant, to command,

"Mathew Watchem."

Now, this happens to be rather a large house, and I cannot help going back a few years to tell you what it cost me to stop up mouse-holes in it. A carpenter had owed me a long arrear of rent, amounting to about L.90. I had let this house, and the tenant asking me to send a carpenter to stop mouse-holes, and do a few such items, I foolishly sent this debtor of mine—this honest carpenter. He did the job, and *did* me too; for, a few months after, he brought me in a bill of L.93, making me L.3 in his debt. Make this a rule, then—never employ a debtor, that he may have a set-off against you. You put too much temptation in his way. You remember reading Accum's book, "Death in the Pot." Doubtless the man told truth, and what an account it gives you of adulterations. Nothing you eat, drink, or handle, is what it appears to be. What should be food are

"Deleterious medicines,
That men have taken, and are dead since."

The common cry of "every thing cheap," makes tradesmen cheats. It is no longer fair profit, without envy, but "beggar my neighbour." One cannot rise but by pressing another down, consequently every thing is adulterated, to sell cheap. They have acquired the art of deceiving the eye. The country people have learned it from the townsfolk. It is not long ago one told me he followed the officer, whose business it is to try the weights, into the market; he saw a woman cleanly slip half-a-crown into her butter;—so what does he do but buy that pound of the reluctant seller; many a time did she shift it from place to place, and try to substitute another, but to no purpose. Butter reminds me of an anecdote told me by Lawyer P., who farmed some thirty acres of land: He one day asked his hind, "Well, John, what did you get for butter to-day?" To which John replied, in his usual business style: "Why, sir, I did sell it in the market for a shilling, but I did *spare* it to customers at eighteenpence!!" My neighbour, the vicar of ——, told me, that when he came to the living first, he found whatever he bought was at a higher price than his neighbours gave. He remonstrated, when a farmer's wife said, without hesitation, "Oh dear! yes, sir, we always makes a point of charging the parson a trifle higher."

These, however, are minor matters, rather amusing than very grievous; but when the principle is applied in trades of higher grade, the amount becomes serious. And what think you of the practice—the notorious practice—of feeing servants for the custom of their masters, and often of charging items in the bill not had, to make up the servants' bribery? Of all the traps for cheating, there is none so good as building—repairing, as I have shown you, is bad enough; but let a builder once get you into brick and mortar, and you are done for. If he succeed in building you a house, and it does not tumble down again, and you contrive to pay for it, it is ten to one if you can endure the sight of it for vexation; few live in houses of their own building—some pull them down to the ground again, and sell the materials. An architect, who be-

came a bankrupt, and was rather a humourist, gave an account in my hearing once, though he was a stranger to me, of his ruining a parish by building them a church. He told it with much humour, as a capital stroke upon the bumpkins. First, how he took down the old one, then they were at his mercy; then how he spent all their money, and the church was not half up; then the stormy vestry meetings, one after the other, as they frequently met for new assessments; till at last he would not attend them, but sat on a stile, waiting till all was over; then how men, women, and children pelted him out of the parish, —to which he never returned, and knew not if they had ever finished his *job*. But should you lose your senses, and take to building, beware how you dispute an account. "I am doubting," said a lady to an architect, "whether I shall do this by contract or not." "Why, ma'am," says the man, smiling, "it makes not the slightest difference to me; I can *cheat* you either way." If there never was an Act of Parliament through which you might not drive a coach and horses; be sure there never was a contract better than lath and plaster; for either it was lath and plaster in work, or as easily pulled to pieces, and made nothing of. Disputes only make the matter worse. Mr Loudon, who ought to know these matters, thus exposes the impositions to which gentlemen are subject when they come to *settle* their builder's account: "In these cases, the usual method of proceeding is for each party to call a surveyor, and the two surveyors meet to make out an account of the work done. We will suppose the account they have to settle is a plumber's bill. The first article is 18 cwt. of milled lead. The plumber's surveyor requires 25s. per cwt.; the surveyor for the opposite party remonstrates, and points out to him that the prime cost was 15s. The other replies, that 25s. is the customary price, and that he cannot take less. To convince his opponent, he opens an old measuring book, and shows that 25s. has been charged in an account that he settled on behalf of Mr Getall with Mr Easy, the surveyor, some years before; and he again repeats, that it is the custom to charge 25s., and that he cannot deviate from it. In the same way he charges 1s. per foot for pipe which only cost 4d., and 1s. per lb. for solder that only cost 5d., and so he goes on in the same ratio with all other articles in the bill. After charging so extortionately for the time and materials for making a joint to a pipe, he has the conscience to ask, in addition, 2s. 6d. for that joint, though he cannot tell why he does so, except that it is the custom. What can the poor client do? He finds no redress is to be obtained from the surveyors, and goes to law. We shall see what is the consequence. Plaintiff A, and Defendant B, are at issue upon an account for works executed. The witnesses of A state, that the work is done in a very superior manner. One witness swears that the work is fairly worth L.1544; and another witness, to support him, swears the fair value is L.1630. Then come the defendant's witnesses, who state that the work is very badly executed, and done in a very improper manner. One of them asserts that the outside value of the plaintiff's work is L.930. Now, what are the judge and jury, who know no more about a building account than a boy of seven years old, to do in such a case? They are surprised and astonished that respectable men can be so very wide in their value; and what is the result? Why, they take the several amounts as given in evidence, add them together, and divide the amount by the number of witnesses; accordingly, the result in the above case would be, that a verdict would be given for L.1257!!!" This is a sketch from nature, evidently, and no very good nature. Yet the witnesses were on oath. Are all trades so infected? Such accounts make one very suspicious. Let us avert the idea for a few moments by going a little further off. I was told the other day, that in America, the United States—I will not be more particular—that is far enough away, at any rate, for us to recover a little confidence at home. Well, in some part of the United States, a certain district was so visited by wild geese, that a man had a cartful of them in no time; and as there every man thinks of making money, off he goes with them in his cart to the nearest town, counting how many dollars he should get; but when he arrived, he found the town so well supplied, that

his article would not sell. In vain he came down in price: no, not at any price could he sell them. What was he to do with them? He couldn't, and wouldn't, take them back, so he offered to *give* them away. Not a soul would accept one; and he was told, with a hint that was not too civil, that he must be off with them, and not leave them there to infect the town. This puzzled him. On reflection, however, he thought he knew the propensity of the townsmen; so he promised to be off after he had taken a little rest—so he gets under his cart, and feigns sleep. Then those who would not accept them as a gift, could not resist the opportunity of stealing them—so he returned home with his cart empty. And let us now return home to our peaceful village, out of this far-off dishonest world. And here, Eusebius, a message is just brought me of depredations of a singular nature. Mason Mild's donkey has again broken into our orchard and flower-garden. Broken in, did I say?—no, he unfastens the gate; many ways have we fastened it, and to no purpose. Our roses have suffered. The luxurious rascal, washing his face in rose-water, for such the sweet dew has manufactured for him. Now this Mason Mild keeps a cow and a donkey, and has not a perch of land, and he has taught them both to unfasten gates, and turns them loose at nights; the donkey always comes to me, and the cow goes invariably to our neighbour. Half the industry required to teach these creatures their—his, I should say—art, would have enabled the man to get an honest livelihood. I saw a superintendent of some works pay a lot of labourers—they were all in a row—when he came to the bottom, there stood an Irishman with his hand out; the superintendent looked in his face, and said, "Why, I paid you the first." "Sure and I didn't ax you," said the man, and walked off, not at all doubting his own honesty. There are timid rogues who will not trust their consciences with words. A man who cheated me out of £12 the other day, upon my telling him he was bound in honour to pay me, and that it was dishonest he did not, replied—no, it was not dishonest, it was only dishonourable. What are we to do with such fellows as that, Eusebius? I know what you would do, even though the compliment on the world's honesty had but just passed your lips; but I must not cut your capers; excuse me. I am, however, having my revenge upon you, for this letter will make you uncomfortable for a week; you will be weighing all the sundry articles that go from the general shop, not those that go to your own house, but you will take your weights and scales to the poorer cottages, and see whether they have been cheated in their bread, and their snuff, and their tea, if such an article as the last is really sold: but China is a great way off, and we are at war just now, and some cunningly dried and curled up leaves may easily take you in. And such "general shops" have a wonderful power of legerdemain; many go in ash leaves and come out bohea. Will your honest huckster confess it, as the clerk did in his pride of either master—for he was clerk to a dissenting chapel above, and to a wine merchant's vaults below—and in his mysterious consequence he was heard to declare, that he didn't know whether it was owing to one master's preaching, but, to his knowledge, a great deal went in cider into t'other master's vaults and came out wine. Now, do you not fear, my amiable friend, that Foote's satire was not too strong—"Have you sanded the sugar?" "Yes, sir." "Have you watered the tobacco?" "Yes, sir." "Then come to prayers." And now go, and dream away these stern realities in fantastic visions, your delights waking and sleeping, alike dreaming; converse in your elysium with Shakspeare and Æschylus, and take old Montaigne by the sleeve for a freer humour of speculative leisure. Make your own world, and live in it; for if you call this an honest one, and publish your opinion, you are not very fit for it, and of a truth you'll have but a poor chance of living comfortably in it. Yet as long as you do, you have my best wishes.—*Vive valeque!*

THE FRENCH IN ALGERIA.

It is somewhat surprising, that after eleven years' possession of Algiers by Europeans, and after so long an intercourse—more or less precarious, it is true—with the inhabitants of Northern Africa, so little accurate information should have been hitherto laid before the public concerning the social condition and internal government of the various tribes which people ancient Barbary. We have had numerous descriptions of the town of Algiers, and of some other French settlements on the coast; and from the Paris journals the press throughout Europe has continually borrowed statements of the progress of the French arms. One of our own most estimable writers and agreeable poets has given us a series of amusing letters from the former capital of the Dey; and a military author, Sir Granville Temple, has made us acquainted with some of the more notable features, picturesque and archæological, of the coast. But of the interior of Algeria—of the history and manners of the Kabyles, the Berbers, the Arabs—of the life and actions of that very remarkable man whose instinctive talents, aided by his undaunted courage, has enabled him to keep the forces of France in check for so many years; of all this we have little or no published information upon which we can rely. It is a wonder that, in this book-making age, no unemployed "gentleman about town" has ever thought of paying a visit to the Emir, and of giving to his friends at home one or more volumes on the "Court and Camp of Abd-el-Kader:" and yet the enterprize would not have been more difficult than a visit to the Carlist lines during the late contest in the Basque provinces; nor would the result of such a journey have been a whit less dramatic, or less readable, than a narrative of the comparatively milk-and-water campaigning in which Spanish Dons of the 19th century have shown themselves fond of indulging. We have more than once been tempted to go thither ourselves—(think of that, gentle reader!)—to leave Arthur's Seat for the cloud-capped Atlas, and to compare the silvery beauties of the Forth with the parching expanse of the boundless Sahara: nay more, if we were much provoked thereto, we are capable of periling our person to that extent even now: but *en attendant*, while Abd-el-Kader is just closing his spring campaign without any dishonour to himself, though he has had two or three towns burnt, and while we have before us some publications from the French capital, which partly supply the want we have complained of, we bottle up our exploratory and martial ardour for another occasion, and resume the more peaceful and prosaic occupation of crabbed critics. (It appears that the journey of Shaw, in 1727, to the interior of Algeria is still the best account we have of the valleys and plains of the lesser and greater Atlas, though more than a century has elapsed since that observant traveller recorded his remarks: for Tripoli, Tunis, Cyrene, &c., we have tolerably good narratives, as far as they go, in Beechey and Müller; while, for Morocco and the north-western coast, the entertaining and lively narrative of Ali Bey, (General Rabia,) has attracted our attention in days of boyhood, and does so still. M. D'Avezac, who is one of the most learned and most extensively read geographers of the present day, and who has made Africa his special study for many years, assures us, in his *Sketch of Africa*, that we have no other works on which much reliance can be placed, and with us he laments the absence of more detailed and more recent information. With regard to

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Abd-el-Kader and his Capital. By M. D'Avezac. 1 vol. 8vo. Paris, 1840.

Report on Algeria, read to the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. By M. Blanqui, sen. Paris, 1839.

General Sketch of Africa. By M. D'Avezac. 1 vol. 8vo. Paris, 1837.

one particular branch of the subject, he has endeavoured to collect facts himself, and in his account of "Abd-el-Kader and his Capital," though too short, has brought forward much curious matter concerning the Emir and his dominions. We shall have occasion to quote from him by-and-by, and shall avail ourselves of his researches, after making due allowance for his national feeling as an enemy of the chief to whom his little work relates.

The history of the conquest of Algiers will have more attention paid to it in future times than it has as yet obtained: for that event, however trifling the immediate pretext of it was, will bring about either the formation of a new and independent European power in Africa, or will end in the driving out of the present invaders, and will thus act in a mortal manner on the existence and prosperity of the French nation. Far from proving an easy conquest or a peaceable possession, the attempt to keep Algeria under her dominion, has caused France an immense expenditure of blood and treasure, without as yet producing any but the most insignificant results in a politico-economical sense; and it still forces her to a perpetual exertion of military strength, favourable neither to her own domestic tranquillity nor her public honour. It is not our intention to revert to the circumstances attendant on the overthrow of the Dey, but rather to point out some remarkable features of the present state of things in Algeria, and to show the influence they are producing, or may produce, on France, and Europe in general.

There is a great deal of acute observation to be met with in the Report of Professor Blanqui on Algiers and Constantina, read by him to the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences at Paris, in the summer of 1839. The professor is well known in the French literary and scientific world, as a writer on subjects of political economy, as an industrious collector of facts, and as a shrewd commentator on what he observes. He was sent out to Algeria, in the spring of the year just mentioned, by the academy of which he is a member, in order to examine into the social condition of the French colonists, and to ascertain what was the cause why, with such an extent of country as the French then possessed, and in such a state of security as the treaty of the Tafna was supposed to have gained for them, the affairs of the colony (as it was prematurely called) went on so badly; and why it was that, so far from yielding any return for the vast sums of money it annually cost, the deficit occasioned by the item of "Algiers," in the budget of the minister of war, was perpetually on the increase. M. Blanqui accordingly proceeded to Algiers, and afterwards to Constantina; but he did not visit Oran nor the western part of the French possessions; he made only a very brief stay in Africa, having possibly the same unaccountable dislike, with all his countrymen, to quit Paris and La Belle France, and, after a few weeks, came home again to report progress. He drew up a series of five elaborate papers, in which the number of facts adduced was certainly large compared with the short time in which he had to collect them, if, indeed, he did collect them all on the spot; and, arranging these facts with no small talent and impartiality, he read to the academy a startling, heavy, unexpected *exposé* of the numerous faults committed on the other side of the Mediterranean, not so much by the military authorities and the troops, as by the civil and judicial authorities, and still more by the middle and lower classes of residents. He condemned loudly the faulty administration of the laws relating to property; the indiscreet manner in which the natives were dealt with; and the profligate way in which the outcasts coming from all countries bordering on the Mediterranean, and huddled together in Algiers as a common asylum, usually conducted themselves. This report had been preceded by a most scandalous trial, in which the conduct of General Bugeaud, now governor-general of Algeria, was not less stigmatized than that of Major-general the Marquis de Brossard, who was prosecuted for military mal-practices. That trial had exposed to the public an organized system of bribery and corruption on the part of the highest authorities in Algeria, at which, even a French public blushed; and, joined to the disclosures of M. Blanqui, produced a disheartening effect, as in-

deed was inevitable, on the minds of most of the deputies then assembled in their annual session. While, however, the professor was in the course of his readings before the academy, the expedition of Marshal Valée and the Duke of Orleans from Constantina to Algiers by the Iron Gates, the formidable pass of the Biban, took place, and was instantly followed by the general irruption of the Arabs, and the proclamation of a holy war. Since then, no further colonial progress has been made in the French possessions. The French have seized on several towns along the coast and in the interior, retaining some and burning others; but they have practically lost all their agricultural territory in the provinces of Algiers and Oran, and the war has since kept them pent up within their walls with little or no intermission. There is, therefore, little or no published information on the internal organization of the French possessions subsequent to this report; and we recommend whoever is interested in the study of colonial administration, to refer to it in the columns of the *Moniteur* for 1839.

It appears that the attempts to cultivate the territory round Algiers, when allowed by the Arabs to go on uninterruptedly, have been injudiciously directed; little or no attention has been paid to the practice of the inhabitants; the geographical conditions of the district were not carefully studied, and the most disastrous failures of the best intended schemes ensued. Algiers is situated on the northern slope of some high ground much broken up by deep ravines, of considerable fertility and great picturesque beauty. This is called the Sahel, and at a remote geological epoch may have formed an island, or else a peninsula, a good many leagues in advance of the lowest chain of the lesser Atlas. Behind the Sahel stretches in a semicircular form, from the town of Koleah on the west to the mouth of the river Haradj on the east, near Cape Matifou, a wide plain, level in most parts, and in others gently undulated, at only a small elevation above the level of the sea, and covered with the most varied and luxuriant vegetation. This is called the Metidja, and immediately behind it in every direction rise the barren flanks of the Lesser Atlas, cutting off the line of vegetation, which is only renewed on the banks of rivers flowing far inland, and constituting that formidable mountain barrier, which has checked the progress, for a shorter or a longer period, of all nations aspiring to the conquest of northern Africa. The Metidja has never been drained, and it is covered with stagnant pools, marshes, and small sluggish streams, which, under the influence of an African sun, produce a vegetation such as is found in an Indian jungle, with all the attendant scourges of the most malignant fevers and pestilential diseases. It was into the Metidja, as M. Blanqui informs us, that the French settlers threw themselves, with the most thoughtless impatience, the moment they obtained leave from government, and in that deadly region carried on an uncertain struggle with the climate and the inhabitants. The few Arabs who were settled on it, never renounced their right of possession, but, on the contrary, kept up a continual system of predatory warfare, in which they were almost always successful. The French agriculturists were confined to the walls of their farms, and with difficulty collected the produce of their land; troops could not be spared in sufficient numbers to protect them, nor could the government risk the lives of their men in such an unhealthy service. The crops, too, were badly chosen,—cotton, pepper, and other tropical plants were tried, but failed; and with the exception of the cattle, sheep, and game, which the swampy plain nourished in abundance, little return had been obtained by the owners of property in the Metidja, when the Arabs came to put an end to their possession, by burning and destroying every thing within their reach. The Sahel has been more profitably occupied and cultivated; the system of the Turkish owner has been more closely adhered to, and it still retains the villas and country seats which the wealthier inhabitants of Algiers have always had in it.

The town of Algiers, since the driving out of the Turks, had been daily assuming a more and more European appearance. The wealthier and older Moorish families, or at least the heads of them, had emigrated,—some to the interior to join the hostile tribes, others to Tunis and Tripoli, and some to the Levant. The Jews had come

to be the most influential of the native inhabitants, and their habits reconciling them to the change of masters, they soon formed, with the French, Maltese, Italian, and Spanish traders and adventurers, who flocked thither, an industrious but highly immoral population. M. Blanqui states, that the system of petty dealing and underhand nefarious practices carried on in Algiers itself, is beyond all belief; he stigmatizes it as an immense wine-shop. In 1833, the consumption of French wine in Algiers was, he informs us, valued at 1,200,000 francs; in 1836, at 3,000,000 francs; in 1837, at nearly 4,000,000 francs; in 1838, at 5,320,000 francs; and for 1839, was estimated at more than 6,500,000 francs. "The population of Algiers," M. Blanqui adds, "has only *doubled* since 1833, but the consumption of wine has been *quintupled!*" The conduct of the French settlers and the other inhabitants in the social relations of the sexes, appears to have been profligate in the extreme, the polygamous arrangements of the Oriental Harem being universally adopted, while the mysterious secrecy of that system degenerated into a system of open and unlimited concubinage. The consequence of all this has been, that, what with the thoughtless habits of the soldiery, the unprincipled conduct of the Levantine adventurers, the rapaciousness of the Jews, and the careless *laissez faire* of the French inhabitants,* Algiers has for some years past become a sink of infamy. This, added to the galling recollections of the conquest, has not tended to conciliate the stern fanaticism of Abd-el-Kader and his Arab followers. The local trade of Algiers, as being the seat of government, and the principal port of the coast, has always been flourishing, and has much increased since the French occupation. In 1838, as we learn from M. Blanqui, the exports of wax amounted to 122,715 francs; whereas the first six months of 1839 gave an increase of 100,000 francs in that article alone. In 1838, leather was exported for 746,000 francs; but during the first half of 1839, this article was increased to 1,396,427 francs. The trade in wool had become *eight* times as great as the year before; and during 1839, (the first half year,) the exports of leeches amounted to more than 3,000,000 of francs. This was all previous to the breaking out of the Arab war, which has, of course, diminished the trade very considerably, and in some cases reduced it to nothing. Rents in the town had risen enormously up to 1839, and we believe, are still higher now than then:—M. Blanqui states, that a restaurateur, on a first-floor, paid 9000 francs a-year for his *locale*; and that a common dirty tobacco-shop was rented at 2500 francs, or just £100 a-year.† The general aspect of the town is one of extreme bustle and activity, more so than any place south of Naples; and the unusually picturesque appearance of the town and its inhabitants, half European half Moorish, is well known to produce a striking effect on the visiter.

Oran on the west, and Bona on the east, though possessed of great capabilities for commerce, and their surrounding districts for agriculture, have never had these capabilities developed. The former place has lost its importance since it has been in the hands of its present masters; and the latter, which was rising into importance as the chief port for the trade of Constantina and the province, has been checked in its growth by the revival of Stora and the ancient Rusicada. Bugia, La Calle, and Schersch, still remain embryo settlements; and at the present day, as in former times, Algiers is the heart and centre of the whole. The western province of Oran is more generally fertile than that of Algiers; the mountains are not so high, the plains less pestiferous, the rivers more considerable, and communications with the interior more easy. Near Maskarah, too, extends a long series of well-cultivated valleys, especially along the river Mina; and the district of the Greris is famous, throughout that part of Africa, as a general store-house and a perpetual market. The French have obtained no footing here; the detached

* The French inhabitants of Algiers, of all classes, properly so called, do not amount to more than a third of the total number, about 30,000; the Maltese, and other British subjects, found there, are between 6000 and 7000.

† Algeria is said to be capable, if properly cultivated, of supplying tobacco, which grows there with extraordinary luxuriance, for the half of Europe.

camps have some cultivated spots under the range of their guns, but the yatagan of the Arab has successfully defended the rest; so that the French invader is still as great a stranger as on the first day of his landing. The province of Constantina, less fertile perhaps than that of Oran, is more so than that of Algiers, (the Metidja excepted;) but from various circumstances, and principally from its having been better administered, is more entirely in the possession of the French than either of the other two. Abd-el-Kader's authority is only partially recognized there by some of the less considerable tribes, and he has never made it the theatre of his operations. The native chiefs have been treated with tolerable equity and mildness by the military governors of Constantina; all civil adventurers have been carefully kept out; the immorality of Algiers has not been propagated there, and the consequence is, that nearly all the tribes have made their submission, agreeing to accept French protection for the payment of a moderate tribute. The French have a much more sure footing in the eastern than in the western portion of their African possessions.

Soon after the new conquest, Algeria became tolerably tranquil, and when the ferment of trumpery patriotism began to subside in France after the Revolution of 1830, the French rushed into Algiers as to an El Dorado, and the so-called colonists did their best to dispossess the former owners of the soil by fair means or by foul. The clumsy machinery of French law was transported into a climate where it could never become thoroughly naturalized; and the thirteen or fourteen codes, of which the French boast as masterpieces of legislation, were soon brought into force, nominally, if not in reality, throughout the subjugated districts. Swarms of lawyers and pettifoggers went over there, and a *soi-disant* perfect system of French society was set agoing as best it might. There is not much difficulty in comprehending what a sudden shock this must have given to the feelings and prejudices of the inhabitants, nor what an additional element of hostility it must have at all times proved. Mussulmans are generally much attached to the associations of place, and with difficulty are made to leave the homes of their childhood; but to be turned out by a crew of *mauvais sujets* from all parts of the Mediterranean,—by men who, a few years before, would never have dared to venture their necks within a day's sail of the mole of Algiers, must have been the crowning point of their misfortunes. The new authorities of Algiers took all opportunities of pronouncing confiscations of the property of natives, and of appropriating it to themselves, or distributing it among the favoured adventurers, civil or military, who were influentially recommended. In one case, that of the town of Blidah, on the southern side of the Metidja, the inhabitants having retired in considerable numbers on the approach of the French, all their property in houses and lands was declared confiscated, and a sale of them took place at Algiers. This town, the population of which had once been 15,000, and which was one of the most flourishing in the regency, suffered much by a shock of earthquake; and, soon after the French occupation, became reduced to 4000 inhabitants, which is about its actual population. The environs were celebrated for their beautiful gardens and groves of secular orange trees, upon which all the art of the inhabitants had been spent, and where, by means of an extensive system of irrigation, perpetual shade and verdure were maintained. Blidah is now nearly in ruins,—the poor inhabitants who remain, small traders and labourers, are perishing from want and famine—the streets are blocked up with fallen habitations—the gardens are all neglected—most of the orange groves have been cut down by the French soldiery for firewood—the water-courses are neglected—and the streams are now only wasting torrents. The aspect of the place is desolate in the extreme, and all civilization is utterly put an end to in it; yet the anxiety of the French residents at Algiers to obtain property in this place had been at one time so great, that all the confiscated lands were sold long before any but the soldiers had visited the spot, and their owners did not see the ruins of their gardens for some years after they had completed their purchases. Similar things have taken place at Bona, Bugia, Oran, Constantina, and recently at Medeah, Milionah, and Maskarah: all the in-

habitants of the three latter towns have fled, and every thing has been confiscated. The French do not hold an inch of open ground without having to fire a shot for it every day; and all they do is to seize on the towns, and endeavour to utilize what they do not burn or destroy. The feelings of hatred thus engendered against them, and the total absence of all attempts at conciliation, must have produced a degree of hostility in the lawful owners of the land, which will not be eradicated perhaps for centuries. There is another point in which the French have behaved with considerable cruelty—without taking into account the different standard of morals from their own which must exist in tribes half civilized, half nomadic; they have at once applied to the natives all the penalties of their severe penal code, and the unfair mode of procedure commonly observed in their criminal courts. The Arab standard of equity and law can hardly, under any supposition, be the same as that of the French; and of French law they must, of course, be almost totally ignorant: it is therefore not a humane mode of acting, to try native offenders by European codes, and subject them to European punishments, totally disproportioned to the relative degree of culpability. Two remarkable cases, to exemplify this, may be quoted. Some years ago, an aged Arab, his son, and one of his daughters, were convicted of theft at an outpost of the French possessions; they were arrested, tried at Algiers, and condemned—the father for life, the children for fixed periods, to hard labour in the convicts' hulks at Toulon. Now, when it is considered in how low a state of morality, as understood among civilized nations, a wild Arab family must be brought up—when it is reflected that the Arab was a man who had been driven out of his native territory by hated invaders, and that these same invaders were now forming themselves into judges, and sentencing him to the most horrible of all European punishments, the humanity, and even the justice of such a proceeding, may very well be questioned. The poor Arab family was brought over to Toulon; the young woman, who was far advanced in pregnancy, was torn away from her husband, and was brought to bed in the hospital within a few hours after she landed. The papers of that town described at the time the distress of these poor people to have been of the most heart-rending description;—the father taking leave of his daughter for ever, and plunging with his son into the most dreadful sink of human depravity ever known to exist; some of the family, who, though not condemned, had accompanied them from Africa over to Europe, preparing to go back; the mother torn away from her infant, and then dying as she did,—all this may be conceived, but cannot be described! And after all, the parties might be morally not so guilty as the tenor of a code of laws, to them unknown, had made them; or they might have been acting only in a spirit of just retaliation against their foreign spoilers: in no case could the ends of justice have been served by thus judging people according to laws which were not those of their own tribes, and by inflicting a penalty totally disproportioned to the offence committed. Several more Arabs have since been condemned to the hulks, and brought over to France, upon very questionable grounds of criminality. The other case is a much more recent one—that of Ben-Aissa, formerly governor of Constantina under Achmet Bey, and who defended the city bravely against Marshal Valée. He was a tyrant in the real Oriental style, it is true, and had behaved cruelly in his day of power; he had possessed, at the time, the right of coining money, and had abused it; but this was common to most of the governors in that province, and was known and tolerated both by the Arabs and Turks. Lately, and after having made his submission to the French, he made a fresh issue of coin for the use of some mountain tribes, and it appears that the coin was not very good. This, in a civilized state, was, no doubt, a case of fraud; but in Africa, where the fraud was known, where the coin would pass for just what it was worth, and no more; and where it could not come into circulation among the French, it was an undue stretch of judicial power to try him for false coining, under not the Arab, but the French law. Tried, however, he was, found guilty, and condemned to the pillory and to the hulks for life. He underwent the pillory, and has since been brought

over to Toulon; but the Government at home seem to be aware of the injustice of the case, and the King has, therefore, ordered Ben-Aissa to be detained in prison, and not sent into the bagne, or convicts' hulks, during his Majesty's pleasure.

At Bona, more than a year ago, an Arab shot a French officer, who was out on a surveying party; this was a hostile act, for which, if the man had been shot at the time it took place, nothing would have been said. But he was taken prisoner some months after, and then brought to trial before, first, the civil tribunal, and then before a court-martial at Bona, on a charge of murder. This was absurd, and a mockery of military justice: the Arab was not a French subject, properly so called, and was hardly amenable to the laws of France, merely because it had pleased the governor of Bona to call that part of the country conquered, in which the French did not in reality possess an inch of undisputed ground. The Arab was found guilty by both courts, and condemned to lose his head. He appealed to the Court of Cassation against this sentence of the civil tribunal; but the military authorities would not wait for the appeal to be decided, and had him decapitated forthwith. The appeal now lies before the superior court in Paris, and the law-officers of the crown have expressed themselves strongly in favour of it; but the man's life has been already taken, and a gross act of illegality perpetrated. This is an instance of the interference of civil with military jurisdiction; but it tends to show the careless and rough manner in which the French authorities act in Algeria; and it indicates, in addition to the instances quoted above, how many grounds of hostility the native population must have against their foreign invaders. The judicial history of the French possessions in Northern Africa, is full of instances of a similar kind; and they do not raise the national character of the French, either for justice or humanity. The Bishop of Algiers and his clergy have done much good since their arrival, by softening the manners of the inhabitants, and by acting with the decency that suits ministers of religion; the consequence has been, that they have immediately won the respect even of the Arab tribes and of Abd-el-Kader's lieutenants; and that the mere word or sign-manual of the prelate is more relied on by the children of the desert, than any treaty with France would ever be.

Before adverting to the military position of the French in Algeria, and before pointing out the results of their operations, it is necessary to direct attention to their brave enemies, and to the extraordinary man at the head of the native tribes. M. Blanqui has well remarked, that the French have not got enemies before them such as the effeminate nations of Hindostan, or the inhabitants of North and South America, but they have to contend with the indomitable Arabs, the Berbers, the Kabyles, and all the numerous tribes who have ever held the Atlas and the desert in perfect security. There are no soldiers endowed with greater personal courage than those who fight in Abd-el-Kader's ranks, regular or irregular; they are deficient in discipline, but the cavalry, by their very irregularity and wildness, are admirably suited to the Emir's peculiar system of warfare; and the grand result of the contest is, that after several years' perpetual hostilities, the Emir, who has never brought more than 10,000 men into the field at one and the same time, and who probably cannot muster more than twice that number of fighting men, has not only kept in constant employment French forces of from 40,000 to 60,000 men, harassing them night and day, forcing them to remain within their walls, or never to stir out except in columns of from 2000 to 5000 men, but has at last so excited the country against them, that they possess nothing whatever, in the provinces of Algiers and Oran, but the ground on which they stand. From being the chief of a few undisciplined tribes, Abd-el-Kader now finds himself at the head of an organized permanent force, well paid, well fed, and well clothed—improving in discipline and tactics every day—and, like himself, learning from each combat new lessons in the art of war, which they practise with success against the French. The Arab country is cultivated—the tribes are in many spots well off, notwithstanding the predatory incursions of the French—and the most determined spirit of resistance prevails from one end of the Atlas to

the other—from Morocco to the confines of Tunis. The province of Constantina, as we have already observed, is more subjugated than the rest, because there a chief has been wanting. Achmet, Bey of Constantina, though a brave man, has not the talents of Abd-el-Kader; and the smaller chiefs have fallen in detail: but it is impossible to suppose that their submission can be permanent; and if their western brethren should obtain any important successes against the French, or if the latter call in their outposts, they will undoubtedly rise again in arms.

We quote from M. D'Avezac the following account of Abd-el-Kader:—

"At rather less than ten miles to the west of Maskarah, on the left bank of the Oued-el-Hammân, or river of baths, and at the foot of the Gebel-el-Scherfâ, (mountains of the sheriffs,) is situated the Kethnah (or assemblage of dwellings) of Mohhy-el-Dyn. It is the abode of an ancient family of Marabouts, the original stock of which bore the appellation of El Mokhtar, and belonged to the Aoulâd-Aysay-Ben-Abbês, a branch of the Haschem Scherâgah, one of the most powerful tribes in the province of Oran. The Marabout Khada Ben-el-Mokhtar, who was renowned for his sanctity, lies buried at Kashero, thirty miles eastward of Maskarah, where there is erected over his tomb a kobbeh, or mausoleum, surmounted by a dome, which is held by all the faithful in much veneration. His son, Sydy* Mossthafay, pursued the same steps as his father in the path of religious fervour, which was hereditary in his family, and died while on the holy pilgrimage to Mecca, leaving to the eldest of his sons the same mission, of leading a life of retirement and prayer, which he had himself received from his ancestors. This son bore the significant name of Mohhy-el-Dyn, or 'Vivificator of the Faith.' He had a brother called Aly-Abou-Thaleb, and a sister named Kelthoumah, married to Sydy Ahmed-Ben-Tehamy; the number of his own wives was four, and they presented him with five children.

"The eldest, Sydy Mohammed-el-Sayd, was destined to succeed him in the sacred ministry; the name of the second was Abd-el-Kader; that of the third, Mossthafay; the fourth child was a daughter, called Khadygjah; and the last a boy, El Hhoseyn. The successive dates of their births correspond to the years 1798, 1806, 1808, 1811, and 1820. Abd-el-Kader and Lallah Khadygjah owe their birth to the same mother, Lallah Zohrah, daughter of Sydy Omar-ben-Doubah. Khadygjah is married to her cousin, Sydy Mossthafay-ben-Ahmed-ben-Tehamy, son of her aunt Kelthoumah. Abd-el-Kader has married his cousin, Lallah Kheyrah, daughter of his uncle Aly-Abou-Thaleb, and has had by her three children—two daughters, the eldest of whom is now six years old; and a son, whom he lost in 1837, at the age of two."

Such is the genealogy and the composition of the family, in the midst of which now shines Abd-el-Kader, seated on the throne which the careless condescendence of the French has raised for him. If certain testimonies are to be credited, a genealogy, more or less authentic, connects his ancestors with the ancient Fathimite Khalyfs, and through them he can trace his descent (if we admit their own lineage to be unbroken, and their *de facto* authority to be legitimate) to the line of the prophet himself. According to this, Abd-el-Kader would himself be a sheriff, as well as the sultan of Morocco; but, however this may be, and notwithstanding the pretended descents from a dynasty of princes whom the Khalyfs of the East stigmatized as Khouaregj or Schismatics, Abd-el-Kader is considered as highly orthodox. Born in the Kethrah of Sydy Mohhy-el-Dyn, he was carefully brought up by his father, and followed him, at the early age of eight, on his pilgrimage to Mecca. During the course of his studies, he acquired the several kinds of knowledge which constitute the erudition of the Arabs: that is to say, the reading and interpreting of the Koran, some notions of theology, jurisprudence, history, and literature, which are connected with the study of the book—the germ of all human sciences being to be found according to the Mussulmans, in the work of the Prophet;—and the young

* "Sydy" signifies the same as Sir or Mr. "Lallah," applied to females, is equivalent to Madam or Mrs.

Abd-el-Kader profited so much by the care his father bestowed on him, as to be considered among his relations learned and well-read.

It would appear from certain testimonies, that the idea of restoring an Arab monarchy in Algeria, had long existed in the mind of Mohhy-el-Dyn. On his return from the holy pilgrimage, he began to relate, privately, several supernatural visions which had unfolded to him the future greatness of his son. The fermentation produced by these disclosures, excited the attention of the Turks. Mohhy-el-Dyn and Abd-el-Kader were arrested, and they escaped the last punishment of the law, only through the intercession of influential friends, who obtained from the Bey of Oran the liberation of the two prisoners, on condition of their immediate exile. Mohhy-el-Dyn and his son again took the road to Mecca, going by land as far as Tunis, where they embarked for Alexandria. From Mecca they went across the desert to Bagdad, and visited in the environs of that city the tomb of a celebrated Marabout. At a later period they returned to Mecca, and accomplished, for the third time, the holy pilgrimage. After several years' absence, they returned home in 1828, when they set about establishing their influence over the surrounding tribes, not by announcing a political predestination which might again give umbrage to the Turks, but by acquiring great reputation for virtue, science, and sanctity, through their austere lives and rigid practice of the precepts of the Koran; while they reserved to themselves the faculty of making the most of the consideration and moral authority thus acquired, whenever a fit time should arrive. The French conquest of Algeria, and the anarchy which thence ensued among the Arab tribes, opened at length a career to the ambitious views which had long been entertained in the breast both of the father and the son. Their principal endeavour was to maintain, within the still limited circle of their immediate influence, that degree of order and justice which was lost sight of every where else; and thus to offer to well-disposed people a rallying point amidst the universal torrent of unrestrained independence, while their reputation of sanctity was calculated to draw around them those Mussulmans who were reputed to be devout and zealous for religion, and who would not but entertain profound repugnance for the French, on account of their being Christians.

The intervention of the Sultan of Morocco gave a powerful impulse to the insurrectional movement, which, till then, had been so slow to develope itself, and which was destined to bring out the character of the son of Mohhy-el-Dyn. It was, in fact, at the time when Mouley Abd-el-Rahhman, hoping to turn to his own advantage the antipathies of the Mussulmans for their Nazarite conquerors, endeavoured to set himself up as patron of the country, and sent agents thither to establish themselves as governors, that he fancied he could make the influence of Mohhy-el-Dyn subservient to his own designs; and he therefore hastened to favour him with his support. Emboldened by this patronage, the tribes around Maskarah resolved to elect a chief, and cast their eyes on Mohhy-el-Dyn himself; but he declined the perilous honour as being too heavy for his years, and proposed in his place his son, Abd-el-Kader, who was approved of. To aid in his elevation, means, which have always been successful among barbaric tribes, were employed; a prediction was talked of from a faquir of Bagdad, according to which the title of Sultan was to fall to Abd-el-Kader; at another time, a marabout was found who had had a vision of Abd-el-Kader sitting on a resplendent throne, and dispensing justice to the Arabs. At length, on the 28th of September 1832, and at Ghezybyah in the plain of Gherys, near Maskarah, the new chief of the tribe of Haschem was solemnly inaugurated. The town of Maskarah, lately the capital of a Beylick, thought it could not do better than give itself up to Abd-el-Kader, who accordingly went thither and took up his abode, not in the palace of the Beys, but in a private house, from whence he went every day to the palace to transact public business. In order to bring a greater number of tribes under his authority, he preached the *gihed*, or holy war, against the infidels, and immediately took the field to harass the French garrison of

Oran. In July 1833, he obtained possession of Tlemesen, the former capital of the Zyanites, which was then subject to a Moroccese governor, but was distracted by the struggles of two rival parties for pre-eminence. Shortly after, he attempted to lay siege to Mostaghanem, which had been recently occupied by the French; and then, coming to annoy Oran, gave so much trouble to the garrison, that the general in command there thought it a desirable thing to make a treaty of peace with the Arab chief. The treaty was made on the 26th of February 1834, and Abd-el-Kader was styled in it the Emir-el-Moumenyn, or Prince of the Faithful; that is to say, the highest title ever borne by the most powerful sovereign of the Mussulman world—a title which the Almoravidan monarchs never dared to assume, and in lieu of which they substituted the more modest appellation of Emir-el-Moslemyn. This supreme rank, however, to which Abd-el-Kader was not ashamed to pretend, was not recognized by his co-religionists; and the *Khothbah*, the prayer which the Khathib pronounces every Friday in the mosques in the name of the sovereign, was nowhere offered up for Abd-el-Kader; nor was money any where struck in his name. There was heard in the mouth of the Khathibs, and there was seen on the current coin, either the name of the Sultan of Constantinople or that of the Sultan of Morocco, who are both legitimate Princes of the Faithful. As for the Sultan Abd-el-Kader, whose ambition was to supplant in Algeria the power of these two foreign but legitimate dynasties, he experienced a vigorous resistance; and at different points of the domain which French imprudence had allotted to him, the Berbers and the Arabs rose against him in arms. Equally adroit, however, and brave, he fell on the less redoubtable by surprise, or fought and conquered the more powerful, one after the other, according as each success he obtained warranted him in making fresh attempts. In a short time, inflated by his good fortune, he determined to extend his authority beyond the Beylick of Maskarah, which the French had abandoned to him; and counting on the weakness of the aged officer, (the Duke de Rovigo,) who then held the government of Algiers, passed beyond its limits, and advanced as far as Medeyah, where he was received as a sovereign, and where he installed a Bey for the province of Tythery; while his able *charge d'affaires* at Algiers, the Jew Ben Duraud, lulled the slight inclination to oppose him which the aged governor-general entertained.

This was the brightest point of the political career of Abd-el-Kader; for, upon hearing of his exploits, Tenès had submitted to him, and his name was pronounced for the first time in the solemn prayer of the Khathib in the mosque of that town. Tenès recognised in him the Emir el Moumenyn, the true Khalyf; but it does not appear that this example has been followed in any other mosque of the territory subject to this chief; and the name of the Sultan of Morocco is still the only one there prayed for. If, however, Abd-el-Kader has not the Kothbah, he has at least the Sekkah, another characteristic attribute of sovereignty among the Mussulmans: he now has money struck in his capital; and it is the French who have furnished him with the utensils necessary for that purpose, just as at another period they supplied him with arms and ammunition to carry on war against themselves! A new commandant, sent to Oran, endeavouring to put a check on the commercial monopoly which, by help of the treaty of 1834, the Sultan Abd-el-Kader pretended to exercise in several ports, the war broke out again. The French general marched against the enemy, and had an engagement with him on the 26th of June 1835, in the wood of Mouley Ismayl, in which he repulsed him with great loss; but the troops, which were much fatigued, defended themselves badly against attacks at first insignificant, and then the more vigorous, from their not having been repelled with firmness; and the consequence was, that on the muddy banks of the Syk, at a spot called El Maktha, or the Ford, the retreat became almost a rout, and part of the French *matériel* was abandoned. This was an immense advantage for Abd-el-Kader; but he easily perceived that such a check called for a revenge, and he tried to conjure the coming storm by direct overtures of peace.

Towards the end of November, a new governor-general of Algeria, (Marshal Clausel,) arrived at Oran to avenge the defeat of the Maktha: on the 6th of December he entered the capital of Abd-el-Kader, which had been precipitately abandoned on his approach, and, three days after, the town was given over by the French soldiers to the flames. On the 12th, the army returned to Mostaghanem, and the campaign was terminated: but Abd-el-Kader had hastened to re-enter Maskarah, the conflagration of which had been put an end to by the rain, and had brought back to his capital the Mussulman population momentarily driven away from it. A new expedition, undertaken some weeks after, was directed against Tlemesen, which the French troops entered on the 13th of January 1836, and where a garrison was established to hold it against Abd-el-Kader. Different sorties, in which the Emir was beaten, were effected from thence, and letters found on some of his adherents, showed that he was supported by the Caids on the frontiers of Morocco: a circumstance that gave rise to a mission from the French government to the Emperor. In order to insure the means of revictualling the French garrison left at Tlemesen, it was determined to establish at the mouth of the Tafnay, near the site of the ancient Areschkoul, and opposite the islet of the same name, already in possession of the French, a fortified post: this was not effected without opposition on the part of the Arabs, who obtained some decided advantages over the French troops: a circumstance sufficient to swell the party of Abd-el-Kader by several tribes till then neutral, and to rally around it those which had been detached. He became more powerful than ever, and from his head-quarters at Nedrumah, watched, at the same time, over the blockade of Tlemesen and that of the French post at Areschkoul. A general officer, (General Bugeaud,) who was dispatched direct from France to the province of Oran, changed this state of things. He landed, on the 6th of June, at the Tafnay, went from thence to Oran, and from Oran to Tlemesen, whence he again set out to make his way back to Areschkoul: and, on the 4th of July, marched back with a considerable convoy to revictual Tlemesen. He was attacked on the 6th, on the banks of the river Sekkek, which falls into the Tafnay, by the Sultan Abd-el-Kader, who was completely beaten in this engagement, had one horse killed under him, and escaped with difficulty to Nedroumah. This was a severe blow for the Emir, who, from that moment, could reckon only a doubtful degree of fidelity in his adherents: his resources were exhausted, and he would have been reduced to extreme penury had he not received assistance from Morocco. He was far from having repaired his losses when his conqueror himself, on his return to Africa the year following, made with him, on the 30th of May 1837, the unexpected treaty which abandoned to the Emir the towns of Tlemesen, Areschkoul, Scherschel, and the province of Tytheny: a treaty which rendered him more powerful than could have been done by the most signal victory. It was while he was still suffering from the defeat of July 1836, that Abd-el-Kader, knowing Hedroumah to be too near the coast not to be liable to be carried by the French arms at any time, and aware by experience that Maskarah, the former residence of the beys, was also accessible to French soldiers, resolved to select a capital less easy of approach: he turned his attention with this view to Tekdemt, and immediately busied himself in raising it from its ruins.

It is shown by M. D'Avezac, in another part of his memoirs full of learned research, that Tekdemt is the ancient *Cadaum*, or *Gadaum Castra*: and he quotes an interesting description of it from an account given by a young French naval officer, who was detained by Abd-el-Kader for a long period in the interior, and was with him on the spot when he gave orders for rebuilding the place. This is the town recently burned by General Bugeaud's expeditionary column, after it had been completely abandoned by order of the Emir; and, as we learn from a French officer among the last prisoners exchanged, without its having caused Abd-el-Kader the smallest loss or damage in a military point of view. The Emir's plans, at an earlier period of the contest, were, as will have been gathered from the ac-

count just quoted, to wait for his enemy in advantageous positions, and then to give him battle. He has of late, however, rather altered his tactics: he is aware of his inferiority in point of artillery; and he therefore finds it more advantageous to be perpetually harassing the French, and fighting them by fits and starts, while he forces them, at the same time, to be always on the alert, and to expose themselves to all the atmospheric disadvantages of an African climate. Since the great outbreak in 1839, he has had two serious engagements with the French, in which he has acquired no small honour:—one, in the first expedition to Medeah, when he attacked Marshal Valée at the southern exit of the pass of the olive wood on the Teniah of Mouzaia; and the other, during General Bugeaud's recent return from Milianah, when, but for a well-timed charge of General Changarnier and the Duke of Nemours, (blamed by the Governor-General in his report, who did not like to let it appear that he had been outmanœuvred by the enemy,) it is not improbable that few of the French columns would have reached Algiers. The details of these engagements, and the general operations of the campaign, are too well known, through the means of the daily press, to need any examination: the tactics of the Arabs, too, are simple; and one engagement very much resembles another. We would only remark that they display the most intrepid courage in a *mêlée*, fighting up to the cannon's mouth, or to the muzzle of the musket, as the case may be; but in general they avoid a close contest, and prefer making dashes with clouds of cavalry, rapid as the wind, either to advance or retreat. It is in the cavalry that their strength consists: it is their old national force: but the infantry is rapidly improving; and, if the war should last a few years longer, we shall see it grow into a most formidable corps. A brief account of the organization of Abd-el-Kader's regulars, derived from the mouth of one who has been among them, and has seen them closely, will not be read without interest:—

"The regular forces of the Emir are embodied either by voluntary recruiting or by compulsory enlistment; the latter case occurring when the Emir orders the adoption of a general measure against tribes known, or suspected, to be hostile. An instance of this was witnessed in the forcible enrolment of 300 Koulouglis, who were taken away from Tlemesen: in all other cases the enrolment is voluntary. At the first formation of these corps of regulars, the Emir found no difficulty in numbering among them young men of good family; but at the present day they comprise only the lowest of the population. Men expressly charged to conduct the enrolment, go through all the aghaliks to summon 'those who wish to become sons of the Sultan;' and the desire of escaping from the constraint of their tribes, and of having no chief but the Emir, always induces a certain number of individuals to embrace the military career. There is no fixed time for the duration of service, nor is there any limit fixed for the age of admission: the recruits are not even inspected, to ascertain their condition for service: every man who offers himself is admitted. Regular service being in general much opposed to the habits of an Arab, it would not have suited the Emir's views to have been too severe in his choice.

"The uniform of the infantry is composed of an upper vest of grey serge, without any ornament, and with a hood fitted on behind: under this is a waistcoat, or *sedria* of blue serge, with pantaloons of the same; and on the head is worn a small red skull-cap. Each soldier receives every three months a linen shirt and a pair of yellow leather shoes; but to this each man has to add, at his own expense, his *burnous*, and his *haik*, which is generally in bad condition. The equipments consist of a cartouche-box in morocco-leather, supported by a band round the waist, and a belt over the right shoulder. Each man is armed with a musket and bayonet; and some have pistols or a yatagan stuck in their belt, but the latter arms are not furnished by the Emir. For his victuals each soldier receives a daily ration of cakes, or flat loaves, weighing a pound and a half, together with a pound of flour, roughly ground, with which he prepares his *couscoussu*; and, twice a-week, each platoon of twenty men receives a sheep. It is needless to add that the soldiers find

other and more considerable supplies, by means of the pillage they exercise in the douars, or villages, near which they happen to be quartered. The pay of the privates is from four to six boudjous (or as many francs) per month, according to qualities and length of service. The sub-lieutenants have eight boudjous, the lieutenants twelve boudjous, and the agha, or colonel, thirty-six boudjous per month; but, in general, their pay is considered the smallest part of their profits by these troops, officers as well as men. While in garrison the men live together, as they can, in rooms which are often ruinous, and always filthy. At night they have a mat and a carpet allowed them: but in camp they are lodged, twenty men in a tent smaller than the common French marquee.

"The tactics these troops are taught, are on a very limited scale. The infantry are divided into companies of 100 men each, under the command of a captain, called a *Bach-seiaf* (or sword-bearer;) and of a lieutenant, or *Khalifa-Bach-seiaf* (deputy sword-bearer:) they reckon twenty-five men to a tent, under the command of one non-commissioned officer. In each company there are four *Chaoucks*, or corporals; a *Khodja*, or secretary, equivalent to the French sergeant-major; and two drummers, who generally use French instruments. While in camp each company has a drum-major. The sub-lieutenants wear, as a distinguishing mark of this grade, a sabre embroidered on each shoulder; the full lieutenants have two sabres on their shoulders crossed; each officer also wears, on the annular finger of the left hand, a silver ring, which is given by the Emir, and on the sealing part of which the name of the officer, his grade, and date of appointment are engraved. Under each Khalif is an Agha, or superior commandant of infantry, who receives the orders of the Khalif for all movements of the troops; and there is an Agha of the whole infantry attached to the person of the Emir.

"The uniform of the regular cavalry of Abd-el-Kader is nearly the same as that of the French Spahis. It consists of a vest of red cloth, with black galoon on the seams of the sleeves and back; and a waistcoat, also of red, with blue trimmings; each man adds to this a haik of white muslin, with which he covers his head and shoulders, fixing it on with a camel cord, and making it serve instead of a turban. The horseman receives from the Emir a horse completely harnessed, but no *burnous:* he is armed with a musket without a bayonet, or with a carbine; a sabre with a Fez blade, and flint-lock pistol, together with a cartouche-box, like the foot soldier. The Emir's spahis can only be said to be regular cavalry, in a nominal sense of the word; they have little or no drilling or tactics; they use trumpets the same as the French, and the same notes and signals are played on them.

"The Emir's artillery is almost exclusively composed of French deserters, Turks, or Koulouglis; he has not a single man who knows how to point a cannon properly, and accidents are continually taking place during their practice. The *matériel* of his artillery is for the most part damaged and unfit for service; the guns, too, are mounted on awkward heavy carriages, and their wooden wheels are solid, cut out of a single block."

In all accounts of the French military operations against the Arabs, and the remark is general throughout the whole war, great allowance must be made for the exaggeration which always prevails in French narratives of military exploits, and indeed is common among the southern nations of Europe. The Spaniards and the Portuguese are the greatest exaggerators in this line, and are the true Bobadils and Pistols of modern days; but the French are not altogether exempt from the same reproach; and though they do not swell the accounts of their own losses, nor perhaps diminish them much—we believe they do so a little—they certainly augment the losses of their opponents in an inordinate degree. Thus, the *Moniteur*, the official paper, has scarcely ever published an account of any set battle with the Arabs, no matter what its importance, without making the loss on the side of the enemy to be several hundreds killed, to say nothing of the wounded. "The whole field was strewn with dead bodies," is a very common expression in its columns. "The Emir's regular battalions were entirely annihilated," is another phrase we have met with more than once.

"The loss of the enemy is incalculable," it often indulges in: and there are numberless instances of similar impossible statements, which have been disproved not only by the inconsistency of the circumstances attending them, but also by subsequent results.* On the other hand, in the engagements which are represented as having conferred such immense honour on the French arms, we do not recollect any in which the French are said to have had more than 70 or 80 killed; and in general their loss, as mentioned in the official returns, has been on an average about 15 to 20 killed, and 30 to 40 wounded. When it is considered that the French have had comparatively heavy troops with artillery in these engagements, and that the Arabs have principally had only light irregular bodies of cavalry, doing little more than skirmish, the relative proportion of the losses becomes evidently absurd. In general, it may be affirmed that the numbers of French soldiers *killed on the field of battle* in any one year since the occupation of Algiers have not exceeded 500, as far as the official returns show: and that in many years they do not come up to any thing like that amount. This point is of importance to be noted, as will be seen by-and-by, when the number of deaths from other causes are adverted to. From what can be learned by the accounts of the natives themselves, and from the prisoners who have lately been exchanged, the loss of the Arabs has been certainly heavier on many occasions than that of the French—but still by no means approaching to any thing like the numbers estimated in the official returns. The damage done, too, to the country by the marauding warfare to which the French commanders have now resorted, has been much less than has been represented—great indeed in the imaginations of the *gallant* captors of defenceless women and children, the drivers off of flocks and herds, and the destroyers of crops and stores; but, fortunately for the luckless inhabitants, occasioning them only temporary inconvenience, though they have not failed to irritate them to the highest pitch of national hatred. Captain Morisot, a French officer, who has lately returned to Oran after eight months' captivity, is loud in praise not only of the courteous and polished behaviour of the Emir, but also of the well organized system of government, civil and military, which he has established—of the good conduct of the tribe, and of their ready union in what is to them a holy and national cause. The testimony of this gentleman is the more valuable, because he has seen every thing with the eye of an enemy; and yet he has been forced to praise the Emir, and to confess that the results of the French warfare against the Arabs, are almost nugatory in a military point of view. The system of *razias*, like the Highland forays of former days—only infinitely more cruel and wanton—cannot be defended upon any ground of policy, civil or military: they irritate the natives without subjecting them, and they cause losses of men and *matériel* only to those who make them. As for the produce of the forays, it is sold and divided among the captors, by whom it is instantly squandered, and among whom it tends only to promote those habits of reckless debauchery and cruelty which the African war is fast generating among the French soldiery. If at any future period French regiments, on becoming engaged in an European war, should attempt to put in practice the conduct to which they have been accustomed in Africa, the

* The affair at Mazagran, about which so much noise was made some months back, was grossly overstated. It was a stout building, lofty, with thick walls, and commanding all the surrounding points. A large body of Arab *cavalry*—the French say 12,000—came to attack it; they had no artillery, and had nothing but muskets, pistols, and sabres. They might have galloped round it for a week instead of a day, and they might have tried to storm it every day in the week, instead of twice, as they did; and yet 120 men within would have had a very cheap bargain of them after all. A corps of cavalry may blockade and starve out a well-fortified garrison; but as for storming, &c.—*c'est une autre affaire!* At Coleah, near Algiers, which is a regularly fortified place, with a strong wall, the *Moniteur* gravely relates, that a large body of Arab cavalry "*attacked* the place with inconceivable fury;" by which, we suppose, is meant, that they charged bang up against it!

consequences to France by the retaliation of the coalesced powers would be disastrous in the extreme. The Arab chiefs, in all negotiations with the French since the outbreak in 1839, have remonstrated against this atrocious system, but hitherto without success; and the last expeditions of General Bugeaud, General Baraguay d'Hilliers, and General Negrier, in the several provinces of Oran, Algiers, and Constantina, have had no other object, and been attended with no other result. The French allege in their excuse that the system originated with the Turks, who could only keep the Arabs in subjection by this method: but this is a poor apology for a departure from the practice of civilized nations. The French have no more right than the Turks to attack the mountain tribes, and at all events, they should not attempt to revive practices worthy only of the days of the Huns or the Goths.

The system of *razias* has given rise to the capture of many Arab prisoners, and this has induced the native tribes to make captures in return, instead of immediately putting to death whoever fell into their hands. The prisoners, however, which the French have been able to exchange, have been nearly one half women and children; whereas those sent back by the Arabs have, with one or two exceptions, been all males. This interchange of prisoners has afforded the only cheering episode of this long, desultory warfare; and the idea of it is entirely attributable to the Bishop of Algiers, who, with the greatest humanity and courage, has exerted himself in carrying it into effect. He has led out a convoy of prisoners himself, has superintended their exchange in person, and has won the respect and esteem of Abd-el-Kader and his lieutenants. This is the more gratifying, since the negotiations were originated by the prelate, on his own private authority, and as a matter of humanity and religion—not as one of civil or military policy. The Emir, on the other hand, and the tribes, have behaved with the strictest honour and good faith in this matter, and have set an example to their European enemies, by which the latter, if they were a less vain and heartless people, might greatly profit. The envoys sent between the Bishop and the Emir have always been respected, the French prisoners well and even kindly treated, and the exchanges effected without much aid from the military authorities. A very interesting series of letters has been published in the French journals from the worthy Bishop, describing all his intercourse with the chief of the Arabs; and from them, as well as from other accounts, we learn many particulars greatly to the credit of M. Dupuch himself: thus, the prelate clothed the Arab prisoners at his own expense just before they set out, gave them money in their pockets, and provided vehicles for their women and children. These kind attentions touched the hearts of the Arabs, who are a very generous and noble-minded race; and the Khalifa Sidi Mohammed Ben-Aila entered into correspondence with the Bishop, sending him at the same time some acceptable presents for the sick under his care. The prelate on leading the convoy of prisoners across the Matidja, and to the foot of the mountains, went without any escort; he fell in with the French troops near Blidah, and their presence had wellnigh hindered the exchange from taking place; but at length the Arabs drew near, the Khalifa came into the Bishop's carriage, and though they remained in conversation together for only an hour, they parted with every mark of mutual esteem. Since then the Abbé Suchet, a nephew or son of the Marshal, has led out a convoy with another French priest and an interpreter, and, without any escort whatever, has been allowed by the Arabs, after effecting the exchange, to penetrate to the Emir's camp and tent between Maskarah and Tlemesen. Here a most interesting interview took place; and the Emir, being a Marabout, immediately entered into a conversation with M. Suchet, on the leading topics of the Christian faith; he agreed at once to a further exchange of prisoners, and would have prolonged the interview, which was conducted with the most polished urbanity, had not the approach of General Bugeaud's column compelled him to move his tents. The Abbé and his companion took their leave and went to join their own countrymen, who were not aware of their mission, and were thunderstruck at seeing two simple clergymen advancing towards them,

across plains where no military man could have ventured without 2000 or 3000 troops to protect him. The Abbé has since returned to Algiers, bearing a most interesting letter from the Emir to the Bishop; and the honours of hospitality and courtesy have been won quite as much by the Arab chief as by his European visiters.

The results of the numerous campaigns which the French have now been making against the Arabs are, as we have already observed, much less important than they have been represented. To the Arabs, they have caused the loss of their seaports and of some towns in the lower Atlas; but the frontiers of Morocco and Tunis lie open to them, and from both these quarters Abd-el-Kader draws supplies of warlike stores and arms in tolerable abundance. Gibraltar and Tunis are the principal places where his purchases are made; and the traders of these towns find him an honourable and an advantageous customer. The tribes under his command lie in their mountain-valleys, or on the borders of the desert, and their lands are just as well cultivated as though the French were not at hand to ravage them. To the French, the loss of men from disease and other casualties has been tremendous; and they have nothing to show for it in return but the walls of the towns in which they are cooped up. Even at Algiers no man can leave the town, or go beyond the outposts at night, or even in the day, without finding an Arab foeman lurking under nearly every bush! It appears that the average mortality from sickness alone in the French army, throughout the three provinces, amounts to many thousands every year. Some time since the opposition Paris papers asserted, that 17,000 men had died in hospital in Africa between the 15th of November 1839, and the 31st December 1840; this was contradicted by the *Moniteur*, the official organ of Government, which stated in reply that the actual number of deaths in that period was 8000!—and this from *disease alone!* The present number of invalids sent over from Algiers to the military hospital at Port Mahon, is 500 every month: so that the shore of Africa is indeed a shore of death to its invaders. The conquest is not less disastrous to France in a pecuniary point of view; the returns of revenue to the state being under 300,000f. per annum—a sum which goes little or no way towards paying the civil employés; whereas the item in the annual budget of outlay for Africa, has been *sixteen millions of francs* on the average of several years past. It is no wonder that under these circumstances some of the more clear-sighted of the French deputies should call for a change of system, and for an abandonment of the attempt to colonize a country that never can be French. The most sensible of the politico-economists now in the French legislature see fully, that Algiers does not tend to help the country out of its present financial difficulties, and that it only keeps open a perpetual door for ministerial intrigue and profligacy. Some recommend that the inland towns should all be given up; that France should retain two or three ports alone, and should form such treaties with chiefs of tribes as to hold them in a kind of tributary subjection; but in other respects to leave the country to itself and to its own resources. Others are for going on with what they call the system of colonization, and, as a preliminary to it, with the complete subjugation of the country—a thing more than chimerical. Some of the organs of public opinion in France, sensible enough on other points, go stark mad the moment Algiers is mentioned, and talk of it as a source of strength and dignity to the country, only to be relinquished at the price of a general European war. The *Débats*, commonly the organ of whatever ministry happen to be in power, has been lately talking of the necessity of there being "a French Africa just as there is a British India;" and has bepraised the French nation "for following up, at the price of blood and trouble, the destinies which her own genius and providence have opened for her!" M. Piscatory, one of the associates of that profligate adventurer Thiers, declared last May in the Chamber of Deputies, that "no other flag but that of France ought to float on the coast of Africa;" and in the same debate M. Mauguin, an empty popular declaimer, protested that "France would not deserve the name of *La Grande Nation* if she did not persevere in conquering Algeria!" Both these absurd declarations were

received with much applause in the Chamber; and in fact the majority of the French people, who know no more about Africa than they do about Germany—that is to say, nothing whatever—are all bent upon fighting the Arabs to the death.

If the French are pleased with their conquest they must be in a state of extraordinary mental blindness and fatuity: they are keeping up an immense army, and a large civil establishment, at a yearly increasing cost, and with a daily diminution of national honour; while a few thousands of the wild children of the desert laugh them to scorn, and show that they have in reality done nothing more than verified the old Joe Miller of catching a Tartar. The real cause of the continuation of this system is, that the Government dares not offend the army; and that it is obliged to find an outlet for that restless spirit by which sooner or later it must itself be consumed. France is now entirely prostrate at the foot of the sovereign who sits on an usurped throne, and who is kept on it only by the force of 400,000 bayonets; she is doomed within a few years to be again degraded beneath the ascendancy of a fierce unprincipled democracy, and to assume the aspect of a military republic; but Algiers the army would not now give up, even if the king were willing, and the popular party at home find it too cheap a theme for singing their *Marseillaise* upon, and for insulting the more respectable powers of Europe, to make it possible for the deputies to vote as they are inclined in this matter. And yet the fate of Algeria on the first outbreak of a war cannot be doubtful; half a dozen ships of war would intercept all supplies of men and stores from France, and the yataghan of the Arab would finish what the blast of fever should have left untouched. The numerous tribes would join in a simultaneous effort to avenge themselves on their foes; and the victorious Emir would drive the French into the Mediterranean. The great powers of Europe should not have their eyes blinded to the progress of events in that part of Africa; it may not be worth while now, after the proper moment has been allowed to escape, to recall France to the performance of the promises implied in the declaration of the Polignac administration, and confirmed, *we have no doubt*, by the present occupant of the Tuileries; but they should reserve their good wishes for the Arabs who are fighting for national independence, and, if ever the occasion offered, they might recognize Abd-el-Kader as chief of that country, to which his bravery and talents have given him no bad title.

THE WORLD OF LONDON.

Part IV.

Our last paper concluded, if we recollect right, with a polite bow to that desirable class of society, equally remote from the superfluity of wealth or pecuniary embarrassment, whose good taste and well regulated minds dictate their style of living, dress, and equipage, compensating in a degree for the deficiencies of fortune, and procuring that deferential respect which never fails to attend the judicious adaptation of ends to means: that harmony and keeping which in society, as in the arts, is the never-failing source of gratification of eye and mind.

We now resume our essay on neighbourhoods. Low genteel neighbourhoods, we need hardly say, are drugs in the market. The New Road, Paddington, Pimlico, Bayswater, Clapham, Upper Clapton, may serve as illustrations. Boarding-houses abonnd, furnished lodgings are the staple commodity, and omnibuses pass the doors for your accommodation every five minutes. Hereabouts, if you believe the advertisements, there are always to be found, for next to nothing, "really comfortable homes," "*liberal* tables," and houses "replete with every convenience:" here the hospitable deities delight to dwell: "society, musical and select, with or without harp and piano," is thrown open for your acceptance: here the situations are remarkably "healthy and pleasant," and a "limited number" of inmates, meaning a number limited only by the success of the puffs in the papers, received: here widowers with two or more wives, and single ladies whose spouses are at sea, are acquisitions; wine-merchants, whose trade is limited to the number of odd bottles required for the use of the company; gentlemen holding "situations under Government," the na ture whereof Joseph Ady would be puzzled to discover; French counts, and disguised dancing-masters preponderate.

Equivocal neighbourhoods are those where private residences, shops, and manufactories, are intermingled in heterogeneous confusion. Lambeth, the Borough, Vauxhall, and the regions generally included in the "over the water" category, belong to this unenviable description. Those only who have no choice pitch their tents in a transportive neighbourhood; nor did we ever hear of any body who knew any body on the Surrey side, where indeed we would fain hope that the existence of human beings is merely conjectural!

So much for private neighbourhoods. Of public and professional we have already said much, and much remains to be said. Public or official neighbourhoods not being, as in Paris, Vienna, Rome, St Petersburg and elsewhere, congregated beneath one roof, but diffused over the city, attract divided attention, and demand separate notice. The Mansion-house, a stately pile, rises in severe majesty, the palatial residence of the city. Guildhall represents the Whitehall of the east—the halls of the several companies, scattered every where, have, every one, something worthy of attention—the florid oak carvings, the decorated windows, the grim portraits of civic dignitaries, and the monastic seclusion of their claustral courts, contrast well with the business, bustle, and noise of the jostling world without. Somerset house and Whitehall almost monopolize the Government machinery; but we cannot point with pride to our Admiralty, with its lanky, ill-proportioned pediment, or to our Treasury, supporting an ambuscaded attic upon a row of needless columns—one of the creations of Sir John Soane, of Bœotian celebrity, who, together with Nash, has done so much to deprave our metropolitan taste in architecture, that another invasion of the Goths and Vandals were more to be desired than deplored.

Downing Street, alas, is down! The snug little public-house at the corner, where the treasury expectants of small places were accustomed to solace their tedious hours of attendance upon men in power, is levelled with the ground; the official residences of the first lord of the treasury, and the principal secretaries of state, are no longer confronted with the range of scrubby brick buildings, whose occupants, like

their betters, dated their despatches from Downing Street. Here we delight occasionally to walk with a measured gait, our countenance expressive of deep concerns of state, our right thumb gracefully inserted in the corresponding arm-hole of our waistcoat, in the manner of a great statesman; nor is our constitutional vanity at all repressed by sundry touchings of the hat from the expectants of tide-waiterships in waiting, doubtless mistaking us for a great man—an error into which the public are liable to fall with respect to individuals more prominently before them than ourselves.

Thus is the congregating principle developed throughout all society; throughout nature the law holds good—birds and bipeds of a feather flock together. The artist cannot handle a brush save in the vicinity of Soho or of Fitzroy Square; hatters flourish only in Southwark; goldsmiths, watchmakers, and jewellers, in Clerkenwell; the Hebrew is at home nowhere save in Houndsditch, St Mary Axe, and Petticoat Lane; hawkers, pedlars, caravan drivers, showmen, still resort to Lambeth, as the alchemists and astrologers used in the olden time.

It must not be supposed, however, that streets and houses of the world of London alone present marked and distinctive characters; by their natives shall ye know them. What can be more marked and decided in character, to the man who has attained the faculty of looking beyond the end of his nose, than the wealthy citizen and the opulent west-ender? the former broad-shouldered and burly, physically and commercially a man of weight and substance; his black suit of the finest cloth, but no way particular as to cut; his hat rather low-crowned and broad in the brim; a bunch of old-fashioned seals dangling below his ample vest; his aspect that of a careful, though not careworn, intelligent though unlearned, grave not severe, man; his step solid, deliberative, firm, and rather slow than quick: hurrying through the streets he leaves to idlers and young men beginning business. From time to time, as he passes through the narrow alleys of the city, he extracts from his ample pocket a leathern case, containing sundry slips of promissory paper; he dips into the counting houses as he goes along, ever and anon glancing at his watch with the economical air of a man with whom time is money, and money life.

Contrast with him the lounging idler of Bond Street—tall and thin—he exhibits to advantage a coat of easy but unobtrusive cut, and sober tint; his hat sits jauntily on his head, and the daily arrangement of his hair, by the hand of the valet, is sufficiently evident; his expression of countenance is indicative of *ennui*, or at most of a careless indifference to sublunary things—his gait easy, undecided, and negligent: he, too, glances frequently at the watch, no thicker than an oyster shell, which a Trichinopoly chain connects, in golden fetters, with a button of his waistcoat; but it is with the air of a man less anxious to employ than to kill the enemy. The tradesman, too, a practised eye will find no more difficulty in detecting, even when he leaves his counter: you will observe that, although overdressed, there is a want of keeping in his turn-out; a pair of clubbish boots, a spick-and-span new hat, or a staring waistcoat, betray him: he trots rather than walks along the street, threading his devious way as if time was an object to nobody but himself: his attitude is that of a man stooping over a counter; his eye has an expression of mingled servility and cunning: ere he opens his lips, you have already anticipated that he is about to tell you "he has a heavy bill to take up on Wednesday, and hopes he is putting you to no inconvenience by soliciting a settlement of his little account." The characteristic outlines of the mechanic and labourer, are too strong to escape the least penetrating eye; but there abound in the streets of London vast numbers of equivocal characters, not to be detected save by the practised eye of one who has followed them into their haunts, or watched them narrowly when they suspect not they are observed.

Who would suppose, for example, that those young men at the corner, dressed in the height of the Cockney fashion, bedizened with mosaic jewellery, and puffing their cigars, are members of the swell mob—thieves, in short, and pickpockets? They are exchanging cards: truly so they are; but, if you observe, the cards are pawnbrokers' duplicates of the plunder of the preceding day—yet you say it is

impossible: they are young, of genteel address, and look like gentlemen; how is it you can at once detect their dishonest calling? At this moment a policeman is turning the corner—mark with what instinct of self-preservation the crumpled duplicates are crammed into their respective pockets; how they huddle together into a little knot, like chickens when the sparrowhawk hovers in the air; although they are not yet "wanted,"—that is to say, although no warrant may have been issued for the apprehension of any one; yet the officer of justice knows as well that they are thieves, as he does that upon him sooner or later will devolve the duty of their apprehension; he fixes a keen stern eye upon them—they look timidly round—raise an affected laugh, and one by one slide away from before the face of the dreaded myrmidon of the law, as snow melts before the rays of the sun.

Poor devils! let those who have property to lose regard them with apprehension or hate; we never think of them without a sigh, or look upon them without pity. Talk of ruined abbeys and mouldering castles, forsooth, and the ivied picturesque of stone and mortar! behold the wreck of God's own image, hopeless of repair; see a human being hastening, through the wide avenues of crime, to an eternity of shameful pain; behold the ruin of an immortal soul, and be sad. We lament the crooked industry, the idle business, the talent ill applied of the sons and 'daughters of crime;' and we are driven, from the constitution of society, to protect ourselves from their depredations. Nor is there a sight more lamentable and sorrow-creating than a youth, endowed with the elements of good, pursuing the unprofitable paths of petty plunder upon his neighbour; to-day flourishing at singing-rooms and playhouses, adorned like a fool by the profits of a knave, to-morrow in the mournful prison garb, with close-cropped hair, paying for his short-lived enjoyment by a tour upon the "mill;" or, at last, when the patience of the law is worn out, wending his weary way over the waters in a convict hulk, never to behold his native country more. His crime is expiated—he is dead to society—he injures us no more; we have no pity for his fate, because the law prescribes it, and we obey the law; but the humane and benevolent mind looks back upon his sad career with regret, and would fain know how misfortune, necessity, or temptation first indicated to him the ways of folly, or seduced him to the paths of vice. Men are not all evil; the richest soils, if neglected, quickest run to waste; we see a criminal stand trembling in the dock—we regard him with fear or dread. Could we review the past—could we forget what he is in what he might once have been, the current of our thoughts would flow in pity of his misfortunes. Perhaps he never knew a father's or a mother's care; the very name he bears was bestowed upon him, perhaps, by some parish-officer, or his fate may have been even more full of misery. It may be that the author of his being was his instructor in crime, and that, before the tender mind could comprehend the difference between right and wrong, he may have been employed as the unconscious instrument of evil.

You see those countrymen lounging listlessly along the street, the one in a smock-frock and carter's hat, the other in shooting jacket and leathern galligaskins? They look plain honest rustics newly arrived from the country, and disappointed it would seem of work in town; yet Proteus hath not a more complete and rapid power of transformation than that promising pair, nor Mercury himself a lighter finger. They are *buttoners* by profession; by which you will not understand us to indicate button-makers: *buttoners* are those accomplices of thimbleriggers, and other gamblers of the fairs and race courses, whose duty it is to act as flat-catchers or decoys, by personating flats: one day they will appear sailors on the spree—another time drovers, navigators, or, as they now exhibit themselves, simple clodhoppers: in the intervals of their creditable avocations, they frequent certain neighbourhoods in town, whence they issue to do a little business in the way of shoplifting; they are now reconnoitring the streets as they go along, and it will be hard if they return to their dens at night without having purloined a ham, a cheese, or some article of wearing apparel, or at least without "ringing the changes" on a couple or so of bad half sovereigns.

We are far from proposing to fob

our readers off with the partial and deceptive glance we may have of character as it passes along the public thoroughfares; we will follow, in the proper places, through its several windings and turnings, and record the routine of checkered life, whether at Almack's or St Giles's. At present, to preserve as far as we can our preconceived arrangements, we return to the general ideas a stranger will most readily acquire of the World of London, not contemplated individually, but in the mass.

Already we have referred to its apparent illimitability, and its inexhaustible variety: the *industry* of its mighty population will no less excite the wonder and respect of the astonished spectator. The hum of industrial thousands never ceases from this mighty hive: the vast majority of our population hold, with Crusoe, that "the whole world is in motion, rolling round and round; all the creatures of God—heavenly bodies and earthly—are busy and diligent; why should we be idle? there are no drones in the world but men, wherefore should we be of that number?" London has her drones, no doubt; but she has her thousands upon thousands of busy bees also. No period of life is exempt; the child begins to work and to earn as soon as it is able to stand upon its legs; the town boy goes to a place ere the country lout goes to school; the youth, the man, and even decrepit age, find something wherewith to make into profit the passing hour: tender infancy is even let out to hire to sturdy beggars by the day, at a shilling or eighteenpence a-head, according to quality, for the purpose of exciting commiseration and procuring money. The education of the infant for the one thing needful (making money) begins with the earliest period when intelligence or perception develops itself; a farthing is put into the creature's tiny fingers as soon as he is able to clutch it; this exchanged for almond rock, brandy-balls, or lollypops, introduces his innocent mind to an acquaintance with the important truth, that "money is power:" he has not heard that *knowledge* is power, nor, if the schoolmaster himself said so, would he believe a word of it; he sees with his own eyes that knowledge will not buy brandy-balls, almond rock, or lollypops: he knows, as well as if he had read it in a treatise of natural theology, that the schoolmaster himself, with all his knowledge, would not be able to lay his hands upon a halfpenny worth of sweet stuff *without the halfpenny;* thus, by syllogistic deduction, the urchin arrives at the incontrovertible conclusion, that *halfpence* is power; *à fortiori*, the reasoning is good as to pence, shillings, and pounds sterling, and upon this principle the education of your Cockney urchin begins, proceeds, and terminates.

The precocity of these children of Mammon often approaches the ridiculous: we have seen a babe of two years old lying in a costermonger's cart, coupled by a leathern strap to a ferocious bull-dog, which, grinning and barking at every one who approached the cart, nevertheless found time, in the intervals of his watchful care, to lick and fondle with apparent affection the child of his master: we have been sufficiently amused with another urchin, the infant of a *cad*, who had the little fellow strapped to the "bus," and took the greatest delight in instructing him to hold up his tiny finger, and to cry, at the top of his squeaking voice, "Oney tickspence to te Bank,—oney tickspence to te Bank!"

The natural effect of this commercial education is obvious, in a precocious astuteness, rarely or never to be found among the inhabitants of country places: *there* the little children really are little children, *here* they are little men. Their ideas run solely upon money and money matters. They talk familiarly of "browns," "joeys," "tanners," and "bobs," by which you are to understand current coins of the realm. Their ambition is to go to place as errand boys as soon as they are breeched, and to get "five bob" a-week and their "wittles." That there are objections to the education, as at present conducted, of the rising cockneys, we admit; but it is the objection of a good thing carried to excess, or rather pursued in exclusion of other things also good: but, when we consider that the business of life, with the mass of the population, is to gain a livelihood; and that, in a forced and highly artificial state of society, all human energies must be taxed to the utmost, it is clear that the education for this sort of life must

needs be less an education of principles than of habits: the misfortune is, that while habits of industry and economy are cultivated to excess, principles of religion and morality are sadly neglected; so that nothing is more common, in this vast metropolis, than honest rogues and industrious profligates.

The labour of London life is not only carried on by day and all hours of the day, but by night and all hours of the night:—

"Nocturno versantur manu, versantur diurno."

Let us glance, superficially and cursorily, at the industry of a London twenty-four hours. Towards midnight, and by the time you have attained the luxurious oblivion of your first sleep, your breakfast—nay, your dinner and supper, of the coming day are being prepared; two or three hours before, thousands of your fellow creatures have been snatching hours from rest, to cart and pack the vegetables that will form a portion of your principal meal; and, if you are wakeful, the ponderous rumbling of waggon wheels over the rocky pavement, apprize you of this transit to the vast emporium of Covent Garden—than which, no garden of ancient or of modern times boasts earlier or riper fruits, or sooner rifles the budding treasures of the spring. From the north, droves of sheep, oxen, and swine, directed by the steady herdsman and the sagacious dog, thread the suburban neighbourhoods on their way to Smithfield, where, long before dawn, they are safely penned, awaiting the purchase of the salesmen of Leadenhall and Newgate markets.

The river, in the dead hour of night, is alive with boats, conveying every variety of the finny tribe to Billingsgate; now are the early breakfast houses reaping their harvest, the bustling host, in his shirt sleeves, conveying refreshment to his numerous customers; here the shut out sot, and belated debauchee, are compelled to resort in conversation with the unfortunate and degraded of the other sex, to await the re-opening of their customary haunts of dissipation; now the footstep of the policeman, as he tramps slowly over his beat, awakes the slumbering echoes; every house is shrouded in repose, and the city seems a city of the dead. All, soon again, is noise, bustle, and confusion; the carts of thousands of fishmongers, green-grocers, and victuallers, rattle along the streets, taking up their stands in orderly array in the immediate vicinity of the respective markets; loud is the noise of bargaining, chaffering, and contention. In a little while, however, they have completed their cargo for the day, and drive off; the waggons disappear, the markets are swept clean, and no trace remains, save in the books of the salesmen, of the vast business that has been done, as it were, in a moment.

Five o'clock gives some little signs of life in the vicinity of the hotels and coach-offices; a two-horse stage, or railway "bus," rumbles off to catch the early trains; the street-retailers of fish, vegetables, and fruit may be encountered, bearing on their heads their respective stocks in trade, to that quarter of the town where their customers reside; the nocturnal venders of "saloop" are busy dispensing their penny cups at the corners; and the gilded ball of St Paul's, lit up like a beacon by the earliest rays of the sun, while all below is yet shrouded in night, indicates approaching day.

Six o'clock announces the beginning of the working day, by the ringing of the bells of various manufactories. Now is the street crowded with the fustian-coated artizan, his basket of tools in his hand; and the stalwart Irish labourer, his short black pipe scenting the morning air with odours far different from those of Araby the Blest; the newspaper offices, busy during the night, now "let off" their gas—the sub-editors and compositors go home to bed, leaving the pressmen to complete the labour of the night. Now even the smoky city looks bright and clear, its silvery stream joining, as it were, in the general repose; the morning air is soft and balmy, and the caged throstle, lark, and linnet, captives though they be, carol sweet and melancholy lays.

There is an interregnum until eight; the shopkeeper then begins *his* day, the porter taking down the shutters, the boy sweeping out the shop, and the slipshod 'prentice lounging about the door; the principal comes in from his country box about nine;

the assistants have then breakfasted and dressed; and at ten the real business of the day begins.

At ten, too, the stream of life begins to set in city-ways; the rich merchant from Hampstead and Camberwell dashes along in his well-appointed curricle; the cashier, managing director, and principal accountant, reaches his place of business comfortably seated in his gig; clerks of all denominations foot it from Hackney, Islington, and Peckham Rye; the "busses" are filled with a motley crew of all descriptions, from Paddington, Piccadilly, Elephant and Castle, and Mile-End.

From eleven till two the tide of population sets in strongly city-ways; then, when the greater part of the business in that quarter has been transacted, the West-End tradesmen begin to open their eyes and look about them; although in Regent Street business is not at its maximum until four or five o'clock, and soon after the city is almost deserted. About two, all over London there is a lull; important business, that brooks no delay, must then be transacted—the vital business of dinner; for an hour little or nothing is done, and no sound man of business expects to do any thing; the governor is at dinner, the cashier is at dinner, the book-keeper is at dinner, the senior and junior clerks are at dinner; and behold! perched on a stool, in a dark corner, the office-keeper is also taking a lesson in the "philosophy of living." Dinner over, business recommences with the energy of giants refreshed; the streets, lanes, and passages are blocked up with vehicles and men, pressing forward as if life and death depended on their making way; now would a foreigner, at the top of Ludgate Hill, imagine that the living mass about him was hastening to some national *fête*, or important ceremony, instead of going about the ordinary business of every day. About six o'clock the great business of the city is totally at an end; the tide is then a tide of ebb setting out through all the avenues of town to the westward and to the suburbs, and the "busses" that came laden to the city, and went empty away, now go out full and return empty. Now eating begins in West End, and drinking in city taverns; now the coffeehouses fill, and crowds gather round the doors of the theatres, patiently awaiting for an hour or more the opening of the doors; Hyde Park is now (if it be the fashionable season) in its glory; the eye is dazzled with the display of opulence, beauty, and fashion, for at this hour is the world of wealth and fashion more prominently abroad. Nine o'clock and the shops begin to close, save those of the cigar dealers and gin-spinners, whose business is now only about to begin; the streets swarm with young men about town, and loose characters of all descriptions issue from their hiding-places, prowling about in search of prey; now the shellfish shops set forth their crustaceous treasures in battle array, fancifully disposing their prawns and lobsters in concentrical rows; the supper houses display their niceties in their windows, assailing the pocket through the appetite of the eye.

About midnight the continuous roll of carriages indicates the breaking up of the theatrical auditories, while the streets are crowded with respectable persons hastening to their houses; one o'clock all is shut up, save the watering houses opposite the hackney coach and cab stands, the subterranean singing rooms, the *à la mode* beef houses, lobster taverns, and ham shops; at two the day may be said to end, and the nocturnal industry with which we commenced our diary begins over again.

Such is the routine, varied materially according to the season of the year, of a day of London life; such days, accumulated, number years, and a few such years—we are gone, and are seen no more!

Every class is pervaded by the all-powerful spirit of labour; for all are stimulated and driven on by their necessities; and not only by their necessities, but by the certainty of their reward: industry is stimulated and kept alive by hope and fear; nor is there any difference between classes apparently widely removed from each other in this respect: the great lawyer works from twelve to sixteen hours a-day, the Spitalfields weaver does no more; the royal academician plys his pencil, and the banker's clerk his pen, from ten till four: the physician sits all day long in his carriage, and the costermonger in

his cart: we are all labouring men, and the only difference between us is in the amount of our weekly wages.

"Pressed with the *toil* of life, the weary mind
Surveys the general lot of human kind,
With cool submission joins the labouring train,
And social *travail* loses half its pain."

Yes, it loses *all* its pain, and becomes a source of pure pleasure and honourable satisfaction. The law of God has prescribed labour as a necessity of our being; and, like every other divine precept, a feeling of mental gratification is appointed to attend compliance with our duty. In London, as elsewhere, none work so hard as those whose misfortune it is to be appointed to do nothing; nay, they cannot choose but work: they carry upon their shoulders heavy burdens that they cannot lay down—vapours, spleen, jealousy, envy, and all the dismal train of idleness: two bitter enemies ever attend their steps—time and the devil: the former wearies out their souls in the never-ending quarrel for the possession of the hour; the latter suggests the tortures that attend lust, ambition, dissipation, the fopperies and anilities of fashion.

If no age is exempt from the general lot in London, neither is either sex. In country places, the wife of a small shopkeeper or trader would scorn to scrub her kitchen floor till it shone again, or to "hearthstone" her door-step; she would insist on having a domestic drudge, and on being called "ma'am" and "missus;" she will "look after" every household matter, but will not condescend to put her hand to any thing herself; if she sews a button on her husband's shirt, or keeps her children from running to rags, she thinks herself a pattern of a wife, and says so; she thinks it discreditable to take a basket on her arm and go to market, and has always some excuse to justify putting out her washing. She hears that Mrs Baggins, next door, declared on one occasion that she makes herself a slave to her husband; upon this she determines to be so no longer, and proclaims herself the most ill-used woman in the world because her spouse refuses to have a boy to clean the knives and run of errands. In short, she lives in a place where the eyes, not only of Mrs Baggins, but of the whole neighbourhood, are upon her, and thinks it "not becoming a lady" to soil her hands; to conclude, the odds are ten to one that she is as useless, as lazy, as full of petty pride and little airs, as if she were a nursery governess in a gentleman's family.

No married man in London, in the humbler walks of life, stands or understands this nonsense; nor do their wives contemplate ceasing to labour with their hands because they have a ring on their finger: on the contrary, the habits of industry in which she has been brought up, are stimulated to increased activity by the enlargement of her sphere of action. She understands perfectly that her duties in her new condition, towards her husband, are equal though different; he is the provider, she the economist; he furnishes the raw material of domestic life, she works it up into the manufacture of household comfort: always busy, careful, and provident, she knows that whatever is required to be effectually and speedily done is best done by herself, and she acts accordingly. There is no petty counteracting influence at work to make her ashamed of being seen on her knees before her own door, for all her neighbours do the same; if she employs a char-woman once a-week to get through the heavy work of her house, it is not because she is disinclined to do it herself, but because her time can be employed to more profit in some other department of her duty. Is she the wife of an artisan, earning, as she would say herself, his "five-and-thirty" a-week? Their little cottage is probably in the suburbs on the Surrey side, and contains three rooms, with wash-house, oven, and little plot of garden ground, for which they may pay six and-sixpence or seven shillings a-week. Their apartments consist of a neat kitchen, plentifully furnished with the necessary conveniences of humble life; their little parlour, where they dine on Sundays, set off with a chest of mahogany drawers, a looking-glass, a round table, a few chairs, and a carpet, carefully covered with drugget; the bedroom completes accommodation ample for their present wants: the garden boasts some flowers, bough-pots decorate their windows, the blinds and curtains are scrupulously clean, and a gold-

finch or linnet, in a pretty cage, discourses exquisite music outside the window of the sleeping room; the doorstep is white as snow, and even the scraper, you may obseve, has been polished with the black brush—all is tidy, clean, sweet-smelling, and comfortable.

The mode of life of the inmates is sufficiently simple; overnight, the coffee for the breakfast of the husband is prepared, and the kitchen fire laid, so that no time may be lost in the morning. When the husband goes to his work, the wife begins the daily labour of their home, in a plain blue wrapper with short sleeves; she bustles about till nine or ten, when she puts on her bonnet and shawl, and sets forth to make preparation for the mid-day meal; when all is ready, and her husband momentarily expected, she changes her-working dress, arranges her hair, and, lest her fingers should be idle, beguiles time with her needle, laying it aside only while she ministers to the wants of her helpmate and provider. Her mending and making occupy her till evening: then she has tea laid, not without cresses, fruit, a muffin, or something "nice"—not that she cares for these things herself, but to gratify her husband. A walk after dinner is the evening enjoyment of the pair, bread and cheese, a pipe, and half-a-pint of porter closing the day. Once a fortnight something is "out" at one or other of the theatres, and it is the turn of the husband to afford his careful wife a little recreation. Whitsuntide, Christmas, and Easter are their seasons of festivity, and furnish matter for pleasant retrospection until Whitsuntide, Christmas, and Easter return again.

But it is not merely to the lower classes that this habit of industry, economy, and self-reliance on the part of the wives, is peculiar; the most respectable tradesmen and shopkeepers, if they do not end, at least begin life with the same assistance from their helpmates; nor are instances by any means rare, where a woman, who has ministered to the household comforts of her husband in his early struggles from poverty to independence, has continued to dispense with all mercenary assistance in after life, even when circumstances would have amply justified the indulgence. We do not speak of this as being either right or wrong, judicious or not; our object is merely to add one more instance to many of the contrariety of modes of life and social usages in the country and in London, where certainly idleness, whether of hands or head, forms no part of female accomplishment either in the middle or lower classes.

The industry of Londoners is truly wonderful; and those who know no better are accustomed to give them credit for it, which they deserve just as much as the industrious man who would pick up a sovereign lying at the end of his great toe. Cockneys are not a whit more industrious than other people; they labour hard in their several vocations, not that they love labour, but because labour is an article in great demand: industry, like gooseberries, will be plentiful wherever it is wanted, and will not come to market unless the cultivation of it will pay. The peasantry of mountainous regions might be very industriously employed in rolling a big stone up a hill, for the purpose of letting it roll down again; but we see them very often walk about with their hands in their pockets instead. Now, if these mountaineers could each of them earn six shillings a-day by rolling big stones up the sides of hills, you would not see a man of them idle: *argal*, (with submission to Archbishop Whately,) the reason they are idle in rolling big stones is, because they get nothing by it; and what holds of rolling big stones, will hold of any thing else to which human industry is applicable, big or little. The intensity of low-bred ignorance, (we do not mean vulgar ignorance, for that is a different vice,) is more prominently offensive in nothing than in national prejudice. You will hear a fellow, who may have posted over Europe with the blinds of his carriage up, descant upon the indolence of one people and the industry of another; but that this national industry in the one case is secondarily a cause, and primarily only an effect, and that the national idleness in the other is precisely the reverse, he knows no more than the blind puppy drowned on Wednesday last.

The soul of industry is pay; where pay is not, neither is labour. The abundance of employment, and certainty of adequate remuneration, creates industrious habits, which, once created, spontaneously perpetuate themselves, and become part and parcel of the national character; where

industry, on the contrary, receives no fair remuneration or encouragement, idleness becomes in time a characteristic of the people, distinguishing them for years, it may be, after deteriorating causes have ceased to act. Geographical position, natural wealth, soil, climate—and, above all, forms of government—determine the amount of industry of a people; the industry of the individual is determined by the amount of wages he can obtain. Individuals may be found who will not work; but no nation ever was intrinsically lazy, nor ever will.

We pass on to notice another of the pointed characteristics that cannot fail to strike the stranger in London; namely, the vast amount of comfort scattered profusely among nearly every class of our redundant population.

If we were to endeavour to convey to an intelligent foreigner an idea of the prevalence among us of the peculiarly national characteristic, comfort, —leaving palaces, castles, halls, and galleries out of the question—we should perambulate with him the private neighbourhoods frequented by the middle and lower classes; we should make him look below the surface, and keep his eye on the kitchens, like an "area sneak." Subordinate, and apparently trivial things, convey better ideas of national peculiarities than most writers upon the subject choose to acknowledge. Dining-rooms and drawing-rooms are pretty much the same every where; but if you want to have a correct notion of the perfection to which the science of comfort has arrived, you must make a tour of London kitchens, even at the hazard of having a dishclout pinned to your tail. Stop, now, and look into that area: the steps leading down would put to shame the marbled stair of an Italian palazza, and white as marble are the flags below, contrasted admirably with those geraniums and myrtles; the windows not merely cleaned, but polished, reflect the light like so many mirrors, the window-seats covered with oil-cloth, and adorned with pretty nosegays, the gift to one of the maids from her sweetheart in the country. Let us look in. Here you see, in the tables, benches, covers, coppers—every apparatus, in short, in this laboratory of daily life—the scrupulosity of cleanliness; nothing is merely clean, the presiding nymphs scorn the imputation: no, all that they have to do with is scrubbed, polished to excess, and arranged so as to gratify the eye; over the spacious stove, flanked with ovens and boilers supplementary, the clock, with the motto underwritten, WASTE NOT, WANT NOT, moralize the scene. Let us introduce you to Mrs Cook: is she not a sonsy, well-favoured dame, emblematic in her ample rotundity of the plenty her master's house affords? the blush that once mantled her maiden cheek has long since been permanently fixed by the continual radiation of caloric; the tips of her dimpled elbows emulate the richest rouge, and her rotund arms are dappled with crimson, like (excuse the simile) Aurora rising in the purple east. Although a portly woman—faith, and a corpulent—Mrs Cook is no slattern; her plain mob-cap is white as driven snow, and titivated off with a single knot of blue ribbon;—her bird's-eye cotton gown fits like her skin, and is rather short in the skirt—not to show her well-turned leg, forsooth—but because she hates a Dorothy Draggletail!—Heigho! Many an elderly gentleman have we known made happy in such a wife: and that reminds us, by the way, that we are getting rather elderly ourselves.

Do not overlook the parlour maid; how fresh, fair, tidy, trig, she is! The housemaid, too, is not far behind; and, take the three as you find them, do you confess you see in them the graces of the kitchen?

Observe them at their meals; cloth as white, knives and forks as clean, provisions as plentiful and good, more homely only, than those served above stairs.

Nor are these domestic ministers denied their recreation: that ceaseless, unremitting drudgery that attends the household servant in a country place, is not exacted by the mistress of a town mansion. There is with them, as with all other classes, an understood reciprocity of rights and duties, which must be held sacred on both sides, or else shake hands and part.

Take another illustration of London comfort—the Sunday dinners of a low neighbourhood carried from the baker's after church. Take up a position somewhere in the Tower Hamlets, the Borough, or the fag-end of Westminster, where every house contains two or more families on a floor. The crowd gathering at the corner awaits

the opening of the baker's. As soon as the clock strikes one, behold a general rush to the common Sabbath kitchen of the neighbourhood, whence each soon issues, bearing in both hands the substantial and savoury viands, sending forth those "Sabean odours" introduced very happily by John Milton in his "Paradise Lost." Regard that athletic Irishman in the fustian suit, holding up a huge junk of beef perched on a little tripod, and garnished all round with baked 'tatoes screeching hot. Pat is evidently looking out for somebody to dine with him. He is naturally hospitable; and proud, besides, that he is able to offer share of such a dinner. Soon he fastens his keen eye on a fellow-countryman rubbing himself against a post at the opposite corner. "Hirroo, Mike, my jewel, dine with me to-day; see, I've an iligant roasted beef and tatees!"—"Glory to yer sowl, Pat," replies the other, "that's the very same dinner I have meself, by japurs! *barrin' the beef*," and with a hearty laugh away they go together. That poor widow, attended by two little girls decently clad in black, has but scanty provision for them—a couple of sheeps' hearts, eked out by a little batter pudding in the bottom of the baking dish. Now they come crowding, one on the heels of another: shoulders, legs, and loins of mutton; rumps, jumps, and sirloins of beef; fillets of veal, with their dear relation, ham; pies of every pattern; pigs and potatoes; not a splash, hash, or stew to be seen in the collection—all solid, substantial, old English viands, and no mistake! Now doth the potboy issue forth, bending beneath the weight of the troughs in which his pots are carefully arranged, and which he carries longitudinally by handles affixed to the upper surfaces. Like Æsop, his load lighteneth as he journeyeth along.

Dinner being done, the entire population sets out on a voyage of discovery towards the outskirts: the young and active succeed, it may be, in gaining a distant view of the fields beyond Holloway, or in ravishing a bough of horse chestnut or of hawthorn from its parent tree, with which they return home in triumph; the family men, on the contrary, accompanied by their wives and children, content themselves with a suburban pot-house, where benches outside the door, a canopy of pollarded elms, and a dusty privet hedge, do duty for rural scenery. Here they sit, quietly enjoying their pipes and pots of ale: and hence, when the dew begins to fall, they set out once again to that home, which, humble as it is, is endeared to them because it is their home, their possession, and their empire.

No characteristic of London life is developed in greater intensity than its association. If the test of civilized life be taken in the congregativeness of men for mutual interest, profit, and protection, nowhere does civilization attain to greater perfection than here: here the power and might of co-operative man for political, social, and charitable purposes—for every purpose, in short, from the cradle to the grave—is strained to the utmost: elsewhere men stand alone, here each is supported by others: elsewhere, the moving power of enterprize is self, here it is self and fellows.

By this highly developed social system, ten thousand, or a hundred thousand men, become as one: every individual is only so much money invested in the concern, one or two superintending spirits directing the great machine: you have the unity of purpose of one man, with the resources and appliances of one million. Without this congregative principle, a great city would be a great desert; or, we should rather say, in the place of a great city a desert would be found. To the unconnected stranger, wandering and wondering through London streets, the sense of loneliness and desolation is extreme: let him fall sick—the mercenary cares of the lodging-house are all that he can depend on: let him be unemployed—there are no resources to fall back upon: let him be poor—he faints with hunger on the threshold of a tavern: but let him be once associated—let him have a definite rule of life, a fixed purpose, or a certain residence, all is changed; he becomes an individual member of that great associated family, whose trade, avocation, or profession, he may have acquired.

Is he an artisan? a tailor, for example? he comes to London, not knowing a single human being; he goes to one of the houses of call for that ancient fraternity, pays his half-crown for entrance, and a small weekly contribution; for this he is associated, provided for, and protected; his name comes up for work in its turn, and in

sickness he is relieved from the general stock; all disputes about wages are settled by a directing committee, to whose decisions, unless where manifestly unreasonable, masters themselves find it convenient to submit; in short, our provincial snip, instead of shuffling through London streets a mere redundancy, now, by the magic of association, boasts himself the fraction of a man, and holds up his head accordingly. The same rule holds in almost every instance of men in their integrity, as of the aforesaid fragments of humanity. Chimney-sweepers even have their protective association, and each year celebrate the anniversary of their foundation at Highbury Barn Tavern with great solemnity; Rhadamanthus Wakley, the coroner, Old Byng, Tom Duncombe, and sundry other exalted patriots, always then and there assisting the solemnities of the sooty fraternity.

You have as many protective associations as there are trades, nor is there the slightest chance of success for any man who refuses to become a member of his associated profession. He may perhaps be employed in a contraband way by some recusant master, but in general he is forced to quit; they call him a *colt*, in their technical slang, and although—unlike provincial artisans, who have a knack of bludgeoning among this stamp—they seldom resort to violence, they rarely fail to starve out the unlucky wight who would stand alone, and work his way through life without the assistance, guidance, and protection of his fellows. Not alone for the protection of trade are societies organized: social reunions are even more numerous; hardly any person in the humbler walks of life, with good character and ostensible occupation, excludes himself from a friendly society, burial society, or mutual assistance society of one sort or other. Clubs of various sorts are instituted for the purpose of purchasing articles by weekly small subscriptions of the members, and on every Saturday evening drawing lots. In this way are formed hat clubs, watch and clock clubs, and even portrait clubs. This system, however, being in the nature of a lottery, is not in request with the more prudent or respectable, appertaining chiefly to the frequenters of sporting-houses, which abound in every quarter of London.

The ladies, too, are not behind in associating for mutual protection and support; you will see, in the poorer neighbourhoods, advertisements in the windows of coffee-shops, and, we are sorry to be obliged to add, in those of public-houses also, UNITED SOCIETY OF SISTERS OF INDUSTRY HELD HERE; FEMALE FRIENDLY ASSOCIATION; WORKING WOMEN'S COAL CLUB; and a hundred other notices of the like description.

Of this power of association thus practically carried into effect among high and low, rich and poor, it is impossible to estimate too highly the manifold advantages. To this we owe the gigantic undertakings that make the enterprize of Londoners the world's wonder; to this we owe that stability of mercantile credit, which is the basis and foundation of our enterprize; to this we owe the extension of our national influence and power beyond the narrow limits of our isle; to this we owe much of that solidity and stability of character which results from the minute divisions of property among all industrious classes.

What can be more wonderful, for example, than the power of association manifested in joint-stock banking companies, shipping companies, steam and railway companies? The immensity and apparent inexhaustibility of their resources, astonish less than the rapidity with which their gigantic undertakings approach completion, alike defying competition and opposition. Ere in a provincial town the preliminaries of action could be adjusted, the London speculator has invested his thousands or his millions, as the case may be, and begins to receive slowly first, then quicker, the returns of his investment. Philosophic doctors demonstrate to a moral certainty that the great Atlantic may not be traversed by steam ships; and even while philosophic doctors' throats are hoarse with their demonstration of the physical impossibility of crossing the ocean by steam, your Londoner sends out a steamer, does the trick, and gives the philosophic doctor the lie direct. Geological *savans* insist that tunnels of a couple of miles in length through lofty hills are out of the question, because of greywacke, quartz, old red sandstone, hornblende, and the devil knows what; your London shareholder employs a contractor, orders him to bore through thick and thin until he

comes out at the other side, which he does without more ceremony, to the undisguised chagrin of the geologist, who discovers, notwithstanding all *his* science, that the London speculator is perfectly "up to *trap*." The impossible-mongering, cold water-throwing, wet-blanketing fellows, howled in this way about the Thames tunnel; there was a bed of quicksand, and another bed of dead sand, and a bed of quicksand again, and it couldn't be done, and all the workmen, as well as the work, would be drowned, and it was a bad job, and no use, and so on; similar howling was heard respecting the gigantic tunnel of Box on the Great Western Railway, and yet both the one and the other have been carried to a successful issue: there they stand, durable monuments of the ignorance of the learned, and the possibility of every thing to money and Brunel.

In truth, the Londoner is not to be deterred from any work, however gigantic, by the timidity of theorists. He knows, by experience, that few difficulties are insurmountable by mind, muscle, and machinery, and he has money to buy all three; difficulties and discouragements only call forth his unbounded resources, and his unrivalled energy. He goes to war with the whole world, and not only finds money to pay his expenses, but can spare plenty more to set other nations by the ears: in peace he is at war, tyrannizing over the rebellious ocean, or rending the bowels of the reluctant earth. He is not only enterprizing in himself, but the cause of enterprize in others; his capital is sunk in the coal mines of Northumberland, and the gold mines of Brazil; his capital, like his own steam-engine, propels the great and little wheels of industry, at all corners of the earth. Nothing is too great for his enterprize, or too little; he dashes at all in the ring—to-day investing his thousands in settling colonies for the living, tomorrow sporting a few thousands more in providing genteel and airy suburban accommodation for the dead!

The root of the enterprize of a Londoner, is in having a correct idea of the use and value of money, in which he differs chiefly from provincial people. When he accumulates a trifle of thousands, say a hundred or two, he begins to think himself able to earn a little; instead of buying land, enclosing a park, stopping up public footpaths, and sitting at quarter sessions, he sets his wits at work to double his capital: money, he will tell you, is like muscle, growing by exercise, and wasting by repose; and he puts his money in training accordingly. The more money he has he is not a richer man, but only a larger adventurer: his thousands are not the *end* of his industry, but the means to an end, and that end is extended speculation. In country places, on the contrary, men fail from having an erroneous idea that money, that is to say, coin, is *positive* wealth; that a certain number of guineas keeps him from starvation, a certain number in addition renders him comfortable: doubling this sum, he becomes, as it is called, respectable; and doubling this again, he may be considered wealthy: thus he forms his rule of life upon putting every guinea he can lay his hands on into an old stocking, and keeping it there. It need hardly be added, that this is fatal to enterprize, and consequently to the rapid return of profits and speedy multiplication of wealth.

Wherever this hoarding principle is strong, commerce is little, and credit none: it is clear that the first principle of commercial enterprize is wanting; money, which is its life and soul, being considered not the means, but the end. In town, a guinea is considered a little machine, which, properly set agoing, may reproduce itself with sixpence or a shilling to boot: in the country, a guinea is a guinea; and unless, by taking it out of the stocking, another guinea can be made, the proprietor of the (*per se*) worthless dross will not part with it for a moment.

When we talk of the commercial enterprize of Londoners, we must be understood to speak as well of all other places imbued with the liberal principles upon which metropolitan traders have been long accustomed to act: the analysis of these principles, and a description of the rules of business practice in the metropolis, we do not purpose to pursue: speculations of this sort demand a depth of thought, and a comprehensiveness of view, better suited to the political economist than to the cursory observer of men and manners.

THE ANNOUNCEMENTS AND THREE ROOMS.

THE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A FAT man, with a very red face, rushed distractedly into the lobby of Pigston Hall, in Leicestershire; and after succeeding, with great difficulty, in getting into a huge livery-coat, which was yet a good deal too small for him—throwing forward first one arm, then the other, then both together—sinking his head and raising his shoulders—and in short going through all the evolutions consequent on a tight fit, he listened attentively for a minute or two, with his ear at the very key-hole of the front door, and, finally, as if satisfied with the result of his observation, threw himself into an arm-chair, and said, with a sigh, which evidently gave him great relief, "It wasn't nobody after all! Sich a set of lazy hounds them house-servants is!" pursued our friend—deterging his scarlet brow with a still more scarlet cotton. "I remembers when I was in Sir Charles's stables, afore I became master's butler, we managed the stable boys wery different. And I thinks I may say, without any wanity, that I never spoke to a under-helper in my life, without either a slap over the head with a pitch-fork, or a good dig in the ribs with my fist; but them footmen wont stand it, and that's the reason the brutes is never in time. Thomas!—— leave off a-palavering with that 'ere Marianne, will ye, and come here? I 'spects the company every minute."

But Thomas seemed to prefer palavering with Marianne to cooling his heels in the hall.

"Time enough?" continued the impatient butler, as if in answer to some response of the dilatory Thomas. "Time enough? how is a man in the country to know whether it's time enough or not? Did you ever hear of any two clocks being in the same story? Why, it's perhaps seven o'clock at Sheepsbury now, and only half after five at Swanfield. You come up here, I tell ye, or somebody's sure to play a tune on the knocker afore we're ready to dance to it. Dang it!" he added, in a lower note, "if I had sich a feller as that in the stable, wouldn't I stick a two-prong into his shoulder—that's all!"

Whether awed by the magisterial voice of his superior, or rejected by the aforesaid Marianne, we cannot say, but Thomas at last made his appearance—his hair thickly powdered, and tremendously curled—his coat white and yellow—his waistcoat blue velvet—his continuations of the same splendid colour and material—and his stockings flesh-coloured silk: a breathing condensation of all that is hateful and disgusting in human nature—an over-fed and over-dressed flunky. "Did you require my assistance particularly, Mr Tippings?" said Thomas, as he lounged towards the door; "for at that moment I was somewhat more deliciously engaged?"

"Making love and"——

"Pardon me, Mr Tippings; other people, perhaps, *make* love, and a dismal manufacture I should think it was; but somehow or other, it always happens that whenever I begin speaking to a pretty girl, 'tis ready made"——

"Well, well, never mind about that," said Mr Tippings, evidently regretting the abolition of corporal punishments, which used to be the pride and buckler of the stable service. "Where's David?"

"Here I are, and no mistake—though crickey, I feels as if I wasn't quite myself neither in these here oudacious breeches—I never was out of fustians before."

"Now, then, let's be ready," said Mr Tippings. "You, Thomas, go and stand near the drawing-room door; you, David, be near me, and take the gentlemen's hats—if they don't take'm in with them, and the ladies's scarfs. I'll give the name, and Thomas is sure to hear it without your bawling it out too—so do nothing but bow as the company passes. Then as soon as they're all arrived, off I goes and gets into my plain coat—for a real butler is a cut above livery—and you get the dinner on the table as hard as you can. Most of the strangers will bring their own men, so there'll be lots of waiting. Now then, steady—I hears wheels."

But as this last declaration of Mr Tipping's proved to be unfounded, we conclude it was a *ruse* of that worthy functionary to get quit of Thomas. Thomas proceeded to the other end of the lobby, David ranged himself beside Mr Tippings, and that gentleman was on the very point of opening his mouth to illuminate David's understanding, when his attention was arrested by a noise at one of the side doors, and his eye rested—inflated with anger and surprise—on three or four of the female domestics, who had taken up that position to have a peep of the company as they passed: it was against all Mr Tippings' notions of propriety and etiquette. "Well, if this ain't a shindy! all the petticoats in the house come up to look at the arrivals, as if it was a trial-run for the Derby! I say, you gals! you must be off every one of ye.—Ha'n't you got your own business to attend to?"

The three other domestics tossed their heads as if disgusted at being reminded that they had any thing to do but to amuse themselves; but this demonstration did not suffice for the injured dignity of Marianne. She tripped across the hall, to the increased dismay of Mr Tippings, and said, in not the pleasantest tones that a lady's-maid can assume,—

"Did you address yourself to me, Mr Tippings, by that very appreciating appellation?"

"What appellation?" replied Mr Tippings, anxious to get quit of his visiter.

"Why, you called me 'gal!' Now, that's a name as I wont stand from nobody. If you were a gentleman, as a butler ought, you would call us young ladies."

"Well, well—young lady, why ain't you attending your mistresses,—they're not all gone into the drawing-room yet?"

"My two young friends, Miss Vibbler and Miss Arabella—if you means them by that wulgar expression—has been there this twenty minutes. I assisted their hair myself, and gloved and shoed 'em before they went in."

"But Miss Helen?" pursued the Butler——

"Oh, her! them poor relations must wait on themselves.—She's no young friend of mine."

"You should be happy to wait on sich a beautiful critter, you should," said Mr Tippings, waxing warm. "By dad!—if I could tie up hair"——

"Why don't you try?" said Marianne, with a sneer. "But a poor curate's orphan daughter should not hold her head so high."

"Her head—poor dear lady!" said the butler; "she never seems to hold up her head at all; and such a head it is to hold up—small ears, large eyes, broad front, long neck. She's regular thorough-bred,—and master's sister was a lucky woman to marry such a true gentleman as Mr Welby."

"A curate!" again repeated Miss Marianne, with a toss. "A man in a threadbare coat, making a small perquisite to his wages by keeping pooples!"

"He was my old master, Sir Charles' younger brother, and the best judge of a horse in the county; and as to them pooples, how could he help it, when it was all he had to do? Sir Charles was ruined; the old hall mortgaged; nobody gave him a living; he couldn't go into service, where he might have been comfortable, and saved a little for his old age; and so you see, he was forced to take in three or four young gentlemen to fit them for college—and a hard enough work he found it; at least I remembers when all the strappers and stable-boys was *my* pooples at Sir Charles's, they led me the life of a dog. But never let me hear you say a word against Miss Helen,—she's the beautifullest angel on earth, and would come in very near the winning-post against most of them in heaven. So be off—be off,—the company's coming at last!"

And wheels gritted on the gravel in front of the hall door. Marianne flew across the hall, David drew near to be ready to receive the visiters. Rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat, tat-tat-tat! The door flew open, and down the steps of a plain yellow chariot skipped an old gentleman, a little overdressed, with bright green waistcoat crossed by two or three gold chains—large gold seals dangling from his watch pocket—and an appearance of having paid extraordinary attention to his toilet.

"Mr Bagsby!" said Mr Tippings, when the gentleman had fairly entered the hall."

"Mr Bagsby!" repeated Thomas, throwing open the drawing-room door, and in a short time the ancient dandy

was lost to the admiring eyes of Tippings, David, and the four maids.

"Now, David," said Mr Tippings, you wouldn't believe, to see that 'ere little man in his Sunday clothes as he is to-day, that he's nothing but a regular-built attorney; that little fellow sits all day on a three-legged stool, poring over poor devils' title-deeds that he has got into his clutches. There ain't a gentleman within twenty miles that dares to say his land's his own, or his soul either, for old Bagsby's sure to have some mortgage or flaw, or some devilry or another, to get them all into his power. So you see, though every body hates him, and knows him to be a thief, they can't do without him; and I'll be bound that nasty little varmint is more attended to than e'er an honest gentleman in the country. It's a most aggravating succamstance, David."

Rat-tat-tat!

"Mrs Higgles, Miss Harrabellar Higgles, Miss Juliar Higgles;"—and three ladies, dressed exactly alike, each with a white pocket-handkerchief in the right hand, and a vinaigrette in the left, tripped across the hall, and were ushered by Thomas into the drawing-room.

"For my own part, David," said Mr Tippings. "I ain't partial to mothers and daughters being all of the same age. It destroys all sort of variety in the female sex, and, besides, ain't at all fair to the young ones. That 'ere is a rich widdy and her two daughters, that goes a husband-hunting every year to Bath or Cheltenham, and comes back to their villa near Melton to practise on the hunt. But it's no go—they cut it too fine; and I bets you, though I did not know the man from Adam, that old Higgles was a banker. They ha'n't the breed, and no clipping and trimming can hide the want of blood."

Rat-tat-tat!

A tall gentleman stept leisurely from a very handsome phæton, and with as much deliberation as if he were performing the most important act of his life, gave his hat to David, and with a small pocket comb arranged the few locks he still retained, in a circle round his brow and top of his head, to hide the deficiency of the crop in these quarters, and after being joined by his companion, a young man of three or four-and-twenty, gave his name to the attentive Tippings, "Sir Hubsty Pippen."

"And the other gentleman, sir?"

"Oh—Charles—ay—never mind, say Sir Hubsty Pippen and friend."

"Sir Hubsty Pippen and friend," bawled Mr Tippings, anxious that the announcement should reach Thomas's ears correctly; but in spite of all his bawling, that functionary failed to catch the names, and ushered them into the drawing-room as Sir Snubsy Whipping and Mr Brend.

"Now, that Sir Hubsty Pippen, David," said the cicerone to his assistant, "is what I calls a real pervaricating sort of a ticket. He hasn't a fardin' of his own, but he knows every body else that *has* fardens; so it comes to the same thing. He follows a kind of trade they call being an executor, and takes care of all the rich old gentlemen's properties till their sons comes rising twenty-two; and all the time they're colts, mind me, you wouldn't know this same Sir Hubsty for any thing but the squire himself. He keeps up all the expenses, and p'raps a little more; stables choke full; subscriptions to the hunt; butchers, bakers, grocers, wine-merchants, just the same;—so you see it's a jolly good thing to be an executor, David; for the little boy's at school all this while, at maybe fifty pounds a-year, and Sir Hubsty's a-spending all the rest to keep up the respectability of the family. I dare say, David, you never knew he wasn't owner himself of Maldon Manor, and thought he pulled down the house, and was just a-building it up again, to please his own taste."

"Noa, I can't say I ever did, Mr Tippings, 'cause I never heard tell of he before—nor Maldon Manor either."

"Never heard of Maldon Manor? the best breeding stable in this county. The young squire has been a-travelling in Rome and Italy, and other foreign continents—as they calls 'em; but he'll be home soon again, I hope, and turn old Sir Hubsty about his business."

A repetition of the rat-tat-tat of the previous visiters interrupted the stream of Mr Tippings' eloquence, and gave admission to the Rev. Mr Spinks and Dr Ladle, who had walked across the fields from the neighbouring town. At last, after a long pause, Mr Fitzwal-

ters Snifky, and Mr Algernon Horatio Montalvan Smith, completed the party.

"Now, then," said Mr Tippings, as the last echoes of Thomas's announcement died away at the drawing-room door, "tell cook to send up the dinner. I must just walk into my black clothes; and, David, you go and strike the gong the moment you hears me clap my hands at the sideboard."

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Mrs Vibbler and her two daughters had been in an amazing state of agitation two or three days before the party, and had exerted themselves to the utmost, from an early hour that morning, in what they called setting the drawing-room to rights. The linen covers were taken off all the sofas and chairs; the green cloth lifted from the carpet; two or three vases filled with flowers; the two alabaster ladies on the mantelpiece, who obligingly condescended to hold two brass candlesticks, were supplied with spermaceti candles; the piano moved further from the wall; the ottoman wheeled into its proper position; and the whole room turned topsy-turvy, and made to look as uninhabitable as possible. These labours were concluded, and their own toilets finished, by half-past five o'clock; and exactly at that hour they took their stations to receive the company. Mrs Vibbler stood about six feet in front of the rug, supported on each side by one of her daughters, and was ready, by taking a graduated number of steps forward, to apportion the cordiality of her reception to the different ranks and degrees of her visiters. Some she would allow to walk the whole way up to where she stood, while to others she skipped three or four steps forward, and received them almost at the door; and after the guest had shaken hands with the mother, the same ceremony was performed, a little to one side, with each of the daughters; and the final act of reception performed by a repetition of the interesting form, with Mr Vibbler himself, a stout little man, who stood bobbing his bald pate, and looking immensely satisfied with himself and all mankind, with his back to the fireplace, and his coat-tails turned slightly over, from the force of habit, though it was now the height of summer, and the grate was filled with flowers.

"I wonder who'll come first," said Miss Arabella, fixing her scarf, and taking up her appointed position.

"Oh, Mr Montalvan Smith, of course," replied her sister, with some bitterness in her tone; "he's always the first arrival, wherever he has a chance of meeting people that can be pleased with his nonsense."

"Well," retorted Miss Arabella, "if he's the first to come, there's another person who is always the last to go. That odious creature, Mr Snifky, would sit up all night if people didn't hint him out of the house."

"My dears," interposed the mother, "they are both most delightful young men. I don't think any of them can have less than a thousand a-year; and although Mr Snifky squints"——

"Squints, mamma!" screamed Miss Vibbler; "he does nothing of the kind. I don't stand up for his good looks in any other respect, but his eyes are certainly beautiful."

"*One* of them is certainly not very bad—the right one," said Miss Arabella, with an amiable effort to support her sister's assertion.

"And although Mr Montalvan Smith is slightly lame," continued the mother——

"Lame, mamma! You must be joking," exclaimed Arabella in her turn.

"No, no, mamma," kindly interposed the eldest sister; "you're too hard on Mr Smith; he is not lame—at least not in both legs; a sort of limp with the left foot—but that's all."

"Well, they're both very agreeable, fashionable young men; and I hope you'll be as civil to them as you can," said the mother. "And now be ready—I hear a knock at the front door."

"Who will it be? Oh, I so long to know," said Miss Arabella; "I hope it isn't that talking, noisy man, Sir Hubsty Pippen; and he always brings such queer kind of people with him—actors or authors, or men of genius, as he calls them."

"My dear, he's a great patron of the fine arts; and it's a great thing, I assure you, that Sir Hubsty comes to Pigston. He quite sets the fashion in

this part of the country, and in London too, they say."

"La, mamma, I don't believe that;" replied the eldest hope; "for Mr Snifky has often told me he doesn't know him. If he were really so fashionable as he pretends, he would certainly belong to the Garrick."

"The Garrick, my dear! what's the Garrick?"

"Mr Snifky's club in London, mamma; quite the genteel club."

"Oh yes, mamma, Mr Smith belongs to it too," added Miss Arabella; "it's far the most select club in London."

"Well, my dears, if Sir Hubsty brings any person with him to-day, as he always does, you can treat him just as you like. I hate men of genius. I never knew any man of genius worth three hundred a-year. Mr Vibbler's half-sister married a man of genius"—

"A vicar, mamma—ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, and you see what his genius has done for Helen. I really wish Sir Hubsty would not bring any of his clever people here."

"Oh, hang them!" chimed in Mr Vibbler, "I hate them; they always try to make a man ridiculous—at least they do me—which is very insulting—and shows they don't know their position in life."

"Ha! Mr Bagsby!" exclaimed Mrs Vibbler, taking two steps in advance, followed at regular distances by her aides-de-camp; "I'm so glad to see you, and so sorry you couldn't bring Mrs Bagsby!"

"She's very sorry she couldn't come; but she had to take one of the children to school."

"To school?" said Mrs Vibbler; "I wonder you can part with the little dears."

"But what can I do, ma'am? Education"——

"Oh yes; but with such a nice large house as yours, why don't you keep a governess?"

"I don't like them, ma'am; you can't treat them like ladies, and they wont consent to be treated like servants,—so what can you do with them?"

"Ah, you are always such a good kind-hearted man," replied Mrs Vibbler. "Many people would make no scruple of treating them any how they pleased. I wish people of that kind would have a little less pride; but it's so difficult to find a situation to please them."

"I wonder you don't recommend poor dear Helen to think of something of the kind, mamma," said Miss Arabella; "it would make her so independent. As for me, I would rather do anything than be a burden to other people."

"That's because you have a noble, generous spirit," replied the mother, with a glance of proud approval to her amiable daughter; "but some people think very differently; and besides," she added in a lower tone, "your father wont hear of it."

"'Do, Bagsby?" said the venerable sire, when his visiter had stood the attack of the vanguard, and dropped into his moorings at one side of the fire-place. "Very hot, isn't it?"

"Yes; and besides, my dear sir, I have been very much bothered to-day about an affair in which, of course, you are deeply interested."

"Oh, indeed!" replied Mr Vibbler, in a low tone, and dropping his ear to the mouth of Mr Bagsby.

"The creditors will come to a compromise and pay Miss Welby twelve thousand pounds, with interest since her father's death, if she releases the late Sir Charles's estate."

"Ah, you surprise me!" replied Mr Vibbler, and after a short pause, added, "I can claim, I suppose?"

"Yes; maintenance during that time, at a reasonable rate."

"Let me see—I've treated her exactly, of course, as my own daughters—every luxury. I should think, Bagsby, no body could think me very avaricious if I claimed two hundred a-year: what with her maid and the carriage, and accomplishments, and all that sort of thing, money is soon run away with."

"I don't know," answered Bagsby, drily; "but Sir Hubsty Pippen, who was left Sir Charles's executor, has taken the business into his own hands, and will perhaps find an opportunity of speaking to you about it to-night. In the mean time, had not Miss Welby better be informed of her good fortune?"

"Eh—ah—bless me! yes. I heard Mrs Vibbler say something about there not being room at the table to-day; but she had better be called. Arabella, my dear, go and tell your cousin Helen to put on her things as

soon as she can, and come and dine with us."

"Oh, papa, she says she has a headache. When mamma offered to give her a place at a side-table, she"——

"Go, and bid her come directly. Tell her she's particularly wanted. She's a most excellent girl, and does always as she's told."

"Well, I'll tell her, since you wish it," answered Miss Arabella, as she sulked out of the room; "I shouldn't be surprised if Mr Bagsby wants her as his governess, after all."

"My dear Mrs Higgles!" said Mrs Vibbler, rushing forward nearly to the door—"this is so kind—and dear Arabella too—her cold is better?—and Julia?—I'm so glad!

There was a tremendous shaking of hands and bowing of heads, and enquiries about each other, and discourses about the weather, that lasted two or three minutes, before the three ladies got safely past Mrs Vibbler, and then, accompanied by the two Miss Vibblers, who had both resumed their appointed stations once more, they sailed up the room to exchange broadsides with Mr Vibbler and Mr Bagsby.

"I was so delighted to get your invitation before we had fairly started for Leamington," said Mrs Higgles. We go positively next week."

"Indeed!"

"Oh, yes—my girls and I find the country so dull and tiresome—no person worth seeing within miles and miles of us; and the season is just beginning."

"'Pon my word, Mrs Higgles, we're greatly indebted to you for the high opinion you have of your neighbours," said Mr Bagsby.

"Oh! the present company always excepted, you know. And, as for dear Mrs Vibbler—and dear Mrs Bagsby, too—I don't know what I could do without them; and my girls are enchanted with your daughters, too—aren't you, girls?"

"Oh yes, mamma, we are *such* friends!"—replied the two Miss Higgleses in chorus.

"Quite a romantic attachment! my girls have *such* hearts! they would make a pretty picture — wouldn't they?"—And the four young ladies had thrown themselves into the most amiable attitudes they could assume; the two Arabellas locked hand in hand; and the right arm of Miss Vibbler thrown round Miss Higgles's waist. But the instant the drawing-room door was opened the two Miss Vibblers tore themselves from their friends, and jumped into their places at the side of their mamma, ready to receive the next comers as they had done their predecessors.

The next comers on this occasion were Sir Hubsty Pippen and his friend; or, as Thomas, with the voice of a town-crier, announced, them "Sir Snubsy Whipping and Mr Brend."

"You see I've brought a friend with me, as usual," began the knight.

"Delighted, I am sure, to see Mr Brend," replied Mrs Vibbler, with a smile to Sir Hubsty, and a cold and condescending bow to the unexpected guest.

"My friend has such admirable taste in architecture, that I couldn't do less than take his opinion on the alterations going on at the Manor; and I'm glad to say he approves of them entirely."

"An architect!" whispered Miss Arabella to her sister. "It was a painter last time. What can he mean by bringing such people here?"

"He's a good-looking young man, too," replied Miss Vibbler; "he might almost pass for a gentleman anywhere."

Mr Vibbler, who generally followed his wife's lead, received the knight and his companion in exactly the same manner as she had done—shaking hands with Sir Hubsty, and bowing superciliously to Mr Brend. That individual, not being noticed by the Amphytrions, nor presented to any others of the party, seemed to submit very patiently to the neglect, and amused himself by turning over a few books on one of the side tables. The doctor and the clergyman soon after were ushered in; and the conversation began to grow general. Mr Vibbler looked several times at his watch, and his face lighted up with a glow of pleasure when the party finally received its completion, by the introduction of the two fashionable friends, Mr Fitzwalter Snifky, and Mr Algernon Horatio Montalvan Smith.

"Last arrived!" said the latter gentleman. "'Pon my honour, it isn't my fault—I couldn't get my groom to let me have the buggy a moment sooner; but we didn't lose time on the road. Did we, Snifky?"

"No, no; only temper, not time; but that isn't of so much consequence, for, as Bob Bunster of our club—no, by-the-by, 'twas Tom Swigsby—said to old Shanks, 'When a man's temper is so bad as Smith's, it's the best thing that can happen to him to lose it.' You heard him say so, Smith, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes—he's such a witty fellow, and quite a gentleman too—isn't he, Snifky?"

"When he likes," said that facetious personage, with a knowing look; "but sometimes, I must say, he is a great deal too severe."

"Ah, so he is. What was it again he said to old Hubble, who is quite lame, and was holding forth about free trade. Do you recollect what it was, Snifky?"

"Let me see, was that his joke about boots? no, I think it was about buckskins—I know it was something about leather."

"Oh, do try to recollect," said Miss Vibbler, "it must be so very amusing."

"Oh, now I recollect," said Mr Montalvan Smith; "he said he thought such a gouty old blockhead as poor Hubble might see that the repeal of the leather-tax was the only way of taking off the pressure upon corn. He had corns on his feet, you know—ha, ha, ha!"

"But you've missed out the best of it, Smith—and 'the substitution of a moderate fixed plaster'— I think that was capital."

"Oh, it was indeed," giggled Miss Arabella Vibbler; "he must be an immense genius."

At this time a young lady, dressed with the utmost simplicity in black, glided noiselessly into the room—but not unobserved. Mr Brend started when he saw her, and required an evident effort to command himself sufficiently to avoid attracting notice. It was a face and form that might well have awakened surprise in this everyday world of stuffed-out shapes and unmeaning faces. A high pale brow, deriving additional whiteness from the lustrous black hair that hung in simple braids; eyes filled with an expression of exquisite softness, but which it was easy to see might be kindled with instantaneous fire; a countenance altogether of a winning, and, at the same time, of high intellectual beauty, was united to a figure of the most graceful proportions, forming a combination of dignity and elegance that might have fitted her equally for a sylph or a tragic queen. But, alas! alas! there was nothing of the queen, however much there might be of tragic, in poor Helen Welby's melancholy glance; and, after a cold recognition from Mrs Higgles and her daughters, she slipt quietly to one side, and seated herself near to the piano, not far from where Mr Brend was occupied in looking at the books. The conversation was proceeding with the utmost animation among the rest of the party. Sir Hubsty, and Mr Vibbler, and Mr Bagsby, were busy discussing some important matter in an under tone of voice, near the fireplace; Mr Smith and Mr Snifky were clubbing their recollections of Mr Swigsby's witticisms for the delectation of the young ladies; Dr Ladle was relating to the old ones an interesting case of hydrophobia he was attending in the neighbouring parish; and all were, in fact, so occupied, that they did not perceive the advance made by Mr Brend towards the grand piano, at the side of which Helen Welby was seated. She also seemed not aware of his approach, though it was evident to an attentive observer, from the compression of her lips, and the paleness of her countenance, that she was prepared for some effort which required her utmost exertion to enable her to undergo.

"Helen," he said, in a low voice, which reached no ear but hers to whom it was addressed; "Helen!"

But no answer proceeded from the pale lips of what might have been mistaken for a statue of repressed and painful emotion. She felt that if she spoke she should lose her self-command.

"For three years I have obeyed you, Helen. I have never seen you, nor written to you—till ten days ago. —Did you receive my letter?"

"Yes."

"And gave me no answer—and give me no answer now?"

"I give you the same answer as before."

"And that is"——

"Never!"

"Dinner's on the table," said our old friend, Mr Tippings, now radiant in black habiliments, while, at the same time, the gong sent up a sound as if it sold thunder by retail, and was now

packing up a sixpence worth. Mr Vibbler presented his arm to Mrs Higgles, Sir Hubsty marched off with Mrs Vibbler, Messrs Smith and Snifky led out the two Miss Vibblers, while the Doctor and Mr Spinks performed the same office to the two Misses Higgles. Mr Bagsby stepped forward, but bowed good-naturedly when he saw that Mr Brend had offered his services to Helen, and brought up the rear with some jocular remark about old married fellows always being cut out. And so, through the study, which united the drawing-room to the dining-room, the whole party marched; and, after sundry choppings and changings, they all found themselves comfortably seated at last; and as soon as Mr Spinks had pronounced a few cabalistic words, at the request of Mrs Vibbler, the covers were whisked off as if by magic, and the dinner was fairly begun.

THE DINING-ROOM.

Mrs Vibbler sat at the head of the table, and was assisted in the distribution of an enormous salmon, by her right-hand neighbour, Sir Hubsty Pippen. On her left was seated the clergyman, Mr Spinks, a man of simple mind and healthy appetite, whose mouth was filled with good things—but not those recorded in Joe Miller. The rest of the party sat in the order in which they had left the drawing-room, the Miss Vibblers rejoicing in the attentions of their respective swains, and all of them, luckily, too busy to pay any attention to the proceedings of two people so completely below the salt as the orphan Helen Welby and the unknown Mr Brend.

"Did you say your friend was an architect, or artist, or something of that kind, Sir Hubsty?" inquired Mrs Vibbler.

"Oh, decidedly—an architect,—such a genius for building castles!"

"Indeed! and I suppose he is professionally engaged, since you brought him to Maldon Manor?"

"No doubt of it. He has been doing nothing but making his plans, and perfecting his designs; perhaps he may show you one of them this evening."

"Oh, you're very good, Sir Hubsty, but I never could understand any thing of the kind. I hope he will succeed in his present undertaking; for it will be an immense improvement to the neighbourhood to have the manor tastefully fitted up. When do you expect Mr Maldon home?—where is he just now?"

"He is abroad at present; but I should think he will take possession in a very few months. I am as busy as a steam-engine in getting ready an account of my stewardship. Mr Bagsby, too, is nearly fagged to death; but in a very short time my hands will be free, and then I shall bestow my whole care on poor Sir Charles's affairs. You are connected with the Welbys?"

"My husband's sister married his brother, the clergyman—poor man! I did not know him;—he visited nowhere; but he was a good creature, I understand, and we are as kind as possible to his daughter, who was left quite dependant on our charity; for though we had two girls of our own, we couldn't bear to see the poor creature starve, you know; so she has lived with us ever since his death. My girls, sweet dears, are very kind to her, and always wish to divide their old dresses between her and their maid. But Helen is a little too proud for her situation, and constantly refuses every thing."

"Indeed! She must be a silly sort of creature, this Miss Welby."

"She is indeed, between ourselves, Sir Hubsty; and so proud there's no bearing her. If we could find out any way of getting her well disposed of, it would be a great satisfaction to us all. She has no chance, poor thing, as long as she remains here, as, of course, my daughters put her a little into the back-ground; but if some respectable curate, or even some attorney"——

"I will speak about it this evening," said Sir Hubsty, in a tone of voice that somewhat startled Mrs Vibbler, in the midst of her benevolent intentions towards her niece. There was something in it almost rude, and when she looked at him, she detected the last wrinkles of a sneer of ineffable disdain, which his stiffened features were vainly endeavouring to convert into

a smile. After a while he succeeded, and the conversation passed off into another channel.

"Rachel certainly is a great actress," said Mr Algernon Horatio Montalvan Smith to his listening neighbour, Miss Arabella, in whose eyes he appeared the greatest and most eloquent critic in the world; "but still there's a something that disappoints one. There's a want of colouring in the contour of her impersonification of the higher attributes of the intelligence, which strikes harshly on the perceptions of the spectator. She speaks with a decidedly French accent, which is a great disadvantage in so polished an audience as the English; but still her scream is terrific, and her management of her drapery very good. She's decidedly a fine actress—very."

"I'm so glad to hear you say so," replied Miss Arabella, "for my sister says that Mr Snifky says, that she's a poor creature."

"Snifky, is that true?" enquired Mr Smith. "Do you say Rachel is a poor creature?"

"Oh, miserable—don't you recollect what Bob Bunster said at the club?"

"Poh! he's no judge," replied Mr Smith, looking a little disdainful.

"But he is, though; a capital judge. He lived a long time at Boulogne; so, of course, he knows the language as well as she does, and he swears she speaks with a strong Jewish accent, and not a French accent at all. But don't you recollect his pun when old Martingale told him she was one of the lights of the stage, he said, 'Oh yes, she is—one of the Israe*lites!*' Wasn't that good?"

"Very witty, indeed," said Miss Vibbler.

"And then he said something else—what was it again, Smith?"

"I don't know," said that gentleman, disconcerted and angry.

"Oh! it was something about her close of the season; and Bob said she ought to be called, the *ould clothes* of the season. Wasn't that excellent?"

"Pray sir," said Dr Ladle, "has that Mr Bunster any relation of the same name near Salisbury?"

"Not that I know of," replied Mr Snifky.

"For I recollect once prescribing for a stout old gentleman of that name when I was settled in Wiltshire. He had a severe attack of quinzy, and I remember I applied eighteen leeches, and constant embrocations of hot water. You're sure he was no relation?"

"I can't possibly say. I think he has some relations called Popplekin."

"Ah! I know them well—I attended two of the children in the scarletina, and set the old gentleman's collar-bone. How very odd that I should know them! A glass of wine, Mr Snifky?"—

"Have you ever been at Otterston since—since"—but Mr Brend paused, and could not finish the sentence.

"Since my father's death?—why should I hesitate to speak of it, since I think of it every day?" replied Helen—"no, I have never seen it since."

"I went to see it last week, Helen; the dear old quiet ivy-covered vicarage! it's all so changed now, you would scarcely know it; a great bow window is added to the dining-room; the creepers all torn off the walls, and every thing looking like a newly built suburban villa. And do you recollect your garden, Helen, with the fine old elms we used to sit under?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, they're all cut down; the garden is turned into a meadow, except the lower end of it, which is filled with cabbages and peas, and altogether, I advise you never to go near it—it would break your heart to see it."

"I have gone through worse trials than that, though it would be a very severe one, without my heart being broken, Charles. It is the gay and happy that feel grief the most; the first blow of real misfortune stuns so completely, that you are deadened to all the rest."

"And you say that with a smile, Helen, as if it were some wise saying you were quoting from a book."

"I am quoting from life—a far more impressive teacher than any book," replied poor Helen, with a melancholy smile.

"A darkened page of it, Helen," answered her companion, "very different from the sunny passages we read together in it, in the days when we went gypsying, long long ago. Do you sing that song still, Helen?"

"No—I speak of long long ago, as little as I can; and perhaps," she

added with a sigh, "I think of it the more."

"Ah! Helen, if you would only make me happy, or say, at least, that you are glad to see me"——

"A glass of wine, Mr Brend?" said Mr Bagsby. "What shall it be? Sherry? And very good sherry it is—where do you get it, Vibbler?"

"From the old house, Swigget and Fill," replied the gratified host.

"Now, if it's a fair question," continued Bagsby, with an insinuating and confidential manner, "may I ask what that costs you?"

"Why, I buy it always in butt, and I believe it comes to about thirty-eight shillings a-dozen. But I have some older than that. Tippings, give Mr Bagsby some of the oldest sherry. Will you join us, Mr Brend? You don't often taste such material as that, I imagine, eh?"——

"But the gayest place we ever go to, is decidedly Southampton," said Mrs Higgles,—"such a splendid river—and we know almost all the yacht club; and the balls at the rooms are excellent."

"Ah, a very nice place for young people," replied Mr Vibbler.

"Oh, yes, we enjoy it exceedingly, I assure you," continued Mrs Higgles, taking it for granted that she was included in the young people; "we are on board some yacht or other almost every day. For my own part, I prefer it infinitely to Bath or Leamington."

"I thought there was some very particular attraction that took you away every year from your own beautiful little cottage."

"Ha, ha, ha!" replied the lady with a loud laugh, which she thought an exact echo of some dashing lady patroness's at Almack's. "You are always so fond of quizzing, Mr Vibbler, that 'tis quite dangerous to talk to you. So suspicious too!"

"Suspicious — oh, no," rejoined the gentleman; "I only thought there was something in the wind,—and now I know it."—He shut one eye, and looked knowing.

"Well, you must just keep your own opinion, then," answered Mrs Higgles, delighted at the soft impeachment; "for it ain't worth my while to contradict you. Do you know Colonel Hildebrand Woundy?"

"No; I don't think I ever met any one of the name."

"Oh! he's such a pleasant man; always so full of his jokes; something like yourself, Mr Vibbler; and he's such a handsome man too."

"Indeed! And does he live at Southampton?"

"He's there every season. Such a delightful person! I should like you to know him very much."

"Well, if he ever comes to the cottage," said Mr Vibbler, with a repetition of the knowing wink.

"Oh, you naughty man! There you go again—ha, ha, ha! I must really tell Mrs Vibbler how malicious you've grown."

"Don't you regret leaving home at this beautiful season?" said Mr Spinks to his neighbour, Miss Higgles—a young lady, who was gifted with a very long sedate looking face, and therefore considered her forte to be the pathetic.

"Ah, yes! I do indeed!" she replied, looking very melancholy. "I have a passion for solitude.

'There is a pleasure in the pathless woods.'"

"A good many brambles, I'm afraid," replied her reverend friend, who was deeper read, it is to be hoped, in Tillotson than in Lord Byron; "and, indeed, I have often wished that Sir Hubsty would lay out some walks through the woods—they would be very delightful."

"Oh, no; I can't endure those long straight artificial roads through a forest. They entirely destroy the delicious feeling of loneliness and seclusion.

"Dost thou remember that place so lonely,
That place for lovers and lovers only."

"I, ma'am?" said Mr Spinks, intensely blushing. "No, ma'am—what place? I certainly have occasionally walked in Maldon woods with—with one or two young ladies of my acquaintance, but always in the broad walk, ma'am."

"Oh, but I tell you, I hate broad walks. I like the whirr of birds 'far in the depth of the forest shade;' the waving of leaves high up in the summer sky. Don't you think it's a beautiful idea, Mr Spinks?

'Oh for a home in some vast wilderness,
With one fair spirit for my minister!'"

Mr Spinks looked trebly conscious at this unlucky quotation, and turned

completely round to see if there was any thing to guide him in the expression of Miss Higgles' face; but it was as rueful and sentimental as usual.

"I can't make out what your allusions are to the fair spirit, as you call her, in the wilderness, and her walking there with her minister. I tell you, I have walked there once or twice with Mrs Hookim, the widow of a most respectable attorney in my parish; but I could have no idea it had become a public talk, and you will oblige me by never alluding to it again."

"Ah, Mr Spinks! I am afraid you have no romance," replied the lady, who could not comprehend a word of her agitated companion's speech. "I have met Mrs Hookim once or twice—a very quiet respectable woman she seems—but, I should think, not very likely to enjoy the glorious sensations created by the

'Woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom
Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth
The sighs of sorrow from my bursting heart.'"

"I am afraid you've been disappointed," said Mr Spinks with real compassion; "if so, you must not give way to despair. Let me give you another glass of wine, and this wing, with a little tongue. Take courage, my dear young lady—and one or two new potatoes—and your spirits will return in course of time. I met with a disappointment not very long ago myself."

At this moment occurred one of those unaccountable lulls that frequently happen, at the very unluckiest moment, in a numerous party; and the dull solemn voice of Dr Ladle (who indulged in very long stories, and was in the very midst of an account to Miss Arabella Higgles, of the mode in which some former patient of his had made his proposals) was heard uttering these words—"I offer you my heart and hand." He looked round at the unexpected silence, and was suddenly as mute as the rest.

"Upon my honour, Dr Ladle," said Mrs Higgles, "you ought to have consulted *me*, I think, before carrying matters quite so far."

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

"Come, doctor, we are all witnesses," said Mr Vibbler; "what do you say?"

"I was merely relating an anecdote to Miss Arabella," said the doctor, "about the late Sir Charles Medley. I knew him very well, and attended him many years for the gout, when he was a young man."

"Ha, ha! that wont do," rejoined Mr Vibbler; "we all heard you make an offer of your heart and hand to Miss Arabella; and we can't let you off."

But Miss Arabella, who had not sense enough to laugh at it, and felt her vulgar dignity offended, tossed her head, and looked very disdainful. The mother also thought proper to look somewhat lofty, and the party became more stiff and solemn than it had been before the unfortunate calm.

"I say, Snifky, that Medley was a sort of a *catch*, eh?" said Mr Smith.

"Capital! that's as good as any of Mr Bunster's; and so like you, you're so musical," said Miss Arabella Vibbler. "Don't you think the doctor was finely caught?" she added in a lower tone.

"You don't think he was serious?"

"Oh, why not? Arabella Higgles need not look so grand. Some people would say it was as good a match as she deserves."

"Oh, come now," replied Mr Smith; "he's an old fellow of fifty; and I rather think her a goodish-looking sort of a girl."

"Do you?" replied Miss Arabella Vibbler; "I thought you had more taste, Mr Smith. Why, she's the very plainest girl I ever saw—and such a temper!"

"Why, I thought you were great friends—you and the Higgleses."

"Ah, so we are—that's to say, we are neighbours, and all that; but they've dreadful tempers, all of them. I'm sure if we weren't the best natured people in the world, we never could put up with them. I know it's very foolish to be good-natured; but I can't help it."

"Oh there's nothing like good-nature," said Mr Smith, quite satisfied to believe Miss Arabella on her own declaration; "and I don't think it's at all foolish. Is your sister as good-natured as yourself?"

Miss Arabella did not answer, but shook her head in a way so far removed from the mysteries of the hieroglyphics, that Mr Smith read it as if it were German text.

"Well, do you know, I thought so;" he said; "but I wont say a word of it to Snifky—eh?"

"Oh, on no account," replied the benevolent sister; "she's a charming, clever, accomplished creature—for we have both had the very best masters; and delightful—when she has every thing her own way."

"I take," said Mr Smith, with a satisfied nod; and determined from that moment to make an offer of his heart and hand, according to the doctor's phraseology, to such a confiding, open-hearted, and good-natured girl as Miss Arabella Vibbler had proved herself to be.

"Smith seems coming it pretty strong to Miss Arabella;" said Mr Snifky, in an under tone to Miss Vibbler.

"Oh, Arabella is such a dreadful flirt, she's quite delighted with any attention, poor thing!"

"Yes, she seems to take it in very free."

"La! you don't know Arabella; she is just as delighted with any one else. If Mr Spinks or Doctor Ladle even were to pay her any attention, she would appear quite as happy."

"Then, do you really think now she doesn't care for him at all? Smith's a great friend of mine, and I am almost sure he thinks she likes him."

"And so she does, perhaps, as much as she's able; but, ah! Mr Snifky, Arabella has no heart." This was said with a sigh on her lips, and a preserved cherry on the end of her fork. The young man looked, and some how or other felt flattered by being told that Arabella had no heart. Could it mean that Miss Vibbler had?

"Well, for my part," he said; "I don't like those cold unimpassioned girls that make no difference between their reception of a casual acquaintance and an old friend. Do *you*, Miss Vibbler?"

"I? Do I like a toad? no; but, for me, I can't bear strangers at all. An old friend has a right to a great deal more regard than any new acquaintance; and for my part, I only find it difficult to hide the interest I take in people I have known for a long time." Another sigh, and another cherry.

"What? in every one you have known for a long time? How long, for instance, have you known Doctor Ladle—ten years?"

"Yes—oh, but he's an odious old man."

"But is ten years, and no less, enough to give you an interest in a friend? I've only known you for three seasons myself."

"But three years is a long time," said the young lady, with an insinuating look, which even a noodle of the immense stolidity of Mr Snifky could not fail to understand, if he liked; and he understood it perfectly.

"Ah, Maria, if three years' friendship will justify my calling you by your christian name, you would make me very happy if I thought you meant what you say! You wouldn't make the same speech to any one, would you?"

"I told you that my sister was alike to all, and that *I* disapproved of it."

"Well, curse it! I hate a flirt; but poor Smith's the sufferer." And in a few minutes it was an arranged thing that Miss Vibbler should rise to matronly honours under the name of Mrs Fitzwalter Snifky. As if aware that the object of the party was now gained, Mrs Vibbler soon afterwards ducked in a mysterious manner to Mrs Higgles, who bowed again—chairs were pushed back, the gentlemen stood up, and the ladies filed past them in gay procession, till the door was finally closed on them by Mr Vibbler. The wine-bottles were once more sent round, and conversation commenced as before.

THE LIBRARY.

It was now half-past nine. The drawing-room was brilliantly lighted, the party disposed in groups pretty much after the same arrangement as during dinner. Mr Spinks and the Doctor were doing duty as attentive listeners to the two Miss Higgleses, the two Miss Vibblers being of course monopolized by Mr Snifky and Mr Smith. The two matrons of the party, Mrs Vibbler and Mrs Higgles, sat on one of the sofas, lost in the contemplation of their respective daughters; Mrs Higgles laying it down in her own mind as an incontrovertible fact, that these two young

men, of whom one evidently squinted, and the other was pitiably lame, were the two most vulgar, ignorant, and tasteless individuals in England, to leave her two finely dressed, loud-talking, and fashionable girls to the humdrum attentions of an old physician and a middle-aged divine. Mrs Vibbler, on the other hand, thought them the two handsomest and most intellectual men in Europe; one with a peculiarly *distingué* mode of walking, particularly with the left foot, and the other with a most captivating glance, especially with the right eye. The three older gentlemen, Mr Vibbler, Mr Bagsby, and Sir Hubsty Pippen, occupied a sofa at the further extremity of the room, near the window, and were engaged in a very interesting conversation, with each a cup of coffee in his hand, which had that moment been handed round by Mr Tippings and Thomas.

"God bless me, Sir Hubsty! who would have thought it? a regular heiress as things go—twelve thousand pounds!" said Mr Vibbler.

"With interest," added Mr Bagsby.

"Ay; interest," continued Mr Vibbler, "since her father's death, three years at five per cent. Why, it's thirteen thousand eight hundred pounds."

"Pardon me," said Sir Hubsty; "with interest since her father's marriage. Henry Welby, the clergyman, was a man that neither knew nor cared about money. When he married, he accepted twelve thousand pounds as his full patrimony under his father's will, and allowed it to lie on the security of the estate, with a prior right to any other creditor. Sir Charles was as thoughtless as his brother; the interest was never paid; the estate became involved, was mortgaged, the clergyman died, then Sir Charles, and if it had not been for Mr Bagsby, I should never have thought it worth while to assume the executorship left me by the poor baronet; but already I see my way clearly enough, to assure you that the sum settled on the parson, if not the whole estate, will in a very few months be in the possession of Helen Welby."

"Why, it will be twenty thousand pounds at least; and we have treated her like"—Mr Vibbler did not finish the sentence; but it was evident he felt some compunctious visitings for his neglect of his niece, now that he found she was no longer poor and dependent. Great plans immediately began to suggest themselves to the disinterested uncle. He would send that very night for his son, who had lately eaten his terms, and was now digesting them in a wig and gown up five pairs of stairs in Lincoln's Inn, on an allowance of a hundred and fifty pounds a-year. He had hitherto kept him as much as possible away from home, for fear of his being entrapped by his penniless and designing cousin; and, moreover, had imbued him so entirely with the family propensity to despise her poverty and dependence, that the high-minded young gentleman had followed his sister's example on the few occasions he had seen her, in making her feel her situation as bitterly as he could. But twenty thousand pounds, with a chance of the Welby estates, and a restoration, perhaps, of the baronetcy,—la! he would have him down without an hour's delay.

These cogitations were interrupted by Sir Hubsty.

"Mr Bagsby tells me, Mr Vibbler, that you said something to him about a claim for expenses during the time Helen Welby has lived in your house."

"Oh, a mere trifle, Sir Hubsty; she has had every advantage, to be sure, and three hundred a-year would not repay me; but she's a dear, delightful creature, quite one of my own children, and, in fact, the favourite of them all; and I had a plan for repaying myself long before I heard of her good fortune."

"Indeed?" said both the gentlemen.

"Yes, I had indeed. Now that Alfred, my son, Sir Hubsty—a most excellent clever young man—has passed at the bar, it was my fondest hope to see him made happy by becoming the husband of his fascinating cousin. This change in her circumstances can make no change, of course, in my desire to see them united; and Alfred is such a disinterested fellow, I have no doubt he will be disappointed when he hears she has become such a desirable match in a pecuniary point of view."

"I believe," said Sir Hubsty, drily, "that I am her guardian, as executor to her uncle, Sir Charles; and, at present, I have other views for her."

"But, my dear Sir Hubsty, let her judge for herself. My son will be here in two days."

"By that time, I think, I must claim Miss Welby myself."

"Yourself! Gracious, Sir Hubsty; the ages! Why, she's only twenty-one!"

"And I am sixty-two."

Mr Vibbler looked ineffably taken a-back. "So it was all for this," he muttered, "the grand discovery has been made—the old, disgusting, selfish scoundrel!"

"But we had better go and consult the young lady herself," continued Sir Hubsty, as he moved across the room, accompanied by Mr Bagsby. Mr Vibbler slipped up to the sofa where his wife was sitting, and whispered to her—"Great things have happened; Helen Welby is worth twenty thousand pounds at least, and Alfred always insulted her. Sir Hubsty is going to marry her himself! Send for Alfred immediately."

Mrs Vibbler started. "How? where? when? Twenty thousand pounds?" but when she looked round, her husband had disappeared.

Mrs Higgles saw something had happened.

"Dear Mrs Vibbler, has anything occurred?"

"Yes; such a thing—no, no, nothing; only Mr Vibbler gave me a sort of shock."

"A shock? nothing serious, I hope?" enquired Mrs Higgles, burning with curiosity; "nothing about your daughters?"

"Oh, no; I wish it were!" said Mrs Vibbler. "The lucky, proud, disdainful creature! she'll look down on us all now."

"What is it? for any sake tell me. I'm dying with curiosity."

"Where is she? let me see her," said Mrs Vibbler, instead of giving a direct answer; and then she added, "let me congratulate Lady Pippen!"

"Lady Pippen! who is she? is she here? do let me see her," cried Mrs Higgles, following her friend towards the folding door of the library. This motion of the two seniors attracted the attention of all the others, even of the two Miss Vibblers and their swains; and a general move took place towards the scene of what every one felt was an unusual occurrence, though what it could be, no one had the least idea.

While these various incidents had been taking place in the drawing-room, Helen had seated herself on a sofa in the study—quite unnoticed, as usual—and had been shortly afterwards joined by Mr Brend, whose motions were equally unworthy of being observed. What their conversation may have been for the first half hour we have no means of judging; but at the moment of our recommencing our report, Helen was evidently replying to some question of her companion.

"Reject your friendship?—your love? for adversity has schooled me so well into self-reliance, that I disdain to pretend to be ignorant of your meaning. See my position here—and you can't perceive one half of its wretchedness; recollect the years we spent together in the home where we were both so happy; and believe that it is only a most sacred and insuperable obligation, that makes me beg that I may never see you again."

"But what can the obligation be? It is, perhaps, a misunderstanding—an obligation that no one had a right to impose on you."

"It was my father."

"I can't believe it, Helen; he loved me; I know he loved me; and it is impossible he can have laid his injunction on you to consign me to perfect misery. I won't believe it, Helen."

"Often, often he repeated it to me when you first came to Otterston, within a month of his death. It was *because* he loved you he did so; because he saw that we—that we—were—that is to say, that you"——

"Loved his daughter Helen from the moment he saw her, and all the years I lived in the same house; and that was the reason! I have been much deceived. I did not deserve such treatment."

"Ah, don't mistake him, Charles. You were rich, recollect, and he was poor. Malicious people told him when he took you as a pupil, that he had taken the surest way of providing for his girl. He bound me never to let it be said that a poor vicar's daughter"——

"And for an absurd scruple like that, you will make us both unhappy! Do you not think he would have relented, Helen, if he had lived?"

"Never; but let this conversation cease. Leave me to my own misery, and do not double it by reminding me of happier times."

Mr Brend took Helen's hand in his—"This is perfect madness, Helen; is there no way of conquering this confounded scruple—would it alter your resolution if you knew that I was poor?"

"'Pon my word, Sir Hubsty," said Mr Vibbler, who at this moment came to the scene of action, "your friend seems to take matters pretty coolly! You've told him, I suppose, of Miss Welby's good fortune?"

"Not I," answered Sir Hubsty; "but his own good fortune seems considerable, too, just at the present time."

"Sir, I consider it unfair," said Mr Vibbler, in a rage; "I consider it unjust, I consider it dishonourable, to bring a person here without a penny, to run off with my niece. My son, sir, shall make him answer for his conduct—he will! Was such a thing ever heard of? Here I come in, and find an impertinent fellow holding my niece's hand"——

"And continuing to hold it, as far as my want of spectacles enables me to judge," added Sir Hubsty.

"The very moment it was ascertained she had a splendid fortune!"

"A splendid fortune!" exclaimed, as if in chorus, the whole party assembled at the folding door.

"And her, to throw herself away on a protegé of Sir Hubsty Pippen—perhaps as a decoy for the objects of Sir Hubsty Pippen himself—an individual we never knew till this very day—a fellow without a shilling!"

"Is it true that this gentleman is so poor?" enquired Helen of Sir Hubsty.

"Poor! no doubt of it,—he once had good prospects, poor devil, but at present they are very black; he has nothing now but his own ingenuity to depend on."

"A builder, or artist, or something of that kind," whispered the two Miss Vibblers to their respective admirers.

"Oh!" said Helen, "I wish it were indeed the case that he was poor!"

"And that you yourself were a considerable heiress?" enquired Sir Hubsty; "and in right of your uncle's will my ward?—eh, Miss Helen? Then be quite easy on that score. You *are* rich."

"Then, Charles," she said, holding out the hand which she had withdrawn—"the impediment is removed."

"And you consent, like a dear, good-natured delightful girl as you are," said Sir Hubsty, "to be the Lady of Maldon Manor?"

"Why, what in Heaven's name is all this about? Do you ask her for yourself, after all?" said Mr Vibbler, bewildered.

"Oh no," said Sir Hubsty, with a laugh—"I believe I must shut up shop in that quarter, and put up a ticket, 'removed to the opposite side of the way,' for I shall immediately go and reside in the late Sir Charles Welby's. If I manage as well for his estate as I've done for this young gentleman's"——

"Mr Brend's, do you mean"——

"No, no; Charles Maldon of Maldon Manor; he had an object in concealing his name as long as he came, like a knight of old, in disguise, in search of his ladye love; but now that he has found her, I suppose there is no farther need of concealment—eh, Bagsby?"

"None whatever," answered the lawyer; "we are all witnesses to her promise; and I believe if she drew back, he might recover very heavy damages. I shall be happy to be agent for the plaintiff—for a very moderate per-centage on the sum awarded."

The Vibblers, great and small—the Higgleses, young and old—the clergyman, as in duty bound—and the physician, as might be expected, lost no time in congratulating all parties on so happy a result. Whether all of them were sincere in their felicitations, we have no means of knowing; but probably Mr Vibbler found it as well to alter his intention of sending for his son, as that young gentleman remained stationary in Lincoln's Inn. "By-the-by, Mr Bagsby," he said, drawing that highly gratified gentleman into one corner, we were speaking about the allowance I might claim during the three years my niece has been here. Now that her prospects are so glorious, should you think four hundred a-year too much—eh?"

"We must speak of that afterwards; but whatever it is, you can deduct it from her mother's portion, and pay over the remainder to me."

"Her mother's fortune?—bless me! you surprise me," said Mr Vibbler, breathless and amazed.

"My dear sir," answered old Bagsby, "in looking over poor Mr Welby's papers, I found an engagement

of your father's, to pay to Mrs Welby two thousand pounds, or, retaining it in his own hands, burdening the estate with it at four per cent. Are you aware of its ever having been paid? But, in short, I tell you I have gone carefully over all the accounts, and it has *not* been paid. I will let you know the present amount in a day or two, and both matters can be arranged at once. Is this satisfactory?"

Satisfactory it might be—and, from the gratified malice perceptible on the lawyer's visage, it probably was—to Mr Bagsby himself, but the state of affairs was viewed in a very different light by the thunderstruck Mr Vibbler. In the midst of this happy conclusion to three years' misery on the part of two amiable young people, it pains us, as grave historians, to have to relate, that on the result of the evening's discoveries being conveyed to the servants' hall, Mr Tippings did not behave with the equanimity and decorum befitting his years and station. It is credibly reported that he kissed the cook in the most open and barefaced manner; and threw his hat with such prodigious impetus up to the ceiling, that he made it a shocking bad hat in a very few minutes, with two or three large indentations in the rim; that he drank an innumerable number of pints of strong ale, to the health of the young couple, and finally rolled off to bed, expressing an opinion of the family whose bread he was eating—or rather whose beer he was drinking—which could by no possibility be construed into a compliment; while, at the same time, he gave it as his decided impression, that the young people were the handsomest match in England—sweet-tempered, splendid steppers, and both regularly thoroughbred.

THE PIED-À-TERRE.

SENTIMENTAL young students may be in the right,
  To dream of a cottage with roses grown o'er;
And nothing to think of from morning to night,
  But some pink-and-white Lucy to love and adore.
But you're fast getting grey, as perchance you perceive,
And I guess 'tis high time such green fancies to leave,
And sit down in a civilized *pied-à-terre*—
Within cry of the Clubs, in the heart of Mayfair.

About twenty, the appetite's strong as a horse,
  And one hardly discovers a rasher is tough;
A bowlful of beans are digested of course,
  And black-strap or brown beer wash them down well enough;
Lucy tapping the butt, Lucy foaming the can,
He fares like a fighting-cock, innocent man!
Nor envies the daintiest *pied-à-terre*,
Within cry of the Clubs, in the heart of Mayfair.

In the morning he works at his garden or hay,
  Till the plump little housekeeper beckons him in;
In the evening he'll open Pope, Parnell, or Gay,
  While Lucy sits by him to listen and spin.
When her basket is full, though his tale's but half read,
Up she jumps with, "Come, dear, we're too late out of bed!"
And he'd turn up his nose at a *pied-à-terre*,
Within cry of the Clubs, in the heart of Mayfair.

If his neighbour the parson looks over the stile,
  They converse—as they call it—but, heavens! what a doze!
How Rogers would shudder, how Sydney would smile,
  At the fun of the point—at the fact of the prose!
Shrewd remarks of the *Tatler*—conundrums from Joe—
Opinions that Pusey could scarcely outgo—
How remote from the tone of a *pied-à-terre*,
Within cry of the Clubs, in the heart of Mayfair!

Come and settle in London.—There's no place like that
  For a dowager dinner at eight of the clock—
Wits, and well-preserved women, and smooth easy chat—
  Fresh and bright as champagne, sharp and racy as hock—
With each glass handed round they are sure to let fly
Virgin *double-entendre*, or spick-and-span lie—
Coin'd in shady boudoir or trim *pied-à-terre*,
Within cry of the Clubs, in the heart of Mayfair.

If you've slumber'd till noon—read the papers till four—
  Blue-and-yellow or Quarterly, if they're just out—
A few pages of Maberley, Stepney, or Gore,
  Sufficient to show what the story's about;
And then stroll'd in St James's, and lounged in The Bow,
And canter'd an hour up and down Rottenrow;
You'll come forth quite the thing from your *pied-à-terre*,
Within cry of the Clubs, in the heart of Mayfair.

The expense need not fright you: up one pair of stairs
  You may rent for a song such a nest of small rooms,—
Which we'll rig with French tables, American chairs,
  Busts of Grisi, and vases from old Tuscan tombs.
One staid woman, a valet who shaves to a turn,
And brews coffee like amber in Ord's patent urn—
No establishment more for a *pied-à-terre*,
Within cry of the Clubs, in the heart of Mayfair.

Let your couple of hacks be old Anderson's care,—
  And get D'Orsay to pick you a spit of a groom,
Who'll just keep you in view while you're taking the air,
  And then drive you all over the town in the Brougham,—
(For whoever give dinners expect you will come
To augment the gay squeeze at their Concert or Drum,)
Till Aurora illumines the *pied-à-terre*,
Within cry of the Clubs, in the heart of Mayfair.

With your cronies' fair wives be as warm as you please,
  But be cautious with spinsters—and widows as well;
Above all, let no *Note*, as you value your ease,
  Say a word which might not be proclaimed in Pall-Mall.
You don't want so much milk, it is probable, now,
As to make it judicious to set up a cow;
Such appendages don't suit a *pied-à-terre*,
Within cry of the Clubs, in the heart of Mayfair.

Totus teres—(if possible don't get *rotundus!*)—
  Thus from forty to sixty see life slip away;
And then set in The West, all alone, as the sun does—
  (Snug lying by Kensall-Green over the way!)
Leaving friends who will say to themselves—when the Post
Announces that you have surrendered the ghost—
"I've a mind to look after that *pied-à-terre*,
Within cry of the Clubs, in the heart of Mayfair."

T. T.

SOUTHSIDE, *July* 9, 1841.

A GLANCE AT THE ELECTIONS.

While we write, the elections are substantially over. The distant sound of a few contests is still heard in Ireland, like dropping shots at the close of a hard-fought battle; but these partial encounters cannot now affect the general result: the fate of the day is decided; the victory is won—so fairly, so signally won, and that at every point of the line, that the defeated party cannot find in any quarter ground of consolation, far less a topic for triumph. Driven with disgrace from almost every position in the counties, our opponents have lost ground even in the boroughs, which they considered as their stronghold. They have been defeated not merely in the smaller constituencies, but in the metropolis itself, in the capital of Ireland, and in some of the largest mercantile and manufacturing constituencies in the empire. In spite of the attempts of their journals to disguise the extent of their discomfiture, their mortification and despair are transparent. We see them "exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen." That Conservative party, which in 1832 could scarcely muster more than a hundred representatives in parliament, has now obtained not a measuring-cast majority—not a mere working majority; but a majority so decisive as to baffle the efforts of intrigue, and to ensure to it in administration efficiency and permanency.

Such a result, so speedily and yet so calmly following the delusive excitement with which the Reform Bill had agitated the country, and the shock which that tremendous experiment gave for a time to the stability and equable working of the constitution, may well excite feelings, not only of gratitude to that overruling Providence by which the issues of events are controlled, and to the consummate discretion and prudence by which, under its guidance, the conduct and policy of the Conservative leaders have been directed—but of just pride in the nation itself, and admiration of those solid and sterling qualities in its character, which have led to so desirable a consummation.

Probably in no other country in the world, except Great Britain, would such a change have been effected without the intermediate ordeal of a revolution, and its attendant sufferings. But the great change which, in the course of ten years, has restored the Conservative party, apparently stricken down and paralysed by the immediate action of the Reform Bill, not merely to power and place, but to popular favour and confidence, has been effected by no violence or convulsion. It has resulted from no pressure of revolutionary distress, dispelling by the stern lessons of actual experience the dreams of honest enthusiasts and the delusions circulated by interested agitators. Nor has it been accelerated by the power of the court throwing its weight into the Conservative scale when that of Liberalism was observed to waver; nor promoted by intrigue or coalition, nor purchased by the compromise of principles, or trimming concessions to the spirit of democracy. It has been produced by the influence of returning reason, operating silently but surely upon a national character in which the elements of a right judgment—religion, reverence for right and custom, and respect for integrity and honour—are too deeply sown to be easily eradicated; and which, though it may for a time be misled by the stimulus of an insane agitation, cannot permanently be warped or perverted. The people of England, recovering from the crisis of the Reform agitation, have watched the conduct of the two great contending parties in the state since the transference of office to the Whigs; have compared their practices and professions; and after a ten years' trial, in which the fairest hearing has been given to the Liberal party, and every device resorted to on their part to protract an adverse decision—which they perceived at last to be inevitable—the British nation has deliberately and unequivocally recorded its verdict in favour of the principles of Conservatism.

That this result has been owing in a considerable degree to the remarkable, though not altogether unexpected display of political weakness and incapacity on the part of the Whigs during their tenure of office, and to the address and ability with which these failures have been exposed by the Conservatives, cannot be doubted. To be weak is miserable in all situations, but pre-eminently in those who pretend to govern the destinies of a

great country. When the Whig ministry were found, even in an early period of their administration, unable to maintain the position of their own party without Conservative aid; when their bills were found to be lopped, or altered, or dropped because the increasing Conservative party opposed them; when latterly place alone remained in the possession of ministers, and the real administration was to be found on the Opposition benches; it became obvious that the good sense of the nation could not long continue to tolerate so ludicrous a mockery of the forms of government. Lord Melbourne assuredly carried the convictions of the whole country along with him, when in one of those strange bursts of candour which at times escape from him, and on which his after conduct affords so strange a commentary, he made the emphatic declaration, that he knew not which might be the best ministry, but that that was assuredly the *worst* which was totally powerless to carry its own measures.

But, looking back to the course of events by which the present remarkable result has been attained, we feel satisfied that it is due, not so much to the mere political shortcomings and incompetency of the Whig party, or to the energy and ability displayed during this arduous struggle by their opponents, as *to the right feeling of the English people itself*, and to that strong sense of honour, that love of honesty and fair dealing, which distinguish England above other countries, and that aversion and contempt with which it regards the absence of these qualities in public men. In France, for instance, politics seem to be regarded simply as a game of skill, with which principle has little or nothing to do; and, provided only the game be dexterously played, and the temporary stake gained, applause and popularity are secured to the winner, irrespective of any principle by which he may have been actuated. That selfishness, which seems the only abiding element in the endless political combinations and recombinations under which France has suffered since 1830, encounters there no reproving public, and is rebuked by no silent counteracting standard of morality, or elevated feeling established in the heart of the national constituency. The laxity of political morals in the electors and the elected, acts and reacts each upon the other with a fatal reciprocity. In England, most fortunately, it is not yet so. Standing apart from both political parties of the state—or at least recognising and demanding the recognition of certain fixed principles of action as binding on every ministry—there exists in Great Britain, but pre-eminently in England, a body forming a very large and a most influential portion of the whole constituency—who, though they may have their leanings, natural or acquired, toward the one or the other of the great parties which divide the country, do yet demand from both, as essential and imperative conditions of office, these requisites—that the national honour shall be respected and vindicated; that public business shall be conducted without shuffling, jobbing, equivocation, or the suspicion of falsehood; that coalitions and alliances with discreditable associates shall be unknown; that the cabinet shall not be disgraced by the constant occurrence of mean and miserable attempts on the part of its members to supplant each other, resulting in disclosures the most unseemly and damaging to the moral influence of government; and that no ministry shall, from the mere hunger of place, after it has admittedly lost the confidence of both branches of the legislature, attempt to maintain its position by an unconstitutional abuse of the name and influence of the crown. The British people have tolerated a weak ministry, and may again; but that essential quality in a ministry, weak or strong, in respect of which they will pardon much, and without which they will tolerate nothing, is fairness, generosity, and open dealing. From their opposites they revolt with an instinctive English antipathy. Even since the introduction of the Reform Bill, we rejoice to think that, without the possession of "honour and honesty;" without carrying into their public conduct some portion of that principle which regulates the conduct of high-minded men in private life; a whole consistory of statesmen, embracing every politician from Machiavel to Melbourne, could not keep their seats in England for two lustres. When Sir James Graham could stamp —*with truth*—upon the Whig ministry the title of "the shabby administration," the fate of that cabinet, and of all inheriting its principles and practice, might be considered as sealed.

Now, the people of England had had the comparison forced upon them

for the last ten years, between the principles of conduct by which the contending parties had been actuated. They saw during that period the Conservative party pursuing with consummate ability, and with corresponding influence and effect upon the measures of the Whig Government, a manly and independent course, "unshaken, unseduced, unterrified," steadily declining all coalition with the factious partisans of democracy, by whose aid—(if principle had been put in abeyance) they might at any time have unseated the wavering ministry; firmly opposing them on constitutional questions when that ministry had been endeavouring to sap and break in upon the very Reform measure which they had represented as a final settlement of the question of representation; but offering to their other ordinary measures no factious opposition, and vindicating by its whole conduct the justice of the observations of Lord Stanley, in his speech on the vote of want of confidence in ministers. "If ever there was an Opposition which hesitated to embarrass the government when bringing forward their measures—if ever there was an Opposition which not only abstained from offering factious opposition to the measures of government, but on the contrary lent its best advice and assistance to suggest alterations and improvements, and to carry, with the concurrence of government, such modifications as might ensure for their measures legislative sanction, here and elsewhere, it is the Opposition with which I have the honour to be connected."

Contrasted with this inflexible adherence to principle and high-minded forbearance on the part of the Conservatives, what was the spectacle presented on the other side? From the manner in which the Reform Bill was worked, it soon became apparent that the real object of the Whig party in introducing it, had been simply to effect a transference of power and place from the Conservatives to themselves; to gain the wall, and then with cool contempt to throw down the ladder. To retain that power when it began to be endangered, they were seen contracting the most discreditable and unprincipled alliances with persons whom they had shortly before denounced as the enemies of all peace and good government. They were soon perceived to be steady to no principle, and consistent in no policy; while even that limited principle of fidelity which generally binds fellow delinquents to each other, was found, in the case of the Whig administration, to be wanting. The more respectable of the party, by whose talent and energy the Reform Bill had been carried, either seceded in disgust from associates with whom they no longer felt they could have any thing in common, or were hustled out more unceremoniously by a series of scandalous and ungenerous intrigues. Thus eliminated, the Reform administration was seen dragging on, first through a series of mere escapes, which were in truth defeats; then resigning, or pretending to resign, on the admission that they felt they did not possess the confidence of the House of Commons; then resuming office, not because they had regained that confidence, but because the ladies of the bed-chamber had no confidence in their intended successors; and after a series of checks and disgraceful defeats, such as no ministry in the annals of Great Britain (we believe we might add, of the world) had ever encountered — submitting at last to have this degrading sentence recorded against them by that very House of Commons which they had assembled with all the advantages derived from an unscrupulous use of the Sovereign's name—"That her Majesty's ministers do not sufficiently possess the confidence of the House of Commons, to enable them to carry through the house measures which they deem of essential importance to the public welfare; and *that their continuance in office, under such circumstances, is at variance with the spirit of the constitution.*"

The events which gave rise to a dissolution of Parliament, and afforded the country the opportunity of showing in what light the ministerial policy was regarded, arose more immediately out of the embarrassment of the revenue. Government had seen its majorities gradually decreasing to zero, then converted into minorities; and these minorities increasing upon the Irish Registration Bill to 11 and 21; all this they had treated with indifference. But the alarming deficiency in the public revenue could not be concealed, nor the necessity of meeting it evaded. The Conservatives had quitted office, leaving a clear surplus of two millions of revenue; the Whigs had converted this surplus

into a deficiency of £7,600,000, and every coming quarter threatened a further deficiency. In this state of matters came the budget. Did it, as originally framed, contain any propositions for altering the existing Corn Laws? We believe most firmly that it did not; that the whole idea of the free-trade agitation was only got up after the last signal defeat which the government sustained on the Irish bill. Not a word had been said of the Corn Laws in the speech from the throne; the idea of tampering with them had been deprecated in the most earnest terms by the ministerial leader of the House of Commons, and denounced as absolute insanity by the ministerial leader in the House of Lords. A proposition with regard to the Sugar Duties, identical with that which formed part of the ministerial budget for 1841, had been opposed by the government the year before. To any change in the timber trade, it had always been understood they were opposed; but now, they suddenly electrified the house and the country by the announcement, that the free-trade principle was to be introduced—a sweeping change made in the Corn Laws—the duty on foreign sugar and timber reduced; and that by these reductions of duty, the deficiency in the revenue was to be made up.

With what object, we may well ask, were these great changes, involving interests so numerous and so extensive, and which, as Lord Melbourne had himself admitted, must convulse the country with agitation, brought forward?

I. Laying out of view the baseness of bringing forward measures against which they had to the last moment continued to protest as ruinous, merely as the means of regaining their influence in the house, and prolonging for a little their tenure of office,—did the ministry hope or expect to carry their propositions in that House of Commons to which they were addressed? Most assuredly not; they knew and admitted that there they had not the slightest hope of carrying them. Against their budget, the interests of three large classes, independently of the Conservative party generally, were united. Knowing that each interest was to be assailed in turn, the agriculturists were not likely to lend their aid to the ruin of our West Indian colonists, nor they to further a scheme by which our Canadian colonies were to be sacrificed to the foreign nations of the Baltic. Against a series of measures which threatened all with common destruction, all were certain to make common cause. If a doubt, however, could have been entertained on the subject, the majority of 36 against the government on the proposed reduction of the Sugar Duties must have dispelled it. It was evident that, on the other questions, if government should still venture to proceed with them, as they coolly announced their intention to do, even after their defeat on the Sugar Duties, the majorities against them would not be less. It was, then, with no hope of carrying their measures, that they were submitted to the House of Commons.

II. Were they then prepared, in the expectation that, though rejected by the existing House of Commons, they were so far in unison with the general feelings and wishes of the country, that upon an appeal to the nation, by a dissolution of Parliament, they would return a House of Commons favourable to the ministerial policy, and replace the Whig government in the possession of at least a working majority?

In answer to this question, we have first to observe, that, but for the vote of no confidence, to which the House of Commons came, on the motion of Sir Robert Peel, we believe a dissolution would have been remote enough. While they could retain court favour, "*the best support*," as the liberal member for Nottingham significantly remarked, "that *any ministry can have*," they would have submitted to the rejection of their financial measures with the same dogged indifference with which they had borne their other defeats. They would have brought forward, successively, their other propositions—seen them defeated—and said no more about them. Up to the time when Sir Robert Peel announced the terms of his resolution, dissolution appeared to be the last thing contemplated. Surely, the first vote of 'No Confidence in Ministers,' was already pronounced, when they were defeated by the majority of 36 on the sugar duties. It was expressly so treated by Sir Robert Peel in his masterly speech on the question: and, in common sense, a defeat on a great financial measure, submitted by government, as part of their budget, could be viewed in no other light but as an unequivocal proof of want of confidence in their admin-

istration. Then was the time to have dissolved parliament, if an appeal to the people on the great questions at issue had been the true object of government in bringing them forward. But no—when the ministerial leader was asked, whether, after this unequivocal expression of the opinion of the House of Commons, he intended to proceed with the proposition as to the alteration of the Corn Laws, he replied as coolly as if the majority on the Sugar Duties had been the other way—"On Friday, the 4th of June." And, but for the vote of no confidence—on Friday, the 4th of June, the alteration of the Corn Laws would have been duly brought forward—defeated—and then quietly inurned—while ministers would have continued to rub on as usual, consoling themselves by that convenient and truly original distinction discovered by Mr Macaulay—that these were merely defeats sustained by them in their legislative, not in their administrative capacity, and that to the former, however numerous or depending, a government could afford to be indifferent.

At last, however, the vote of no confidence brought the matter to a crisis. Ministers were compelled to choose between resignation and dissolution, and they chose the latter alternative. Even then there was still some further "traversing the cart," and another characteristic attempt made to grasp for their Attorney-General, and some other servant of their party, the two chief offices which were to be created by the Administration of Justice Bill. This attempt was defeated by the house, on the just ground that that patronage ought to be administered, not by a government in whom the house had recently before declared they had no confidence, but by that government which should be found in office after the appeal to the country had been made and answered. Thus necessitated, the tardy appeal was made at last. The dissolution took place; ministers, as usual, employing every art to represent the queen as identifying herself with their free-trade measures, and to press the royal name and influence into their service, as they had done in the election of 1837.

Had they any *bonâ fide* expectation that the appeal thus made would be answered in their favour? On this depends the point, whether the dissolution was a constitutional step, or an unconstitutional abuse of the prerogative. If they had reason to think that the result of the agitation which they expected to create by their financial measures, would be to afford them a *majority* in the next parliament, and to restore to them something of that power and influence which had passed from them—though we may wonder at the selfishness which such a policy betrays, and the hard-heartedness which could thus voluntarily convulse the country for party ends—we should at least admit that something might be said in defence or palliation of the ministerial resolution. But if they had no such belief, we say, without hesitation, that no step more base in itself, or attended with more aggravating circumstances—none more calculated to injure the royal dignity and authority, or fraught with consequences more fatal to the welfare and tranquillity of the country—was ever resorted to by a band of unprincipled men.

We have looked calmly at the circumstances of the case, and we have no hesitation in expressing our firm belief, that *the ministry advised this dissolution, knowing that they would gain nothing by it in parliament, and that, on the contrary, the result would be a considerable majority against them.* They probably did not foresee the overwhelming amount of that majority: but their own friends never rated it under thirty—a majority far greater than that with which they had themselves continued to retain office (for we cannot say, to conduct the public business) for years past. And if they knew that, in spite of all that free-trade agitation and the unscrupulous use of the royal name could do, a dissolution would give the Conservative party a majority of at least thirty in the new parliament—we say their conduct, in thus endeavouring to agitate the country, deserves, as we hope it will meet with, impeachment.

We shall give, in a few words, the reasons which must have made it plain to ministers themselves, that an appeal to the country on their part, and on such measures, could be attended with no other result than that which has actually happened. Of course, it was mainly to the cheap bread cry that they looked as the means of exciting the lower classes, and creating a second Reform Bill agitation.

But 1st, the very agitation of the Reform Bill itself, had done much to

deaden any second agitation. The people had not forgot how little the bill, which professed to give every thing to every one, had really done for them; and the recollection of their former enthusiasm in that case, and the disappointment by which it had been succeeded, made them cautious in their expectations from the next Whig boon.

The circumstances, too, under which it was brought forward after a series of ministerial defeats, so much resembling the impromptu of the German play—"a sudden thought strikes us, let us alter the Corn Laws"—announced as a part of the budget, and yet on which, defeat was not held vital to the ministry: the recorded opinions of every influential member of Government against all interference with the Corn Laws, and the certainty that if the Whig ministry could secure themselves in place, they stood committed as yet to nothing, and would unquestionably shelve the Corn Law question as they had done the appropriation clause, after it had served its purpose; all these, if they did not satisfy the public mind that the Corn Law agitation was a mere *ruse* on the part of ministers, at least inspired such doubts of their sincerity as were calculated effectually to damp the fire of agitation.

2d, The ministry could not hope on this question, as on the Reform Bill, to unite all classes in their favour. The utmost they could expect would be to array the towns against the counties. For even the Corn Law sophists did not expect to persuade the agricultural constituencies that the change would not be injurious to them; the two millions of acres which were to be thrown out of tillage, according to Lord Charles Russell, or the seven millions, according to Lord Brougham; the corresponding amount of the agricultural population which would be thrown out of employment, and driven to seek a subsistence by an unequal competition with the manufacturing labourers, were results so palpable and so immediate, that they did not admit of being even plausibly explained away. It was not disguised, therefore, that this was truly the struggle between the agricultural and the manufacturing interests; and thus, if a definite object was pointed out, against which the efforts of the lower classes in the towns was to be directed the forces of their opponents were concentrated in its defence. That which excited an enthusiasm of attack on the one side, would infallibly excite on the other an enthusiasm of resistance.

3d, But what hope could the ministry have of rousing even the manufacturing classes in favour of their financial propositions? Government themselves did not venture to advocate *a free trade* in Corn, Sugar, or Timber: Lord Melbourne had himself announced that the ministerial measure was to be one of *protection to agriculture.* One of the most celebrated of the Whig economists had just succeeded in proving—to his own satisfaction—that "the 8s. which Lord John Russell proposes to *lay* on wheat, exceeded the average duty (5s. 9d.) that has been paid on it under the existing law by no less than 2s 3d. a quarter." So that, by the proposed change, the duty on corn, instead of being diminished, would have been increased about 40 per cent. If the fixed duty of 8s. per quarter, then, was intended to be continued, as the ministers proposed, here was cold comfort for the cheap bread agitators; while, if that source of excitement failed, little was to be expected from the attack on the Sugar Duties. Popular enthusiasm requires something more tangible for its support than the promise of a diminution of duties to the extent of eighteenpence a hundred-weight, or less than half a farthing a pound; a diminution too, of which, as in the case of the leather tax, the whole benefit goes into the pockets of the wholesale dealer.

4th, But even if the alteration of the Corn Laws did to some extent produce cheap bread, would it not at the same time, and in nearly a corresponding degree, at least produce cheap wages? And if wages fell in nearly the same proportion with subsistence, what had the manufacturing labourer gained with the change? Ruin only to the agriculturist, without advantage to himself; nay, with the disadvantage of being now exposed to the competition of the unemployed manufacturing labourers, glutting the market, and of course reducing wages to their minimum. Lord Stanley has condensed, into a single admirable paragraph of his speech in North Lancashire, the essence of this part of the question.

"No doubt if the price of corn were to fall, the nominal price of wages would, I believe, also follow. Now, the competition amongst the labouring classes for employment which fixes the rate of wages at any sum, say

2s. or 2s. 6d. a-day, operates thus. It is not because they value their labour at that specific sum, but because that sum will give them a certain amount of the necessaries of life; and if 1s. will provide them with the same amount of the necessaries as well as 2s., you will, if there be a sufficient competition, have the same number of persons willing to give their labour for 1s. a-day as 2s. But suppose the result of this contemplated change should be, as I have already endeavoured to show, the reduction of the incomes of the landlords and the farmers, and the throwing out of employ a large number of the agricultural labourers, these labourers would seek for employ amongst the manufacturers, the competition for manufacturers' labour would be increased, and wages would be lowered, not only nominally, but, as I apprehend, would fall from what they now are, to a level greatly below it."

Looking to these different considerations, all pointing one way, we felt assured that the ministerial attempt to rouse the country in their favour would prove a failure. And such soon appeared to be the case. Here and there only, some partial demonstration, some straggling petition in favour of the change in the Corn Laws, made the general quiescence of the public mind on the subject more obvious. The agitation was found to exist only in the newspapers; and it is not by leading articles that popular enthusiasm in Great Britain can either be created or quelled. All this, we say again, we are satisfied ministers substantially foresaw. Even in the boroughs, for which the free trade bait had chiefly been intended, they knew well they had no chance of bettering their condition; while from the greater part of those counties which they yet retained, they were certain of being precipitated with disgrace.

III. What, then, was the object of the dissolution? One unparalleled in its selfishness and baseness. The hope of exciting an evil spirit through the country, which, though it could not avert the transference of power to the Conservative government, might weaken the numbers of that party, and, at all events, cripple and paralyse its movements, and perhaps ultimately give rise to a convulsion, of which the banished Whigs might avail themselves to obtain a return to power. For the first time measures of free trade, of the wildest and most democratic character, had been flung down before the populace by her Majesty's government—as measures they were prepared to carry, but for the opposition of the Conservative monopolists. In the evil passions of the people they hoped to lay the groundwork of a *continued* popular discontent, by which the different classes in the nation might be arrayed against each other, and all hope of a settled government frustrated for years to come. They acted, in short, like those Asiatic hordes who poison the wells at which their opponents are to drink; or like a garrison dislodged from some city which they no longer are able to defend—who march out exulting in the thought that they have left behind them a mine by which their successors will be blown into the air. What matters it to such men that the explosion which destroys their antagonists, lays the city itself in ruins?

If these attempts have been on the whole unsuccessful — if the better mind of the country has generally resisted the efforts of their ministerial tempters—let us be thankful to Heaven for the result. But let us not be too sanguine in our belief that no evil has been done. Such propositions never could be laid by a government before a populace among which much suffering and misery prevail, without exciting hopes, and creating feelings of hatred and discontent towards the supposed favoured classes, which at some future period may be pregnant with the most serious danger. The dragon's tooth has certainly been sown; it may yet spring up in havoc and confusion.

IV. Meantime, however, our prospects are most cheering. 1st.—It is CERTAIN THAT THE CONSERVATIVE MAJORITY IN THE NEW PARLIAMENT WILL NOT BE UNDER EIGHTY.

For England and Wales, there are returned—

	Cons.	Libs.
Boroughs, . .	165	174
Counties, . .	138	21
	303	195
For Scotland—		
Counties and Boroughs,	22	31
	325	226
From Ireland, although the last returns have not yet been received, it is now clear there will be, .	43	61
Total,	368	287

These numbers, with the two double returns from Thetford and Cardigan, which will probably result in leaving matters as they were, and Mr O'Connel's return for *two* counties, complete the house, and give to the Conservative party a majority of eighty.

To this decisive majority might have been added several boroughs, which the Conservative party have lost solely through over confidence; while even the ministerial organs admit, that of the twenty-one county seats, which still remain to the Whig party, several might, with more determined and prompt exertion, have been wrested from them by Conservatives. In this situation are the counties of Middlesex, Staffordshire, the North Riding of Yorkshire, Surrey, and Gloucester—all of which might have added to the long list of those which are represented only by Conservatives.

2d, Our majority, however, is large enough; with this decisive advantage, that in the above list of *three hundred and sixty eight*, none are included but those who are prepared, in all points, to support the Conservative administration of Sir Robert Peel. But from the minority which we allow to the Whigs, how many must be discounted upon those important questions of free trade which formed the turning point in the last parliament? Suppose the Whigs in opposition bring forward the same measure as to the Corn Laws or the Sugar Duties which they proposed while in office, how many of their county members who have still continued to retain their seats will support them? Will Lord Worsley, who has been permitted to resume his seat in Lincolnshire, only on the express pledge of supporting the Corn Laws, or Mr Cayley, who, upon a similar footing, is still allowed to represent the North Riding, do so? Will the other members who have been re-elected to this parliament, but who either opposed ministers on the Sugar Duties, or absented themselves, support a similar measure in the present? All these questions of free trade being substantially one and indivisible as to their object and their effect, is it not evident that on these vital matters ten or fifteen votes must be withdrawn from ministers, and added to the majority of Sir Robert Peel?

3d, It is further not uninstructive, with reference to the assertion often repeated, that the Conservative members generally represent the smaller constituencies, and that the numerical majority of electors on the whole, who are represented by Liberals, is much greater, to obscure what is the real state of the fact? Discounting all those constituencies which are divided between Conservatives and Tories, and where the representation may be said to be in abeyance, and reckoning on the one hand the total number of electors in all those counties and boroughs which are represented by Conservatives, and on the other the gross amount of those represented by Liberals, we find the result to be as follows:—

Electors in English borough constituencies represented solely by		
Conservatives, .		78,494
English county do.		373,790
		452,284
Do. in English boroughs represented by		
Liberals, .	158,500	
County, .	20,204	
		178,704
Leaving a majority of electors, represented by Conservatives, of .		273,580

And this, with all the advantage which the Whigs derive from including the dense population of the metropolitan boroughs of Finsbury, Marylebone, and the Tower Hamlets.

4th, But it is not merely the number of seats gained by the Conservatives, that is to be looked to. The full extent of their triumph must be judged of by keeping in view—1st, In what quarters they have been successful: and next, How evidently the Conservative cause is on the advance, even in those quarters where, at present, we have fallen short of complete success.

The universal cry of the ministerial press, before the elections began, was—The Conservatives may be successful in the smaller constituencies, but in the larger towns they can do nothing. Curiously enough, the result has been nearly the reverse. We have gained less in the smaller constituencies than we might have anticipated; while scarcely had the ministerial journals uttered the luckless boast, when the greatest city in the empire—the very focus of intelligence, wealth, and commercial experience—of which, since the Reform Bill, the Whigs had monopolized the represen-

tation, returned two Conservative candidates in place of two Whigs—a Conservative candidate being highest on the poll, and Lord John Russell the lowest—the ministerial leader actually escaping defeat only by a majority of nine. In Westminster, a brave sailor, but absolutely unknown as a politician, is placed at the head of the poll. Liverpool rejects Lord Palmerston by a majority of 1500. In Leeds, the very centre of the manufacturing districts, the notorious Hume is defeated by a Conservative. In Hull, one of the most important and populous of our shipping towns, the same result follows. In the capital of Ireland the incubus of the O'Connell domination is shaken off, and the "anarch old," driven with disgrace from the city. Even in other large towns, where, for the present, the Whig members kept their seats, the greatly increasing numbers of the Conservatives showed that on the next struggle the result would be different. And yet it was in these circumstances, (with the exception of the Dublin election, the result of which was not then known,) that one of the leading ministerial papers, with a coolness which nothing in the annals of journalism could surpass, remarked —" The progress of the elections dispels the fable of a Tory reaction. With the exception of London, Westminster, Liverpool, Hull, and Leeds, the Conservative gains are chiefly in the smaller boroughs." Precisely so; the fable of Tory reaction is now superseded by the reality; and, with the exception of our gains in the *largest* constituencies in the kingdom, our successes are chiefly in the smaller.

We have said that, with less confidence and more caution, some of the boroughs which we have lost might have been retained. In others, unquestionably we should have had no chance against the treasury influence and the expenditure of money, lavished with a profusion only to be paralleled in the case of St Alban's. It is no doubt easy to retort, and to say, that money and influence, in such a cases, is used with equal freedom on both sides. But there was this important difference in the position of the parties—the election was with the Whigs a last and desperate cast, on which defeat was ruin. To the Conservatives it was, at the utmost, a question only of, whether their return to power was to be immediate, or postponed for a session. Applying, then, the old enquiry *cui bono*, and remembering that, in the mean time, the Whigs held the public purse-strings, we think it undeniable that these illegitimate impulses must have been used far more exclusively and efficiently on the side of the Whigs than the Conservatives. With all this, the remarkable result of the present election was to leave even the boroughs nearly equally divided between the parties.

5th, But if the boroughs were nearly equally divided, the counties, on the other hand, were nearly all one way; of forty-five held by ministerialists in the last parliament, only twenty-one are now left, or about a seventh of the whole, and that number, as the *Morning Chronicle*, in an unguarded moment of candour admits, might have been considerably reduced.

Is not this fact, to any candid mind, decisive of the whole question as to the conduct of the Whigs? Recollect the weight attached by the Whigs to the opinions of the agricultural constituencies during the discussion of the Reform Bill. Their calm, healthy, and honest opinions, so different from the hasty prejudices and excited views of the urban population, were constantly appealed to, and with conclusive effect, in furthering that great experiment. Have these agricultural constituencies all at once lost those qualifications which gave weight to their opinions in the former case? or are they less competent to judge of a question which bears upon their daily experience, than of an abstract question of parliamentary representation? Is not the all but unanimous verdict which such a constituency have passed upon the Whig administration, conclusive as to its demerits and its dishonesty?

6th, Delighted at the escape of Lord John Russell in London, and forgetting the defeat of Lord Palmerston at Liverpool, the ministerial journals consoled themselves for a time for their numerous defeats by the boast, that most of the members of the late cabinet, and most of the influential members on the liberal side, had again been returned to the new Parliament, and by large constituencies. This boast, which wore some appearance of plausibility so far as concerned the boroughs, was soon silenced when the counties of England came to speak their minds in

answer to the ministerial appeal. Take, for instance, Cheshire, where their late secretary—and one of their most useful assistants, Mr Stanley, was rejected by a large majority; Northumberland, where the son of Earl Grey, the father of the Reform Bill—a nobleman who had represented the county since the passing of that measure—was defeated by a new candidate who had started only a few days before; but above all, look to the West Riding of Yorkshire, a constituency of about 30,000, which is to the counties what London is to the boroughs; which since the date of the Reform Bill has still returned two Whigs to parliament, and where, in the present contest, Lord Milton and the Government Secretary for Ireland has been displaced to make way for two Conservative candidates. The extent and importance of this last victory, Lord Morpeth is the first to admit. He designates it, with truth, as "the most signal and decisive triumph which has yet been attached to the Conservative car of reaction." The speech of Lord Morpeth deserves notice, not only on account of this candid admission, but from the strong contrast which its true English feeling and gentlemanly tone present to the vindictive waspish petulance of his companion in defeat, Lord Howick. Lord Morpeth fought the battle fairly, and when he lost it, while he expressed those natural feelings of regret with which he parted from those with whom he had been so long associated, he acknowledged, with the candour of an honourable mind, that he had been defeated in no unfair warfare, and by no ungenerous rival. Of all the acts of his political life, in connexion with the constituency of Yorkshire, we may say, and we do so in no sneering or derogatory spirit, that none became him like the leaving it.

But it would be idle to pursue these remarks on the issue of the county elections. One county only has been lost by the Conservatives, that of Flint, where, from a cause with which we do not greatly quarrel, the claim of a long hereditary representation of the county, the Whig member, who had been displaced at the immediately preceding election, has regained his seat.

7th, In Scotland, the Conservative gain, from causes to which we could point out clearly enough, but which would lead us too far into detail, has been small on the whole. But the mere difference in the number of seats now held by Whigs or Conservatives, gives a very partial idea of the real progress towards Conservatism in that quarter. The important points are, that the Conservative cause now begins to make head in the boroughs; and that thorough-bred ministerialists, like Mr R. Stewart, and Mr Gillon, have been ejected from seats to which they had begun to think they had a prescriptive title. The coming registrations will add several boroughs to the number. In Glasgow, the large increase to the Conservative numbers, is admitted on all hands. And from the counties—let the Conservative party be once seated in office for a year or two, it requires no great knowledge of the Scotch character to predict, that Sir Robert Peel will soon receive a considerable accession to his ranks.

8th, In Ireland, too—Catholic, exciteable Ireland—for the meridian of which the ministerial measures had been peculiarly calculated, and where, therefore, they reckoned on a degree of success which should, in some degree, counterbalance their losses elsewhere, what have they met with but signal discomfiture? Eleven seats, including the two metropolitan seats so long held by the hoary demagogue O'Connell and his Catholic nominee, have been wrested from them: and had Lord Stanley's bill been in operation—or had the Protestant electors been in all quarters duly preserved from intimidation by the executive power—that number would have been more than doubled.

V. The return of such a majority of Conservatives, announces the immediate accession of that party to power. Had it been a smaller one, it is probable that Whig desperation might have suggested some new attempt to retard the formation of a Conservative government; but as it is, in all probability the Whig ministers will not now meet parliament; or, if they do, they will not be in office for a fortnight. We presume not to anticipate or to interfere with the course likely to be taken by the Conservative party; but we may be permitted to offer a word or two of advice in conclusion.

First, That the Conservative party, when in power, will always be guided by the principles of warm and genuine *loyalty*, we have no doubt. The feeling of loyalty is so essentially involved in the principles of Conservatism—so deeply engraven on every Conservative breast, that it cannot be eradi-

cated. With them it is a genuine impulse, congenial to all their other principles of action—a natural growth that thrives equally in sun and shade. With the Whig party it is a recent graft on an uncongenial tree; a factitious feeling, a hollow profession, opposed to their general practice and principles, or at best the mere return of gratitude for favours received, which, as it owes its origin to the personal predilections of the Sovereign, would speedily terminate were that favour and countenance withdrawn. The true test of the loyalty of a party, is their conduct in opposition; and should the Whigs, as is probable, be doomed to pass the next ten years on the left of the speaker, we venture to prophesy that long ere that time their loyalty will have evaporated. To the Conservative party we would say, let your loyalty, unlike that of the Whigs, be combined with self-respect—let it be shown not in adulation, or mere courtly compliance, but in a steady regard for the royal dignity, in a determination to protect its privileges and its authority, and in the expression of that respectful homage and dutiful attachment, which is always due to the possessor of the crown, but which is then paid with peculiar grace and propriety when it encircles the brow of a woman.

It would be idle to obtrude upon the Conservative party the advice to pursue in office that independent and patriotic course by which they have won the respect and confidence of the country while in opposition. Their conduct in times past affords the best guarantee for the future. The lesson of honesty and high principle they do not require to be taught; but the lesson of *unity of action*, of subordination to their great leader, of merging all minor differences in the maintenance of those grand principles in which all are agreed—this lesson they have but too often forgotten, and of this they cannot be too often reminded. Party is the necessary union of many for some common object of paramount importance; it implies the existence of individual differences of opinion on minor questions; but the continued existence and efficiency of every party, involves as a condition the suppression of these discrepancies of opinion, and the cordial and united action of all its members under some distinguished leader.

"Who, like a massive pillar, plants himself,
On which men lean with confidence and joy."

And if the highest ability, guided by the purest honour; if skill and forecast in the conduct of a political struggle—discretion in the choice of the right moment for action, promptitude and energy when that moment arrived; if the proved capacity of wielding the energies of a great nation in times of crisis and difficulty; if the maintenance of a policy at once firm and enlightened, conservative of existing institutions, yet hostile to no improvement in them—if these qualities ought to inspire confidence in a leader, and entitle him to the cordial co-operation and willing obedience of his followers, where are they to be found so conspicuously combined as in that great statesman, who, in a season of despondency, when the stronghold of Conservatism appeared to be laid in ruins, collected its strong though scattered masses, replaced them on a broader and firmer foundation, "and with difficulty and labour hard," through storm and sunshine, has since built up that stately and imposing edifice, that now overtops the hostile wall, and overawes opposition.

But not less necessary than union is *perseverance*. It is by continuous effort that the Conservative stronghold has been again upreared; it is by steady exertion and unwearied vigilance that it must be manned and maintained. Instant and constant attention must be paid to the registrations. The system of fraud and perjury which prevails in Ireland, must be forthwith put an end to. In every borough and every county, where there is the most distant chance of success, the seats of the Whigs must be contested on every vacancy. The Conservative party must recollect, that after this brilliant triumph, not to advance would be equivalent to a retreat; and that while another position yet remains to be wrested from their opponents, or another name added to the roll of the defenders of the constitution, its course must be one of unceasing activity, its motto that of Cæsar—

"*Nil actum reputans dum quid supersit agendum.*"

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

PART THE LAST.

> "FORTUNA sævo læta negotio, et
> Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
> Transmutat incertos honores,
> Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
> Laudo manentem: SI CELERES QUATIT
> PENNAS, RESIGNO QUÆ DEDIT, ET MEA
> VIRTUTE ME INVOLVO, PROBAMQUE
> PAUPERIEM SINE DOTE QUÆRO."
>
> *Hor. Carm. Lib.* iii. 29.

WITH its architect, fell that surprising fabric of fraud and wrong, the rise and fall of which is commemorated in this history—a fabric which, if it "rose like an exhalation," so like an exhalation disappeared, and with it all the creatures which had peopled it. Though Mr Runnington's vigilance and ability had set matters into such a train, that, had Mr Gammon lived to continue his most skilful opposition, he could not have delayed for any length of time Mr Aubrey's restoration to Yatton, yet the sudden and most unexpected death of Mr Gammon greatly accelerated that event. Notwithstanding the verdict of the coroner's inquest, both Mr Aubrey and Mr Runnington—and in fact very many others—strongly suspected the true state of the case; viz. that, in the desperation of defeat and dreaded exposure, he had destroyed himself.

Towards the close of the term, Mr Runnington went to the proper office of the Court of King's Bench, in order to ascertain whether Mr Titmouse had taken the requisite steps towards defending the actions of ejectment commenced by Mr Aubrey, and found that, though the prescribed period had elapsed, he had not; in other words, that he had suffered JUDGMENT BY DEFAULT. Delighted, though not much surprised by this discovery, Mr Runnington resolved at once to follow up his victory. 'Twas only a short and simple process that was requisite to effect such great results. He took a single sheet of draft paper, on which he wrote some half dozen lines called an "*Incipitur*," as if he were going to copy out the "declaration" in ejectment, but stopped short about the fifth line. This sheet of paper, together with another containing his "Rule for Judgment," he took to the Master's office, in order that that functionary might "SIGN JUDGMENT"—which he did, by simply writing in the margin of what Mr Runnington had written, the words—"*Judgment signed*, 23*d November* 18—" and impressing above it the seal of the court; and behold, at that instant, the *property* in the whole of the Yatton estates had become vested in Mr Aubrey again!

The next step requisite was to secure the *possession* of the property; for which purpose Mr Runnington instantly procured a WRIT OF POSSESSION, (*i. e.* a writ requiring the sheriff of Yorkshire to put Mr Aubrey into actual possession,) to be engrossed on a slip of parchment. This he got sealed; and then obtained a WARRANT from the sheriff to his officers, to execute the writ. Now the sheriff might, had it been necessary, have roused—nay, was bound to do so—the whole *posse comitatus*, in order to compel submission to his authority; and I can assure the reader that the whole *posse comitatus* would have answered his summons on that occasion very eagerly—but it was needless. Who was there to resist him at Yatton? The transference of the possession became, under these circumstances, a very slight matter-of-fact affair. The under sheriff of Yorkshire drove up in his gig to the Hall, where he found Mr Parkinson waiting his arrival—(no breaking open of doors was necessary!)—and in a whispered word or two, informed Mr Parkinson that he then delivered the possession to him for and on account of Charles Aubrey, esquire, his heirs, and assigns, for ever—and after remarking, "what a fine estate it was, and in very good order, *considering*," he drove off. I may add, that to save the useless expense of some hundred writs of possession, "*attornments*" were taken from all the tenants—*i. e.* written acknowledgments that they held under

Charles Aubrey, esquire, as their sole, true, and proper landlord. This done, that gentleman was reinstated in all that he had been dispossessed of, as absolutely, and to all intents and purposes, as if the events of the last three years had been but a *dream*—as if such persons as Tittlebat Titmouse, and Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, had never existed; and Mr Griffiths the steward, and Mr Parkinson, opened a couple of bottles of port wine, which, with the efficient assistance of Mr Waters and Mr Dickons, the upper and under bailiffs, Mr Tonson the gamekeeper, and Mr Pumpkin the gardener, were very quickly emptied amidst—in which 'tis hoped the good-natured reader will join—shouts of "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!—Hip, hip, hip, *hurrah!*—Hip, hip, hip, *hurrah! hurrah!* HURRAH!" Then phlegmatic Mr Dickons stepped out into the courtyard, and, by way of further relieving his excited feelings, flung his heavy ashen walking-stick up a surprising height into the air; and when he had caught it on its descent, as he grasped it in his huge horny hand in silence, he shook it above his head with a feeling that he could have smashed a million of Titmice in a minute, if he could have got among them. Then he thought of Miss Aubrey and Kate, and up it went again, higher even than before—by which time they had all come out into the yard, and shouted again, and again, and again, till their voices rung, and echoed in the air, and excited an uproar in the rookery behind them.

While this result of his triumphant exertions was being thus celebrated at Yatton, Mr Runnington was exerting himself to the utmost in London, in the extrication of Mr Aubrey from all his pecuniary embarrassments—the chief of which were, his two promissory notes for £5000 each, with interest, and the actions depending upon them—the joint bond of himself and Lord de la Zouch for £10,000 and interest—and the action pending for the balance of Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's bill—viz. £1446 : 14 : 6d. Undoubtedly, these matters occasioned him a vast deal of trouble and anxiety; but his experienced tact, and vigilance, and determination, overcame all obstacles. The balance of Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's abominable bill of costs, melted away and totally disappeared in the heat of the taxing office; and with the aid of certain summary applications, both to the Lord Chancellor and to the common law judges, and after a good deal of diplomacy, Mr Runnington succeeded in getting into his hands, cancelled, the above-mentioned two notes, on payment to Mr Spitfire, for and on account of Mr Titmouse, of £250, (of which Mr Titmouse by the way got £15,) and the bond for ten thousand pounds, which was found in the strong box of the late Mr Gammon, was delivered up by Messrs Quirk and Snap on certain hints being given them by Mr Runnington of the serious consequences of refusal. Not satisfied with this, Mr Runnington obtained from Mr Titmouse a formal and solemn release to Mr Aubrey of all claims, debts, damages, and demands whatsoever, both at law and in equity. But how stood the matter of Mr Titmouse's liabilities to Mr Aubrey, in respect of the mesne profits during the last two years and more? Why, he owed Mr Aubrey a sum of some twenty-five thousand pounds—not one farthing of which would ever see its way into the pockets of him who had been so cruelly defrauded of it! The greatest trouble of Mr Runnington, however, was the extorting the title-deeds from the three Jews, Mordecai Gripe, Israel Fang, and Mephibosheth Mahar-Shalal-hash-baz. Unhappy wretches! they writhed and gasped as though their very hearts were being torn out; but they had no help for it, as their own attorneys and solicitors told them; since the right of Mr Aubrey to his title-deeds was clear and indisputable, and their resistance of his claim would only entail on them additional and fruitless expense. They grinned, chattered, stuttered, and stamped about in impotent but horrible fury; and, if they could, would have torn Mr Gammon out of his grave, and placed his body, and those of Messrs Quirk and Snap, over a slow fire! These gentlemen were not, however, the only persons who had been astounded, dismayed, and defeated, by Mr Gammon's *leap into the dark*. To say nothing of Mr Wigley, who might now whistle for his debt and costs, and many other persons who had rested all their hopes upon Mr Gammon's powers, and his responsibility, his sudden death precipitated total ruin upon

his weak aristocratical dupe and victim, the poor old Earl of Dreddlington. In addition to the formidable movement against his lordship and Mr Gammon in the Court of Chancery, on the part of their co-shareholders and adventurers, for the purpose of procuring them to be declared alone liable for all the debts contracted by the Gunpowder and Fresh Water Company, the creditors, rendered impatient and desperate by the sudden death of Mr Gammon, began to attempt daily to harass the unfortunate earl with their personal importunity for payment of their demands, and that at his residence in Grosvenor Square and at Poppleton Hall. At the former they were, of course, uniformly encountered by the answer that his lordship was both ill and out of town. Upon that, down to his lordship's nearest country residence—viz. Poppleton—went the chief of his infuriate creditors, not believing the answer they had received at his lordship's town-house; but which was there repeated to them, and with a peremptoriness of manner, which, excited as they were, they converted into insolence and defiance, and a determined denial to his lordship's creditors. Upon this, they took the opinion of counsel upon three points. *First*, whether a peer of the realm could be made a bankrupt if he became a trader; *Secondly*, whether the Earl of Dreddlington's active connexion with the Gunpowder and Fresh Water Company constituted him a trader within the meaning of the bankrupt laws; and *Lastly*, whether the facts stated amounted to an act of bankruptcy. To this it was answered—*First*, that a peer could clearly be made a bankrupt if he traded, as an Earl of Suffolk had been declared a bankrupt by reason of an act of bankruptcy committed by him in buying and selling of wines, (per Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, in *ex parte* Meymot, 1 Atkyn's Reports, page 201.) *Secondly*, that the Gunpowder and Fresh Water Company was one of such a nature as constituted its members "traders" within the meaning of the bankrupt laws. *Thirdly*, that the facts stated showed the committing of an act of bankruptcy, on the part of the Earl of Dreddlington, by "*beginning to keep his house.*" Upon this, the more eager and reckless of his lordship's creditors instantly struck a docket against him; and thereupon, down came the messenger of the court to take possession of his lordship's houses and effects, both at Grosvenor Square, Poppleton Hall, and in Cornwall, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland—that is, as to the last four, if he could discover them. At Poppleton he was sternly refused an entrance; on which he produced his authority, and protested that, if further denied, he would immediately proceed to effect an entrance by main force, come what might, and those within must take the consequences. After a brief affrighted pause, he was admitted—and immediately declared himself to be in possession, under the bankruptcy, and by the authority of the Lord Chancellor, of the premises, and every thing upon them; at the same time announcing to the dismayed inmates, that he would do nothing to give the slightest annoyance, or occasion apprehensions to the noble bankrupt. This very unusual occurrence found its way into the newspapers of the next day, which brought, accidentally, under the notice of Mr Aubrey the lamentable condition of his haughty yet fallen kinsman. He hurried off in alarm and agitation to Mr Runnington, and requested him immediately to put himself into communication with the earl's solicitor, whoever he might be, with a view to saving him, if possible, from the indignity and ruin with which he was threatened; and then drove down himself to Poppleton, to tender his personal services in any way that might appear most desirable. He was shocked indeed at finding the house, and every thing in it, in formal possession of the bankruptcy messenger; but much more so, on learning the deplorable condition of the earl personally. It appeared that he had most unfortunately witnessed, during a brief lucid interval, and while he was being assisted out of his carriage on his return from an airing, the arrival of the messenger, and his altercation with the servants at the door: and that, on being made acquainted with the true nature of the proceeding, he staggered back into the arms of Miss Macspleuchan, and was soon afterwards seized with another fit of paralysis. All this Mr Aubrey, on his arrival, learned from Miss Macspleuchan—whom he knew

only by name—and who communicated the dismal tidings in an agony of grief and agitation. The physician and apothecary were with the earl when Mr Aubrey arrived; and, finding that he could render no personal service to his suffering kinsman, he returned to town, assuring Miss Macspleuchan that she would see him again on the morrow—and that he would, in the meanwhile, do every thing in his power, in town, to avert from the earl the immediate effects of his fearful imprudence. Faithful to his promise, he instructed Mr Runnington to do every thing in reason to rescue the earl, and, in his person, the honour of the family, from the impending misfortune. 'Twas, however, all in vain. Two days afterwards, and before Mr Runnington had acted upon the instructions given to him by Mr Aubrey, the latter received intelligence by express from Poppleton, that the earl was in dying circumstances; that he was conscious of his rapidly approaching end; and was understood to have expressed a wish to see Mr Aubrey before he died. When he arrived, he was at once ushered into the earl's bedchamber, and found the Duke of Tantallan sitting on one side of the bed, and Miss Macspleuchan on the other; she was weeping in silence, and her left hand was grasped between the thin white hands of the earl, whose face was turned towards her. His snow-white hair and wasted features, and the expression of mingled misery, feebleness, and affection that were in his eyes, fixed heavily upon Miss Macspleuchan, filled Mr Aubrey with deep emotion. The earl seemed a mere skeleton! Shortly after Mr Aubrey had entered the room, Miss Macspleuchan leaned down to the earl's ear, and, in a whisper, informed him of Mr Aubrey's arrival. He did not seem at first to have heard, or at least comprehended, what she had said; but, a few moments afterwards, opened his eyes a little wider than they had been before, and his lips quivered as if with an effort at speaking. Then he very feebly extended both his thin arms towards Miss Macspleuchan, who was still leaning over him, and placed them trembling round her neck, from which, however, in a moment or two, they suddenly fell; the lower jaw also fell: the poor earl was dead—and Miss Macspleuchan, with a faint shriek, sunk back in a swoon into the arms of the nurse who stood beside her, and who, assisted by a female attendant, immediately removed her from the room. The Duke of Tantallan remained sitting where he was, but with his face averted, and his right hand clasping one of the hands of his deceased kinsman: and Mr Aubrey continued standing at the foot of the bed, his eyes covered by his hand. Neither of them spoke for some time. At length the duke, very deeply affected, slowly rose, and quitted the chamber in silence, followed by Mr Aubrey, as those entered who were to commence the last sad offices for the dead.

The duke undertook all the arrangements for the funeral; and after much melancholy conversation with his grace concerning the shocking state in which the earl had left his affairs, and having offered to provide, should it be necessary, for Miss Macspleuchan, Mr Aubrey took his departure.

"Is the carriage at the door?" he enquired of the servant who stood in the hall expecting his approach.

"Yes, my lord," he replied; "and his words caused Lord Drelincourt almost to start back a step or two; and he changed colour. Then he entered his carriage, and continued in a very melancholy and subdued mood during the whole of the drive up to town. He had, indeed, now become Lord Drelincourt—an event thus announced the next morning to the great world, in the columns of the obsequious *Aurora*.

"Yesterday, at his residence, Pop-
"pleton Hall, Hertfordshire, in his
"seventieth year, died the Right Hon.
"the Earl of Dreddlington, G.C.B.,
"&c. &c. His lordship was Fifth
"Earl of Dreddlington, and Twen-
"tieth Baron Drelincourt. The
"Earldom (created in 1667) is now
"extinct; but his lordship is suc-
"ceeded in the ancient barony of
"Drelincourt (created by writ, 12th
"Henry II.) by Charles Aubrey,
"Esq. of Yatton, in Yorkshire, who
"is now 21st Lord Drelincourt, and
"has just succeeded in recovering
"back the whole of the Yatton pro-
"perty, which about two years ago,
"it may be remembered, was reco-
"vered in a very extraordinary man-

"ner (which is now, we believe, the "subject of judicial inquiry) by Tittle-"bat Titmouse, Esq., at present "M.P. for Yatton. His lordship "(who is now in his thirty-sixth year) "took a double first-class at Oxford, "and sat for several years as mem-"ber for Yatton. He married, in "18—, Agnes, sole daughter and "heiress of the late Colonel St Clair, "who fell in the Peninsular war, and "has issue by her ladyship two chil-"dren, Charles, born in 18—, and "Agnes, born in 18—. His lordship "has no brothers, and only one sister, "Miss Catherine Aubrey, who is un-"derstood to be affianced to the Hon. "Mr Delamere, the only son and heir "of the Right Hon. Lord de la "Zouch. The late Earl was a staunch "Whig; but the present Lord Dre-"lincourt is a Tory."

Till Yatton could be got ready for their reception, they had taken, as a temporary residence, a furnished house in Dover Street, only a few doors' distance from that of Lord de la Zouch; and on his arrival from Poppleton Hall, Lord Drelincourt found Lady Drelincourt and his sister had not yet returned from their afternoon's drive. When they drew up to the door, however, the closed shutters and drawn blinds apprized them of the melancholy event which had taken place. On hearing that Lord Drelincourt was alone in the drawing-room, where he had been for upwards of an hour, they rushed hastily up stairs, and in a few moments Lord and Lady Drelincourt had fondly embraced each other, and Miss Aubrey, full of eager affection, had embraced both of them; and then, quitting the room, quickly returned with Charles and Agnes, now—little unconscious creatures!—the Honourable Charles and the Honourable Agnes Aubrey. Surely it was not to be expected that any of them should entertain very poignant feelings of sorrow for the death of an individual who had ever totally estranged himself from them, and treated every member of their family with the most offensive and presumptuous insolence—the bitterest contempt; who, when he knew that they were destitute and all but perishing, had kept cruelly aloof as ever, without once extending towards them a helping hand. Still, they had regarded the afflicting circumstances which attended, and hastened, their lofty kinsman's death, with sincere commiseration for one so weak and misguided, and whose pride had had, indeed, so signal and fearful a fall. These were topics which afforded scope for sad but instructive conversation and reflection; and before Lord and Lady Drelincourt laid their heads on their pillows that night, they again devoutly returned thanks to Heaven for the happy restoration which had been vouchsafed to *them*, and offered sincere and fervent prayers for its guidance in every stage of their future career.

This event, of course, threw them again, for a time, into mourning. Lord Drelincourt attended the funeral of the late earl, which took place at Poppleton, and was plain and private; and a few days afterwards, yearning to see Yatton once again, and anxious also to give his personal directions concerning very many matters which required them, he accepted an offer of a seat in the carriage of Lord de la Zouch, who was going down for a few days to Fotheringham on business of importance. Lord Drelincourt agreed to take up his abode at Fotheringham during his brief stay in Yorkshire, and to give no one at Yatton the least intimation of his intention to pay a visit to them, —purposing, the morning after his arrival at Fotheringham, to ride over quietly, alone and unexpectedly, to the dear place of his birth, and scene of such signal trials and expected joy and triumphs.

'Twas about four o'clock in the afternoon of a frosty day in the early part of December; and Dr Tatham was sitting alone in his plainly-furnished and old-fashioned little study, beside the table on which Betty, his old housekeeper, had just laid his scanty show of tea-things—the small, quaintly-figured round silver tea-pot having been the precious gift, more than twenty years before, of old Madam Aubrey. On his knee lay open a well-worn parchment-covered Elzevir copy of *Thomas à Kempis*, a constant companion of the doctor's, which he had laid down a few moments before, in a fit of musing—and he was gazing in the direction of the old yew tree, a portion of which, with a grey crumbling corner of his church, at only some two dozen yards' distance, was visible through the window

On one side of his book-shelves hung his surplice, on a peg; and on the other his rusty shovel-hat, and walking-stick. Over the mantelpiece hung two small black profile likenesses of old Squire Aubrey, and Madam Aubrey, which they had themselves presented to the doctor nearly thirty years before. Though it was very cold, there was but a handful of fire in the little grate; and this, together with the modicum of coarse brown sugar in the sugar-basin, and about two tea-spoonfuls of tea, which he had just before measured out of his little tea-caddy, into his tea-cup, in order to be ready to put it into his tea-pot, when Betty should have brought in the kettle—and four thin slices of scantily buttered brown bread—all this, I say, seemed touching evidence of the straitened circumstances in which the poor doctor was placed. His clothes, too, very clean, very thread-bare, and of a very rusty hue,—down even to his gaiters,—suggested the same reflection to the beholder. The five pounds which he had scraped together for purchasing a new suit, Mr Titmouse, it will be remembered, had succeeded in cheating him out of. His hair was of a silvery white; and though he was evidently a little cast down in spirits, the expression of his countenance was as full of benevolence and piety as ever. He was, moreover, considerably thinner than when he was last presented to the reader; and well he might be, for he had since undergone great privation and anxiety. He—*he*, peaceful unoffending old soul!—had long been followed with pertinacious bitterness and persecution by two new inhabitants of the village, viz., the Rev. Smirk Mudflint and Mr Bloodsuck, junior. The former had obtained a lease from Mr Titmouse of the little building which had formerly been Miss Aubrey's school, and had turned it into a Unitarian chapel,—himself and family residing in part of the building. He preached every Sunday *at* Doctor Tatham, turning his person, his habits, his office, and his creed into bitter ridicule; and repeatedly challenging him, from his pulpit, to an open discussion of the points in difference between them! By means of his "moral" discourses every Sunday morning, and his "political" discourses every Sunday evening,—and which he used all his powers to render palatable to those who heard him—he was actually seducing away many of the parishioners from the parish church; a matter which began visibly to prey upon the doctor's spirits. Then Mr Bloodsuck, too, was carrying on the campaign briskly against the parson,—against whom he had got a couple of actions pending at the suit of parishioners in respect of his right to certain tithes which had never before been questioned by any one. Only that very day the impudent jackanapes—for that, I am sure, you would have pronounced Mr Barnabas Bloodsuck at first sight—had sent a very peremptory and offensive letter to the doctor, which had been designed by its writer to have the effect of drawing the doctor into a sudden compromise; whereas the doctor, with a just sense and spirit, had resolved never in any way to suffer his rights, and those of his successors, to be infringed. Many and many a weary walk to Mr Parkinson's office at Grilston had these persecuting proceedings of Bloodsuck's cost the doctor, and also considerable and unavoidable expense, which, had he been in any other hands than those of good Mr Parkinson, must by this time have involved the doctor in utter ruin, and broken his heart. Still generous according to his means, the good soul had, on his last visit to Grilston, purchased and brought home with him a couple of bottles of port wine, which he intended to take on Christmas day to a poor brother parson in an adjoining parish, whose wife had been bedridden for ten years. All these matters might well occasion Dr Tatham anxiety, and frequent fits of despondency, such as that under which he was suffering, when he heard a gentle tapping at his door, while sitting in his study as I have described him. "Come in, Betty," quoth the doctor in his usual kind and quiet way, supposing it to be his old housekeeper with his tea-kettle; for she had gone with it a few minutes before across the yard to the well, leaving the front door ajar till her return. As he uttered the words above mentioned, the door opened. He sat with his back towards it; and finding, after a pause, that no one entered or spoke, he turned round in his chair to see the reason why, and beheld a gentleman standing there, dressed in

deep mourning, and gazing at him with an expression of infinite tenderness and benignity. The doctor was a little of a believer in the reality of spiritual appearances; and, taken quite off his guard, jumped out of his chair, and stared for a second or two in mute amazement, if not even apprehension, at the figure standing silently in the doorway.

"Why! Bless—bless my soul—can it be"— he stammered, and the next instant perceived that it was indeed, as I may say, the *desire of his eyes*—Mr Aubrey, now become, as the doctor had a few days before heard from Mr Parkinson, Lord Drelincourt.

"Oh my dear, old, revered, beloved friend! Do I see you once again!" he exclaimed in a tremulous voice, as he stepped hastily up to the doctor, with his arms extended towards him, and, grasping the hand of the doctor with vehement pressure, they both gazed at each other for some moments in silence, and with the tears in their eyes, Lord Drelincourt's soul touched within him by the evident alteration which had taken place in Dr Tatham's appearance.

"And is it indeed true, my dear friend?" at length faltered the doctor, still gazing fondly at Lord Drelincourt.

"It *is* your old friend, Charles Aubrey! dearest doctor! God bless you, my revered friend and instructor of my youth!" said Lord Drelincourt, with a full heart and a quivering lip; "I am come, you see, once more to Yatton, and first of all to you; and in your presence to acknowledge the goodness of God, for he has been very good to me!"

"The Lord God of thy fathers bless thee!" exclaimed Dr Tatham solemnly; and Lord Drelincourt reverently received the benison. A few moments afterwards he sat down, opposite the doctor, in the only spare chair there was in the room, and they were instantly engaged in eager and affectionate converse.

"Why, Mr Aubrey," quoth the doctor with a smile, but also a slight embarrassment, "I had forgotten—Lord Drelincourt, how strangely it sounds!"

"Yes, it is true, such is now my name; but, believe me, I am not yet reconciled to it, especially dearest doctor, in your presence! Shall I ever be as happy as Lord Drelincourt as I have been as Charles Aubrey?"

"Ay, ay, dear friend, to be sure you will! 'Tis in the course of God's providence that you are raised to distinction, as well as restored to your own! Long may you live to enjoy both! and I hope at Yatton," he added earnestly.

"Oh, can you doubt it, dearest doctor? My heart is only now recovering the wounds it received in being torn from this dear spot."

"And Mrs Au—I mean Lady Drelincourt. God Almighty bless her! and Kate, sweet, dear Kate! Well! *She* has not changed her name yet, I suppose?"

"Not *yet*," replied Lord Drelincourt with a cheerful smile.

"And do you mean to say that you are all coming to old Yatton again?"

"Coming to Yatton again? 'Tis a little paradise to all of us! Here we wish to live; and, when we follow those who have gone before us, *there* we wish to rest!" said Lord Drelincourt solemnly, and he pointed towards the churchyard, with a look that suddenly filled the doctor's eyes with tears, for it brought full before them the funeral of Mrs Aubrey.

"I have two letters for you," said Lord Drelincourt after a pause, taking out his pocket-book, "from my wife and sister, who charged me to give them into your own hands with their fervent love;" and he gave two letters into the doctor's hands, which trembled with emotion as he received them.

"I shall read them by-and-by, when I am alone," said he, as, gazing fondly at the superscriptions, he placed the two letters on the mantelpiece.

"Come in! come in!" quoth the doctor quickly, hearing a knocking at the door—"that's Betty. You have not forgotten old Betty, have you?" said he to Lord Drelincourt, as the good old woman opened the door in a flustered manner, with the kettle in her hands, and dropped an awful curtsy on seeing Lord Drelincourt, whom she instantly recognised.

"Well, Betty," said he, with infinite cordiality, "I'm glad to see you again, and to hear that you are well!"

"Yes, sir!—if you please, sir!—thank you, sir!" stammered Betty, curtsying repeatedly, and standing,

with the kettle in her hand, as if she did not intend to come in with it.

"That will do, Betty," quoth the doctor, and looked so delighted at Lord Drelincourt's good-natured greeting of his faithful old servant; "bring it in! And Thomas is quite well, too," he added, turning to Lord Drelincourt—Thomas being Betty's husband—and both of whom had lived with the doctor for some eighteen or twenty years—Thomas's business being to look after the doctor's nag while he kept one, and now to do odd jobs about the little garden and paddock. After one or two kind enquiries about him, "I must join you, doctor—if you please," said Lord Drelincourt, as Betty put the kettle on the fire; "you'll give me a cup of tea"——

"A cup of tea? Ay, to be sure! Betty!—here," said he, beckoning her to him, and whispering to her to bring out the best tea-things, and to run out into the village for a couple of tea-cakes, and a little more tea, and some eggs and butter, and half a pound of lump sugar—for the doctor was bent upon doing the thing splendidly on so great an occasion; but Lord Drelincourt, who overheard him, and who had asked to take tea with him only that he might not delay the doctor's doing so—(for Lord Drelincourt had not yet dined)—interposed, declaring that if any thing of the sort were done he would leave immediately; adding, that he expected his horses at the door every moment, and also that Lord de la Zouch (who had come over with him from Fotheringham, and was at that moment at the Hall) would presently call to join him on his way home. This secured Lord Drelincourt's wishes—and you might, within a few minutes' time, have seen him partaking of the doctor's humble beverage, while they continued in eager and earnest conversation. Lord Drelincourt had that morning had a very long conversation with Mr Parkinson, from whom he had learned the life of persecution which the poor doctor had led for the last two years—and learned it, too, with the keenest indignation. The doctor himself softened down matters a good deal in the account which *he* gave Lord Drelincourt—but his lordship saw at once that the case had not been in the least overstated by Mr Parkinson; and, without intimating any thing of his intentions to the doctor, resolved upon forthwith taking certain steps which, had *they* known them, would have made two persons in the village shake in their shoes.

"What's that, doctor?" suddenly enquired Lord Drelincourt, hearing a noise as of shouting outside. Now the fact was, that the appearance of Lord Drelincourt and Lord de la Zouch, and their two grooms, as they galloped down the village on their way to the Hall, (from which Lord Drelincourt, as I have stated, had walked to the vicarage, whither he was to be followed by Lord de la Zouch,) had created a pretty sensation in the village; for Lord Drelincourt, rapidly as he rode in, was soon recognized by those who were about, and the news spread like wildfire that the lord "Squire" had come back, and was then at Yatton—a fact which seemed to be any thing but gratifying to Messrs Bloodsuck and Mudflint, who were talking together, at the moment when Lord Drelincourt asked the question of Dr Tatham, at the door of Mr Mudflint, whose face seemed to have got several degrees sallower within a quarter of an hour, while Mr Bloodsuck looked quite white. There was a continually increasing crowd about the front of the vicarage; and as they got more and more assured of the fact that Lord Drelincourt was at that moment in the vicarage, they began to shout "hurrah!" So——

"What's that?" enquired Lord Drelincourt.

"Ah!—I know!" cried the doctor, with not a little excitement; "they've found you out, bless them! —hark!—I have not heard such a thing I don't know how long—I wonder they don't set the bells a-ringing! —Why, bless me! there's a couple of hundred people before the door!" exclaimed he, after having stepped into the front room, and reconnoitred through the window. Though the gloom of evening was rapidly deepening, Lord Drelincourt also perceived the great number of people that had collected together, and his eye having caught the approaching figure of Lord de la Zouch, for whom, and the grooms, the crowd made way, he prepared to leave. Lord de la Zouch dismounted, and, entering the vicarage, shook hands with the utmost cordiality with the

little doctor, whom he invited to dine and sleep at Fotheringham on the morrow, promising to send the carriage for him. The little doctor scarce knew whether he stood on his head or his heels, in the excitement of the moment; and when he and Lord Drelincourt appeared at the door, and a great shout burst from those present, it was with great difficulty that he could resist his inclination to join in it. It was growing late, however, and they had a long ride before them: so Lord Drelincourt, having stood for some moments bareheaded and bowing to all around, and shaking hands with those who pressed nearest, following the example of Lord de la Zouch, mounted his horse, and waving his hand affectionately to Dr Tatham, rode off amidst the renewed cheers of the crowd. From that moment Dr Tatham had regained almost all his former ascendancy at Yatton.

As the two peers sat together over their wine that evening, the fate of the Rev. Mr Mudflint and Barnabas Bloodsuck, junior, gentleman, was sealed. The more that they talked together about the wanton and bitter insults and persecutions which those worthies had so long inflicted upon surely one of the most inoffensive, peaceable, and benevolent beings upon the earth, Dr Tatham, the higher rose their indignation, the sterner their determination to punish and remove his enemies. The next morning Lord de la Zouch wrote up to town, directing instructions to be given to Mr Runnington, who had conducted the proceedings in the actions of Wigley *v.* Mudflint, and Wigley *v.* Bloodsuck, to issue execution forthwith. Lord Drelincourt also did his part. Almost every house in the village was his property, and he instructed Mr Parkinson immediately to take steps towards summarily ejecting them from the premises they were respectively occupying — convinced that by so doing he was removing two principal sources of filth and mischief from the village and neighbourhood; for they were the founders and most active members of a sort of spouting-club for radical and infidel speechifying, and promoting the interests of the Liberal cause at Yatton, and which club their presence and influence alone kept together.

Early the next morning Lord Drelincourt returned to the Hall, having appointed several persons to meet him there, on business principally relating to the restoration of the Hall to its former state, as far as practicable; at all events, to render it fit for the reception of the family within as short a period as possible. According to an arrangement he had made before quitting town, he found, on reaching the Hall, a gentleman from London, of great taste and experience, to whose hands was to be entrusted the entire superintendence of the contemplated reparations and restorations, both internal and external, regard being had to the antique and peculiar character of the mansion—it being his lordship's anxious wish that Lady Drelincourt and Miss Aubrey, on their return, should see it, as nearly as was practicable, in the condition in which they had left it. Fortunately the little Vandal who had just been expelled from it, had done little or no permanent or substantial injury. There was the same great irregular mass of old brickwork, with its huge stacks of chimneys, just as they had ever known it, only requiring a little pointing. That fine old relic, the castellated gateway, clad in ivy, with its grey, crumbling, stone-capped battlements, and escutcheon over the point of the arch, had suffered no change; even the quaint, weather-beaten sundial stood in the centre of the grass-plot, within the court-yard, as they had left it. The yew-trees still lined the high walls which surrounded the court-yard; and the fine old clump of cedars of Lebanon was there—green, stately, and solemn, as in days of yore. The moment, however, that you passed the threshold of the Hall, you sighed at the change that had taken place. Where were now the armed figures, the pikes, bows, guns, and spears, and the quaint old pictures of the early ancestors of the family of the Aubreys? Not a trace now to be seen of them, and it gave Lord Drelincourt a pang as his eye travelled round the bare walls. But the case was not desperate. All the aforesaid pictures still lay rolled up in the lumber-room, where they had continued as articles utterly valueless ever since Mr Titmouse had ordered them to be taken down. They had been brought down, and now lay

on the floor, having been carefully unrolled and examined by the man of taste, who undertook quickly to remove the incipient ravage of mould and dirt at present visible, and to have them suspended in their former position, in such a state as that only the closest scrutiny could detect any difference between their present and former condition. The other relics of antiquity—viz. the armour—had been purchased by the late Lady Stratton at one of the sales of Titmouse's effects, occasioned by an execution against him, and they still were at her late residence, and of course at Lord Drelincourt's disposal, as her ladyship's administrator. These, on his seeing them, the man of taste pronounced to be very fine and valuable specimens of old English armour, and undertook to have them also in their old places, and in a far better condition even than before. Lord Drelincourt sighed repeatedly as he went over every one of the bare and deserted rooms in the mansion—nothing being left except the beautiful antique mantelpieces of inlaid oak, and the oak-panelling of the different rooms, which, as a part of the freehold, could not be seized as the personal property of Mr Titmouse. His creditors had swept off, from time to time, any thing that had belonged to him—the hall, the dining-room, breakfast-room, drawing-rooms, the library, the bed-rooms, dressing-rooms, boudoirs of Mrs Aubrey and his sister, the long galleries, the rooms in which Charles and Agnes used to romp and play about—all was now bare and desolate, and the echoes of their footfalls and voices, in passing through them, struck Lord Drelincourt's heart with sadness. But all this was to be easily and quickly remedied; for a *carte blanche* was given to the man of taste at his elbow, who undertook within two, or at most three months' time, to leave nothing for the eye or the heart to sigh for—guided, moreover, as all his movements would be, by those who were so deeply interested in their success. On reaching the two rooms in the north-eastern extremities of the building, the windows of which commanded a view of nearly three-fourths of the estate, he gazed around him in silence which those beside him thoroughly appreciated. There was nothing to shock the eye or pain the heart; for, as Mr Titmouse had been restrained from cutting timber, behold! what a sight would be seen when, in the approaching spring, the groves and forests, stretching far and wide before him, should have put on all their bravery. And he found, on enquiry, and going over a portion of the grounds, that Mr Waters and Dickons had kept pretty sharp eyes about them, and maintained every thing in infinitely better condition than could have been expected. Mr Tonson had, moreover, looked very keenly after the game; and Pumpkin undertook, by spring-time, to make his gardens and greenhouses a sight delightful to behold. In a word, Lord Drelincourt left every thing under the management of the London man of taste, and of Mr Griffiths, the former being guided, of course, in the purchase of the leading articles of furniture in town, from time to time, by the tastes of Lord and Lady Drelincourt, and Miss Aubrey. The latter was desired to re-engage as many of the former servants of Mr Aubrey as he could, and informed Lord Drelincourt of two, in particular, who had signified their anxious wish to him on the subject, viz., Mrs Jackson, the housekeeper, who had lived in that capacity with a brother of hers at York, on quitting the service of Mrs Aubrey. She was, of course, to be immediately reinstated in her old place. The other was Harriet, Miss Aubrey's maid, who, it may be remembered, was so disconsolate at being left behind by Miss Aubrey, who had secured her a place at the late Lady Stratton's, at whose house she still lived, with several of the other servants, the establishment not having been yet finally broken up. The poor girl very nearly went distracted with joy on receiving, a short time afterwards, an intimation, that as soon as she had got her clothes in readiness, she might set off for town, and enter at once upon her duties as lady's maid to Miss Aubrey. Finding, on enquiry, that there was not one single tenant upon the estate, whose rent had not been raised above that which had been paid in Mr Aubrey's time, he ordered the rent of all to be reduced to that amount, and enquiries to be made after several respectable tenants, whom the extortion of Mr Titmouse and his agents had driven from their farms, with a view

of restoring them in lieu of their very questionable successors. Having thus set every thing in train for a restoration to the former happy and contented state of things which prevailed at Yatton before the usurpation of Mr Titmouse, Lord Drelincourt returned to town, but first left a hundred pounds in Dr Tatham's hands, to be distributed as he thought proper amongst the poorer villagers and neighbours on Christmas eve; and also insisted on the doctor's acceptance, himself of fifty pounds in advance, on account of his salary, a hundred a-year, as chaplain to Lord Drelincourt, which appointment the doctor received from his lordship's own hands, and with not a little delight and pride. His lordship, moreover, desired Mr Parkinson to hold him responsible for any little demand which might be due from the poor doctor, in respect of the litigation in which he had been involved; and thus Dr Tatham was made a free man of again, with no further question about his right to tithes, or any more of the interruption of any of the sources of his little income, to which he had lately been subjected; and with fifty pounds, moreover, at his absolute disposal. The doctor made his appearance on Christmas-day in a very fine suit of black, new hat and all, and had a very full attendance at church, and, moreover, a very cheerful and attentive one.

A day or two after Lord Drelincourt's return to town, Messrs Mudflint and Bloodsuck received a very pressing invitation to York Castle, whose hospitable owners would receive no denial. In plain English, they were both taken in execution on the same day, by virtue of two writs of *capias ad satisfaciendum*, for the damages and costs due Mr Wigley; viz., L,2960 : 16 : 4 from Smirk Mudflint, and L.2760, 19s. from Barnabas Bloodsuck, junior. Poor Mr Mudflint! In vain—in vain had been his Sunday evening's lectures for the last three months, on the errors which pervaded all systems of jurisprudence which annexed any pecuniary liabilities to political offences, instead of leaving the evil to be redressed by the spontaneous good sense of society. A single tap of the sheriff-officer on the eloquent lecturer's shoulder, upset all his fine speculations, just as Corporal Trim said, that one shove of the bayonet was worth all Dr Slop's metaphysical discourses upon the art of war!

In the next *Yorkshire Stingo*, (which, alas! between ourselves, was very nearly on its last legs,) there appeared one, I must own, of the most magnificent articles I ever read upon the subject of the atrocious and unparalleled outrage on the liberties of the subject, which had been committed in the incarceration of the two patriots—the martyr-patriots—Mudflint and Bloodsuck. On that day, it said, the sun of liberty had set on England for ever—in fact, it had gone down in blood. The enlightened patriot, Mudflint, had at length fallen before the combined forces of bigotry and tyranny, which were now, in the shape of the Church of England and the aristocracy, riding rough-shod over the necks of Englishmen. In his person lay prostrate the sacred rights of conscience, and the inalienable liberty of Englishmen. He had stood forth, nobly foremost, in the fray between the people and their oppressors; and he had fallen!—but he felt how *dulce et decorum* it was, *pro patriâ mori!* He felt prouder and happier in his bonds than could ever feel the splendid fiend at F——m, in all his blood-stained magnificence! It then called upon the people, in vivid and spirit-stirring language, to rise against their tyrants like one man, and the days of tyranny were numbered; and stated that the first blow was already struck against the black and monstrous fabric of priestcraft and tyranny, for that a subscription had been already opened on behalf of Mr Mudflint and Mr Bloodsuck, for the purpose of discharging the amount of debt and costs for which they had been so infamously deprived of their liberty. An unprecedented sensation had been already excited; and a reference to the advertising columns of their paper would show that the work went bravely on. The friends of religious and civil liberty all over the country were roused; they had but to continue their exertions, and the majesty of the people would be heard in a voice of thunder. This article produced an immense sensation in that part of York Castle where the patriots were confined, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the office of the *Yorkshire Stingo*, (in

fact, it was the production of the masterly pen of Mudflint himself.) Sure enough, on referring to the advertising columns of the *Stingo*, the following did appear fully to warrant the tone of indignant exultation indulged in by the editor :—

" Subscriptions already received (through C. Woodlouse) towards raising
" a fund for the liberation of the Reverend Smirk Mudflint and Bar-
" nabas Bloodsuck, junior, Esq., at present confined in York Castle.

	£	s.	d.
" An ardent admirer of the talents and character of the " Reverend Smirk Mudflint, . .	200	0	0
" Several friends of the Rev. S. M. . .	150	0	0
" Anonymous, . . .	100	0	0
" John Brown, Esq., . . .	50	0	0
" James Smith, Esq., . . .	50	0	0
" John Jones, Esq., . . .	50	0	0
" Sir Harkaway Rotgut Wildfire, Bart., .	50	0	0"

Now, to conceal nothing from the reader, whose confidence my candour has, I feel sure, gained me long ago, I regret to inform him that, with the exception of Sir H. R. Wildfire, Bart., the above noble-spirited individuals, whom no one had ever heard of in or near to Grilston, or any where else, had their local habitation and their name only in the fertile brain of the Rev. Mr Mudflint, who had hit upon this device as an effectual one for *getting up the steam*, (to use a modern and significant expression,) and giving the mighty impulse which was requisite to burst the bonds of the two imprisoned patriots.

Sir Harkaway's name was in the list, to be sure, but that was on the distinct understanding that he was not to be called on to pay one farthing; the bargain being, that, if he would give the sanction of his name to Messrs Mudflint and Bloodsuck, they would allow him to have the credit, *gratis*, of so liberally supporting the liberal cause.

The following, however, were real and *bona fide* names and subscriptions collected during the ensuing three weeks; and though, when annexed to the foregoing flourishing commencement of the list, they give it, I must own, a somewhat tadpole appearance, yet here they follow :—

	£	s.	d.
" Subscriptions already received, . .	650	0	0
" Cephas Woodlouse, Esq. . .	1	1	0
" Barnabas Bloodsuck, Esq., senior, . .	1	1	0
" Gargle Glister, Esq., . .	0	10	0
" Going Gone, Esq., . . .	0	7	0
" Simon Snooks, Esq., . .	0	5	0
" ' Tyrants, beware ! !' . . .	0	2	6
" ' One who is ready to ascend the scaffold, if required,'	0	2	0
" ' Behemoth,' . . .	0	1	6
" ' A foe to priestcraft,' . . .	0	1	0
" ' Britons NEVER shall be slaves !' .	0	0	9
" ' Down with the aristocracy !' . .	0	0	6
" ' Free enquiry,' . . .	0	0	4
" ' Brutus and Cassius,' (each,) . .	0	0	4
" ' Virtue in prison, *better than vice in a castle*,'	0	0	3
" ' Defiance !'	0	0	2
" Small sums, . . .	0	0	1¾"

Making a grand total of sums actually received by the editor of the *Yorkshire Stingo*, of . . £3 13 5¾.

Certainly this was "not as good as could have been expected"—as the editor subsequently owned in his leading article—and asked, with sorrowful indignation, how the people could expect any one to be true to them if they were

not true to themselves. He said, our cheeks tingle with shame on looking at the paltry list of additional contributions—"Oh, lame and impotent conclusion" to so auspicious a commencement!—This was very fine indeed. It came very well from Mr Woodlouse in his editorial capacity; but Mr Woodlouse, in his capacity as a man of business, was a very different person. Alas! that it should fall to my lot to enquire, in my turn, with sorrowful indignation—was there NO *honour among thieves?* But, to come to the point, it fell out in this wise. Patriots must *live*, even in prison; and Mr Mudflint, being sorely pressed, wrote a letter to his "Dear Woodlouse," asking for the amount of subscriptions received up to that date. He received, in return, a most friendly note, addressed "My dear Mudflint"—hoping the air of the castle agreed with him—saying how he was missed from the Liberal circle, and would be received with open arms if ever he got out—and enclosing a nicely-drawn out debtor and creditor account, headed—

"The Rev. Smirk Mudflint and Barnabas Bloodsuck, Esq., in account with Cephas Woodlouse," in which every farthing of the above sum of £3 : 13 : 5¾. was faithfully set down to the credit side; but, alas!—on the debit side stood the following:—

	£	s.	d.
"To Advertising lists of Subscriptions in *Y. S.* (three "weeks,) . . .	3	15	6
"To Circulars, Hand-bills, &c., (as per order,)	2	13	9
"Postage and Sundries, . .	0	4	3
	£6	13	6
"By cash, amount of Subscriptions received,	3	13	5¾
"Balance due to C. W., . .	£3	0	0¼ "

On perusing the above document, so pregnant with perfidy and extortion, Mr Mudflint put it into his pocket, and, slipping off to his sleeping-room, closed the door, took off his garters, and, with very deadly intentions towards himself, was tying them together — casting a ghastly glance, occasionally, to a great hook in the wall, which he could just reach by standing on a stool—when he was discovered, and removed, with his hands tied behind him, "to the strong room," where he was fastened to a heavy wooden bench, and left to his meditations. Solitude and reflection restored the afflicted patient to something like composure and resignation; and after reflecting deeply on the selfishness and worthlessness of worldly friendship, his thoughts gradually turned towards a *better place*—a haven of rest—viz. the Insolvent Debtor's Court.

The effect of this infamous treatment upon his fellow captive, Bloodsuck, was quite different. Having sworn one single prodigious oath, he enclosed the above account and sent it off to his father, in the following pithy letter:—

"York Castle, 29th Dec. 18—.

"Dear Father,

"Read the enclosed, and then *sell* "*up Woodlouse.*

"Your affectionate Son,

"B. BLOODSUCK, (Jun.)"

The old gentleman, on reading the above and its enclosure, immediately issued execution against Woodlouse, on a cognovit of his for £150, which had been given to the firm of Bloodsuck and Son for the balance of a bill of theirs for defending him unsuccessfully against an action for an infamous libel. Nobody would bid any thing for his moribund paper; he had no other effects; and was immediately taken in execution, and sent to York Castle, where he, Bloodsuck, and Mudflint, whenever they met, could hardly be restrained from tearing one another's eyes out.

Thus it is that reptiles of this sort prey upon each other. To "begin nothing of which you have not well considered the end," is a saying the propriety of which every one recognises when he hears it enunciated, but no one thinks of in the conduct of actual life; and what follows will illustrate

the truth of my reflection. 'Twas a capital notion of Mudflint's to send forth such a splendid list of sham subscribers, and it was natural enough for Mr Bloodsuck to assent to it, and Mr Woodlouse to become the party to it which he did—but who could have foreseen the consequences? A quarrel among rogues is always attended with ugly and unexpected consequences to themselves. Now, here was a mortal feud between Mr Woodlouse on the one side, and Messrs Mudflint and Bloodsuck on the other; and in due course of time they all applied, as a matter of course, for relief under the Insolvent Debtor's Act. Before they got to the question concerning the nature of the debt—viz. the penalties in an action for the odious offence of bribery—in the case of Mr Mudflint, he had to encounter a very serious and truly unexpected obstacle—viz. he had given in, with the minutest accuracy, the items of the subscription, amounting to L.3, 13s. 5¾d., but had observed the most mysterious and (as he might suppose) politic silence concerning the greater sum of L.650, which had been brought under the notice of the creditors of Messrs Mudflint and Bloodsuck by Mr Woodlouse. On the newspaper acknowledging the receipt of that large sum being produced in court, Mr Mudflint made very light of the matter, simply smiling and shrugging his shoulders; but when Mr Woodlouse was called as a witness, you may guess the consternation of Mr Mudflint, on hearing him swear that he had certainly never himself received the money, but had no doubt of Mr Mudflint having done so—which, in fact, had always been his impression; for when Mr Mudflint had furnished him with the list, which he produced in court, in Mudflint's handwriting, he inserted it in his paper as a matter of course—taking it to be a *bona fide* and matter-of fact transaction. The evident consternation of Mudflint satisfied all who heard him of his villany, and the truth and honesty of Woodlouse, who stuck to his new version of the affair manfully. But this opened quite a new view of his position to Mr Bloodsuck, who, on finding that he must needs adopt either Mudflint's or Woodlouse's version of the affair, began to reflect upon the disagreeable effect it would have upon the connexion and character of the respectable firm of Bloodsuck and Son, for him to appear to have been a party to such a shocking fraud upon the public, as a sham list of subscribers, and to so large an amount. He therefore swore stoutly that he had always been under the impression that Mr Mudflint had received the L.650, and very much regretted to find that that gentleman must have been appropriating so large a sum to himself. This tallied with Woodlouse's account of the matter; and infinitely disgusted was that gentleman at finding himself so cleverly outwitted by Bloodsuck. On this Mudflint turned with fury upon Bloodsuck, and he upon Mudflint, who abused Woodlouse; and eventually the court, unable to believe any of them, remanded them all till the next court day; addressing a very stern warning to Mr Mudflint, concerning the serious consequences of his thus fraudulently concealing his property from his creditors. By the time of his being next brought up, Mudflint had bethought himself of a mode of collaterally combating the truth of his version of the affair of that accursed first list of subscribers—viz. summoning Sir Harkaway Rotgut Wildfire; whom he confidently asked whether, for all his name appeared in the subscription list, he had really ever given one farthing of the L.50 there mentioned? Had Mr Mudflint been a long-headed man, he would never have taken this step; for Sir Harkaway could never be supposed capable of bringing himself to admit that he had allowed himself to be a party to such a deceit upon the public. On a careful consideration of the circumstances, therefore, Sir Harkaway, having an eye solely to his own credit, first said that he was not in the habit of allowing his name to appear in such lists without his having actually paid the sum named; then he swore that he thought he must have paid it; then, that he had very little doubt on the subject; then, that he had no doubt in the matter at all; then, that he knew that in point of fact he had advanced the money; and finally, that he then recollected the circumstances distinctly. On this complete confirmation of the roguery of Mudflint, he was instantly reprimanded severely, and remanded indefinitely; the whole court believing

that he had appropriated to his own use every farthing of the L.650, defrauding even his fellow-prisoner, Mr Bloodsuck. It was a good while before Mr Mudflint recovered from the effects of this astounding conduct of Sir Harkaway. He felt certain that, somewhere or other, he had a letter from him which would satisfy every body of the peculiarly unpleasant position in which the worthy baronet had placed himself. And sure enough, on desiring his wife to institute a rigorous search over his papers, she succeeded in discovering the following, which she at once forwarded to her disconsolate husband:—

"View-Hallo Hall, 27th Dec. 18—.

"Sir,

"I have a considerable regard for "your services to liberty, (civil and "religious,) and am willing to serve "you in the way you wish. You may "put me down in the list for any "thing you please, as my name car-"ries weight in the county—but, of "course, you know better than to *kill* "*your decoy-duck.*

"Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"H. R. WILDFIRE.

"The Rev. S. Mudflint,
&c. &c."

This unfortunate letter, in the first frenzy of his rage and exultation, Mudflint instantly forwarded, with a statement of facts, to the editor of the *True Blue* newspaper, which carried it into every corner of the county on the very next morning; and undoubtedly gave thereby a heavy blow and a great discouragement to the Liberal cause all over Yorkshire, for Sir Harkaway had been till then looked upon as a very staunch and powerful supporter of it.

Very shortly after Messrs Mudflint and Bloodsuck had gone to pay this, their long-expected visit, to the governor of York Castle, Mr Parkinson required possession of the residence of each of them, in Yatton, to be delivered up to him on behalf of Lord Drelincourt, allowing a week's time for the removal of the few effects of each; after which period had elapsed, the premises in question were completely cleared of every thing belonging to their late odious occupants—who, in all human probability, would never again have an opportunity of settling themselves in Yatton—infinitely to the delight of Dr Tatham and all the better sort of the inhabitants. In a similar manner another crying nuisance—viz. the public-house known by the name of The Toper's Arms, was got rid of; it having been resolved upon by Lord Drelincourt that there should be thenceforth but one public-house in Yatton, viz.—the quiet, old, original Aubrey Arms, and which was quite sufficient for the purposes of the inhabitants of the village. Two or three other persons who had crept into the village during the Titmouse dynasty were similarly dealt with, infinitely to the satisfaction of those left behind; and by Christmas day the village was beginning to show signs of a return to its former condition. The works going on at the Hall gave an air of cheerful bustle and animation to the whole neighbourhood, and afforded extensive employment at a season of the year when employment was most wanted. The chapel and residence of the Rev. Mr Mudflint underwent a rapid and remarkable alteration. The fact was, that Mr Delamere had conceived the idea, which, with Lord Drelincourt's consent, he proceeded to carry immediately into execution, of pulling down the existing structure, and raising in its stead a very beautiful school, and filling it with scholars, and providing a matron for it, by way of giving a pleasant surprise to Kate on her return to Yatton. He engaged a well-known architect, who submitted to him a plan of a very beautiful little Gothic structure, adapted for receiving some eighteen or twenty scholars, and also affording a permanent residence for the mistress; and whose plan being heartily approved of by Mr Delamere and Dr Tatham, whom he had taken into his counsel in the affair, they received a pledge that the school should be completed and fit for occupation within three months' time. There was to be in the front a small and tasteful tablet, bearing the inscription—

C. A.
Fundatrix.
18—.

The mistress of Kate's former school gladly relinquished a similar situation which she held in another part of the county, in order to return to her old one at Yatton, and Dr Tatham was,

in the first instance, to select the scholars, who were to be clothed, at Delamere's expense, in the former neat and simple attire which had been adopted by Miss Aubrey. How he delighted to think of the charming surprise he was thus preparing for his lovely mistress, and by which, at the same time, he was securing for her a permanent and interesting memento in the neighbourhood! About this time there came a general election, the nation being thoroughly disgusted with the character and conduct of a great many of those who had, in the direful hubbub of the last election, contrived to creep into the House of Commons. All I have to do, however, at present, with that most important election, is to state its effect upon the representation of the borough of Yatton. Its late member, Mr Tittlebat Titmouse, it completely annihilated. Of course, he made no attempt to stand again; nor, in fact, did any one in the same interest. The *Yorkshire Stingo* tried desperately to get up a contest, but in vain. Mr Going Gone—and even Mr Glister—were quite willing to have stood—but, first, neither of them could afford to pay his share of the expenses of the hustings; and secondly, there were exceeding great difficulties in the way of either of them procuring a qualification. Besides, the more sensible even of the strong Liberal electors, had become alive to the exquisite absurdity of returning such persons as Titmouse, or any one of his class. Then the Quaint Club had ceased to exist, partly through the change of political feeling which was rapidly gaining ground in the borough, and partly through terror of the consequences of bribery, of which the miserable fate of Mudflint and Bloodsuck was a fearful instance. In fact, the disasters which had befallen those gentlemen, and Mr Titmouse, had completely paralysed and crushed the Liberal party at Yatton, and disabled it from ever attempting to contend against the paramount and legitimate influence of Lord Drelincourt. The result of all this was, the return, without a contest, of the Honourable Geoffry Lovel Delamere as the representative of the borough of Yatton in the new Parliament; an event, which he penned his first frank in communicating to a certain young lady then in London. Nothing, doubtless, could be more delightful for Mr Delamere; but in what a direful predicament did the loss of his seat place the late member, Mr Titmouse? Just consider for a moment. Mr Flummery's promise to him of a "place," had vanished, of course, into thin air—having answered its purpose of securing Mr Titmouse's vote up to the very moment of the dissolution; an event which Mr Flummery feared would tend to deprive himself of the honour of serving his country in any official capacity for some twenty years to come—if he should so long live, and the country so long survive his exclusion from office. Foiled thus miserably in this quarter, Mr Titmouse applied himself with redoubled energy to render available his other resources, and made repeated and most impassioned applications to Mr O'Gibbet—who never took, however, the slightest notice of any of them: considering very justly that Mr Titmouse was no more entitled to receive back, than he had originally been to lend, the £500 in question. As for Mr O'Doodle and Mr M'Squash—they, like himself, were thrown out of parliament; and no one upon earth seemed able to tell whither they had gone, or what had become of them, though there were a good many people who made it their business to inquire into the matter very anxiously. That quarter, therefore, seemed at present quite hopeless. Then there was the Honourable Empty Belly, who owed him a hundred pounds;—but he, the moment that he lost his election, caused it to be given out to any one interested in his welfare—and there suddenly appeared to be a great many such—that he was gone on a scientific expedition to the South Pole, from which he trusted, though he was not very sanguine, that he should one day come back. All these things drove Mr Titmouse very nearly beside himself—and certainly his position was a little precarious. When parliament was dissolved he had in his pocket a couple of sovereigns, the residue of a five-pound note, out of which, *mirabile dictu*, he had actually succeeded in teasing Mr Flummery on the evening of the last division; and these two sovereigns, and a shirt or two, and the articles actually on his person, and a copy of *Boxiana*, were all his assets to meet liabilities

of about a hundred thousand pounds; and the panoply of parliamentary "privilege" was dropping off, as it were, daily. In a very few days' time, in fact, he would be at the mercy of a terrific host of creditors, who were waiting to spring upon him like so many famished wolves. Every one of them had given in his action up to judgment for both debt and costs—and had his *Ca. Ca.* and *Fi. Fa.* ready for use at an instant's notice. There were three of his creditors—the three Jews, Israel Fang, Mordecaí Gripe, and Mephibosheth Mahar Shalal-hash-baz—who had entered into a solemn vow with one another that they would never lose sight of Titmouse for one moment, by day or by night, whatever pains or expense it might cost them—until, the period of privilege having expired, they should be at liberty to plunge their talons into the carcass of their little debtor. There were, in fact, at least a hundred of his creditors ready to pounce upon him the instant that he should make the slightest attempt to quit the country. His lodgings consisted, at this time, of a miserable little room in a garret at the back of a small house in Westminster, not far from the Houses of Parliament, and of the two, inferior to the room in Closet Court, Oxford Street, in which he was first presented to the reader. Here he would often lie in bed half the day, drinking weak—because he could not afford strong—brandy and water, and endeavouring to consider "what the devil" he had done with the immense sums of money which he had had at his disposal—how he would act if by some lucky chance he should again become wealthy—and, in short, "what the plague was now to become of him. What was he to do? Whither should he go?—To sea?—Then it must be as a common sailor—if any one would now take him! Or suppose he were to enlist? Glorious war, and all that; but both these schemes pre-supposed his being able to escape from his creditors, whom he had a vehement suspicion were on the look-out for him in all directions. Every review that he thus took of his hopeless position and prospects, ended in a fiendish degree of abhorrence of his parents, whose fault alone it was that he was thus turned out of a splendid estate of ten thousand a-year, and made worse than a beggar of. He would sometimes spring out of bed, convulsively clutching his hands together, and wishing himself beside their grave, to tear them out of it. He thought of Mr Quirk, Mr Snap, Mr Tagrag, with fury; but whenever he thought of Mr Gammon, he shuddered all over, as if in the presence of a baleful spectre. For all this, he preserved the same impudent strut and swagger in the street which had ever distinguished him. Every day of his life he walked towards the scenes of his recent splendour, which seemed to attract him irresistibly. He would pass the late Earl of Dreddlington's house, in Grosvenor Square, gazing at it, and at the hatchment suspended in front of it. Then he would wander on to Park Lane, and gaze with unutterable feelings—poor little wretch!—at the house which once had been his and Lady Cecilia's, but was then occupied by a nobleman, whose tasteful equipage and servants were often standing at and before the door. He would, on some of those occasions, feel as though he should like to drop down dead, and be out of all his misery. If ever he met and nodded, or spoke to those with whom he had till recently been on the most familiar terms, he was encountered by a steady stare, and sometimes a smile, that withered his very heart within him, and made the last three years of his life appear to have been but a dream. The little dinner that he ate—for he had almost entirely lost his appetite through long addiction to drinking—was at a small tavern, at only a few doors' distance from his lodgings, and where he generally spent his evenings, for want of any other place to go to; and he formed at length a sort of intimacy with a good-natured and very respectable gentleman, who came nearly as often thither as Titmouse himself, and would sit conversing with him very pleasantly over his cigar and a glass of spirits and water. The oftener Titmouse saw him, the more he liked him; and at length, taking him entirely into his confidence, unbosomed himself concerning his unhappy present circumstances, and still more unhappy prospects. This man was a brother of Mahar-Shalal-hash-baz the Jew, and a sheriff's officer, keeping watch upon his movements, night and day, alternately with another who did

not attract Titmouse's notice. After having canvassed several modes of disposing of himself, none of which were satisfactory to either Titmouse or his friend, he hinted that he was aware that there were lots of the enemy on the look-out for him, and who would be glad to get at him; but he knew, he said, that he was as safe as in a castle for some time yet to come; and he also mentioned a scheme which had occurred to him—but this was all in the strictest confidence—viz. to write to Lord Drelincourt, (who was, after all his relation of some sort or other, and ought to be devilish glad to get into all his, Titmouse's, property so easily,) and ask him for some situation under government, either in France, India, or America, and give him a trifle to set him up at starting, and help him to "nick the bums!" His friend listened attentively, and then protested that he thought it an excellent idea, and Mr Titmouse had better write the letter and take it at once. Upon this Titmouse sent for pen, ink, and paper; and while his friend leaned back calmly smoking his cigar, and sipping his gin and water, poor Titmouse wrote the following letter to Lord Drelincourt, which is the last letter of his in my possession:—

"To the Right Hon. Lord Drelincourt, My Lud—

"Natrally situated In The Way
"which I Am With y^r lordship
"Most Unpleasantly Addresing you
"On A Matter of that Nature most
"Painful To My feelings Consider-
"ing My surprising Forlorn Condi-
"tion, And So Sudden Which Who
"c^d Have A Little While Ago sup-
"pos'd. Y^r Lordship (of Course)
"Is Aware That There Is No fault
"of Mine, But rather My Cursed
"Parents w^h Ought To Be Ashamed
"of Themselves For Their Impro-
"per Conduct w^h Was never made
"Aquainted with till Lately with
"Great Greif. Alas. I Only Wish
"I Had Never Been Born, or Was
"Dead and Cumfutable in An Erly
"Grave. I Humbly, My Lud, En-
"devoured To Do My Duty when In
"the Upper Circles And Never In-
"jured Any One, Much less you,
"My Lord, if You Will Believe Me,
"For I surely w^d. Not Have Come
"Upon You In the Way I did My
"Lord But Was obliged, And Regret,
"&c. I Am Most Truly Miserable,
"Being (Betwixt You and Me, my
"Lord) over Head and Years in
"debt, And Have Nothing To pay
"With and out of The House So
"Have No Protection and Fear am
"Going Very Fast To y^e. Dogs, my
"Lord, Swindle O'Gibbet, Esq. M.P.
"Owes me £500 (borrowed Money)
"and Will not Pay and is a Shocking
"Scamp, but (depend upon it) I
"will stick To Him Like a Leach.
"Of Course Now your Lordship Is
"Got into ye Estate &c. you Will Have
"ye Rents &c., but Is Not *Half* The
"*Last Quarter* Mine Seeing I Was in
"possession w^h is 9-10ths of y^e
"law. But give it All up To you wil-
"lingly Now For what can't Be cur'd,
"Must Be Indured can y^r lordship
"Get me *Some Foreign* Apointment
"*Abroad* w^h sh^d be much obliged
"for and Would Get Me out of the
"Way of Troubling y^r lordship about
"the Rents w^h *freely give Up*. You
"Being Got To *that High Rank* w^h
"was to Have Been mine can do
"What You please Doubtless. Am
"Sorry To Say I am Most Uncom-
"mon Hard Up Since I Have Broke
"up. And am nearly Run Out.
"Consider my Lord How Easy I Let
"You Win ye Property. When
"might Have Given Your Lordship
"Trouble. If you will Remember
"this And Be So obliging to *Lend me*
"a £10 Note (For ye Present) Will
"much oblige

"Your Lordship's to Command,
"Most obed^t
"TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE.

"P. S. I Leave This with my
"*Own Hand* That you May be Sure
"and get it. Remember me to Miss
"A. and Lady D."

Mr Titmouse contented himself with telling his new friend merely the substance of the above epistle, and, having sealed it up, he asked his friend if he were disposed for a walk to the West End; and on being answered in the affirmative, they both set off for Lord Drelincourt's house in Dover Street. When they had reached it, his friend stepped to a little distance; while Titmouse, endeavouring to assume a confident air, hemmed, twitched up his shirt collars, and knocked and rung with all the boldness of a gentleman coming to

dinner. Open flew the door in a moment; and—

"My Lord Drelincourt's—isn't it?" enquired Titmouse, holding his letter in his hand, and tapping his ebony cane pretty loudly against his legs.

"Of course it is! What d'ye want?" quoth the porter sternly, enraged at being disturbed at such an hour by such a puppy of a fellow as then stood before him—for the bloom was off the finery of Titmouse; and who that knew the world would call at seven o'clock with a letter? Titmouse would have answered the fellow pretty sharply, but was afraid of endangering the success of his application: so, with considerable calmness, he replied,—

"Oh—it is? Then have the goodness to deliver this into his lordship's own hand—it's of great importance."

"Very well," said the porter stiffly, not dreaming who the speaker was whom he was addressing, and the next instant shut the door in his face.

"Dem impudent blackguard!" said he, as he rejoined his friend—his heart almost bursting with mortification and fury; "I've a great mind to call tomorrow, 'pon my soul—and get him discharged!"

He had dated his letter from his lodgings, where, about ten o'clock on the ensuing morning, a gentleman—in fact, Lord Drelincourt's man of business—called, and asking to see Mr Titmouse, gave into his hands a letter, of which the following is a copy:—

"Dover Street, Wednesday Morning.

"Lord Drelincourt begs, in an-
"swer to Mr Titmouse's letter, to
"request his acceptance of the en-
"closed Bank of England Note for
"Ten Pounds.

"Lord D. will feel obliged if Mr
"Titmouse will furnish him with an
"address to which any further com-
"munications on the part of Lord D.
"may be addressed."

On repairing to the adjoining tavern, soon after receiving the above most welcome note, Mr Titmouse fortunately (!) fell in with his friend, and, with somewhat of an air of easy triumph, showed him Lord Drelincourt's note, and its enclosure. Some time afterwards, having smoked each a couple of cigars and drunk a couple of tumblers of brandy and water, Mr Titmouse's friend got very confidential; and in a low whisper said that he had been thinking over Mr Titmouse's case ever since they were talking together the night before; and for five pounds would put him in the way of escaping all danger immediately, provided no questions were asked by Mr Titmouse; for he, the speaker, was running a great risk in what he was doing. Titmouse placed his hand over his heart, exclaiming, "Honour—honour!" and having called for change from the landlord, gave a five-pound note into the hand of his companion, who thereupon, in a mysterious under tone, told him that by ten o'clock the next morning he would have a hackney coach at the door of his lodgings, and would at once convey him safely to a vessel then in the river, and bound for the south of France; where Mr Titmouse might remain till he had in some measure settled his affairs with his creditors. Sure enough, at the appointed time, the coach drew up at the door of the house where Titmouse lodged; and within a few moments' time he came down stairs with a small portmanteau, and entered the coach, where sat his friend, evidently not wishing to be recognised or seen by any body passing. They talked together earnestly and eagerly as they journeyed eastward; and just as they arrived opposite a huge, dismal-looking building, with a large door, and immensely high walls, the coach stopped. Three or four persons were standing, as if they had been in expectation of the arrival of the coach; and, requesting Mr Titmouse to alight for a moment, his friend opened the coach door from within, and let down the steps. The moment that poor Titmouse had got out, he was instantly surrounded, and seized by the collar by those who were standing by; his "friend" had disappeared, and, almost petrified with amazement and fright, and taken quite off his guard by the suddenness of the movement, he was hurried through the doorway of the King's Bench Prison, the three Jews following close at his heels, and conducted into a very gloomy room. There he seemed first to awake to the horrors of his situation, and went into a paroxysm of despair and fury. He sprang madly towards the door, and on being repulsed by those standing beside him, stamped violently about the room,

shouting, "Murder, murder! thieves!" Then he pulled his hair, shook his head with frantic vehemence, and presently sank into a seat, from which, after a few moments, he sprang wildly, and broke his cane into a number of pieces, scattering them about the room like a madman. Then he cried passionately; more, in fact, like a frantic school-girl than a man; and struck his head violently with his fists. All this while the three Jews were looking on with a grin of devilish gratification at the little wretch's agony. His frenzy lasted so long that he was removed to a strong room, and threatened with being put into a strait-waistcoat if he continued to conduct himself so outrageously. The fact of his being thus safely housed, soon became known, and within a day or two's time, the miserable little fellow was completely overwhelmed by his creditors; who, absurd and unavailing as were their proceedings, came rushing down upon him, one after another, with as breathless an impetuosity as if they thought he had been a mass of solid gold, which was to become the spoil of him that could first seize it. The next day his fate was announced to the world by paragraphs in all the morning newspapers, which informed their readers that "yesterday Mr Titmouse, late M.P. for Yatton, was secured by a skilful stratagem, just as he was on the point of quitting this country for America, and lodged in the King's Bench Prison, at the suit of three creditors, to the extent of upwards of sixty thousand pounds. It is understood that his debts considerably exceed the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds." As soon as he had become calm enough to do so—viz. three or four days after his incarceration—he wrote a long, dismal epistle to Lord Drelincourt, and also one to Miss Aubrey, passionately reminding them both that he was, after all, of the same blood with themselves, only luck had gone for them, and against him, and therefore he hoped they would "remember him, and do something to get him out of his trouble." He seemed to cling to them as though he had a claim upon them—instead of being himself Lord Drelincourt's debtor to the amount of, *at least*, twenty thousand pounds, had his lordship, instead of inclining a compassionate ear to his entreaties, chosen to fling his heavy claim into the scale against him. This, however, was a view of the case which never occurred to poor Titmouse. Partly of their own accord, and partly at Miss Aubrey's earnest entreaty, Lord Drelincourt and Mr Delamere went to the King's Bench prison, and had a long interview with him—his lordship being specially anxious to ascertain, if possible, whether Titmouse had been originally privy to the monstrous fraud, by means of which he had succeeded in possessing himself of Yatton, at so fearful a cost of suffering to those whom he had deprived of it. While he was chattering away, more after the fashion of a newly-caged ape than a MAN, with eager and impassioned tone and gesticulation—with a profuse usage of his favourite phraseology—"'Pon my soul!" "'Pon my life!" "By Jove!" and of several shocking oaths, for which he was repeatedly and sternly rebuked by Lord Drelincourt, with what profound and melancholy interest did the latter regard the strange being before him, and think of the innumerable extraordinary things which he had heard concerning him! Here was the widowed husband of the Lady Cecilia, and son-in-law of the Earl of Dreddlington—that broken pillar of pride!—broken, alas! in the very moment of his imaginary magnificence! Here was the late member of parliament for the borough of Yatton, whose constituency had deliberately declared him possessed of their complete confidence!—on whose individual vote in parliament had several times depended the existence of the king's ministry, and the passing of measures of the greatest possible magnitude! This was he whom all society—even the most brilliant—had courted as a great lion! This was the some time owner of Yatton! who had aspired to the hand of Miss Aubrey! who had for two years revelled in every conceivable species of luxury, splendour, and profligacy! Here was the individual at whose instance—at whose nod—Lord Drelincourt had been deprived of his liberty, ruthlessly torn from the bleeding bosom of his family, and for many many weary months subjected to the most harassing and heart-breaking privations and distresses! On quitting him Lord Drelincourt put into his hand a ten-pound

note, with which Titmouse seemed—though he dared not say so—not a little disappointed. His lordship and Mr Delamere were inclined, upon the whole, to believe that Titmouse had not been aware of his illegitimacy till the issue of the ecclesiastical proceedings was known; but from many remarks he let fall, they were satisfied that Mr Gammon must have been aware of the fact from a very early period—for Titmouse spoke freely of the constant mysterious threats he was in the habit of receiving from Mr Gammon. Lord Drelincourt had promised Titmouse to consider in what way he could serve him; and during the course of the day instructed Mr Runnington to put the case into the hands of some attorney of the Insolvent Debtors' Court, with a view of endeavouring to obtain for the unfortunate little wretch the "*benefit of the Act*." As soon as the course of practice would admit of it, Mr Titmouse was brought up in the ordinary way before the court, which was quite crowded by persons either interested as creditors, or curious to see so celebrated a person as TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE. The court was astounded at the sight of the number and magnitude of his liabilities—a hundred thousand pounds at least!—against which he had nothing to set except the following items:—

"Cash lent Swindle O'Gibbet, Esq. M.P. . .	£500
" Do. do. Phelim O'Doodle,	200
" Do. do. Micah M'Squash,	100
" Do. do. Hon. Empty Belly,	100"

—together with some other similar but lesser sums; but for none of them could he produce any vouchers, except for the sum lent to the Hon. Empty Belly, who had been ass enough to give him his I O U. Poor Titmouse's discharge was most vehemently opposed on the part of his creditors—particularly the three Jews—whose frantic and indecorous conduct in open court occasioned the chief commissioner to order them to be twice removed. *They* would have had Titmouse remanded to the day of his death! After several adjourned and lengthened hearings, the court pronounced him not to be entitled to his discharge till he should have remained in prison for the space of eighteen calendar months; on hearing which he burst into a fit of loud and bitter weeping, and was removed from court, wringing his hands and shaking his head in perfect despair. As soon as this result had been communicated to Lord Drelincourt, (who had taken special care that his name should not be among those of Mr Titmouse's creditors,) he came to the humane determination of allowing him a hundred and fifty pounds a-year for his life, *payable weekly*, to commence from the date of his being remanded to prison. For the first month or so he spent all his weekly allowance in brandy and water and cigars, within three days after receiving it. Then he took to gambling with his fellow prisoners; but, all of a sudden, he turned over quite a new leaf. The fact was, that he had become intimate with an unfortunate literary hack, who used to procure small sums by writing articles for newspapers and magazines; and at his suggestion, Titmouse fell to work upon several quires of foolscap: the following being the title given to his projected work by his new friend:—

"UPS and DOWNS:
Being
Memoirs of My Life,
by
TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE, Esq.
Late M.P. for Yatton."

He got so far on with his task as to fill three quires of paper; and it is a fact, that a fashionable publisher got scent of the undertaking, came to the prison, and offered him five hundred pounds for his manuscript, provided he would only undertake that it should fill three volumes. This greatly stimulated Titmouse; but unfortunately he fell ill before he had completed the first volume, and never, during the remainder of his confinement, recovered himself sufficiently to proceed further with his labours. I once had an opportunity of glancing over what he had written, which was really very curious. I do not know what has since become of the manuscript. During the last month of his imprisonment he became intimate with a villanous young Jew attorney, who, under the pretence of commencing proceedings in the House of Lords (!) for the recovering of the Yatton pro-

perty once more from Lord Drelincourt, contrived to get into his own pockets more than one-half of the weekly sum allowed by that nobleman to his grateful pensioner! On the very day of his discharge, Titmouse went off straight to the lodgings of Mr Swindle O'Gibbet to demand payment of the five hundred pounds due to him from that gentleman, to whom he became a source of inconceivable vexation and torment. Following him about with a sort of insane and miserable pertinacity, he lay in wait for him at his lodgings—at the door of the House of Commons; dogged him from the one point to the other; assailed him with passionate entreaties and reproaches in the open street; went to the public meetings over which Mr O'Gibbet presided, or where he spoke, (always on behalf of the liberty of the subject,) and would call out —"Pay me my five hundred pounds! I want my money! Where's my five hundred pounds?" on which Mr O'Gibbet would point to him, call him an impostor! a liar! that he was only hired by the enemies of the people to come and disturb their proceedings: on which Titmouse was always shuffled about—his hat knocked over his eyes —and he was finally kicked out, and once or twice pushed down from the top to the bottom of the stairs. The last time that this happened, poor Titmouse's head struck with dreadful force against the bannisters; and he lay for some time stunned and bleeding. On being carried to a doctor's shop, he was shortly afterwards seized with a fit of epilepsy. This seemed to have given the finishing stroke to his shattered intellects; for he sank soon afterwards into a state of idiocy. Through the kindness and at the expense of Lord Drelincourt, he was admitted an inmate of a private lunatic asylum, in the Curtain Road, near Hoxton, where he still continues. He is very harmless; and after dressing himself in the morning with extraordinary pains, he generally sits down with a glass of strong toast and water, and a coloured straw, which he imagines to be brandy and water, and a cigar. He complained, at first, that the brandy and water was very weak; but he is now reconciled to it, and sips his two tumblers daily with an air of tranquil enjoyment. When I last saw him he was thus occupied; and he struck me as looking in better health than I had ever known him to enjoy before.

I should have been very glad, if, consistently with my duty as an impartial historian, I could have concealed some discreditable features—discreditable, at least, in *my* opinion —in the conduct of Mr Tag-rag, subsequently to his unfortunate bankruptcy. I shall not, however, dwell upon them at greater length than is necessary. His creditors were so much dissatisfied with his conduct, that not one of them could be prevailed upon to sign his certificate, by which means he was prevented from re-establishing himself in business, even had he been able to find the means of so doing; since, in the eye of our law, any business carried on by an uncertificated bankrupt, is carried on by him only as a trustee for his creditors. His temper getting more and more soured he became at length quite intolerable to his wife, whom he had married only for her fortune (£800, and the good-will of her late husband's business, as a retail draper and hosier, in Little Turn-stile, Holborn.) When he found that Mrs Tag-rag would not forsake her unhappy daughter, he snapped his fingers at her, and, I regret to say, told her that she and her daughter, and her respectable husband, might all go to the devil together—he must shift for himself; and, in fact, he took himself off. Mr Dismal Horror found that he had made a sad business of it, in marrying Miss Tag-rag, who brought him two children in the first nineteen months, and seemed likely to go on at that rate for a long time to come, which made Mr Horror think very seriously of following the example of his excellent father-in-law—viz. deserting his wife. They had contrived to scrape together a bit of a day-school for young children, in Goswell Street; but which was inadequate to the support of themselves, and also of Mrs Tag-rag senior, who had failed in obtaining the situation of pew-opener to a neighbouring dissenting chapel. The scheme he had conceived, he soon afterwards carried into effect; for, whereas he went out one day saying he should return in an hour's time, he nevertheless did not return at all. Burning with zeal to display his pulpit talents, he took to street-preaching; and at length succeeded in getting around him a crowd

of hearers, many of them most serious and attentive pickpockets, with dexterous fingers and devout faces, wherever he held forth, which was principally in the neighbourhood of the Tower and Smithfield—till he was driven away by the police, who never interfered with his little farce till he sent his hat round, when they would rush in, disperse the crowd, and take him into custody to the police-offices, where, in spite of his eloquent defences, he several times got sentenced to three months' imprisonment, as an incorrigible disturber of the peace, and in league with the questionable characters, who—the police declared—were invariably members of every congregation he addressed. One occasion of his being taken into custody was rather a singular one: — Mr Tag-rag happened to be passing while he was holding forth, and, unable to control his fury, made his way immediately in front of the impassioned preacher; and, sticking his fists in his side a-kimbo, exclaimed, "*Aren't* you a nice young man now?" —which quite disconcerted his son-in-law, who threw his hymn-book in his father-in-law's face, which bred such a disturbance that the police rushed in, and took them both off in custody to the police-office, where such a scene ensued as beggars all description. What has since become of Mr Horror, I do not know; but the next thing I heard of Mr Tag-rag was his entering into the employ of no other a person than Mr Huckaback, who had been for some little time settled in a little shop in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square. Having, however, inadvertently shown in to Mr Huckaback one of the creditors to whom he had given special orders to deny himself, that gentleman instantly turned him out of the shop, in a fury, without character or wages; which latter, however, Tag-rag soon compelled him, by the process of the Court of Requests, to pay him, being one week's entire salary. In passing one day a mock auction, on the left-hand side of the Poultry, I could not help pausing to admire the cool effrontery with which the Jew in the box was putting up articles to sale to four patient puffers—his entire audience—and who bid against one another in a very business-like way for every thing that was proposed for their consideration. What was my astonishment and concern, when one of the puffers, who stood with his back towards me, happened to look round for a moment, to discover in him my friend Mr Tag-rag!! His hat was nicely brushed, but all the "*nap*" was off; his coat was clean, threadbare, and evidently had been made for some other person; under his arm was an old cotton umbrella; and in his hands, which were clasped behind him, were a pair of antiquated black gloves, doubled up, only for show, evidently not for use. Notwithstanding, however, he had sunk thus low, there happened to him, some time afterwards, one or two surprising strokes of good fortune. First of all, he contrived to get a sum of three hundred pounds from one of his former debtors, who imagined that Tag-rag was authorized by his assignees to receive it. Nothing, however, of the kind; and Tag-rag quietly opened a small shop in the neighbourhood of St George's in the East, and began to scrape together a tolerable business. Reading one day a flourishing speech in parliament, which had been delivered by a distinguished dissenter, on the atrocious enormity of calling upon Dissenters to pay Church-rates,—it occurred to Mr Tag-rag as likely to turn out a good speculation, and greatly increase his business, if he were to become a martyr for conscience' sake: and after turning the thing about a good deal in his mind, he determined on refusing to pay the sum of eightpence-halfpenny, due in respect of a rate recently made for the repair of the church steeple, which was very nearly falling down. In a very civil and unctuous manner, he announced to the collector his determination to refuse the payment on strictly conscientious grounds. The collector expostulated—but in vain. Then came the churchwardens—Tag-rag was inflexible. The thing began to get wind, and the Rector of the parish, an amiable and learned man, came to try his power of persuasion—but in vain; 'twas impossible to divert Mr Tag-rag's eye from the glorious crown of martyrdom he had resolved upon earning. Then he called on the minister of the congregation where he "worshipped," and, with tears and agitation, unbosomed himself upon the subject, and besought his counsel. The minister got excited; so did his leading people. A meeting was called at his chapel, the result of which was, a declaration

that Mr Tag-rag's conduct was most praiseworthy and noble, and he deserved to be supported. Several leading members of the congregation, who had never dealt with him before, suddenly became customers of his. The upshot of the matter was, that after a prodigious stir, Mr Tag-rag became a victim in right earnest; and was taken into custody by virtue of a writ *De Contumace Capiendo*, amidst the indignant sympathy and admiration of all those who shared his opinion. In a twinkling he shot up, as it were, into the air like a rocket, and became popular, beyond his most sanguine expectations. The name of the first Church-rate martyr went the round of every paper in the United Kingdom; and at length a lithographed likeness of him came out, with his precious autograph appended, so—

"THOMAS TAG-RAG, CHURCH-RATE MARTYR."

Subscriptions were entered into on his behalf; and as they were paid into his hands from time to time, he kept quietly increasing his purchases of linen drapery and enlarging his business, in a most decisive and satisfactory manner. Nothing could exceed the accounts brought in to him of the extent to which his custom was increasing; for in each window of his shop hung a copy of his portrait, attracting the eye of every passenger. But he was not the only person who rejoiced in this state of things; there being others who had a deep stake in his success, and whom he had not at first adverted to, viz. HIS ASSIGNEES—to whom belonged, in point of law, the rattling business he was carrying on, and who were watching his movements with lively interest. He was suddenly struck dumb with dismay and astonishment when he heard of this unexpected issue of the affair; and began to fear that he had missed his providential way. His assignees, however, seemed to think that they had got into *theirs*—and enlarged the premises, and greatly increased the stock, profiting by the continually augmenting popularity of Tag-rag. From the moment of his making this dismal discovery, his ardour in the Great Cause wonderfully declined; and he would have jumped at any decent excuse for getting out of the thing altogether. And indeed, when he came to think of it—where was the difficulty? He had fought a good fight—he had maintained a great principle—he had borne the heat and burden of the day. But while the martyr was thus musing within himself, powerful forces were coming into the field to his succour—viz. the Society for the Promotion of Civil and Religious Discord; who having caused all the proceedings against Tag-rag to be laid before an ambitious little Radical barrister, he discovered a fatal flaw in them—viz. that in the *Significavit*, the word "Bishop" was spelled "*Bisop*," (*i. e.* without the "h.") The point was argued with prodigious pertinacity, and incredible ingenuity, by four counsel on each side; but after great deliberation, the objection, "being in favour of liberty," was held to prevail; all the proceedings were quashed; and Mr Tag-rag consequently declared entitled to his discharge. On this he was invited to a grand tea-party by the leading friends of the voluntary principle, given in Hackney Fields; where amidst a concourse of at least a hundred and fifty souls, (including women and children,) Tag-rag avowed himself ready to go again to the stake, "if Providence should require it." That seemed not, however, likely to be the case; for the church-wardens, having already had to pay some L.730 odd in the shape of costs, resolved never to meddle with him any more. He succeeded in prevailing on his assignees to take him into the shop, in order to carry on the business upon their account, and as their servant—for which they allowed him two pounds a-week. Out of this, however, he was soon after compelled by the parish authorities to allow twelve shillings a week to Mrs Tag-rag; and on making her the first payment, he spit in the poor woman's face. Doctor Johnson used to say that *patriotism* was the last refuge of a scoundrel. Now-a-days, however, it is *Church-rate Martyrdom;* and Tag-rag has had many imitators.

I must not, however, conclude this part of my long history, without adverting to what befell the surviving partners of Mr Gammon; namely, Messrs Quirk and Snap. The former had horrible misgivings as to the true cause of Mr Gammon's death—having a strange inward persuasion that he had destroyed himself. When he heard, very suddenly, from the laundress of Mr Gammon's death, he was seized with a fit of trembling that last-

ed for several days. He dared not attend the funeral—or go to Mr Gammon's chambers while his corpse lay there. Mr Snap, however, had younger and firmer nerves; and resolved to gratify his natural and very delicate curiosity, by seeing how Mr Gammon looked in his coffin. The day after the coroner's inquest had been held, therefore, he went to the chambers for that purpose, and was shown by the sobbing laundress into the silent and gloomy bed-room where Mr Gammon lay awaiting burial. The coffin lay on tressels near the window, which of course was darkened; and Mr Snap, having taken off his hat, removed the coffin-lid and the face-cloth, and there was the cold stern countenance of Mr Gammon before him. In spite of himself, Mr Snap trembled as he looked, and for a moment doubted whether, in gazing at the *yellow effigy of him that was*, he was really looking at the late Mr Gammon; so fixed, so rigid were the features, so contracted of their proportions, and disfigured by the close-fitting frilled cap. What determination was yet visible in the compressed lips! The once keen and flashing eyes of Mr Gammon were now hid for ever beneath the heavy and clammy eyelids; and the ample brow was no longer furrowed by the workings of the active and powerful spirit which had "jumped the world to come!" Mr Snap gazed for several minutes in silence, and his heart beat a little quicker than usual.

"Oh, sir!" sobbed the laundress at length, as she too advanced to look again at the countenance of her deceased master, and from which she seldom took her eyes long together when alone—"he was the kindest and best of men! He was indeed!" Mr Snap said nothing, but presently took hold of the cold, thin, stiff fingers of Mr Gammon's right hand, squeezed them gently, and replaced the hand in its former position.

"I hope he's happy, dear soul!" cried the laundress, gazing at him through her tears.

"Yes, of course he is—no doubt," replied Mr Snap, in a much weaker tone of voice than he had spoken in before, and slowly returned to the sitting-room, whither the laundress followed him as soon as she had replaced the face-cloth and coffin-lid.

"Got a drop of brandy in the room, Mrs Brown?" he enquired, and passed his hand across his face, which had grown very pale.

She gave him what he asked for; he drank it, and sighed.

"Devilish ugly look that cap gives him—eh, Mrs Brown? Hardly knew him."

"Ay, poor soul; but it don't much signify how the *face* looks if the heart's all right. He was always so kind to me; I shall never get another master like him!"

"Died *very* suddenly, Mrs Brown; didn't he?"

"Ay, it was, sir! His troubles broke his heart!"

"He'd quite enough of them to do so!" replied Snap, significantly, and took his departure. He was one of the few who attended the funeral, and the day on which it took place was the gloomiest he had ever known.

Mr Gammon being gone, old Mr Quirk seemed to have quite lost the use of his head, and could attend to nothing. As for "the matters in the affidavits," which he had been ordered by the Court of King's Bench to answer, it was impossible to do so except by acknowledging the facts they stated to be true; and he was, in the ensuing term, struck off the roll of attorneys, and ceased to be any longer a "gentleman, one of the attorneys of our lord the king, before the king himself." In short, he was completely broken up. He was quickly compelled to part with Alibi House—in fact, with all his property; and very nearly escaped being thrown into a prison, there to end his days. During the last week of his stay at Alibi House, while all his effects were being sold, he was observed to sit down for hours together before a certain picture covered with black crape; and once or twice he lifted up the crape, and gazed with a horrid look at the object before him, as if he was meditating something very mysterious and dismal. Nothing, however, happened. If he had ever wished to hang himself, he never could succeed in screwing his courage up to the sticking-place. He prevailed on a friend to buy in for him that particular picture; and it was almost the only article that he took with him to the small lodgings to which he removed with his daughter, on the sale of Alibi House. As for poor

Miss Quirk, I pity her from my very soul; for, though rather a weak girl, she was perfectly good-natured; and the reader will probably join in my indignation against Mr Toady Hug, when he hears that that gentleman, on seeing the unfortunate turn which affairs took with Miss Quirk, owing to no fault of hers, at the very moment when he ought to have clung closest to the poor girl, deserted her, after having been engaged to be married to her for upwards of two years. It was, however, the business of the firm of Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, that he had desired to marry; and finding that it no longer existed, he considered himself justified in rescinding the contract, on the ground of a failure of consideration. Snap, hearing of this, instantly tendered his own "heart" in lieu of that of Mr Hug—and was accepted. He kept this very still, however, till the fate of the action for a breach of promise of marriage, which he persuaded Miss Quirk to allow him to bring in her name against Mr Hug, should have been decided—as it soon was; for I should have mentioned that no attempt had been made by any one to strike *him* off the rolls. Snap retained a Mr Heartbreak, a most eloquent counsel in such cases: and as Mr Toady Hug defended himself in what he imagined to be a very splendid speech, the jury immediately found a verdict against him of five hundred pounds—a little fortune for Miss Quirk, if Hug could have paid it. But the fact was, that he could *not;* and after a long negotiation between Snap and him, it was settled that there should be a sort of secret partnership between them; and that Hug should work out the damages, by doing Mr Snap's business for a quarter only of the proper fees—the full fee, however, for appearance's sake among his brethren, was to be marked in his brief. Shortly after this Snap got married, and took a little house in Saffron-hill, only two doors from the old office; and, as he had already cultivated the acquaintance of the leading thieves, he soon got into a very respectable line of business. A year afterwards, Mrs Snap made him the happy father of a quaint-looking little child; which, being a boy, his father, out of reverence for his deceased friend and partner Mr Gammon, caused to be christened by the name of "*Oily Snap.*" Old Mr Quirk lingered on for about a couple of years longer, most inconveniently to Snap, when he died of a broken heart; and as Snap assisted in depositing the revered remains of his father-in-law in St Andrew's churchyard, he could not help thinking within himself what a *horrid* bore it would be were the old gentleman to get up again, and come back and establish himself for another couple of years in their little back parlour!

Let us now turn to characters worthier of our notice, of our sympathy, and our congratulation.

Two or three days after the assembling of the new parliament, Lord Drelincourt was introduced by two of his brother barons, (one of whom was Lord de la Zouch,) with the usual formalities, into the House of Lords. As he stood at the table while being sworn in, tranquil and dignified, there was such an expression of noble simplicity and *goodness* in his features—which had not even then entirely lost the traces of the anxiety and suffering through which he had passed during the last three years—as touched me to the very soul, and I fervently wished him health and long life to enjoy his new honours. He looked quite commanding in his ample ermine and scarlet robes; and having taken the pen which was tendered him, and inscribed on the roll the name "DRELINCOURT"—(that of very nearly the most ancient barony in England)—and formally taken his seat on the barons' bench, and received the congratulations of his brother peers who came crowding around him—he stepped up to the woolsack, and grasped with silent energy the hand of the new Lord Chancellor, Lord Wolstenholme, who, dignified and commanding in his appearance and bearing, and familiar with his position as if he had occupied it for more years than he had *days*, welcomed the newly-introduced peer with infinite warmth and cordiality. This was the Attorney-General of a few short months before, and he to whose masterly ability and unwavering friendship Lord Drelincourt was indebted for the position which he then occupied. They sat talking together for some time; and the Chancellor happening to mention the ludicrous and yet intolerable pressure

to which he was subject for every thing he had to give away—particularly in the *livings* which fell to his disposal—he instanced a small one in Devonshire, of five hundred a-year, of which he had had notice only two hours before coming to the House, since which time he had had a dozen applications for it from peers present. "Now as a small *memento* of to-day, Drelincourt," said he, with a smile, "can you give me the name of any man that in your judgment wants, and would suit, such a living?"

"Oh, my dear Lord Chancellor!" replied Lord Drelincourt, with eager delight, "I know a man—a very able, exemplary, *starving* friend of mine—Mr Neville, the Rev. Ralph Neville."

"'Tis his!" replied the Chancellor; "give me his name and address—he shall have it offered him this very evening!"

Lord Drelincourt, overjoyed, wrote down Mr Neville's name and address, and gave it to the Chancellor; and having reminded him that their dinner hour was seven precisely that day, (the Chancellor had been for some days engaged to dinner with him,) Lord Drelincourt somewhat hastily quitted the house, resolved to be himself the first bearer to poor Mr Neville of the delightful intelligence of his promotion. His carriage, with Lady Drelincourt and Miss Aubrey in it, had been standing for some time near the House, awaiting his return, in order to drive once or twice round the Park before dinner; but you may guess the kind of transport with which they heard him give directions for their being driven to St George's in the East, and the object of his errand. When Lord Drelincourt's equipage—simple and elegant, and with the coronet painted on the panels so small as not to challenge the observation of every passenger—drew up opposite the humble lodgings of Mr Neville, he and his little sick wife were sitting at tea, for which purpose he had a few minutes before propped her up upon the sofa, on which she was obliged to recline during the greater part of each day. Prettily flustered were both of them on seeing the carriage roll up, the steps let down, and hearing Lord Drelincourt, followed quickly by Lady Drelincourt and Miss Aubrey, (it was the first time that they had seen the former two, except as Mr and Mrs Aubrey,) knock at the door. Oh, how sweet was the office of communicating such intelligence as that which they brought to Mr and Mrs Neville! He, on hearing it, turned immediately, and as it were instinctively, to his pale suffering wife, with full eye and quivering lip—and she returned the look he gave her. Well he knew that the true source of her frail health was their privation and miserably straitened circumstances, and that the intelligence which they had just received, would, as it were, pour into the broken heart the oil of gladness and of health. There was not the slightest change in the deportment of his distinguished visiters; but his own was, in spite of all he could do to the contrary, consciously subdued, and a little embarrassed. What thankfulness was in his heart! How was the great, barren, frowning world around him, turned into a smiling paradise! No longer would they be unable to supply their few and modest wants! No longer deny themselves the innocent enjoyments of life, and cheerful intercourse with society! Soon would he be in the independent exercise of the delightful duties of the pastoral office! And what a thoughtfulness of their humble interests had been evinced by Lord Drelincourt in the first moments of his own excitement and triumphs! To all parties, that was, indeed, an occasion of the outgoing of hearts towards each other; and Lord and Lady Drelincourt, before leaving, had insisted on seeing Mr and Mrs Neville at dinner in Dover Street, before they left town, as they expected would shortly be the case.

As I have already intimated, Lord Drelincourt had that evening a select dinner party; and there was a little incident connected with it, which will also, I think, serve to set forth the considerate good-nature of Lord Drelincourt. His guests consisted of the Lord Chancellor and Lady Wolstenholme, Lord and Lady de la Zouch, Mr Delamere, three or four other friends, and Mr Runnington, and a Mr Staveley, a former fellow pupil of his, and whom he had left still studying closely in the chambers of Mr Mansfield. Lord Drelincourt had always entertained a very friendly feeling towards Mr Staveley, who was

a man of very strong understanding, great industry, sound principle, and perfect frankness and simplicity of character. Mr Aubrey had from the first observed the depression of spirits to which his companion was subject, and which, in the course of their subsequent unreserved communications with each other, he had discovered to be occasioned by the sad precariousness of his pecuniary circumstances, and the absence of all prospect or apparent chance of professional connexion. It seemed that the relative by whose liberality he had been enabled to enter himself a student at Lincoln's Inn, and become a pupil of Mr Mansfield's, had died suddenly, leaving his nephew almost totally destitute. Was it not likely that he was just such a person as could excite the yearning sympathies of his now ennobled companion? Indeed it was so; and the reason of Lord Drelincourt's asking him to dinner on the present occasion was, to give him a personal introduction to two individuals capable of being hereafter of vast service to any candidate for professional business and distinction; namely, Mr Runnington, as a solicitor of first-rate professional eminence, personal respectability, and amiability of character—and the Lord Chancellor, with both of whom, as may easily be believed, Lord Drelincourt had great personal influence. Mr Staveley was the first guest that arrived, and found Lord Drelincourt alone in the drawing-room; and his lordship seized the opportunity of conversing with his friend unrestrainedly upon the topics above alluded to, and of assuring him that he might always rely on any good offices which it might be in his lordship's power to perform for him. He spoke to his desponding companion in a tone of earnest and inspiriting encouragement. "Come, come, my dear Staveley," said he, "*exporrige frontem!* It would seem to be the tendency of close and solitary legal study to make a man despond, and distrust its utility! Go straight on. Constancy, honour, and industry, will inevitably clear the way for their possessor, and also in due time force him forward. Ah! believe me, I know what your feelings are; for very recently I shared them, but always endeavoured to master them. As for the want of a connexion, I can only say that I knew but one attorney and solicitor in all London—my own Mr Runnington, (who dines with me to-day;) but had I known none, I should not have been disheartened, so long as I had health of body and mind, and the means of pursuing my studies"—— Here Lord Drelincourt's ear caught a faint and half-suppressed sigh, uttered by his companion.—"I did my best while engaged in the study of the law, and am sure that I shall never have occasion to regret it; and I frankly tell you, Staveley, I was as poor as a church mouse the whole time—over head and ears in debt; and, but for the kindness of this very Mr Runnington, who lent me three hundred pounds, I never could have entered Mr Mansfield's chambers, or formed your acquaintance."—While saying this, Lord Drelincourt was looking very keenly indeed at his companion.—"The law is a noble profession! I should have become an enthusiast in it had I continued to devote myself to its study and practice;—by the way, will you accept, as a little *memento* of our friendship—which I trust you will not break off, Staveley—my few law-books? Of course, I have no further occasion for those which relate to the more practical"—— Here one of the doors opened, and Lady Drelincourt and Miss Aubrey entered, looking each of them exceedingly lovely, and receiving Mr Staveley with a delightful cordiality and courtesy, for they had often heard Lord Drelincourt mention his name. The other guests then made their appearance in quick succession; and Lord Drelincourt made a point of introducing Mr Staveley, in very flattering terms, to the Chancellor, who received him with great urbanity, as indeed did Mr Runnington. 'Twas truly a delightful dinner party—all were in high spirits. As for the Lord Chancellor, he took an opportunity of pressing on Lord Drelincourt the acceptance of an important office under the new government — one which they were exceedingly anxious to have satisfactorily filled, and to which would be annexed a seat in the cabinet. Lord Drelincourt, however, firmly declined the dazzling offer, on the plea of the repose which he felt to be requisite, both for his family and himself, and also the attention due to

his private affairs, to which it would be necessary to devote his personal superintendence for some time to come. But to return for a moment to Mr Staveley. Soon after he had sat down to breakfast the next morning, a servant of Lord Drelincourt's brought to his chambers a small parcel, which, in fact, consisted of the books of which his lordship had begged his acceptance overnight. With what peculiar interest did Mr Staveley glance over them, finding in every page the slight pencil marks evidencing the careful reading of Lord Drelincourt. In laying down the first book which he had opened, something fell from it upon the floor, which, on his picking it up, proved to be a letter addressed to himself, in the handwriting of Lord Drelincourt. On opening it, what were his feelings on seeing it contain an enclosure of a draft on his lordship's banker for the sum of L.300, which he begged Mr Staveley to accept as a loan, to be repaid whenever and however he might think fit; and in terms of the most earnest delicacy, reminding him of the circumstance which his lordship had named overnight—namely, his own acceptance of a similar sum from Mr Runnington. Mr Staveley coloured under a conflict of emotions, which subsided quickly into one strong and deep feeling of gratitude towards his truly noble and generous friend; and that morning he wrote a letter, acknowledging in fitting terms the munificent act of Lord Drelincourt, and enclosing his note of hand for the amount, both of which, however, on his receiving them, Lord Drelincourt, with a good natured smile, put into the fire, that there might exist no evidence whatever of the transaction between himself and Mr Staveley. His lordship did not even take Lady Drelincourt in this matter into his confidence.

At length every arrangement had been made in London for their quitting it, and at Yatton for their arrival. The last article of furniture, a magnificent piano for Lady Drelincourt, had gone down a fortnight since. Lord and Lady de la Zouch, together with Mr Delamere, had been at Fotheringham for some time; and the accounts they gave in their letters of the scene which might be expected on the memorable occasion of Lord Drelincourt's taking possession of Yatton, threw them all into a flutter of excitement. From Mr Delamere's accounts, it would seem as if the day of their arrival was to be a sort of jubilee. He himself had been to and fro twenty times between Yatton and Fotheringham; an entire unanimity of feeling existed, with reference to all the leading arrangements, between himself, Mr Griffiths, Dr Tatham, Lord and Lady de la Zouch, and the Earl and Countess of Oldacre, whom it had been deemed expedient to take into their confidence upon the occasion; and a difficult negotiation concerning a certain fine military band, belonging to a regiment stationed only eleven miles off, had been brought to a most satisfactory termination! Dr Tatham wrote letters to them, especially to Miss Aubrey, almost every day, and, in fact, they all began to imagine themselves already at Yatton, and in the midst of the delicious bustle that was going on there. At length, the long-expected day for their setting off arrived —the 5th day of May 18—. About ten o'clock in the forenoon might have been seen standing, opposite Lord Drelincourt's door in Dover Street, two roomy travelling carriages and four. Several newly-engaged servants had gone down two or three days before, in charge of a large van full of luggage; and in the first carriage were going only Lord and Lady Drelincourt and Miss Aubrey, his lordship's valet and Lady Drelincourt's maid sitting in the rumble behind; while the second carriage was occupied by little Charles and Agnes, and their attendants, together with Harriet, Miss Aubrey's faithful and pretty little maid. All having been at length completed, the word was given, crack went the whips, and away they rolled, every soul of them as full of glee as souls could be. There was an evident air of expectation and interest along the road, for a long while before they approached Yatton; for in fact it was generally known that Lord Drelincourt, who, it was believed, had passed through a series of romantic adventures, was going down to take possession of the ancient family estate in Yorkshire. How the hearts of the travellers yearned towards the dear old familiar objects on each side of the road, which, as they advanced at a rapid pace, they passed with increa-

sing frequency! At length they reached the last posting-house, which was within twelve miles of Yatton, and there were manifest symptoms of preparation and excitement. Eight very fine horses were brought out in a twinkling, and the harness appeared both new and gay. Mrs Spruce, the landlady, together with her two daughters, all of them dressed with unusual smartness, stood at the inn door, curtsying repeatedly: and on Lady Drelincourt and Kate seeing them, they beckoned them to the carriage-door, and enquired after their health, with such a kindness and interest in their manner, as almost brought tears into their eyes.

"So you have not forgotten us, Mrs Spruce?" asked Lord Drelincourt with a gay smile, as they handed a couple of glasses of water into the carriage, at the request of Lady Drelincourt and Kate, who were evidently getting very nervous with their proximity to Yatton, and the exciting scenes which there awaited them.

"Oh, my lord, forgotten your lordship! No, my ladies, not for one minute since the dismal day you all went—my lord! There's *such* a stir, my ladies, along the road—you'll see it all when you get a mile further on!—Of course your lordship and your ladyships know what's going to be done at the Hall"——

"Ah, ah! so I hear! Well—good day, Mrs Spruce!" cried Lord Drelincourt, and the next moment they had dashed off in their last stage, and at a thundering pace, to be sure. It was nearly twelve o'clock at noon, and the day was bright and beautiful—and there was a fresh and exhilarating breeze stirring, that oft came laden with the rich scents of summer fields.

"Oh Agnes! oh Kate! what a contrast is this to the day on which our horses' heads, two years ago, were turned the other way!" exclaimed Lord Drelincourt; but received only a faint reply, for his companions were getting excited and restless with the rapidly increasing evidences of excitement on the road. As they advanced they overtook vehicles of every description, all containing people in gay holiday trim, and all with their horses' heads turned one way; viz. towards the great centre of attraction, Yatton. At length the increasing number of carriages, chaises, cars, gigs, vans, carts, waggons—many of them decked with ribands and flowers—compelled them to slacken their speed, and gave them fuller opportunities of witnessing the joyful enthusiasm with which their approach was greeted. Already they heard, or imagined they heard, from the direction of Yatton, the sounds of voices and music.

"I'm sure, Charles, I shall cry like a child"—quoth Kate, her eyes suddenly filling with tears; and such was the case also with Lady Drelincourt.

"And what, Kate, if you do?" cried her brother joyfully, kissing and embracing them affectionately.

"Gracious! Charles! Charles!—I declare there's old Granny Grimston—it is indeed!" cried Kate, as they passed an old-fashioned market cart, in which sat, sure enough, the good woman Miss Aubrey had mentioned, beside her daughter, to whom Kate waved her hand repeatedly—for it was to an old pensioner of the late Mrs Aubrey's! Oh, what a sight burst upon them when they came to the turning of the road which brought them full in view of Yatton—the village and the Hall! They came, too, to a dead stand still—'twas impossible to get on for some time, for they seemed to have got suddenly into the middle of some great fair! What a shout rent the air! Boughs of laurel were waving in all directions, with wreaths and ribands! Beautiful nosegays were flung in through the carriage windows by men, women, and even children, all dressed in their best and gayest attire! Here was formed an equestrian procession that was to precede them into Yatton, consisting of some hundred stout Yorkshire yeomen, chiefly tenants of Lord Drelincourt and his neighbours. Louder and louder came the shouts of welcome from all quarters, before and behind, intermingled at length, as they entered the village, with the clash and clangour of cymbals, the thundering of drums, the sounds of trumpets, trombones, clarionets, and fifes. 'Twas really most exciting, and Lady Drelincourt and Kate were already amply fulfilling their own predictions. Their carriage suddenly stopped for some moments; and a louder shout than had yet been heard burst around them, while the band approached,

playing "Rule Britannia!" followed by a procession of at least two hundred horsemen, headed by Delamere, and all wearing his bright blue colours! He thrust his hand into the carriage, and grasping those of each of them, again rode off. Here an attempt was made to take the horses out of Lord Drelincourt's carriage, which he peremptorily forbade, acknowledging, however, the affectionate enthusiasm which prompted the proposal, by repeatedly bowing in all directions as they passed down the village. Flags and branches of laurel hung from almost every window, and the crowd had become so great as to prevent them frequently from moving on for more than a minute or two together. At length they saw the church, with its long, thin, grey spire—no doubt its bells were ringing as loudly as they could be rung, but they could not be heard; for the band at that moment, when within a few yards of the park-gates, struck up in fine style the inspiriting air of "The King shall hae his ain again!" A great number of carriages were drawn up on each side of the entrance to the park, and the high antique iron gates and stone pillars were covered with wreaths of flowers and branches of laurel. Immediately within the gates, upon each side, upon forms and stools, sat about a dozen of the oldest tenants on the estate, male and female, who, on the approach of Lord Drelincourt, lifted up their hands feebly towards heaven, while tears ran down their eyes, and they implored a blessing on those who were re-entering their own, after so long and cruel a separation from it. But here the eager and affectionate eyes of the travellers lit upon an object infinitely more interesting and affecting than any they had yet seen—'twas the venerable figure of Dr Tatham, who, with his hat off, stood with his hand and his face elevated momentarily towards heaven, imploring a blessing upon those who were entering. Lord Drelincourt instantly called for the carriage-door to be opened, and, within a moment or two's time, he had grasped the little doctor's hands in his own; and Lady Drelincourt and Kate, having also hastily alighted, had thrown their arms around him and kissed him, with the feelings of two daughters towards a fond and venerable father. The little doctor was quite overcome, and could scarcely say a word—indeed, they were all much excited. At this point came up Mr Delamere, who had dismounted at the gate, and, placing Kate's arm hastily, and with a proud and triumphant air, within his own, while Lady Drelincourt was supported between her husband and Dr Tatham, the two children following, with their attendants immediately behind, in this manner they approached the Hall, each side of the avenue being lined with the gaily-dressed gentry of the neighbourhood, collected from far and wide. When they reached the fine old gateway, there shot up suddenly into the air, upon a flagstaff planted upon the centre of the turret, a splendid crimson banner, while the band within the court-yard struck up the spirit-stirring air, one which no Englishman can listen to without excitement—"See the Conquering Hero comes!" The moment that they had passed under the old gateway, what a gay and brilliant scene presented itself! Upon the steps fronting the door, and indeed all around, stood the most distinguished persons in the county, ready to greet the new comers. There was the Lord-lieutenant, the High Sheriff, two of the county Members, Catholics and Protestants, High Tories and High Whigs—there they were—the high-born, the beautiful—all crowding with eager and enthusiastic welcome around those who were thus returning to their own, after so extraordinary and infamous an exclusion and banishment. To Lady Drelincourt, to Miss Aubrey, to Lord Drelincourt himself, amidst the overpowering excitement of the moment, it appeared as though they were in a vivid and dazzling dream, and they felt completely confused and bewildered. Lady de la Zouch, and one or two others of their considerate friends, observing the painful excitement under which Lady Drelincourt and Miss Aubrey were labouring, succeeded in withdrawing them for a while from the tumultuous and splendid scene into their chambers.

A splendid cold collation was spread in the hall for the immediate friends and guests of Lord Drelincourt, while an immense entertainment, of a more substantial description, was prepared

under an awning, upon the beautiful terrace at the back of the Hall, for about three hundred people, consisting principally of the tenantry, their families and friends. (Half-a-dozen feasts were going on in the village, for those who were necessarily excluded from the terrace tables.) The substantial business of the day, viz. feasting, was to commence, both for gentle and simple, at three o'clock, shortly before which period Lady Drelincourt and Miss Aubrey appeared in the drawing-room, and then in the hall, infinitely the better for their refreshing toilets. 'Tis true that their eyes looked somewhat impaired by the excessive emotions occasioned by the events of the day—for they had both been several times, during their brief absence, on the verge of hysterics. Yet for all that they looked a pair of as lovely women as dear Old England, rich in beauty as it is, could produce. They both wore plain white muslin dresses, with small blue rosettes, which Lady de la Zouch had intimated would give a certain person infinite gratification—meaning the new member for the borough; for his colours were blue—whereof there was a modest glimpse in his own surtout. Lord Drelincourt also appeared greatly the better for his visit to his dressing-room, and was in the highest possible spirits—as well he might be, amidst a scene so glorious and triumphant as that around him; all people, high and low, rich and poor, without distinction of party, vying with one another in doing him honour, and welcoming him back to the halls of his ancestors. At length, it being announced that all was in readiness, before sitting down to their own banquet, Lord Drelincourt, with Lady Drelincourt on one arm and his sister on the other, and followed by Dr Tatham, Mr Runnington, and almost all his guests, passed along under the old archway that led over the bridge to the terrace, in order that the doctor might say grace before the feast began: and the instant that Lord and Lady Drelincourt and Miss Aubrey made their appearance, the shouting and clapping of hands, and waving of handkerchiefs, that ensued, defies description, completely overpowered Lady Drelincourt and Kate, and somewhat disturbed the equanimity of Lord Drelincourt himself. 'Twas several minutes before the least cessation occurred. At length, however, Mr Griffiths, the steward, who was to preside on the occasion, succeeded in directing attention to Dr Tatham, who stood uncovered ready to say grace, which he did as soon as there was a decent approach to silence; he, and those who had accompanied him, then returning to the hall. What a prodigious onslaught was instantly made on the enormous masses of beef, boiled and roast—the hams, the tongues, the fowls—and all the innumerable other good things which were heaped upon those hospitable tables! There was all *ad libitum;* and in addition to that, a bottle of port and of sherry to each mess of four, which latter viands, however, were generally reserved for the business that was to take place after the substantial part of the feast had been discussed.

According to a previous arrangement, about four o'clock intimation was given to the vast party upon the terrace, that Lord Drelincourt, accompanied by his guests, would come and take their seats for a short time at the head of the tables—his lordship occupying the place of Mr Griffiths. After a great bustle, the requisite space was obtained at the head of the nearest table; and presently Dr Tatham led in Lady Drelincourt, and Mr Delamere, Kate; followed by Lord Drelincourt and all his guests—their arrival being greeted in the same enthusiastic manner as before. After they had selected their places, but before they had sat down, Dr Tatham returned thanks amidst a sudden and decorous silence; and then, all having taken their places, had an opportunity of feasting their eyes with the sight of those who had been so cruelly torn from them, and so long estranged. Lord Drelincourt sat at the head of the table, with Lady Drelincourt on one side and his sister upon the other, both looking exceedingly animated and beautiful. Beside Kate sat Mr Delamere, his eyes greedily watching her every look and motion; and beside Lady Drelincourt sat Dr Tatham, looking as happy and as proud as it was possible for him to look. After sitting for some minutes conversing with those immediately around him, during which time expectation had gradually hushed down the noise

which had prevailed on their entering, Lord Drelincourt slowly poured out a glass of wine, his hand slightly trembling; and while Lady Drelincourt and Kate leaned down their heads, and hid their faces in their handkerchiefs, he slowly rose amidst profound and respectful silence. His voice was at all times clear and melodious, his enunciation distinct and deliberate; so that every word he uttered could be heard by all present. There were grace and dignity in his countenance and gestures; and you felt, as you looked and listened to him, that he was speaking from his heart. Thus he began:—

"Oh, my friends! what a happy "moment is this to me and mine! "What thanks do I not owe to God "for his great goodness in bringing us "again together in our former relations of mutual and uninterrupted "respect and affection! You must "not expect me to say much now, for "I cannot, because my heart is so "full of love and respect to those "whom I see around me, and of gratitude to God. May he, my dear "friends, who is now beholding us, "and marking the thoughts of our "hearts, bless and preserve you all, "and enable me never to give you "cause to regret having thus affectionately welcomed me back again "to my home. It pleased God, my "friends, that I, and those whom "you see near me, and whom I so "tenderly love, should be torn away "suddenly, and for a long time, from "all that our hearts hold dear. The "pangs it cost us—bear with me, my "friends—the pangs it cost us"—here Lord Drelincourt could not go on for some moments. "We have, "since we left you all, gone through "much affliction, a little privation, "and some persecution. It was all, "however, God's ordering, and we "have besought him that we might "at all times feel and know it to be "so; for then we shall not be impatient or rebellious. He is wiser "and kinder in his dealings with us, "my friends, than we are sometimes "able to see; and as for myself, I "think I can say that I would not "have lost the lessons which my recent "sufferings have taught me, for a "thousand times my present advantages. May I never forget them!

"What has befallen me has satisfied "me, and, I hope, you too, of the "slight hold we have of those advantages which we consider ourselves "surest of. Who can tell, dear "friends, what a day or an hour may "bring forth? And I hope I have "also learned one of the great lessons "of life, better than I knew it before—"that cheerful resignation to the will "of God is the only source of fortitude! Never, dear friends, when "we are in our deepest difficulties "and troubles, despair! Thank God, "I never did, or you would not have "seen me here to-day. God overrules every thing for the good of "those who faithfully obey him; and "in our own case, I can assure you, "that the very things which we looked "upon as the cruellest and hardest to "bear of all that had happened to us, "turned out to be the very means by "which we have been restored to the "happiness which we are now met to "celebrate! See how good God has "been to us! When I look around "me, and see what I am permitted to "enjoy, and know what I *deserve*, I "tremble.

"You all know, of course, that it "has pleased God to place us a little "higher in point of mere worldly "station than we were before; but I "think you will find that it has made "only this difference in us; namely, we "are more sensible of the importance "of the duties which we have to perform. 'Tis not, dear friends, the "mere coronet which confers true "distinction, but *how it is worn*. I, "of course, have only succeeded by "birth to that mark of distinction, "which the merit of some other person won for him. I trust I shall "wear it with honour and humility, "and that so will my son after me.

"And now, my dear friends, I "must conclude. You see how much "those who are sitting near me are "affected." Lord Drelincourt paused for some time, and then in a lower tone resumed, "You may remember, "some of you at least, the evening "before we left Yatton; what you "said to me"—here again he paused, and for some time. "I have never "forgotten that evening; the thought "of it has been like balm poured into "a broken heart.

"I have heard that since I left you "all, things have gone very differently "from the way they went in my time.

"Oh, dear friends, there shall be no "more extortion—there shall be no "more oppression, at Yatton. I can, "I think, answer for myself; and I "think my little son will not take "after his father if—you shall see my "children presently—God bless you, "dear friends! You see that I have "now and then been overcome while "speaking; I know you will bear "with me. Were you in my place, "and to look upon those whom I now "look upon, you also would be over-"come. But let our tears now pass "away! Rejoice, dear friends, for it "is a day of rejoicing! Be merry! be "happy! I now from my heart drink "—we all drink, all your healths! "Here are health, and peace, and "prosperity to you all! God bless "you all!"

Lord Drelincourt raised his glass to his lips, and drank off the wine it contained, his hand visibly trembling the while. He then sat down, evidently much subdued; and as for Lady Drelincourt, Miss Aubrey, and Lady de la Zouch—nay every body present, they were deeply affected by the simple and affectionate address that had fallen from Lord Drelincourt, which was followed by a long silence that was infinitely more expressive than the most vociferous responses. After a while, the band commenced playing, in a very beautiful manner,

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot."

There were heard several attempts, from time to time, from different quarters, to join in the chorus, but they were very faint and subdued; and Lord Drelincourt, perceiving the true state of the case, covered his face with his hands. Then, affectionately taking the hands of Kate and Lady Drelincourt, he whispered that all their past sufferings were surely that day richly recompensed; and fearing lest his presence and that of his guests might be a check upon the freedom and hilarity of the great company before him, he rose, and bowing courteously to all around, withdrew amidst most vehement and prodigious cheering. A few minutes afterwards, according to Lord Drelincourt's promise, Charles and Agnes were led in amidst a thousand exclamations of fondness and admiration, (they were really very beautiful children;) and having had a little drop of wine poured into each of their cups, they drank timidly, as they were told, to the health of all present, and then skipped hastily back whence they had come.

I shall not detain the reader with the description which I had prepared of the opening of Kate's school on the morrow; though I think he would like to have been present. A prettier school there is not in England; and if any thing could have increased Kate's love for him who had taken such pains to please her in the matter, it was Dr Tatham's informing her, a morning or two afterwards that Mr Delamere had endowed her school with thirty pounds a year for ever. In proportion to Kate's sorrow on leaving her school upon the occasion of their all being driven from Yatton, it may easily be believed were her delight and gratitude for this its complete and more efficient restoration. The opening of that school by Dr Tatham, in her presence, and also in that of Mr Delamere, was doubtless an interesting ceremony, yet not to be compared, perhaps, with one that occurred one short month afterwards at Yatton, and in which the same three persons were principally concerned!

Here is a heavenly morning in June! and Kate lying trembling and with beating heart, alone, in that old-fashioned chamber of hers, in which she was first seen—or at least a faint and dim vision of her—by the reader. 'Tis very early, certainly; and as Kate hath passed a strange, restless night, she is at length closing her eyes in sleep; and as nothing is to be heard save yonder lark that is carrying his song higher and higher out of hearing every moment, she will sleep for a while undisturbed.

But now, rise Kate! rise! It is your wedding morning! Early though it be, here are your fair bridesmaids seeking admittance, to deck you in your bridal robes! Sweet Kate, why turn so pale, and tremble so violently? It is truly a memorable day, one long looked forward to with a fluttering heart—a day of delicious agitation and embarrassment; but courage, Kate! courage! Cannot these three beautiful girls who, like the Graces, are arraying you, as becomes your loveliness, with all their innocent arts and archness, provoke one smile on your pale cheek? Weep, then, if such be your humour; for it is the overflowing of joy, and will

relieve your heart!—But hasten! hasten! your lover is below, impatient to clasp you in his arms! The maids of the village have been up with the sun gathering sweet flowers to scatter on your way to the altar! Hark how merrily, merrily ring the bells of Yatton church!—Nearer and nearer comes the hour which cannot be delayed, and why, blushing and trembling maiden, should you dread its approach? Hark—carriage after carriage is coming crashing up to the Hall. Now your maidens are placing on your beautiful brow the orange blossoms—mysterious emblems!

"The fruits of autumn and the flowers of spring," and a long flowing graceful veil, shall conceal your blushes!—Now, at length, she descends—and sinks into the arms of a fond and noble brother, whose heart is too full for speech, as is that of your sister! Shrink not from your lover, who approaches you, see how tenderly and delicately! Is he not one whom a maiden may be proud of? See the troops of friends that are waiting to attend you, and do you honour! Every where that the eye looks, are glistening gay wedding-favours, emblems of innocence and joy. Come, Kate—your brother waits; you go with him to church, but you will come back with another! He that loves you as a father, the venerable minister of God, is awaiting your arrival! What a brilliant throng is in that little church!

Now her beautiful form is standing at the altar, beside her manly lover, and the solemn ceremony has commenced, which is to unite, with heaven's awful sanction, these two young and happy and virtuous hearts!

'Tis done! Kate Aubrey! Kate Aubrey! where are you? She is no more—but, as Mrs Delamere, is sitting blushing and sobbing beside her husband, elate with pride and fondness, as they drive rapidly back to the Hall. In vain glances her eye at that splendid banquet, and she soon retires with her maidens to prepare for her agitating journey!

Well—they are gone! My pure and lovely Kate is gone! 'Tis hard to part with her! But blessings attend her! Blessings attend you both! You cannot forget dear Yatton, where all that is virtuous and noble will ever with open arms receive you!

THE END.

And now, dear friends! farewell for many a day!
If e'er we meet again, I cannot say.
Together have we travell'd two long years,
And mingled sometimes smiles, and sometimes tears!
Now droops my weary hand, and swells my heart,—
I fear, good friends! we must for ever part.
Forgive my many faults! and say of me,
He hath *meant* well, who writ this history!

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LESSONS FROM THE PAST.

The decisive triumph of Conservative principles in the recent and ever memorable election, should not, to the thoughtful or far-seeing leaders of that great party, form the subject merely of party congratulation. It is a victory too great to be considered in any other light than as a most important, it may be decisive, step in the future destinies of England; for it puts into the hands of that great party which had so long ruled its fortunes and conducted its course—the means either of amending its fortunes or precipitating its downfal. The responsibility which it confers is greater even than the victory which it has achieved; and the noble body of enlightened men of whom it is composed, will indeed be inexcusable in the eyes of God and man, if they do not improve, to the best advantage of their country and of humanity, the vast opportunities which Providence has now again placed into their hands. The moment is momentous: it is solemn. And it is under a deep sense of what is incumbent on all connected with that party, that the following observations are submitted to the consideration of the many men its ranks contain, who are both aware of their responsibility, and feel their duties.

When we look back ten years in the history of Great Britain, and reflect upon the opinions which then prevailed in the majority of the community, and the passions which then agitated the multitude, the change to the present times appears so great as almost to exceed belief. The empire, with its defences prostrated by Catholic emancipation and the repeal of the test and corporation acts, shaken as by the heaving of an earthquake by the Revolution of the Barricades, was then convulsed by the furious jacobinical passions excited by the Reform Bill. The ancient character of the English people appeared to have been destroyed; national rivalries were obliterated; national glories forgotten; hereditary habits overlooked. The people which had been long and justly esteemed in Europe the most tenacious of its customs, and the most cautious in its innovations, seemed suddenly seized with the frenzy of revolution; the tri-color flag, the old antagonist of England, was paraded amid shouts of triumph through our streets, and a new era was anticipated for the country and mankind from that vast change, which, totally subverting the old constitution, promised to subject property, interest, learning, patriotism, and virtue, beneath the sway of an excited, and, in great part, ignorant and incapable multitude. It was amidst the shouts of jacobinical triumph, and the yells of revolutionary ambition, that the old constitution fell in England. The moment was awful, its recollection will never be effaced from our memories; and not a few of the strongest heads in England

were impressed with the conviction that the death-warrant of the British empire was signed, and that her infatuated children, with suicidal hands, had plunged a poisoned dagger in the breast of their country.

What rendered that period peculiarly mournful, and must now, to the eye of historical retrospect, afford the chief subject of astonishment, is, that the great interests in the state, who were usually relied upon as the parties most interested in upholding the constitution, were then the foremost in forwarding the work of innovation. The counties and the landed interests, who had, in every period of English history, been foremost in support of the altar and the throne, were then the first in raising the cry of innovation; the leaders of the Ultra-Tory party had joined with the Whigs and Radicals in the vote on the Civil List in November 1830, which expelled the Duke of Wellington's ministry from the government; and the counties of England, by a majority of nearly ten to one, had returned members at the election in April 1831, in favour of the revolutionary party. The Church, the ancient warder of the state, was silent; and, with the exception of a petition from Bristol, and the public meeting at Edinburgh where Professor Wilson pronounced his noble address, hardly one effort was made in the country to support the Conservative ministry in defending the old institutions of the empire. The English constitution, the boast of the patriot and the pride of the historian during so many ages, sunk to the dust without one arm being held out for its support, except in a small but determined Conservative phalanx in the House of Commons, and a noble patriotic majority in the House of Lords. The public press, with a few honourable exceptions, was almost unanimous in favour of a great political change; and even the ancient and deeply-furrowed lines of party distinction seemed to have been obliterated or forgotten in the chaos of unanimity that prevailed in favour of the Reform Bill.

At the present time, how great—how astonishing is the change! Again the national spirit seems to have revived, and the old and natural distinction between the Movement and Conservative party have come to mark the different classes of society, and separate the different interests in the state. The chaos of unanimity in favour of the Reform Bill has not only ceased, but it has been succeeded by a chaos of *opposition* to it. The most violent supporters of that great change no longer pretend that it has proved a public advantage, or that it has not bitterly disappointed the expectations of its promoters. The old cry of "The bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill," has been succeeded by an universal feeling of discontent and dissatisfaction. The promised harmony between the legislature and the masses of the community, so far from being realized, has produced more bitter feelings of discord between them than ever existed previously in English history; and the only supporters of *Maxima Charta* are now to be found among the Conservative party, who are of opinion, that, with all its defects—and, God knows! they are not a few—the maintenance of it is preferable to an annual revolution, or a continual straining after something new.

The old and long-established lines of party distinction—the great landmarks which distinguish the Movement from the Conservative interests in the State, have again re-appeared. The chaos of unanimity is at an end. Not only has the Reform Bill itself fallen into the most determined discredit and obloquy with its original supporters; but the cause of innovation itself, the fever of change, the passion for organic revolution has to a most surprising degree abated among all the more intelligent and sober ranks of the community. Democrats and Chartists indeed there are, and probably will be in every free state to the end of time; but the general thirst after political alteration has become extinct. Men now see—for they have learned by dear bought experience, that alteration is not always improvement—that there is such a thing as changing for the worse; and that, in particular, the anxiety, distrust, and consequent misery, which follow organic or revolutionary changes, are such, that all the advantages promised by their supporters are dearly purchased in their adoption. The chaos of unanimity in fa-

vour of fundamental change, accordingly, has given place to a strong desire on the part of the majority, not only of all the educated classes, but even of the whole constituencies in the empire, to *uphold*, instead of changing the great institutions of the empire as they now exist, both in Church and State; and the passion for innovation has given place to a general desire, instead of any farther organic change, to adopt such changes in our *social* organization, as may leave the balance of political powers as it now stands, and which, while still upholding all the great institutions of the empire untouched, may adapt the details of its government and social institutions to the altered state of society in recent times.

What was the cause of this extraordinary aberration of the public mind, and departure from all English principle, at the period of the Reform Bill? What has been the cause of the recent and gratifying return of the empire, to its ancient Conservative principles? The answer to these questions, will at once point out the political errors to which our past misfortunes have been owing, and shadow out the path, in future, by which similar calamities may be avoided.

The extraordinary, though temporary, fall of the Conservative party in Great Britain, ten years ago, was obviously owing to two causes: neglect of their own *principles*, and of the *interests* of the persons committed to their charge.

It is unfortunately unnecessary to say in what the main neglect of their principles by the Conservative party in 1829 and 1830 consisted. England was essentially a Protestant country; its liberties and constitution had sprung from the date of the Reformation, and formed the basis both of the constitution of 1688, and the whole frame of society in Great Britain. It may be, that such a constitution and state of things is not so perfect as wise and philanthropic men may desire, or as a future state of society under a more perfect social system might render practicable. Suffice it to say, it was the constitution of England, and it was that under which this empire had attained an unexampled degree of happiness, prosperity, and glory. And experience, in every age, has demonstrated that no vital change in the religious institutions of an empire can be made without endangering the foundations of society, and probably shortening its national existence.

The Catholic Emancipation Bill, and the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, had been long and loudly called for by a considerable and most clamorous party in the state; and such had been the use made by the Whigs of the lever thus put into their hands, that they had not only divided the Conservative party, but rendered it wellnigh impracticable to carry on the government. This impracticability did not arise from the absolute strength of the Emancipation party, even with the addition of those who supported it among the Conservative ranks; for whenever the people were made aware that the Protestant institutions of the empire were seriously menaced, they had never failed to give decisive evidence, by their returns to parliament, that the great majority of the nation was determined to uphold them.

This great change may, therefore, be regarded as the immediate and most powerful cause which produced the Reform Bill. It was not by the great addition which it at once made to the Liberal members of Parliament by the junction of the Roman Catholics, that the mischief was done, so much as by the shake which was given to the Conservative party, and the opinion which was generally diffused through the nation, that the House of Commons no longer represented either its principles or its tenets. The warmest, the most sincere, and the most upright supporters of the constitution felt bitterly, and loudly complained, that a measure fraught with the most important consequences, and the dearest interests of the people, both in this world and the next, was forced upon the nation against the known opinion of a majority of its electors by a strange combination of parties, and an unparalleled exertion of the power of Government. Hence arose, in a most important and influential part of the nation, and where it had never before been heard—in the rural, the thinking and religious classes of the state—the cry for Parliamentary reform. They felt that the legislature, in a vital

question, had departed from their principles, and they thought to reinstate themselves, by an organic change in the constitution of Parliament, in the influence of which they seemed to have been unjustly deprived. The Whigs, Radicals, and Revolutionists, at the same period loudly responded to the cry, from a desire to augment their own influence in Parliament, to oust the Tories from power, and to insert the point of the revolutionary wedge which was to tear the fabric of society in pieces. Thus, by a strange and anomalous combination of circumstances, but the natural effect of the steadfast prosecution of its principles by one party, and of the signal dereliction of its principles by the other, the same cry for organic change was raised by the most opposite classes in the state; and while the Whigs and Radicals loudly supported it in order to effect democratic ascendancy, and increase the popular influence in the legislature, the Ultra-Tories and conscientious Churchmen as loudly responded to it, from a sense of the necessity of staying the progress of religious change, and re-establishing in the legislature the principles of the Protestant constitution of the empire.

The cause which has now been stated was the main source of the cry for reform which pervaded the rural and serious thinking part of the community in 1830, and of the extraordinary number of members who were returned to Parliament in opposition to the Duke of Wellington's government, at the election in August 1830. But powerful as this cause was, it may be doubted whether it would of itself have sufficed to have overturned the Conservative government and old constitution of the empire, if it had not been at the same time attended by a similar desire for reform in the House of Commons, which arose in the commercial and manufacturing boroughs, from the ruinous effect of the free-trade principles in commerce and in shipping, which the Whigs and the political economists had succeeded in forcing upon the Government. Now that the facts of these vital points have been fully brought before the public by the searching accuracy of statistical enquiries, and that Mr Porter's Parliamentary tables have demonstrated the blasting influence of free-trade principles upon every branch of industry to which they were applied, it is not surprising that so profound and deep-seated a feeling of indignation should have pervaded a large and influential portion of the mercantile community. The losses they had sustained, the sufferings they had undergone from the influence of these erroneous principles, by which so large a portion of the legislature on both sides of the House had been involved, were indescribable. The change of currency in 1819, followed by the suppression of small notes in England by the bill of 1826, had not only spread bankruptcy to an unparalleled extent through all the manufacturing towns, but lowered by at least a third, sometimes a half, the money value of property of every kind in the kingdom. Hundreds of master merchants and manufacturers in every city in the empire had been rendered bankrupt; thousands of industrious artisans whom they employed, reduced to poverty or the workhouse, in consequence of these prodigious monetary changes. Every man whose property was burdened with debt, whether in land or moveables, soon found that debt assume a menacing, sometimes a crushing magnitude; every person who lived by buying and selling—that is, the whole trading and mercantile community—found their commodities constantly getting cheaper on their hands, and instead of making money by buying goods and afterwards disposing of them, they, in too many instances, found themselves losers by the transaction. Above twenty years ago, Cobbett said, that the moment he saw the currency bill of 1819 pass, he made preparations for leaving America and returning to Great Britain, because he foresaw that Parliamentary reform could not be much longer delayed; and the event proved that that sagacious democrat had not over-estimated the ultimate effects of the measure.

The reciprocity and free-trade system introduced by Mr Huskisson in 1823, and which for the next ten years was so perseveringly carried out by every subsequent administration, introduced at the same time unparalleled distress in the shipping interest of Great Britain, and, beyond all question, had the effect of reducing one-

half the value of all the property held in that form by the British merchants. The merchants who were affected by this pressure, at once became sensible of its existence, and made loud and repeated complaints to Parliament of the utter ruin to which they had been exposed from the effects of the reciprocity system. They were always, however, met by the statement, on the part of the President of the Board of Trade, that the shipping of the empire, upon the whole, was *increasing* rather than diminishing; that the wisdom of the policy of Government was decisively demonstrated by the results, and that their distresses were owing to over-trading, or some other causes, for which Government were not responsible. It may safely be affirmed, that for ten long years, during which the shipowners were suffering the most acute distress, this plausible delusion prevented their complaints from meeting with attention, and led to their petitions being continually dismissed without any redress from the legislature. But no efforts of Government, however powerful, no delusion of the legislature, however long continued, can in a free country permanently shut out the light of truth. The very efforts which the theorists make to demonstrate the truth of their principles, lead to the detection of their fallacy. In an evil hour for the liberal administration, Mr Porter commenced the *classification* of the exports and shipping of Great Britain with all the different countries of the world; and these distinguishing and classified returns are now complete since the year 1820. The publication of these returns has settled the question as to the ruinous effects of the reciprocity system upon our shipping interests. They have demonstrated, beyond the possibility of misconception, that the Baltic powers with whom we have concluded these reciprocity treaties, have, ever since their date, continually and rapidly increased upon the British shipowners, insomuch that their tonnage with us is now four or five times greater than it was when the reciprocity system began, while ours with them has declined in general to a fourth part of what our shipping with them was when the system commenced. In short, it has now been completely proved that the complaints of the shipowners were, in every particular, well-founded, and that the British flag has been rapidly and almost entirely ousted from the trade of all the northern powers of Europe; while the steady growth of our shipping, upon the whole, has been shown to be solely owing to the extraordinary and rapid growth of our colonial trade, which we share with no other powers, and the benefits of which the reciprocity mania has not hitherto compelled us to share with distant or hostile states. If any of our readers have the slightest doubt on this subject, they have only to turn to the article in this miscellany "The Whig Dissolution" for July last, where they will find the returns quoted, which establish these important propositions.

The same classified Parliamentary returns of Mr Porter have, in like manner, completely demonstrated the fallacy of the free-trade mania in merchandise, and proved the truth of the common complaint, that the free-trade system had essentially injured many of the most important branches of industry in the country. Every body knows that this free-trade system was established by Mr Huskisson in 1823, 1824, and 1825; and that, in pursuance of it, a very great reduction was made on the duties on French silks, French wines, French clocks, kid gloves, and a great variety of other articles of European manufacture. The dealers in these articles in this country immediately suffered, and suffered severely, by the competition to which they were exposed, and the great reduction in the price of their produce which in consequence ensued; and they petitioned Parliament again and again in the most urgent terms, to investigate their complaints, and grant them protection against the ruinous decline of prices which the competition of foreigners, employing workmen at one-third of the British wages, had produced. They were constantly met by the statement, that their grievances were entirely imaginary, or were imputable only to themselves; that our exports, on the whole, were rapidly increasing, and that commerce never was in a more flourishing condition. It may be imagined what bitter feelings this reception of their complaints produced among persons who, during the hey-day of the reciprocity

and free-trade mania, and in consequence of its necessary effects, felt themselves slipping down from an affluent station, into the Gazette, the hospital, or the workhouse; and undoubtedly great part of the chaos of unanimity in favour of Reform which characterised the country in 1831 and 1832, after about ten years' experience of the free-trade system, is to be ascribed to the ruinous effects which that system produced upon a large part of the industry of the country, and the cold-blooded indifference with which the statement of that suffering was received by the speculative politicians who had introduced it.

The unbounded confidence, however, which its authors have placed in the free-trade principles, have now completely unmasked it. It was an evil day for the free-trade advocates, when Mr Porter began the classification of the trading to the different countries, and showed where it was that it was increasing, and where it was that it was stationary or declining. It is now proved by the admission of the great free-trade advocate, Mr Porter himself, that our trade with the countries of Europe, with the greater part of whom we had concluded reciprocity treaties, is *stationary or declining*, and that "our exports to these quarters of the globe are actually less at this moment, on an average of the last three years, than they were in the three years which succeeded the termination of the war."*

The same returns prove that it is the extraordinary increase of our exports to our own colonies, particularly Canada, Australia, and the East Indies, and other distant countries of the globe, with whom we had concluded *no* free-trade treaties, which has compensated, and more than compensated, the decrease in our intercourse with old states whom we had striven to uphold by the introduction of these new free-trade principles. It now appears, accordingly, perfectly clear how it was that so many branches of industry in the country were, under the school of the economists, encountering such acute suffering, while the exports of the nation, *upon the whole*, were progressively and rapidly increasing; for those branches were increasing which were carrying on with our own colonies, which had not been touched by the free-trade system—while the decline was going on in those branches of trade which the free-trade system had paralysed or ruined. But it may be conceived how grating it was for those persons whose fortunes were melting away in their hands under the operations of the political economists—and who saw every concession made by this country to foreign states, immediately followed by additional and more rigorous restrictions upon the introduction of articles of British manufacture into their harbour—to be constantly told that their grievances had no existence, or were no ways imputable to the new system which had been adopted, merely because the growth of the branches which were flourishing, and not touched by the free-trade system, had overshadowed the decrepitude of those which were declining. And undoubtedly no inconsiderable part of the chaos of unanimity in favour of Reform, was owing to the inhuman indifference with which the political economists and their numerous school in the legislature, treated the suffering which they had been so instrumental in creating.

Here, then, are the causes which created the general concurrence of the nation in the cry for Parliamentary Reform ten years ago, and combined together for a time in the ranks of the Reformers, persons of such conflicting interests and discordant principles. The rural population and the landed proprietors, the natural strongholds of Conservative principles, and the citadel, in every preceding age, of the constitution, demanded it because their feelings had been profoundly ulcerated by the concessions to the Romish Church, and still more by the manner in which those concessions had been forced upon a reluctant nation. The commercial classes demanded it, because their interests for a long course of years had been injured by the great monetary changes which had been carried into effect, and the painful wasting away of their fortunes, and the long-continued and distressing fall in the

*Porter's Progress of the Nation, ii. p. 101.

money prices of commodities. The shipping interests loudly responded to the cry, because their profits had fallen one-half under the operations of the reciprocity system. The manufacturers demanded it, for they had in many instances been ground to the dust by the free-trade system, and they had met with nothing but derision and contempt from the political economists of the age. Thus nearly all classes concurred in demanding a change of government, and an organic alteration in the constitution, because Government had, in a vital particular, abandoned its principles, and the constitution had ceased to protect its subjects; because Ministers were content to bear the responsibility of office without enjoying the reality of power; because his Majesty's Opposition had become more powerful than his Majesty's Ministry; because Government had both abandoned its principles and forgot its duties; because faith was sacrificed to supposed expedience, and vested interests to visionary change; because the empire had the burdens of government without its protection—the name of a religion without its bonds—the recollection of a constitution without its reality.

And what is very remarkable in these changes, and perhaps unparalleled in similar convulsions in the history of the world, every one of the ruinous innovations which thus loosened the fabric of the empire, alienated the affections of the people, and prostrated whole classes in the state, had been urged on by the Whig party; and yet these very changes elevated the Whigs to power, and gave them a tenure for ten years of office. The emancipation of the Roman Catholics, the Currency Bill of 1819, the suppression of small notes in England in 1826, the reciprocity system, the free-trade system, the preference of foreign to colonial industry were the favourite measures of the Whigs, and had been urged incessantly by them both in and out of Parliament, all for ten, many for twenty or thirty years before they were adopted. It was by slow degrees, partly by persuasion, partly by delusion, partly by the mania for Liberal opinions, which, during the first fifteen years of the peace, spread to such an unheard of extent among the young men of the higher ranks in the empire, that the Whigs succeeded after so many efforts in winning over a large proportion of the Tories to their side, and embuing the practical administration of government with so fatal an infusion of their pernicious dogmas. Beyond all question it was the adoption of these dogmas which overturned the Tory government and the old constitution of the empire. It was the misery they produced among some classes, the disgust among others, which produced the revolution of 1832; and yet the effect of this convulsion was, to elevate the Whigs, the authors of these very pernicious measures to power! Herein, then, was the marvel of these times. It was the Whig measures that produced the disgust, that overturned the Tories and changed the constitution, and yet that very dissatisfaction was the cause which elevated the Whigs to power.

This result, strange and anomalous as it may appear, was, however, nothing more than what a careful examination of human affairs will show us might have naturally been expected from a Government which abandoned its own principles to adopt those of its antagonists. Lessons of political wisdom of the highest practical importance at this time, when the Conservatives are returning to power, may be gathered from the causes which ten years ago precipitated them from it. Government invariably bears the responsibility of the measures which are introduced under its auspices, no matter from what quarter they have been originally recommended, or by what external influence they may have been forced upon the administration. The great monetary change of 1819 is still denominated Peel's Bill, although it only embodied the principles which, from the date of the famous Bullion Report in 1810, downwards, had been incessantly pressed upon Government by Mr Horner and the Whigs. Mr Huskisson is still considered as the father of the free-trade and reciprocity systems, though the Whigs had for a quarter of a century been incessantly labouring to carry these principles into practice; and the Duke of Wellington's name is permanently associated with the Roman Catholic Emancipation, although when he ultimately and re-

luctantly conceded it, he only yielded to the pressure of a lever which for thirty years the Liberals had been inserting into the constitution. Herein, then, lies the immense, the incalculable danger of a government abandoning its own principles, and yielding even for a season to the suggestions or the measures of its antagonists, that the ruinous effects of all those measures are uniformly and exclusively ascribed to itself, while the opposition reap the full benefit of the misery and discontent which are produced by the very measures which they themselves have been most strenuous in advocating. Beyond all doubt it was the adoption by the Tories of Whig principles, prior to 1830, which precipitated themselves from power, and yet the very adoption of these principles that installed the Whigs in office. On all such occasions such a conceding government will experience the full cost of the caustic saying of Tacitus, "*Prospera omnes sibi vindicant; adversa uni solo imputantur.*"

The causes of the fall of the Tories have now, from the lapse of time, become sufficiently obvious; those which have led to the overthrow of the Whigs are still more apparent, because they lie nearer the surface, and are more in conformity with the usual course of cause and effect in the world. But if the Conservatives have many lessons of wisdom to learn from the causes which led to their own overthrow ten years ago, they have not less instruction to gather from those which have produced the downfal of their opponents at the present time.

The great object for which government is desired and instituted among men, is protection to life and property, and neither can be conferred upon the people without stability in the ruling power. This stability again is entirely dependent upon repose. Fixity of principle, therefore, and uniformity of administration, are the essential requisites of good government. For their want no energy how great, no talent how brilliant soever, can afford any compensation. Energy without such a regulation will be directed only to tear society in pieces, talent to pervert government into extravagant or pernicious innovations. Movement as a principle of government is not only inconsistent with a good administration of public affairs, but it must speedily prove fatal to government itself. To attempt to construct a good government upon the movement principle, is just as impossible as to attempt to build a secure house which is to roll upon wheels.

Nothing, indeed, is more certain than that society cannot stand still; that the world changes, and we all change with it; that time is the greatest of all innovators, and that he who obstinately adheres to old institutions, will soon find himself as much out of date as he who insists upon wearing the dress of his grandfather. But notwithstanding all this, the essence of good government, is stability of institution and fixity of principle. The elements of change, the principles which lead to progress are sufficiently powerful in society at all times to ensure the necessary and proper modification of government, without Government itself taking the lead in their introduction. A skilful pilot is required, not so much to augment the force of the wind or the steam which impels his vessel as to restrain its violence and regulate its direction. If a charioteer incessantly flogs on his horses without ever using the rein, it is not difficult to predict in what his course will terminate. A silent process of change is going on in every human being every hour of his life, and the effects of that change it is altogether impossible in the end to withstand; but it is no part of the duty either of a wise man or a sage physician, to accelerate the rate of that progress, or induce at thirty the constitution of sixty.

This stability and fixity of principle and institution in government, is so far from being inconsistent with the cautious adoption of salutary improvement, that it is the very foundation of it. Its principle does not lead it to oppose *every* change, but those only which are unsanctioned by experience, and uncalled for by necessity. When this is the case, its principles, so far from leading it to reject innovations, necessarily counsels it to adopt them: for then they have *ceased* to be innovations; they are no longer any thing new; they come recommended by the sanction of time, and the weight of experience. Alterations thus recommended, are not only no ways incon-

sistent with a strictly Conservative government, but are evidently and essentially inherent in its spirit. It is *experience* which distinguishes all such suggestions of time from the crude creations of visionary speculation. And herein lies the meaning of the wisdom of our ancestors, which it is ever so much the object of the Movement party to deride, but which will always in the end re-assert its empire over the common sense of mankind. It is not that our ancestors were wiser than we are, or statesmen more disinterested in a former age than the present; but that experience is the only safe guide in political art; and that what comes recommended by *its* results, though worked out by the hands of ordinary men, is far superior in wisdom, and infinitely safer in execution, than what the greatest genius, unaided by *its* light, could conceive, or the profoundest wisdom, undirected by *its* landmarks, execute.

If these principles be taken into consideration, it will at once appear how it has happened that the Whig-Radicals have so soon fallen into general obloquy with the nation, notwithstanding the burst of unanimity in favour of Reform with which they were ushered into power. They accepted office on the movement principle. They convulsed the nation, both by incessant delusions propagated through the press, for thirty years before they got into power, and by the prodigal gift of unlooked-for political influence to the democratic constituencies of towns, the moment they were installed in office.

Scotland and Ireland were completely revolutionized by the Reform Bill; and but for the weight arising from their junction with the sober thought and more reasonable habits of England, both these countries would undoubtedly have been hurried down the revolutionary gulf. England itself was shaken to its centre by the Ministerial gift of unlooked-for power to the people, on a greater scale than ever had been conferred by any previous government on any former nation. Having thus roused the revolutionary passions to the very highest pitch, in order to ensure their accession to office, and effect an organic change of unprecedented and portentous magnitude in the constitution, in order to ensure its continuance, they of necessity were stamped, from the first day the Reform Bill was introduced, with the revolutionary character. The expectations formed of them by their democratic supporters were such, that any government which fulfilled one-half of them, would have completely revolutionized the country.

From the outset of their career, or rather since the great change in the constitution by the Reform Bill was completed, the Whigs were placed in a false position, from which no human wisdom could by possibility extricate them; and the strange and unheard of coalition of parties by which they were wafted into power, become subject to dissolution. The ultra-Tories, who, in their anguish at Roman Catholic Emancipation being forced upon them, had joined in the outcry against the Duke of Wellington, and through their parliamentary leaders had actually voted his expulsion from office in 1830, were soon the first to find, that, to gratify a natural though momentary feeling of pique, they had given an all but fatal blow to the maintenance of their own principles, and installed a party in power who were wholly unscrupulous of the means they employed for its maintenance or increase; and who, so far from being actuated by any regard for the religious institutions of the empire, were in close alliance with their bitterest and most inveterate enemies. They soon found that, so far from Protestant principles being re-asserted in the legislature by the extension of the suffrage under the Reform Bill, the very reverse was the case; a grim and hideous array of Papists, Dissenters, Infidels, Radicals, and Revolutionists, rose up before them; and the Lichfield House contract, with the majority which it gave in Parliament to the Movement party, and the Melbourne Ministry, whom it installed in power, seemed to banish all hope of effecting any return to the Protestant constitution of the empire. The insidious attempts which were made to undermine our religious institutions by introducing generally a system of education, which, professing to detach instruction altogether from sectarian influence, in effect proposed to hand over the sharpened intellects of educated man to the unrestrained dominion of his worst and most selfish

passions—at once revealed the magnitude of the danger with which not merely the Protestant institutions of the empire, but Christianity itself in these realms, was threatened. The base subservience to O'Connell, which has characterized the Liberal administration ever since the time of the Lichfield House compact; the infamous dependence upon furious priests and hireling agitators in the sister island; and the open attempt to subject the whole property and education of that country to the dominion of a savage multitude, guided by a disciplined body of zealous and bloodthirsty priests, showed at the same time what reliance was to be placed upon the maintenance of the Protestant institutions, or the Reformed faith, in these islands, if this coalition of Whigs, Radicals, Papists, Dissenters, and Infidels, continued much longer in power; and at length completely opened the eyes of the real friends of the Monarchy and the Church of England in Great Britain, to the fatal results of that mistaken policy on their part, which, from indignation at a temporary aberration from principle on the part of their friends, had permanently opened the gates to their enemies.

The agitation which, at the same time, under Ministerial auspices, was got up against the agricultural interests of the empire, and the loud clamour which was every where raised by the Whig Radicals against the Corn Laws, gradually opened the eyes of the landed proprietors and the rural population to the certain sacrifice which awaited them, from the anxiety of the Liberal administration, at all hazards, to propitiate the affections, and gain the support of the democratic multitude in towns, by holding out to them the delusive prospect of cheap bread and cheap provisions. Although Lord Melbourne declared in his place, as Prime Minister, that the abolition of the Corn Laws would set man against man, class against class, and would be the most insane project which had ever entered into the heart of man to conceive; yet it was not the less apparent, that Ministers would infallibly adopt this alternative, rather than quit their places, and that the expedient of the big and the little loaf was the last trumpcard which they would play out before surrendering the deal. This conviction, coupled with the intense disgust excited in the rural population of the empire by the Whig-Radical alliance with O'Connell, and the marked slight every where shown to the religious institutions of the country, and the efforts unceasingly made to undermine them, affords the true explanation of the strong and general reaction against Liberal principles, which has now proclaimed itself in the counties both of Great Britain and Ireland, in language too strong and decisive to be misunderstood.

While the religious and rural classes of the empire thus shrunk from all contact with the proclaimed enemies of its national faith and agricultural interests; the manufacturing and commercial interests were not less shaken in their confidence in the movement Ministry, by the utter incapacity which they evinced in the management of the financial affairs of the nation, and the perilous predicament into which they had brought both our national honour and colonial interests, by their incessant truckling to the democratic multitude in the towns in the British islands, who, blind to all ultimate consequences, clamoured only for an immediate reduction of taxation. While their pampering Papineau and the Canadian traitors, at length brought on that noted rebellion in our noble transatlantic colonies, which all men of sense had seen could not, under such a system of policy, be long averted; their sneaking and unmanly policy in China brought our connections with the Celestial Empire to such a condition, that the arrogance of the Chinese became insupportable, and we were driven to a war without their having made the smallest preparation for it, and which their usual vacillating policy has caused to be hitherto attended with little honour, immense expense, and fearful loss of life. At length, when driven to their last shifts by the decline of their parliamentary majority, and the aroused and general indignation of the country, they openly threw off the mask, and brought forward their famous Sugar Duties and Timber Scheme in their last Budget, which, in the hope of deluding the urban populace by the cry of cheap bread, cheap sugar, and cheap timber, in effect proposed to ruin our

West Indian colonies, North American possessions, and British agriculture.

Nor were the colonial and landed interests the only ones which the reckless policy of the Whig-Radical administration exposed to danger, nor their attachments the only ones which were now rapidly turning into hatred. Still more profound, because based on a sense of ingratitude, and an ulcerated feeling of disappointment, was the indignation with which the Melbourne administration came erelong to be regarded by the extreme section of its Radical supporters. They, as every person of respectability and intelligence in the country soon saw, looked to the Reform Bill only as the stepping-stone to revolution, and confidently expected that the parading of tri-color flags through the streets, and the shoutings and yells of the revolutionary mob around the hustings, would soon be followed in this country, as it had been in France, by the division of estates, the ruin of the Church, and the sweeping off of two-thirds of the national debt. When they perceived that these effects did not immediately take place, and that the fixed policy of the Whig cabinet was, to yield as few revolutionary changes as was consistent with the maintenance of their own places; when they saw, in short, that the constitution was not to be sacrificed at a blow, but husbanded and *dealt out piecemeal, only as the necessities of Government required its progressive alienation*, their indignation knew no bounds. With fierce vituperation, and abuse loud and long, because heart-felt and deserved, they turned upon their former cherished and popular leaders, and reviled them with language not less furious and vituperative than that had been extravagant, with which, in the fulness of revolutionary expectation, they had so recently lauded and bespattered them. The origin of the Chartists and the Socialists; the bloodshed, misery, and anxiety, which the former have brought upon various parts of the realm, and the fearful poison which the latter have instilled into that sacred fountain of all private and public good—the domestic relations of the people—have all sprung from the intense feeling of disappointment which has come to pervade the most fiery and corrupted of the working classes, from the failure of the Whig-Radical ministry to advance with railway speed in the march of revolution. Thus the multitude in towns, upon whose vehement passions and physical violence the Whigs had mainly relied in the popular elections which carried the Reform Bill, became detached from them, simply because the Whigs, who had got possession of power and enjoyed its sweets, were in no hurry to pull down, faster than was necessary to preserve their tenantcy, the enchanted palace in which they were so comfortably lodged.

It was in the midst of these combined feelings of patriotic indignation, religious zeal, well-founded apprehension, and revolutionary disappointment, that the late elections took place; and their result has completely demonstrated that, for the time at least, the political sins of the Whig-Radical faction have brought upon them a storm of discontent, against which all the favour of the crown, and of the ladies of the bed-chamber, will be unable to afford any shelter. Out of a million of electors in the united empire, upwards of seven hundred thousand have recorded their votes against them—a vast majority in a nation so recently convulsed with revolutionary passion, and then worked upon by a fiendish effort, of all others the most likely to rouse the revolutionary flame—the cry of cheap bread, acting upon a population in many places suffering under severe distress. The extraordinary and admitted failure of this cry, raised under such circumstances, not only affords decisive evidence of the extremely low ebb to which the Whig-Radical rump has fallen in the general estimation of the country; but also affords the most gratifying proof, that a practical acquaintance with the evils of democracy, and the incessant efforts of the higher class of our statesmen and writers in the press, to enlighten the people of this country as to its necessary tendency, have not been unattended with the desired result in staying the march of revolution.

In truth, nothing can be clearer to those who consider the matter coolly and dispassionately, than that a government which sets out upon the principle of yielding to the movement,

and purchasing a precarious and dishonoured existence by sacrificing, one after another, all the great institutions and most important interests of society to the incessant craving of the revolutionary monster, must shortly succeed in either destroying the empire, or being destroyed itself. The principle of progressively advancing from the destruction of one interest to the destruction of another, in order to keep alive the democratic passion, is so utterly inconsistent with any thing like good government, that it is altogether impossible that it can fail either in bringing destruction upon the nation which permits its rulers to advance in such a career, or in creating such a storm of varied discontent throughout the country as must speedily prove fatal to its authors. Such is the eternal law of nature; the just punishment provided in all ages for revolutionary ambition and violence. If persisted in, it must destroy the nation; if checked, the nation may be saved, but its authors must perish.

The present fall of the Whigs, therefore, equally with that of the Tories ten years ago, has been owing to general causes; and it is only by searching with scrutinizing eye the circumstances which have produced these extraordinary results, that either the great historical moral of these times is to be revealed, or the errors avoided which have led to such apparently opposite, but in reality consistent, results. Strange and seemingly contradictory as it may appear, it is now clearly proved by experience, that it was the strength of the Conservative principle in the great bulk of the nation, which was the remote cause, at successive periods, of the cry for Reform, the revolutionary tempest of 1832, and the present downfal of the revolutionary party. It was because they felt that the conceding, conciliating Ministers of 1829 had deviated in the most vital particulars from the constitution, that the heart and soul of England threw itself with honest and sincere, but mistaken and ill-judged rashness, into the arms of the Reformers; it is because experience has revealed the real tendency of the revolutionary passsion, and proved the dangers with which not only all our great institutions, but even the existence of the empire is threatened by the Reform ministry, that it has now hurled them from the helm.

Let, then, Sir Robert Peel and the Conservative leaders lay this great truth to their hearts, as the moral to be drawn from the dreadful crisis through which the nation has passed, that *no lasting strength, but only weakness, is to be gained by embracing the doctrines of their opponents;* and that they will never rule the empire with such success as when they most truly and sincerely follow out in every department truly Conservative principles. What these principles are, has been told us by a greater power than earthly wisdom. To "fear God and honour the king" is but a part, though it is an important and essential part, of the principles of good government. It is not less the duty of a good Christian legislator to "clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and preach the gospel to the poor." It is here that the real secret of successful Conservative administration is to be found, and it is from the long-continued and inexplicable neglect of this first of social duties that all our dangers have arisen.

Experience has now clearly demonstrated, that the precepts of religion have a *national* as well as an *individual* application; and that no empire can remain prosperous, unless in its internal government it acts upon those precepts which, eighteen hundred years ago, were proclaimed by the Saviour of the world. The passion for social amelioration, the numberless philanthropic delusions by which this age is so remarkably distinguished, the incessant desire to discover in organic change or human arrangement, a remedy for the numberless evils to which flesh is heir, are but the yearnings of the human mind for that *something* which it feels is wanting, and for the absence of which all the glories and wealth, as well as all the wisdom of the world, can afford no compensation. What that something is, is announced in every page of the gospel. It is to subdue our passions, discharge our duties, extend our charity. The poor, we know, will always be with us; they will always require to have the gospel preached to them; charity will never cease to be the greatest of the national, as well as the individual virtues. It is in the adoption of these principles by government and the le-

gislature, that the real balm for an ulcerated nation is to be found; it is by the application of such principles that oil is to be poured into the wounds of humanity: it is there, if any where, that the elixir of national immortality is to be found.

The contest between Revolution and Conservatism is no other than the contest between the powers of hell and those of heaven. Human pride, adopting the suggestions of the great adversary of mankind, will always seek a remedy for social evils in the spread of earthly knowledge, the change of institutions, the extension of science, and the unaided efforts of worldly wisdom. Religion, following a heavenly guide, will never cease to foretell the entire futility of all such means to eradicate the seeds of evil from humanity; and will loudly proclaim that the only reform that is really likely to be efficacious, either in this world or the next, is the reform of the human heart. The French and the English revolution afford, within the last half century, successive and awful warnings both of the power of the first set of principles to convulse and desolate mankind, and of their utter nothingness to eradicate any, even the least, of the many seeds of evil which sin has implanted in the children of Adam. We have eat to profusion, on this and the other side of the Channel, of the fruit of the tree of knowledge; and it has proved to be nothing, when unsanctified by principle, but the apples of Sodom—a luscious surface, but ashes and death within.

Conservative government, therefore, must be based upon religion, as revolutionary government must be based upon worldly knowledge; it is because both the French government in 1793, and the English in 1830, had abandoned this stronghold that they fell to the earth. Conservative government, as distinguished from despotism, has never yet been re-established in France, and religion has never regained its sway over the influential classes of society; Conservative government has again been restored in England, because religion has resumed its influence over the majority of the people. Human perfectability is the dogma on which, to the end of the world, the revolutionary party will rest; human corruption is the basis on which the antagonist principle of religion will ever be founded. There can be no dallying—no truce—no compromise, even for a day, between these mighty powers: "he that is not with me is against me." Conservative principles never will succeed in resisting revolutionary, when the latter have once been fully awakened, by any other means but invoking the powers of religion; the powers of earth can never be vanquished but by those of heaven. But religion, be it ever recollected, does not consist merely in abstract theological tenets; active exertion—strenuous charity—unceasing efforts to spread its blessings among the poor—constitute its essential and most important part. It is by following out these precepts, and making an universal *national provision* for the great object of *religious instruction, general education, and the relief of suffering*, that the fever of social reform is to be turned to really beneficial purposes; that the ardour of philanthropy is to be made consistent with the stability of society; that reform is really to be rendered salutary, because it begins with that great fountain of evil, the human heart; and that religion is to take its place, as the great director and guide of nations, as it has ever been the only means of salvation to individuals.

A CONVENT OF FRANCISCANS.

The influence of priests and monks, and the bigotry and ignorance they promoted, may perhaps rank amongst the most conspicuous of the various causes which have reduced Spain from her former high place in the scale of nations, to her present humble and degraded position. The decline of the power of the Church in the Peninsula was doomed, however, to commence with the present century; and it is curious to trace its gradations, and to examine the conduct of the priesthood in the different revolutions of which Spain has been the theatre within the last forty years. At the time of Napoleon's invasion, we find the members of the Church uniting heart and hand with the whole nation to repel the intruders from the native soil. It may be permitted to doubt, whether, in so doing, they were stimulated by a patriotic desire for the independence of their country, so much as by a fear of seeing established a more liberal order of things than had existed under Charles the Fourth, or would exist under his son Ferdinand the Seventh; and which would have been fatal to the power that had been so long enjoyed by the ecclesiastical classes in Spain. In 1823, every shaven crown from the Portuguese frontier to the Mediterranean, from the Pyrenees to the Pillars of Hercules, hailed with delight the entry of their former foes, coming, as they did, to prop the falling cause of absolutism; and finally, on the death of Ferdinand, a large number of Spanish churchmen left their snug cloisters and well-appointed refectories, their fat livings and bishoprics, to accompany Don Carlos in his mountain warfare, expecting, doubtless, to reap an ample harvest from their temporary sacrifices and privations. But there they were disappointed; and what must have been still more galling, they scarcely obtained from the lay adherents of Charles the Fifth the respect to which they had been accustomed and considered themselves entitled. The partizans of Don Carlos, supporting his cause for various reasons, many from conviction of its justice, others from motives of ambition, and others again, considering the enjoyment of the local rights of their provinces contingent on its success, showed little favour or affection for the priests, whom they looked upon as the drones in the hive, ever ready with pretexts to seize the advantages procured by the labour of others.

The traveller in Spain cannot avoid being struck by the prodigious number of churches and convents scattered over the face of the country. Every paltry hamlet of thirty or forty houses has its church tower, rising like a giant amongst the pigmy cottages and barns by which it is surrounded. Every valley, however small, has its proportion of convents, solidly constructed, handsome edifices, well situated in some comfortable corner, sheltered from the northern blast by sunny slopes, and surrounded by rich cornfields and vineyards. Many of these buildings have, during the wars of the present century, been appropriated to purposes far different from those to which they were originally destined. The cells of pious Benedictines and self-denying Carmelites, have been trespassed upon by the unholy steps of the guerilla; and the dragoon has stabled his horse in churches and chapels celebrated for the miracles of their patron saints. The heathen Mameluke and the heretic Pole or German have passed unseemly jests on the statues and paintings of the martyrs, a vast number of which testify, by their battered and damaged condition, to the infliction of reckless violence. The odour of incense has been replaced by the savoury fumes of the camp-kettle; and the lay brother acting as porter has been ejected from his lodge, which, for the nonce, has been applied to the uses of a guard-room. These and many others have been the vicissitudes experienced by the numerous monasteries and religious retreats, whose inhabitants, alternately expelled by some sacrilegious enemy, or reinstated by the successes of a friendly army, not unfrequently, when driven to extremity and demoralized by persecution, threw aside the cowl, and, girding on the sabre, proved that they were at least as well qualified for

efficient and daring soldiers as for devout servants of the Church.

In the heart of a mountainous district of the province of Cuença, is situated a fertile valley, the beauty of which is enhanced by the contrast it offers to the wild and rugged scenery around it. The different roads and paths by which it may be approached, lead through narrow and winding defiles, by the borders of deep precipices, and not unfrequently through forests so thick and tangled as at first sight to appear impervious. When, however, these difficulties are surmounted, and the wearied pilgrim finds himself on the summit of the bleak rocks which encircle the valley, he is more than repaid for his toils by the beauty of the scene which he has at his feet.

The mountains, sloping gently inwards, form a kind of basin four or five leagues long, and varying from two to three in breadth. It is intersected throughout its entire length by a little river, which every storm converts into a torrent, and which, with the aid of its numerous tributary streamlets, irrigates and fertilizes the soil. The land is in many parts thickly covered with wild fig and olive trees, springing up spontaneously in the rich black loam. Some small villages are scattered over the plain, but they are few in comparison with the detached cottages and farmhouses, for the most part surrounded by ample barns and stabling, betokening the easy circumstances of the peasantry. Near these are generally to be found gardens, enclosed by hedges of pomegranate-trees, whose bright scarlet flowers contrast agreeably with the dark green of their foliage; and on the slopes of the hills the vine covers the ground, its knotty branches, unpruned and uncontrolled, spreading horizontally at a distance of a foot or two from the earth.

It was in the summer of the year 183–, that the peaceful inhabitants of the valley we have described were subjected to the depredations of a party of guerillas, who, under the command of a ruffian known by the name of El Patudo, spread terror and desolation wherever they appeared. Like most of the bands which, half-robber half-soldier, overran Spain during the late civil war, they styled themselves Carlists; but this did not prevent them from emptying the purses and plundering the houses of many persons whose political opinions were known to be favourable to Don Carlos. There being no troops in the neighbourhood, and the younger part of the male population being absent in the ranks of one or the other of the two parties who then divided Spain, the bandits, although not numerous, met with but little resistance. Emboldened by impunity, they added atrocity to pillage, and frequently massacred the peasants whom they had at first contented themselves with plundering. Old men and children were murdered, women outraged and carried off, and no man made sure of his life for the space of a single night; for it was usually in the darkness that El Patudo made his attacks. The band rarely remained stationary in any village; occasionally they would establish themselves in some farmhouse, compelling the inmates to provide them with supper, and afterwards occupying their beds, whilst a strong guard watched over the security of the sleepers; but this was not often the case, and they were generally supposed to bivouac in some of the mountain gorges at the northern end of the valley. At least, when seen in the daytime, it was usually from that direction that they were observed to come.

For upwards of three weeks these ruffians had followed their lawless avocations, and, in spite of the repeated applications of the alcaldes to the nearest military authorities, no succour had yet been sent to the unfortunate peasantry, when El Patudo made an attack on the house of Juan Melendez, one of the richest farmers of that fertile district. On this occasion the conduct of the ruffians surpassed in ferocity all their previous iniquities. After stripping the house of every thing of value, and driving away the cattle and mules, they murdered the wife and two young children of Melendez before his eyes, in spite of the desperate resistance offered by the frantic father and husband, who himself, after being barbarously beaten and mutilated, was bound hand and foot, and left in his house, to which the robbers set fire in three different places. Fortunately, the neighbouring peasants extinguished the flames as soon as the departure of the bandits permitted them to do so

with safety. Melendez uttered not a word in reply to the consolations offered him by his pitying friends and acquaintance. He silently allowed a village barber to bind up his head, from which El Patudo had with his own hand severed the ears, and then seizing his staff left the valley.

It was a feast day in the cheerful little town of Villasayas in Castile, and the church bells were gaily ringing their invitation to mass. The streets were crowded with buxom olive-complexioned peasant girls and serving women, their long black hair hanging in a plait down their backs, and in many instances reaching nearly to the ground; and with mantilla'd *senoritas*, dark-eyed and fairy-footed, tripping by twos and threes over the uneven pavement. As is usual in Spanish towns, the flagged platform before the church door was thronged with the male inhabitants, assembled to discuss the news of the day, and to catch a glance of their fair townswomen as they repaired to their devotions. Amongst the coarse grey or brown jackets of the peasantry, and the black Sunday coats of *escribanos* and other civilians, were scattered a number of men whose dress, without being exactly a military uniform, betokened them to belong to one of the free corps then so numerous in Spain. Their short dark-green jackets were loaded with metal buttons down the front and on the sleeves, which buttons were in many instances formed of small silver coins of the value of two to three reals, a fashion common in the Peninsula, and especially affected by muleteers. Round their waists they wore red sashes of wool or silk, and their heads were covered with the Basque boina. They had much the appearance of Carlist soldiers, which, however, their peaceable presence in a Christino town rendered it impossible they should be. Leaning against one of the stone pillars which flanked the church door, was a young man apparently about twenty-five years of age, upwards of six feet high, and of powerful make. His long hair, which fell in thick curls upon his shoulders, was surmounted by a broad-brimmed grey hat, decorated with a small plume; and his loose green velveteen trowsers were fastened, and slightly drawn together at the bottom, by a bunch of coloured ribands. He wore nothing over his shirt, which was of dazzling whiteness and fine texture, but on one shoulder hung a large striped woollen blanket. On his feet he wore alpargatas, or hempen sandals, and his knife and a brace of pistols were stuck in his crimson silk sash, the ends of which were fringed with silver thread. His features were handsome, although tanned a deep brown by exposure to the weather: a beautifully pencilled mustache shaded his upper lip, and two silver rings were passed through holes pierced in his ears. His passing acquaintances saluted him by the name of Pepito, and the free companions described above acknowledged him as their chief.

The mass had commenced, and a numerous congregation of devotees and idlers had entered the church. Pepito was about to follow their example, when an old man, whose clothes were dusty and travel-stained, and whose grey hair and a bandage which he had round his head were streaked with blood, laid a trembling hand on the arm of the gigantic guerilla. Pepito turned his head.

"Padre!" cried he joyfully, and clasped the old man in his arms.

Two hours later the free corps of Pepito Melendez had left Villasayas, and was on its road to the province of Cuença. Pepito marched at its head on foot, and with strides that kept at an amble the vigorous mule on which he had mounted his father. He was deadly pale, and he spoke to no one; but from time to time his fingers caressed the handle of the Catalan knife which was thrust into his girdle, and his bloodshot eyes glared fearfully, as he muttered curses and blasphemies too horrible to be written. His men, who were about a hundred and fifty in number, appeared to sympathize in the dejection of their leader, and marched doggedly and silently forward, unheeding the burning sun and the rugged and stony roads. There was no straggling or lagging behind amongst these iron-framed guerillas. Occasionally, on passing some roadside fountain, two or three soldiers would give their muskets to their comrades, and, taking a hasty draught, rejoin the column before it had left them fifty yards in the rear. So few and short were their halts, and so

much expedition did they use, that on the evening of the second day's march they had accomplished five-and-twenty long leagues, and established their bivouac in a ravine at a short distance from the valley in which Melendez's house was situated.

About sunset on the same evening, the band of El Patudo were supping in the open air at the opposite extremity of the valley. They were thirty-eight in number, including the chief and two or three subordinate officers. El Patudo himself was a bull-necked, double-jointed ruffian, clumsily but strongly built, and with hands and feet of so disproportionately large a size, as to have procured him the sobriquet by which we have here designated him. The table on which the evening meal of the party was laid out was a patch of green turf, shaded by a cluster of beech-trees, and situated at the foot of some small sharp-pointed rocks, which formed the inward extremity of the base of the surrounding mountains. The repast consisted of a sheep roasted whole in the embers of a huge wood fire—of fruit and onions, bread and garlic. Propped up against a tree was a large skin of wine, the mouth uppermost, and from which the bandits took it by turn to fill two coarse earthen jugs, which were afterwards passed from hand to hand. Scattered on the ground were sabres, knives, and poniards, of which weapons it might be observed, that, although the points were keen and shining, towards the hilt a thick coat of rust had been allowed to accumulate. The guerillas had neglected to wipe off the blood which so often reddened their steel. Muskets were piled against the trees; cananas, or cartridge-belts, were suspended on the branches; and red woollen caps, alpargatas, coarse blankets, and empty gourds, completed the accessories of the scene.

On a well-wooded platform, about a mile in rear of the revellers, arose the turrets of a convent, which commanded one of the principal entrances to the valley. The Franciscan monks who inhabited it were rarely seen outside of its walls, with the exception of some half dozen who were accustomed to levy contributions, in the form of alms, on the piously-disposed amongst the peasantry of the district. The convent was large, and had formerly afforded shelter to a numerous community; but the inmates at the period we write of were not supposed to exceed forty or fifty. The reserved habits of the brotherhood, however, were the cause that little was known of them, even by those who dwelt within sight of their walls. At the commencement of the war, they had vigorously repulsed the attack of a band of marauders, who had reckoned on finding an easy prey and rich booty in the convent of St Francisco; and the warlike spirit of which the holy fathers had given proof in that affair, had given occasion to the profane and evil-disposed to observe, that such stalwart cenobites would be better placed in the ranks of a battalion than on the steps of an altar. Shortly afterwards, several monks had left the convent, and it was supposed had repaired to the part of the country occupied by the troops of Don Carlos.

"The reverends are late in coming to-night," said El Patudo to his second in command—a wicked-looking Andalusian, who was lying on his back on the grass, and picking his teeth with his poniard; "yet they know that we shall not be too many, with all our numbers, for to-night's work. The peasants are beginning to furbish their escopetas, and Lopez brought in word yesterday, that they were going to organize a corps for the defence of the valley. The affair of Melendez has put them on the *qui vive*."

"And with good reason," replied the lieutenant. "It was all very well to sack the house and carry off the cattle; but I told you that, if you amused yourself with cutting off ears and ripping up children, we should some day or other pay for our imprudence.

"Pshaw!" replied El Patudo, "how long have you been the advocate of humanity? But what is that amongst the trees!" cried he hastily, and pointing in the direction of the convent. "Ignacio, by heavens! and in his habit. What can be the meaning of that?"

As he spoke, the white robe of a Franciscan monk became visible as its wearer advanced down a path which led from the convent to the bivouac of the *partida*. El Patudo hastened to meet the new-comer, and after a short conference returned to his comrades.

"We may make up our minds to remain idle to-night instead of taking a merry ramble in the moonbeams," cried he, with a grin of disappointment. "Old Melendez has been to show his ears, or the place where they ought to be, to a son of his who, it appears, commands a free corps, and he and his men will reach the valley to-night or to-morrow morning. A spy has just brought the intelligence to the convent, and Ignacio hastened to put us on our guard."

The banditti grumbled at this unwelcome news, which interfered with a plan of rapine and slaughter projected for that evening. Their chief informed them that they could with perfect safety remain where they were for the night; but that with early dawn they would have to seek a place of greater security. Two or three men whose turn it was for sentry, took up their muskets and repaired to their posts; whilst the remainder, wrapping themselves in their cloaks and blankets, turned their feet to the smouldering ashes of the fire, and were soon asleep.

The horizon was tinged with the grey streaks which announce the approach of day, and the huge outlines of the mountains were becoming gradually visible against the blue sky. The early morning breeze called out the fragrant odours of the flowers and shrubs which had lain quelled and dormant under the heavy night dew. Pepe Melendez and his free corps advanced rapidly and silently towards the end of the valley where the brigands of El Patudo were supposed to have their haunts. The turrets of the convent of Franciscans were visible in the distance, their white walls assuming in the uncertain twilight the appearance of some huge shadowy phantom. Arrived within half a league of the extremity of the valley, Pepito and his men turned to the left, and continued in that direction until they reached the foot of the mountains, at a spot where the bed of a torrent ran between two high rocks, on the summit of which a scanty layer of earth afforded nourishment to numerous creeping plants, which overhung and shaded the dry watercourse below. In this hiding-place the guerillas ensconced themselves, whilst Pepito climbed the rocks and concealed himself amongst some bushes, at an elevation which enabled him to have a full view over the upper part of the valley. He had not been many minutes at his post of observation when he perceived a line of dark forms gliding stealthily through the trees which clothed the ascent to the convent, into which building they were admitted by a side entrance not generally used by the monks. Pepito for an instant could not believe his eyes. He gazed earnestly at the door through which the men were passing, and which was carefully closed as soon as the last had entered. The distance was too short for him to be mistaken as to the character of the persons thus admitted into the retreat of the Franciscans. He had perfectly distinguished their dress and arms, which were those of El Patudo and his band. Pepito had passed his youth in the valley until within the last three years, and he had been accustomed to reverence the inmates of the convent as pious and inoffensive men. These early prepossessions had not been effaced by the vicissitudes of his late adventurous life, passed amongst rude partizans, accustomed to think lightly of religion, and to make a jest of its votaries. What he had just seen, however, left no room for a doubt that there was collusion between the monks and the horde of ruffians who had laid waste his father's dwelling, and dyed its peaceful hearth with the blood of his mother and brothers. The numerous instances of monkish duplicity and cruelty which he had seen and heard of in the course of the war, rushed across his mind, and dispelled any lurking disinclination to credit the guilt of those whom as a boy he had looked up to with reverence.

These reflections occupied but a few seconds, and Pepito descended from his rock, fully decided as to the line of conduct proper to be pursued. He informed his men of what he had seen, and led them towards the convent by the most covered ways, in order to avoid being perceived by the foe they were in quest of. A small detachment was sent to guard the defile which formed one of the exits from the valley, and in half an hour's time the main body of the guerillas arrived on a sort of glacis in front of the convent. The loud summons of their leader had to be twice repeated before it obtained attention. At length a

monk drew aside the iron plate which covered a small wicket in the centre of the principal door, and sulkily enquired the name and business of those who, by their boisterous and unbecoming shouts, disturbed the brotherhood at their early matins.

"My name is Pepe Melendez," was the reply, "and my business is to demand that you deliver up to me, without a moment's delay, the band of cutthroats who are now in your convent."

The monk crossed himself, and leaving the wicket, presently returned with his superior, who demanded the meaning of the strange message conveyed to him by brother Antonio.

"Your morning draught must have been a strong one, reverend father," replied Pepito, "or else my meaning is clearer to you than you would have it appear; for an hour has not elapsed since I saw your gates opened to El Patudo and his ruffians."

"My son," replied the Franciscan, "you are labouring under some strange delusion. There is not a living creature in the convent besides myself and my brethren, who desire no better than to be allowed to live in the worship of God, and in peace with all men."

"I have no time to discuss the matter," replied the guerilla; "I myself saw the bandits I am in search of enter your walls, and counted them as they filed through the western door. If the whole thirty-eight are not on this glacis in three minutes, or if in less than that time you do not afford me admittance in order to fetch them, I will storm the convent and hang every monk in his own cell."

"Beware, my son, how you resort to violence against us. Our doors are solid and our walls high. We are not altogether without arms, and God will protect the righteous cause."

"Amen!" answered Pepito. "The three minutes are nearly past."

The Franciscan closed the wicket and left the gate.

An instant afterwards, the monks of San Francisco were at their iron-barred windows, armed with muskets and pikes, with sabre and poniard. Mingled with the sleek and stall-fed countenances of the holy fathers, most of whom were young or middle-aged men, appeared several hard-featured sunburnt visages, the expression of which, and the half military cut of the whisker and mustache, seemed in contradiction with their religious garb.

"Will you yield, scoundrels that you are?" cried Pepito, in tones loud as a trumpet-call.

"Here is our answer," replied a powerful bass voice from the convent.

A volley accompanied the words.

"Forward!" cried Melendez, who saw some of his men fall; "forward, and to the gates!"

The guerillas rushed to the doors, which were of oak and studded with large-headed iron nails. For a few moments nothing was heard but the din and clatter of the musket-buts which part of the free corps used as battering-rams, whilst their comrades returned the smart fire which the besieged kept up from their windows. At length the locks and fastenings of one of the doors were blown off, and a breach effected. The iron railing which formed an inner line of defence, did not long resist the united efforts of the guerillas; and in less than twenty minutes from the commencement of the assault, Melendez and his men were in the interior of the building. They rushed to the cells—they were untenanted; to the church—it was empty. Monks and brigands, all had disappeared.

For an instant Pepito feared that his prey had escaped him, when one of his soldiers exclaimed, "The vaults! they are hidden in the vaults!"

The words were scarcely uttered when a dozen guerillas flew to the convent garden, and soon reappeared with spades and pickaxes. The flags of the church were broken to pieces by heavy strokes of these instruments, and an opening effected into the subterranean chambers in which the bandits and their protectors had taken refuge. Torches were procured, and Melendez and the most forward of his men, springing through the aperture, immediately found themselves engaged hand to hand with the desperadoes, thus driven to stand at bay in their last retreat. El Patudo and his men had doffed the disguise under which they had mixed with the monks when firing from the windows at the commencement of the attack. Several of the Franciscans had also unrobed, in order to be less embarrassed in their movements, and now appeared in nearly the same

garb as the banditti, whom they had doubtless been accustomed to join in their maurading expeditions. The more timid and less active portion of this pious community acted as a *corps de reserve*, sheltered behind the tombs which occupied the spacious vaults, and, with their muskets levelled, watched for opportunities of picking off the assailants without danger of injuring their own friends. These opportunities rarely occurred, for the combatants were mingled pell-mell together; whilst the similarity of their costume, and the flickering smoky light of the torches, several of which had been extinguished at the commencement of the fray, rendered it no easy matter to distinguish friends from enemies. It was a struggle in which fire-arms were nearly useless; the knife and the poniard had to decide the victory, which did not long remain doubtful. Nearly half of Melendez's guerillas, finding it impossible to jump into the vaults through the opening made by the pickaxes, without falling on the heads of their own comrades, had gone in search of the more regular entrance, through which they now rushed, bayoneting all before them. This reinforcement soon terminated the strife; the monks and their allies, overwhelmed by the superior force brought against them, threw down their arms and begged for mercy. El Patudo himself had fallen at the beginning of the fight, and more than half his men were now *hors de combat*. The floor of the vault was a pool of blood.

"*Cuartel! Cuartel!*" shrieked the survivors, crouching at the feet of their conquerors.

There was a momentary pause, and the victorious guerillas looked to their chief.

"*Santa Virgen!*" cried Pepito, his countenance expressing astonishment at what he considered the impudence of such a prayer from such men. "*Santa Virgen! Cuartel! por estos lobos!* Wolves that ye are, the mercy that ye showed shall be shown unto you."

And he sheathed his knife in the breast of a monk who was kneeling before him with clasped hands and imploring looks.

Before sixty seconds had elapsed, Melendez and his free corps were the only living occupants of the vaults.

"Is that all?" cried the vindictive guerilla, wiping his smoking blade on the cowl of a dead Franciscan.

"All!" was the reply.

"Pile up the carrion and burn it."

It was done as he commanded, and the thick nauseous smoke arising from the burning carcasses soon rendered it impossible to remain in the vaults.

That night a bright red glare lit up the valley, and illuminated the mountains to their very summits. The next morning a blackened wall and a heap of smoking ruins were all that remained of the Convent of Franciscans.

CHAPTERS OF TURKISH HISTORY. NO. VI.

THE BATTLE OF MOHÁCZ.

The Magyars, or dominant race of the modern Hungarians, are considered by all writers who have treated the subject, as having sprung from the great Turkish stock in Central Asia; and their features, temperament, and language, still bear evident traces of their oriental origin. Even in the present day, the cultivation of the soil of Hungary is left in a great measure to the Slavacks, or descendants of the ancient Slavonian inhabitants, while the Magyars occupy themselves chiefly in tending the countless flocks of sheep which constitute at once the pride and the wealth of many of their magnates, and in other pursuits which bear reference to the pastoral habits of their forefathers. Their first appearance in Europe, at the close of the ninth century, displayed the genuine characters of a Tartar invasion. Under their leaders, Arpad and Zulta, they overran Germany and Italy with fire and sword, and emulated the ancient ravages of Attila and the Huns; but successive defeats at length confined them within nearly their present limits; and their conversion to Christianity, and adoption of the feudal system, (both which changes were introduced about A.D. 1000, by their canonized king, St Stephen,) brought them fairly within the pale of the European commonwealth. The Christianity of these fierce Pagans, however,

would seem to have been for many years merely nominal as far as regarded the bulk of the nation; since we find that, on the convocation of the first general diet of the kingdom by Bela I. in 1063, the representatives of the people addressed the king for permission "to return to the idolatry of their fathers—to stone the bishops—behead the priests—strangle the clerks—hang the tithemen—raze the churches—and forge the bells into horseshoes!"—a moderate request, to which the monarch responded by directing an attack of his guards against his faithful commons, and consigning the leaders of the opposition to summary execution.

Four hundred years had elapsed since the days of St Stephen, when these Europeanized Turks first came into collision (1394) with their Moslem kinsmen of the race of the Osmanli, who, under Sultan Bayezid Yilderim, were subduing almost with the rapidity of the thunderbolt, whence their leader took his cognomen, the Slavonian principalities of Servia and Bulgaria, which (as well as Walachia and Moldavia on the other side the Danube) acknowledged, in some measure, the supremacy of the Hungarian crown.* The great battle of Nicopolis, (1396,) wherein the united force of the Hungarians, and of their French and German allies, was overthrown and almost exterminated, gave fatal evidence of the strength and prowess of the new enemy. The trans-Danubian dependencies, with the exception of the fortress of Belgrade, were abandoned to the Turks; and for more than a century no considerable change took place in the relative situation of the antagonist powers. The Hungarians, indeed, elated by the successes of John Hunyadi, (better known as *Hunniades*,) and stimulated by the mischievous eloquence of the cardinal Julian Cesarini, attempted in 1444 to recover a footing south of the Danube; but the disastrous defeat of Varna, in which Ladislas III., king of Poland and Hungary, perished with the flower of his army, repelled them within their former boundaries; while the impregnable ramparts of Belgrade, before which the Turks were repeatedly foiled, prevented the Sultans from extending their conquests to the north of that river. An irregular warfare was, indeed, continually kept up along the frontiers, but in general without any more important result on either side than the capture of a *palanka* or fortified post, or the defeat of a marauding detachment; and an attempt under Ladislas VI., (in the early part of the reign of Selim,) to reanimate the old crusading spirit for an invasion of the Turkish provinces, had been frustrated by a strange and unlooked for outbreak. The idea of a crusade had originated with Thomas Erdodi, cardinal archbishop of Strigonium, who had obtained for it in 1514 the sanction of the Pope; but it was vehemently opposed by the nobles, whose lands were in danger of being left uncultivated from the concourse of volunteers who flocked to the standard of the cross; and the restraint which they attempted to impose upon their vassals, already goaded by oppressive exactions, at length produced a popular insurrection. Under the guidance of a veteran soldier named George Dosa, the peasants flew to arms to the number of 40,000, stormed the castles of the nobility, and tortured and slaughtered the inmates; and it was not till after a sanguinary civil war, in which the most horrible barbarities were committed on both sides, that the rebellion was at length crushed by the royal troops. But the opportunity of attacking the Turks, while Selim was occupied by his Asiatic wars, was effectually lost; and a temporary pacification was effected with the Porte, which was still in force at the accession of Soliman the Magnificent.

Ladislas had by this time been succeeded by his youthful son Louis II., the last of the house of Jagellon who reigned either in Hungary or Bohemia—to the inheritance of both which elective monarchies he had been solemnly chosen and crowned, while yet an infant, by the influence of his

* The apathy with which the Austrian government has permitted the establishment of Russian ascendancy in these countries is viewed with deep disgust by the Hungarians, who consider it a violation of that part of their coronation oath which binds the King of Hungary never to omit an opportunity of re-annexing to his kingdom any territory which once belonged to it.

father. At this period (1521) he was in the sixteenth year of his age, and had the same year contracted a double alliance with the house of Hapsburg, by marrying Mary, sister of Charles V., while his own sister Anne became the consort of the Archduke Ferdinand—a match on which were grounded the subsequent pretensions of the Austrian family to the two crowns. Louis is described by a contemporary Hungarian writer, the Chancellor Broderith, as uniting singular graces of person and mental accomplishments, with a mild and amiable disposition; but his minority (for he was only ten years old at his accession) had been a continued scene of anarchy and civil discord, not only from the scarcely-quenched embers of the late peasant war, but from the jealousy with which the magnates regarded the overweening preponderance of the bishops, whose castles and wide domains overspread the kingdom; and who had, in their habits and demeanour, almost wholly exchanged the ecclesiastical pomp suitable to their order for the military parade of secular chiefs.* The palatine Stephen Bathory,† though deficient neither in ability nor courage, was inadequate to the task of controlling and reconciling these discordant elements; and the most powerful subject of the realm, John Zapolya, Count of Zips and Vaivode of Transylvania, was suspected of being secretly not displeased at an aspect of affairs which might, by leading to the dethronement of the inexperienced king, open the way to his own election to the crown. In the mean time, the ruling influence at the court of Buda was held by Paul Tomori, a monk of the order of Fratres Minores, and archbishop of Colocza, who in his youth had acquired no inconsiderable reputation as a soldier, and who had not, in exchanging the helmet for the cowl, relinquished the martial ardour of his earlier years. George Zapolya, the brother of the vaivode, acted in concert with Tomori, and in conjunction with him engrossed nearly the entire direction of affairs.

While the Hungarian court and kingdom were in this unsettled state, the imperial *tchaoosh* Behram arrived from Constantinople, bearing the official notification from the Porte of the accession of Soliman, and offering a renewal of the truce which had existed under Selim, on payment of a sum of money in satisfaction of some recent ravages in Turkish Bosnia. But the Magyar pride took fire at this demand, which was considered equivalent to the imposition of a tribute; and the envoy, in violation of the laws of nations, was confined in the dungeons of the castle of Tata, where he was shortly after put to death, and thrown, with his whole suite, into the lake under the walls.‡ It is nowhere clearly stated what ostensible pretext was alleged in excuse for this atrocious outrage; but the punishment was prompt. The pasha of Semendra, who commanded a considerable *corps d'armée*, commenced hostilities as soon as the detention of Behram became known, without waiting for orders from the Porte; and Semlin, with other places of less importance, had fallen into his hands before it was announced to him that the sultan was advancing in person to his support. Infuriated by the insult offered to him in the person of his representative, Soliman had sworn to devote his first imperial campaign to the chastisement of the Hungarians: and after assisting at the ceremonial of laying the foundation stone of the stately mosque which he had dedicated to the memory of his father, he repaired by

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* In the confusion which followed the battle of Mohácz, the nobles usurped the revenues of many of the sees; but an historian of the times sarcastically remarks, that "the people found small difference; for they had so long been accustomed to view their bishops only as soldiers, that they thought little of soldiers taking the place of bishops."

† The office of *Palatine* in Hungary was very different from that of the Polish palatines, who acted as provincial governors in the different palatinates, and still more so from the Counts-palatine of the Germanic empire. The Hungarian palatine was nearly analogous in his functions to an Oriental vizir: he held in all respects the next place to the king, in whose absence he bore rule as vicegerent of the kingdom.

‡ This foul deed is distinctly avowed by the Hungarian writers, and Istuanfi even ascribes it to the orders of Louis himself: the Turkish historians merely say that Behram was detained and ill-treated.

rapid marches at the head of the janissaries to the Danube, and at length presented himself before Belgrade, which was already blockaded by the advanced divisions under the grand-vizir Piri-Pasha.

The fortifications of Belgrade were still strong and entire; but nearly all the artillery had been withdrawn for the defence of the neighbouring towns attacked by the Turks: and great part of the garrison consisted of Bulgarians and Servians, who, from their attachment to the *Greek* ritual, were disaffected to the cause of the *Catholic* Hungarians. Under the advice of these deserters, the principal batteries of the besiegers were erected on an island at the junction of the Save and the Danube, which commanded the weakest part of the works; and many of the bastions were undermined by the skill of a French or Italian renegade, who served as an engineer in the Turkish camp. But though thus betrayed and surrounded, and ill provided with the means of defence, the Hungarians still resolutely held out, in the hope of the siege being raised by the king or the palatine, and repulsed twenty different assaults on the town and the citadel; till the principal tower being laid in ruins by the explosion of a mine, and only 400 of their number remaining alive, they were compelled to surrender on the 29th of August—a day which was doomed to become, five years later, yet more fatally memorable in the annals of Hungary. Many of the defenders were, however, massacred by the janissaries, in defiance of the capitulation, as they issued from the fortress; and Soliman, after making a triumphal entry into the fallen bulwark of Christendom, proceeded in state to the cathedral, which was purified from the *idolatrous* symbols of Christian worship, and re-consecrated as a mosque. The treachery of the Servians during the siege was rewarded by the permission to remove, with their priests and the enshrined body of their national patroness, St Patniza, to Constantinople, in the neighbourhood of which they founded a Servian colony, still bearing, in memory of their ancient residence, the name of Belgrade.

The key of Hungary was now in the hands of Soliman, and the road to Buda lay open before him; but he retraced his steps for the time to the capital, after having erected Belgrade into a pashalik, and provided it amply with stores and munitions of war. During the next four years he was diverted from the prosecution of the Hungarian war by the long siege which preceded the capture of Rhodes from the knights of St John, and by his expedition against the revolted pasha of Egypt; but in the spring of 1526, the *holy* war was again proclaimed, and the troops of Europe and Asia summoned to attend the imperial standard. As a hostile correspondence had recently taken place between Soliman and Shah Tahmasp, it was at first doubted whether the storm was destined to burst in the east or the west; but the appointment of the general rendezvous on the European shore of the Bosphorus, soon convinced the janissaries that their route would lie towards the banks of the Danube. The Venetian historians (on the faith of the reports of their ambassador at the Porte) attribute this sudden determination to the intelligence which the sultan had obtained of the arrival of an Armenian monk in Europe, bearing letters from the Shah to Charles V. and Louis of Hungary, for the formation of a league against the common enemy—and partly also to the solicitations of Francis I. of France, who was at war with the emperor, the relative and ally of the Hungarian king. It had been at all times the policy of the Porte to avoid being engaged in active warfare at the same time at the eastern and western extremities of her dominions: and it was in pursuance, probably, of this principle, that Soliman now resolved to crush at once the remaining strength of Hungary, already shaken by dissension and weakened by the loss of Belgrade, before he turned his arms against his hereditary enemy the Shah of Persia. In obedience to the *hatti-shereef*, the sandjaks and pashas appeared from all quarters with their contingents; and erelong a host, of which the numbers are variously stated* at from 150,000 to 300,000 men, with 300 guns of all

* It is equally difficult to form a correct estimate of the numbers of the Turkish armies from Christian or from Oriental authorities: the former exaggerate the force

calibres, was encamped in the plain of Agub. The 23d of April—the Greek feast of St George, hailed by Greeks and Turks alike as the first day of spring—was selected by the astrologers for the commencement of the campaign; and on that day, accordingly, the army moved forward in two great divisions, the main body being under the personal guidance of the sultan, while the vanguard was commanded by his favourite Ibrahim-Pasha, in whom were united for the first and last time the offices of grand-vizir and Roumili-valessi, or viceroy of Roumelia.

Sultan Soliman-*Ghazi**—(a title which he had earned by his conquests of Rhodes and Belgrade from the Giaours)—was at this time in the thirty-second year of his age, having been born in the 901st† year of the Mahommedan era, (A.D. 1495,) and had swayed for nearly six years the sceptre of the vast empire to which his father, Selim, had annexed the realms of the Mamlukes in Egypt and Syria, as well as the shadow of ecclesiastical supremacy still attached to the title of caliph. Being an only son, his accession had been both unstained by the guilt of fratricide, and undisturbed by the sanguinary civil wars through which his father and grandfather had mounted the throne; and the contrast which the mingled frankness and dignity of his demeanour afforded to the gloomy ferocity of Selim, had given him a degree of personal popularity unprecedented in the Ottoman history. The successes against the Christians and the rebels of Egypt, which had marked the commencement of his reign, were viewed as evidences of the auspicious destiny attendant on his career; and the Oriental fondness for numerical coincidences was abundantly gratified by the frequent recurrence of the number *ten*‡—(esteemed by the Turks as especially fortunate)—in his attributes and personal qualifications; a circumstance on which the Ottoman historiographers dwell with amusing complacency.

Under the guidance of a sovereign thus especially favoured by nature and fortune, and endowed moreover with courage and military talents of a high order, the enthusiasm of the soldiery was inflamed to the highest pitch; and the janissaries frequently applied, as prophetic of the fate which awaited the enemies of their Sultan, the words of the epistle from Solomon to Balkis, Queen of Sheba, as given in the 27th chapter of the Koran—"Thus saith Solomon," (or Soliman)—"In the name of the Most Merciful God, dare not to rise up against me, but come and submit yourselves to me, and confess the true faith!"

Among the crowd of pashas and

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of their triumphant opponents, and the latter strive to enhance their own grandeur by inflated accounts of their military resources. The lowest number is in most cases probably beyond the truth; and Bushequius, a clear-headed and accurate observer, states his opinion that the *effective* strength of the Moslems, exclusive of the crowds of undisciplined auxiliaries, had been enormously overrated by the fears or credulity of the Germans.

* The surname of *Magnificent*, under which he is generally mentioned by European writers, is unknown to the Turks: and it was not till a later period of his life that he merited, by the promulgation of his famous code, the more glorious cognomen of *Kanooni* or Legislator.

† It is a common belief among the Moslems, that the commencement of each century witnesses the birth of a prince, destined to become the greatest supporter of Islam during the ensuing age: and in the "Institutes of Timour," (Book ii.,) a list is given, drawn up by a courtly sheikh, of those centenary worthies as far as the eighth century; the protecting hero of which is, of course, pronounced to be Timour himself. If we pursue the series to our own times, we shall find that the late Sultan Mahmood was the "pillar of the faith" in the present, or the thirteenth century of the Hejra, and Nadir Shah in the preceding—each having been born in the first year of his respective period.

‡ He was the *tenth* sultan of the Osmanlis, born in the first year of the *tenth* century: he united in himself the *ten* virtues desirable in sovereigns; he was (eventually) father of *ten* children, had *ten* successive grand-vizirs, and conquered *ten* times *ten* cities and fortresses; and, among the worthies who added splendour to his reign, were *ten* jurisconsults and *ten* poets of the first rank! The caliph Motassem, son of Haroon, was not less remarkable for the combinations of the number *eight* in his history.

generals who rose to eminence at this brilliant period of the Turkish annals, the famous grand-vizir Ibrahim deserves a separate notice at this juncture, when his paramount influence rendered him rather the colleague than the minister of Soliman. He was the son of a fisherman in Parga, but was carried off in early youth by Mainote pirates, who sold him as a slave on the coast of Anatolia. In this condition, his quickness and natural advantages attracted the notice of his patron, who caused him to be instructed in several languages, both of Europe and the east, and other accomplishments not usually comprehended in the routine of a Turkish education; but his first advancement was owing to his musical talents, which brought him casually under the eye of Soliman, then heir to the throne, during one of his hunting excursions in the neighbourhood of Magnesia. He was immediately taken into the household of the prince, who placed him near his person, and made him one of his most inseparable companions; and on his accession to the imperial dignity, Ibrahim was invested with the posts of chief falconer (shaheendjiler-aga) and grand master of the palace (khassoda-bashi). His ascendancy now became unbounded; and when the aged Piri-Pasha, after the siege of Rhodes, was dismissed into an honourable retirement, the vizirat was conferred on Ibrahim, "with as little doubt or difficulty," (says a Turkish writer,) "as a son succeeds to the inheritance of his father"—and every branch of the government was implicitly confided to his superintendence. To these multiplied marks of favour, was added (1524) the honour of a personal alliance with his sovereign, who bestowed on him the hand of his only sister, and himself presided at the nuptials, which were celebrated with unheard-of magnificence—the great dignitaries of the empire waited on the Sultan and the bridegroom at the banquet, and the rejoicings were prolonged with unabated splendour for forty days. Such was his state at the time of the Hungarian expedition; but the fortunes of this great minister had not yet reached their zenith. Three years later he was elevated, by a special firman, to the newly-created rank of *serasker-al-sultanat*, or commander-in-chief of the empire, in virtue of which he was empowered to exercise absolute jurisdiction over all pashas and governors, whose selection and dismissal, "from the highest to the lowest, in the capital or the provinces, was trusted implicitly to his sound judgment and unerring penetration." But the avenging *Nemesis*, or retributive turn of fortune, which the Orientals, no less than did the ancient Greeks, believe to be the inevitable sequel of a disproportioned or too rapid exaltation, was as signally exemplified in the ultimate fate of Ibrahim, as it had been in the ancient days of Haroon-al-Rasheed, in the downfall of the blameless and ill-starred Barmecides. After fourteen years of unshaken ascendancy, the jealousy of Soliman was awakened by the audacity with which the vizir had dared on more than one occasion to act in contravention to his expressed will, particularly in the execution of the defterdar Iskender-Effendi, whom Ibrahim had begun to regard as a rival; the imprudent scepticism avowed by the favourite on the leading doctrines of Islam, further shocked the bigotry of the emperor; and, when suspicion is once roused in the mind of an absolute sovereign, the end is swift and speedy. On the 5th of March 1536, Ibrahim was summoned from his palace at the dead of night to attend the sultan; but as it was during the Ramazan, when all business is transacted between sunset and sunrise, he obeyed the mandate without fear. The next morning the corpse of the vizir was exposed at the palace gates, and for many years subsequent, the stains of his blood, shown on the walls of the small chamber in the first court of the seraglio, where he met his doom, gave evidence of a desperate resistance ere he was overpowered by the mutes. Even the honour of a tomb was denied to his remains; but a cypress in the cemetery of Galata, is still pointed out as overshadowing his sepulchre.

We must return, however, from this long episode, in which we have been led to anticipate the events of coming years, to the existing condition of Hungary, where, since the fall of Belgrade and the frontier fortresses, the Slavonian and Croatian borders had been exposed without defence to the inroads of the Turkish provincial troops. The banks of the Drave and its tributary streams had thus become the scene of a fierce and continual

partizan warfare, in which divers Hungarian nobles, among whom Christopher Frangipan and the martial Archbishop Tomori stood conspicuous, had distinguished themselves by their feats of arms against the infidels, whose standards and arms had been more than once sent to Buda as trophies of these partial encounters. But the mighty armament now bearing down, was not thus to be withstood or repelled; and the Diet was convoked in all haste to deliberate on the means of meeting the coming danger, while urgent messengers were despatched to the emperor, to the King of Poland, and even to the French monarch, to solicit aid for the common cause of Christendom. Even in this extremity of peril, however, the levies proceeded but slowly; disorganization and disaffection, which the authority of the king was insufficient to coerce, every where prevailed; and on the appointed day of muster, the 15th of July, scarce 3000 troops attended at the rendezvous. The progress of the Turks was, however, retarded by heavy rains, which augmented the difficulties of their advance through the dense forests of Slavonia; and a further respite was afforded by the sieges of Peter-Wardein and Illok on the Danube, and by the construction of a bridge of boats across the Drave at Essek, which detained them till the middle of August on the further side of that river. But this precious interval was also rendered of little avail through the apathy and mutual jealousies of the magnates; and only 20,000 men,* including a small body of Bohemians, were assembled in the royal camp at Tolna, when the news arrived that the enemy were rapidly advancing from Essek into the interior, and laying waste the country with fire and sword. The necessity for immediate operations could no longer be evaded; and Tomori, who held the chief command, with George Zapolya for his coadjutor, moved forwards with the scanty array under his orders to Mohácz, where he resolved to abide the onset of the Osmanlis.

The Turkish light cavalry, who overspread the whole country under a noted partizan leader named Bali-beg, were speedily in sight; and so formidable was the intelligence which the Hungarian chiefs received from the fugitive peasants, as to the numbers and equipment of the enemy, that a council of war was held on the night of the 29th of August, in which the expediency of a retreat was advocated by the palatine, and supported by the young king himself, who urged that, as the vaivode Zapolya was reported to be advancing with 30,000 men, it would be madness to risk an engagement with the small force then present. But the majority of the leaders, and especially Tomori and the Archbishop of Strigonium, exclaimed against the ignominy of Magyars in arms retrograding before the face of an enemy; and the prudent proposition of Stephen Verboczi, that the king should return to Buda, or some other place of safety, before the conflict, was similarly negatived. The tumultuous debate was not yet ended, when it was announced that John Pékry, a retainer of the house of Bathyany, who had long been a captive among the Turks, and had been compelled to serve in their artillery, had effected his escape from the hostile camp to the Christian outposts. Being forthwith introduced into the royal tent, and interrogated as to the strength of the Turkish army, Pékry replied, "So mighty, O king, is the host of the infidels, that were they delivered over to thee, disarmed and bound hand and foot, scarcely in three days could their destruction be completed by the numbers now under thy command!" In answer to a further enquiry, he rated the Turks at 180,000 men of all arms; 70,000 at least of whom were veteran and well-disciplined soldiers, the remainder being light troops and irregulars. This tremendous disproportion renewed the apprehensions of the king, and he again recommended delay till they could be joined by the contingents of Bohemia and Transylvania; but his arguments were overruled by the blind infatuation of Tomori, who, presumptuously declaring that the God of battles would not in the hour of need desert his faithful people, persisted in the determination of fighting on the day but one succeeding. The arrival at the moment of a strong body of reinforcements, confirmed him in this fatal resolve; and Francis Perény, bishop of Wardein, finding all remonstrance fruitless, prophetically remarked to the chancellor, (the historian Broderith,) "that the 29th of August, hitherto held sacred

to St John the Baptist, would hereafter acquire a new distinction in the calendar, as the anniversary of the martyrdom of 26,000 Hungarians, doomed to seal with their blood their unavailing zeal for the Christian faith!"

The small town of Mohácz, "a name of fatal sound" (says Istuanfi) "in the ear of a Hungarian," is situated in a low marshy plain on the right bank of the Danube, which a little above it divides into two branches, forming a long island. In front of the town towards the south extends a flat and naked plain, intersected by the sluggish stream of a small river tributary to the Danube, called the Karasz, the deep and muddy current of which is almost hidden by the thickets of sedge and reeds with which its banks are overgrown. A deep morass stretches from its mouth, along the Danube, nearly up to the town of Mohácz; while on the further bank of the Karasz rises a semicircular range of low hills, from the base of which a hollow valley or ravine extends to the west, sweeping round the right flank of the Hungarian encampment. At the head of this hollow, but concealed by the skirt of the hill, which here advanced considerably, Bali-beg was posted on the morning of the battle, with 5000 spahis and an equal number of *akindjis*, or light cavalry; while the whole face of the declivity, throughout its length, was crowded by the countless ranks of the Turkish main army, marshalled in order of battle within this narrow space. The first place was held by the troops of Europe* with half the artillery, headed by the grand-vizir, Ibrahim; the Anatolian feudatories, with the rest of the guns, occupied the second line; and the janissaries, with the *élite* of the cavalry, were as usual held in reserve near the person of the sultan, whose pavilion was pitched on the summit of the eminence,† in full view of the approaching conflict. The Hungarians, on the contrary, were drawn up between their intrenched camp at Mohácz and the Karasz: and instead of imitating the deep order of their adversaries, displayed their first line, in which the greater part of their force was arrayed, at great length in three separate divisions, in order to oppose as nearly equal a front as possible to the overwhelming numbers of their adversaries. Of these three corps, that on the right was led, according to the usage of the kingdom, by the Ban or governor of Dalmatia, Bathyany; the centre was commanded by Archbishop Tomori in person; and the left, which was the proper post of the Vaivode of Transylvania, was held in his absence by Petrus Pereny. The artillery, amounting to eighty small field-pieces, ("tormenta currulia mediocria," Istuanfi calls them,) was disposed in the rear of this line, supported by the main force of the cavalry under the palatine and the Polish general Trepka, while the reserve was held by Schlik and his Bohemians; and a select squadron of one thousand cavaliers, sheathed in complete panoply, were entrusted with the protection of the person of the king and the standard of the kingdom—"the spurs of the standard-bearer, Dragffi, being taken off," (says a national historian,) "according to ancient Hungarian usage, as a token that no thought of flight or retreat must enter his mind!"

In this order the two armies stood opposed on the 29th of August; but though the fierce and repeated cries of *Allah!* which rung along the Turkish line, testified the ardour of the Ottomans, the Sultan delayed during several hours to give the signal for action; and no movement was made against the Hungarians, who had boldly advanced into the plain, while the king rode bareheaded through the ranks to satisfy the soldiers of his

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* Von Hammer (Hist. de l'Emp. Ottoman, book xxvi. note viii.) is guilty of an unaccountable lapse in remarking this arrangement as contrary to the usual military ordinances, and in miscorrecting the Ottoman historians for saying that the post of the Roumiliot troops would have been on the *right*, if the army had been drawn up in line. The universal regulation was, that when the campaign was in Europe, the post of honour (the van or right wing, according to circumstances,) was occupied by the European feudatories; the Asiatics in like manner held it when in their own country.

† A fountain was afterwards constructed on the spot by a pasha of Buda, which still exists under the name of the *Turk's Fountain.*

presence, accompanied by the palatine, who harangued them as he passed, exhorting them to fight valiantly for their country and religion. But in the mean time orders had been sent to Bali-beg to take a circuit along the bottom of the ravine, and fall on the flank and rear of the enemy; but before this movement could be completed, it was detected from the glittering of the long Turkoman lances borne by the *akindjis*, the points of which appeared above the hollow way; and Tomori, panic-stricken at the prospect of being surrounded, hastily detached the king's body-guard to anticipate and repel this new danger, while he ordered an immediate charge of the whole line against the Turks. The challenge was now no longer declined —in the graphic words of Istuanfi, "a tremendous clangor of martial music" (the tabul-khani) "burst forth at the same moment in the camp of Soliman; an universal shout arose from the troops; and the whole mighty host of horse and foot moved forward in formidable array, descending the hill in slow and steady order to meet us." Their advance was notified to the young king, who instantly called for his helmet, and assumed his place in the line; but the pale and agitated expression of his features, remarked by his attendants as they closed his visor, was afterwards recalled as an omen of the doom which impended over himself and his kingdom. There was no time on the instant, however, for auguries; for the van of the Hungarians had already closed with their opponents, and, precipitating themselves on the European battalions, (as described by the Turkish writer, Solak-Zadah,) "like a thunder-cloud charged with lightning," compelled them to give ground, and pursued them with headlong impetuosity towards the second line, which likewise recoiled before the first fury of the shock; and Andrew Bathory, brother of the palatine, sent a messenger to the king, announcing that the battle was won, and urging him to come up with all speed and complete the discomfiture of the infidels. The second division, already in motion, pressed on with redoubled energy at these tidings through the low ground, already choked with dead and dying; "but at this moment," (says the narrative of the chancellor Broderith,) "the king disappeared, and was seen no more alive; but whether he was withdrawn from the fight by those about his person, or whether (as some say) he plunged rashly forward into the thickest of the *mêlée*, and was there wounded, I am unable to say, and none can certainly know."*

The evident reluctance of Broderith to give a decided opinion as to the fate of his hapless sovereign, would seem to imply that he secretly inclined to the less favourable version of the story, and that the last of the Jagellons fell without striking a blow for his crown and life; but the Turkish writers agree in stating that the last desperate onset of the Magyar chivalry, led by the *kral* or king, pierced deeply into the solid phalanx of the janissaries; and Solak-Zadah even relates that three Hungarian knights, "like demons thirsting for blood," penetrated to the station of the sultan himself, and that the lance of one of them was shivered on the cuirass of Soliman. Many, doubtless, were the deeds of individual valour by which the Hungarians strove, on the bloody day of Mohácz, to avert the fate of their country; but all their efforts were countervailed by the numbers of the Ottomans; and the Turkish artillery, which had hitherto remained inactive from the closeness and intermixture of the fight, at length opening a general discharge upon them at the distance of scarce ten paces, wrought fearful destruction among their dense and disordered masses of men and horses. At this juncture, Bali-beg, who had overborne all opposition on the right, and had seized their camp, bore down on their rear in accordance with his previous instructions; and the Hungarians, thus hemmed in on all sides by an irresistible force, were crushed hopelessly down into the deep morass bordering the Danube. Hundreds were swallowed up in its deep pits and quagmires, or perished in the

* The three commanders of the royal body-guard, Czetricz, Horvath, and Mailath, were long held up to popular infamy as having deserted their king; but the *tacit* acquiescence of the king in the order of Tomori for the guards to detach themselves against Bali-beg, is expressly attested by Broderith.

vain attempt to swim across the Danube, then greatly swollen by the recent rains; all who remained were hewn down without mercy by the scimitars of the victors. The battle, which began about 3 P.M. (Broderith), had lasted scarcely an hour and a half; the slaughter on the field continued till nightfall, and of the whole Christian army, which had numbered more than 25,000 before the engagement, from 3000 to 4000 only effected their escape, by favour of the violent and continued rain which prevented the Turks from pushing the pursuit.

"Such," says a Hungarian writer, "is the dismal story of that most mournful and memorable day of Mohácz; on which the ancient glories of our nation, the flower of our nobles and valiant men, and all the warlike strength wherein we prided ourselves, were stricken down for ever by a single deadly blow; and since that fatal calamity, our country has been forced to endure the intolerable ignominy of submitting, either to the yoke of infidel barbarians, or to the oppressive dominion of strangers and foreigners. Accursed, therefore, and doubly accursed be those men whose rashness or madness carried our gentle and gracious king, like a victim, to be slaughtered in his early youth by the unbelieving enemy, and thus plunged their native land into its present depth of misery!" But of those whose counsels had hurried the king and the army to destruction, not one had survived the ruin to encounter the execrations of his countrymen. Tomori, the prime author of the catastrophe, fell in the midst of the Turks, fighting to the last with the fury of despair; his colleague in command, George Zapolya, was slain by his side; the generals Trepka and Schlik, with the Archbishop of Strigonium and seven other bishops, and more than five hundred nobles of the first rank, perished indiscriminately, borne down in the general mass of carnage. The Palatine Bathory was saved by the self-devotion of an attendant, who resigned to him his own unwounded horse; and flying in company with Bathyany, whose post on the right had kept him clear of the fatal morass, reached the town of Babocza on the Drave, carrying into the interior the first tidings of the triumph of the Moslem, and the annihilation of the Christian army.

The Turks had remained encamped, during the night after their victory, on the field of battle; and the aga of the janissaries, attended by the criers, incessantly went his rounds, to preserve discipline and prevent straggling. But with the ensuing dawn, the sultan, escorted by the spahis of his guard, and accompanied by the vizir Ibrahim, rode over the plain of Mohácz to view the captured camp of the Hungarians; and on his return from this inspection, a grand *divan of victory* was held, according to custom, in the midst of the army. An embroidered scarlet canopy was erected in the open air, under which Soliman appeared seated on his throne; and while he gave directions for the interment of the slain, and distributed rewards and robes of honour to the officers and men who had borne themselves gallantly in the battle of the preceding day, the heads of the captives, who amounted only to about 1500, were struck off, and added to the piles already accumulated in front of the imperial tent, where those of the slain bishops and nobles were raised aloft on spears, in token of distinction. A few only of the prisoners were saved by their captors for ransom; and from one of these the Turks at length learned the fate of the young king, of which he had been an eye-witness. Wounded in the head, and separated from his attendants, the unfortunate Louis had endeavoured to escape from the fatal field; but in crossing a swollen streamlet near the town of Mohácz, his horse was forced backwards from the bank into deep water by the pressure of the throng of fugitives, and the weight of his armour sunk him to the bottom. On examining the spot described, the body was found and recognized; and Soliman, on learning the miserable end of his youthful rival, exclaimed with generous pity,—"May Allah be merciful to him, and punish those who misled his inexperience! I came indeed in arms against him, but I would not that he had been cut off before he had tasted the sweets of life and royalty!"*

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* We cannot here refrain from introducing an anecdote related to us by a distinguished officer, as illustrative of the accurate knowledge current among the so often

The circumstances of the battle might indeed justify the belief entertained by the Turks, that the vengeance of heaven for the murder of the ambassador Behram had visibly manifested itself, in impelling the Hungarians thus to rush with blind precipitation on their doom, when the delay of a few days might have averted the catastrophe. Wherever the terror-stricken fugitives from the slaughter turned their bewildered steps, they encountered detachments of their countrymen hastening in arms to the expected scene of action; the valiant Christopher Frangipan, with 15,000 Croats, was approaching along the valley of the Drave; the vaivode Zapolya, with more than twice that number of Transylvanian troops, was already at Szegedin on the Theiss, within two days' short march of Mohácz; and the main force of the Bohemians, under the margrave George of Brandenburg, was pressing forward from the north. The union of all these corps would still have formed an army far more powerful than that lost at Mohácz; but the death of the king had dissolved the whole fabric of the state, and each thought only of providing separately for his own safety. The Bohemian leaders hastily retraced their march to their own country, in order to be present at the diet for the election of a new king, the Archduke Ferdinand having already set up a claim, in contravention of the Bohemian constitution, to the hereditary succession, in right of his wife. On similar grounds were based the pretensions of the archduke to the Hungarian crown; but here Zapolya had already declared himself a competitor, and drawing off his army unbroken to his own castles and estates about Eperies and Tokay, where distance secured him from the Turks, began to organize cabals among his partizans, who were numerous among the minor nobility, for securing his election. The widowed queen, Mary of Austria, finding herself deserted by all, fled from Buda to Presburg, with all the treasures and valuables she could collect; and when Soliman put his army in motion from Mohácz for the capital, he was encountered by Földwar by a deputation of the citizens, bearing the keys of the town and citadel, and imploring the mercy of the Turkish Cæsar* for themselves and their families.

The public entry of Soliman into Buda took place on the 10th of September, twelve days only after the battle of Mohácz; but he appeared in the pomp of a peaceful procession, preceded by the axes of the baltadjis,† and surrounded by the waving plumes of the solaks; and only the janissaries were allowed to take up their quarters in the city. The tents and huts of the remainder of the host embraced nearly the whole circuit of the walls, extending, in picturesque disorder, over the abrupt undulations of hill and valley with which the precincts of the town are diversified; and the rugged sides of the Blocksberg re-echoed the wild and various cries of the tribes and nations united under the standard of the conqueror. During the advance from Mohácz to Buda, the open country had been ravaged by the light troops with such terrible ferocity, that the districts between the Balaton Lake and the Danube were left (as described by a contemporary writer)

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under-rated Turks, as to the earlier periods of their own history. Our informant was a fellow-passenger on board one of the Danube steamers, in September 1836, with Ruheddeen-Effendi, then secretary of legation to the embassy at Paris, and his son, a boy of twelve or thirteen. On nearing Mohácz, he remarked to the young Turk, pointing to the field of battle,—'On yonder plain one of the Magyar *krals* (Hungarian kings) was slain in a great battle by your forefathers.' 'No,' instantly retorted the young Ahmed, 'the kral Louis died not sword in hand like a king: he fled from the face of Soliman Kanooni, but his destiny overtook him, and he perished ignobly in a swamp."

* It is singular that the title of *Cæsar* was assigned to the Turkish monarchs even *before the* capture of Constantinople. Bayezid is so styled in the "Institutes of Timour."

† The *baltadjis* (literally, *axe-men*) were a sort of lictors who headed the procession when the sultan appeared in state; and he was guarded on either side by the *solaks*, men selected for their height and appearance, and wearing a peculiar head-dress, surmounted by a lofty fan-shaped crest of ostrich feathers, which almost concealed the sultan as he sat on horseback, and was supposed to screen him from the evil eye.

a solitude, without either men or houses; and the population of the capital expected, in trembling anticipation, the alternative of death or slavery; but their apprehensions were relieved on the second day by a firman, forbidding, under pain of death, all injury to their persons or property. Yet, notwithstanding the vigilance of the officers, a fire, ascribed to the negligence or disappointment of the soldiery, broke out on the third night; and though the grand-vizir repaired in person to the spot to direct its extinction, it continued to rage through the following day, and consumed great part of the town, with the cathedral and many other public buildings. In the mean time, the royal palace was rapidly dismantled of its remaining treasures, which were embarked in barges on the Danube, and sent off as trophies to Constantinople, with all the artillery and warlike stores found in the arsenal, including two enormous guns, or rather mortars, which had fallen into the hands of Hunniades at the memorable repulse of Mohammed II. before Belgrade, in 1456. Among the spoil are also specified three antique bronze statues of Apollo, Diana, and Hercules, which Ibrahim ordered to be erected in the At-meidan, opposite to one of his palaces—an innovation commented upon by several Turkish writers of the time * as an infinite scandal to the faithful, whose literal interpretation of the second commandment leads them to regard all effigies of the human figure as an idolatrous abomination. But by far the greatest loss to Christendom and civilization which resulted from the capture of Buda, was the removal or destruction of the magnificent library, containing 50,000 MSS., which had been amassed at the close of the preceding century, by the liberality of Matthias Corvinus. The fate of this celebrated collection, like that of the Alexandrian library, is variously related. The Hungarians assert that the volumes were used by the Turks as fuel, to light the stoves of their baths; but (independently of this legend being a palpable reproduction of the popular tale of the Alexandrian conflagration †) such an act of barbarism would have been equally at variance with the personal character of Soliman, and with the advanced state of literature among the Turks at this period: as the army, moreover, quitted Buda on the eighth day after its entrance, an additional refutation is afforded by the shortness of the time. The account given by the Ottoman writers is more probably correct, that the greater part of the books were transferred to Constantinople, and were there destroyed by the great fire of 1755, which consumed the old palace of the Porte:—a part, however, were certainly left at Buda, where Lambecius, having instituted a search in the castle by permission of the governor Kasim-Pasha, found several hundred volumes still remaining in 1666.

While the work of spoliation was in progress, the engineers had been employed in the construction of a floating bridge over the Danube; and on the 17th of September, the army commenced its passage to the left bank of the river: an operation which the frequent breaches of the frail structure extended over seven days. During this interval, Soliman is described by the historian, Solak-Zadah, as having received a deputation from the nobles of Hungary, and informed them of his intention to bestow the kingdom, which had fallen into his hands by right of conquest, on the vaivode John Zapolya as a tributary vassal of the Porte: but as this remarkable interview is neither mentioned by Broderith, nor alluded to in the journal of Soliman himself, it is probable that it should be referred to a later period, when the views of the sultan with reference to Hungary were more matured and extended than they appear to have been at this juncture. When the whole force was again concentrated at Pesth, a grand review was held (Sept. 24) on the Rakös

* An epigram, in which the conduct of Ibrahim was contrasted with that of his namesake the patriarch Abraham, (who, according to the Koran, incurred the vengeance of Nimrod, by destroying the idols of the Chaldeans,) is said to have galled the favourite so severely, that he punished the unlucky poetaster with death.

† The story of the mandate of the caliph Omar, and its execution by Amru, cannot be traced to any earlier source than the annals of Abulpharagius, a Christian monk of the thirteenth century.

plain, where in ancient times the Magyar nobles met by thousands, mounted and armed as for war, in their tumultuous diets, either for the election of a new king, or to extort from the reigning monarch the recognition of their rights and privileges. Having thus displayed his power before the eyes of the Hungarians, on the spot which had often witnessed the confirmation and renewal of their liberties, Soliman "beat the drums of retreat, and set forward on his return to the Abode of Islam," (Constantinople,) without leaving a single soldier in Buda or any other Hungarian town.

The troops, however, which had at first appeared before the capital, consisted principally of janissaries and spahis, the *élite* of the army; the bulk of the irregulars had continued to overrun all the country on the right bank of the Danube, carrying with them such desolation and havoc as had not been seen in Hungary since the Mogul invasion of 1241.* At Fünfkirchen, which had submitted on promise of safety, the inhabitants were collected by the akindjis in the market place, and all, excepting a few exempted for slavery or ransom, slaughtered without mercy. At Maroth, near Strigonium, many thousands of the country people had drawn together into a strong position, which they had fortified after the Tartar custom with a triple circle of waggons: but these rude intrenchments were forced by the artillery brought against them by the Turks, and a carnage ensued, in which the number of the slain, according to the report of Broderith, equalled those who had fallen at Mohácz. The fame of one of the victims of this massacre, a *heiduk*, or common soldier, named Michael Doböczy, has survived even to this day in the popular ballads of the district:—mounted on a swift horse, and carrying his bride on the croup, he endeavoured to escape from the fatal enclosure; but finding his retreat cut off in every direction, he first stabbed his wife to the heart, and then rushing into the midst of the Turks, met the death which he no longer sought to avoid—a deed which Istuanfi characterises as "eximia virtus ac clarum facinus!" But in many instances the native Magyar valour of the peasants stood them in good stead. Wissegrad, the ancient fortress of the royal line of Arpad, where the sacred crown of St Stephen was kept, was victoriously defended by a handful of monks and peasants; and at Strigonium or Gran, the citizens and burghers, roused by the exhortations of Michael, appropriately surnamed *Nagy*, or the Great, mustered on their ramparts, and repelled with loss, during several days, the assaults of the invaders.

The passage of the Danube by the entire Turkish force, before the commencement of their retrograde movement, at length relieved the districts on the right bank from the scourge—but not less miserable was the fate of the plain country, or *Puszta*, between the Danube and Theiss, through which lay the homeward route of the invaders. The open towns and villages were reduced to ashes by the myriads of irregular cavalry which preceded the march and covered the flanks of the heavy columns of regulars: and though the janissaries hastened their progress in order to share the plunder of Szegedin, they were outstripped by the activity of their light and well-mounted comrades, and found nought remaining on their arrival but the scorched and blackened walls of the castle, the ruins of which still frown over the passage of the Theiss, which it formerly commanded. The desolation of the soil reacted, however, on the marauders themselves, whose horses perished by thousands for want of forage; and Bathyany and Radovich, hovering with small bodies of horse on their flanks and rear, cut off the stragglers whenever opportunity offered. The rich plains to the south, bordering on the Bannat, furnished a more abundant harvest of booty: and at Bacs, on the Danube,

* Even the horrors of this year were, however, thrown in the shade by the superior barbarity of the Krim-Tartars brought into Hungary in subsequent campaigns. "It is said to have been an amusement of the Tartars to set the Hungarian children before their own little ones, that they might exercise themselves in cutting off heads—an important practical branch of Tartar education. To this day, the Transylvanian mother stills her restless child with threats of the Tartars coming,—'Ihon jönnek a Tatárok!'"—PAGET's *Hungary*, ii. 462.

where a fresh scene of slaughter occurred, the spoil was so immense that the shares of the grand-vizir and the defterdar severally amounted to 50,000 sheep. The last act of the bloody drama was the storm of a fortified camp which had been formed in the heart of a morass, and accessible only by a single narrow causeway between Bacs and Peter-Wardein: the Turks were repulsed in three successive assaults, and the aga of the janissaries, with other officers of rank, were slain in heading the attack; but the position was at length carried, and the defenders put to the sword without distinction. Between Peter-Wardein and Karlowitz a floating bridge was again thrown over the Danube; and the Ottomans, laden with spoil, and dragging in their train 100,000 Hungarian captives, repassed the river on the first day of the Mohammedan year 932, (Oct. 8, 1526.) The garrisons of even the Croatian towns captured at the commencement of the campaign, were withdrawn; and Soliman, leaving the grand-vizir to superintend the march of the main body, hastened onwards with a select corps to Constantinople, whither he had been summoned by the news of the alarming revolt in Anatolia, under the dervish Kalendar-Oghlu.

So ended the first great invasion of Hungary by the Turks:—a fearful earnest of the calamities which that unhappy country was destined for two hundred years to undergo, as the arena of the struggle for its sovereignty between the rival Cæsars of Vienna and Constantinople. It is difficult to conjecture what motives can have influenced Soliman so completely to relinquish, for the time, his hold upon the country lying powerless in his grasp, and in the attempt to subdue or even humiliate which, his predecessors had so often been baffled. His aim, indeed, throughout the campaign, (as Von Hammer observes,) seems to have been rather to exhaust Hungary, so as to incapacitate it for resistance in future, than to conquer it; and to this cruel policy must be ascribed the unrestrained license of bloodshed and devastation permitted to his troops, and which was wholly alien to the generous magnanimity at other times marking his character. Had he emulated the warlike determination of his father Selim, who neither retreated nor halted in his career till he had completed the subjugation of the Mamlukes, the conquest of Hungary might have been at once achieved. But he probably designed to return with augmented forces the following spring, when he hoped to find the Hungarians (still trembling at the recollection of their late chastisement, and further weakened by the civil dissensions to which the loss of their king, and a disputed succession, would inevitably give rise) ready to purchase forbearance and mercy by voluntary submission. If—in the midst of the panic arising from the extinction of their royal line, the occupation of their capital, and the desolation of their country—the same terms of tribute and vassalage had been offered to the Hungarians, on which Walachia and Moldavia had already become dependencies of the Ottoman empire, there can be little doubt but that the whole kingdom would have succumbed. Transylvania was in fact brought "under the shadow of the horsetails," a few years later, by John Zapolya, who acknowledged the suzeraineté of the sultan as the price of his support against Austria; and it continued more or less tributary and subject to the Porte, till near the close of the seventeenth century. But the Anatolian revolt, combined with other causes, postponed for two years the further prosecution of Soliman's projects; and when they were at length resumed, the vantage-ground had been seized by another aspirant. The contest was no longer with the crushed and dispirited Hungarians, but with the ponderous strength of the Germanic empire: and the Osmanli conqueror speedily perceived that the neglect of the golden opportunity afforded by the victory of Mohácz, could only be remedied by a fresh conflict under the walls of Vienna.

THE PICTURE OF DANÄE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF DEINHARDSTEIN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANDREA DEL CALMARI—*Director of the Painting Academy of St Carlo.*
LAURA—*his Ward.*
SALVATOR ROSA.
BERNARDO RAVIENNA—*Surgeon.*
The Secretary of the Painting Academy of St Carlo.
Painters—Associates of the Academy of St Carlo.
Spectators at the distribution of the prizes.

The Scene is laid in Florence, about the middle of the seventeenth century.

FIRST ACT.

Studio of SALVATOR ROSA.—*Pictures, with and without frames, are leaning here and there against the wall. On the table are scattered paper, pencils, and other implements of the painting art. In the middle of the chamber stands an easel—before it an arm-chair.*

SCENE I.—SAL. ROSA. RAVIENNA, (*advancing out of a side-chamber.*)

SAL. (*taking him by the hand.*) Receive my thanks, my hearty thanks, Bernardo.
If ever, in return, I can do ought——
RAV. Pray, do not speak of my small services,
They are not worth a thought.
SAL. Not worth a thought!
Is it not worth a thought, that, when I lay
Sick and disabled for a month and upwards,
You tended me with more than woman's care,
Showering on me, a stranger and unknown,
All the affection of a long-tried friend?
You heal'd me with no mercenary hand,
But, watching every breath I drew, sat bound,
Through the long day and through the dreary night,
Fast to my bed as if chains held you there.
These, my Bernardo, these are offices
One does not easily forget.
RAV. Salvator!
Your language pains me—"Stranger" did you say?
A man "unknown" to me? Wherefore *unknown?*
Unless it be that, as a surgeon, I
Can nothing know of artists or of art.
By falling from your horse you broke your arm:
My business was to set the limb—no more—
Whether 'twas Rosa or a common man
Who suffer'd—that was no concern of mine—
At least so you appear to think—in short,
What can a surgeon know of art or artists?
SAL. (*half in jest.*) I'll grant you may have heard of me: I am,
I must confess, a somewhat noted person.
I sing, make verses, play the flute; besides,
I am a painter; and my new profession
Reveals, I fear somewhat too palpably,
The secrets of my former trade: the woods,
They are the haunts of a loose jovial race,
Whose figures, often glimpsing from my canvass,
Attest how well I knew them: the bald rocks,
The very deserts which I draw, bespeak
The hand of one who wielded in his youth
Another weapon than the brush—enroll'd
In Masaniello's sanguinary crew.

RAV. (*departing as if displeased.*) Farewell, Salvator!
SAL. Stay! What takes you off?
RAV. Business.
SAL. Bernardo, something vexes you;
Pray, let me know in what I have offended.
RAV. (*after a pause, in which he appears struggling with his feelings.*)
Salvator! I no longer can endure
Thus to be treated. It is now a month
Since I have been in daily converse with you;
Yet every time that I have sought to speak,
Touching the glorious art in which you shine,
You've stopp'd my mouth, declining all discussion.
'Tis plain you view me but as one to whom
You owe some intervals of ease—a man
Good at his own trade—good for nought beyond.
I wish not to seem better than I am,
Yet am I better than you take me for.
SAL. You're a strange man! I own I have remark'd
That sometimes you attempted to make painting
The topic of our conversation—why
I waived the subject I will now explain:
Either you thought 'twould be a mighty treat
For the sick man to be allow'd to ride
His favourite hobby—or—still more provoking—
You are yourself a dauber with the brush,
And would exchange opinions upon art
With me—an equal with an equal.
RAV. Rosa!
SAL. Pray, hear me out.—In either case, my friend,
You were to blame: For this is your dilemma—
You either think too meanly of Salvator,
Or else you think too highly of yourself.
You are a man of skill, and while I live
I shall remain your debtor. But be warn'd,
Strive to be perfect in one manly calling,
And do not seek to be supreme in two.
RAV. Suppose I should entreat your confidence.
SAL. (*after a short pause.*) Answer me this, my friend,—Suppose I came
To you and said, "Good sir, pray tell me when
The lancet may be used with best effect,
Explain to me how wounds should be bound up,
And all the *et ceteras* of surgery"—
In such a case what would your answer be?
RAV. I first would ask—"Why would you know all this?"
SAL. And I would answer—"I'd fain be a surgeon."
RAV. I'd then enquire what principles of healing
You were acquainted with.
SAL. I'd say, "With none.
I come to learn my principles from you."
RAV. (*perplexed.*) Then—— Then——
SAL. (*laying his hand on Ravienna's shoulder.*) Then would you say, "My worthy sir,
You are a painter, mind your colours then,
And leave alone the lancet: 'tis a thing
With a sharp point, and may prove mischievous
In inexperienced hands: its use, believe me,
Cannot be taught by words: practice alone
Can give the necessary skill—in short,
You are a painter—mind your brushes, man."
RAV. Yet say, Salvator, might not you have been
As great a surgeon as you are a painter?

SALV. I fear the converse in respect to you
Will not hold good.
RAV. Nay, how can you tell that?
SALV. You may have talent: yet—
RAV. Let me speak out
At once. I've made the attempt.
SALV. I thought as much.
RAV. Pray, sir, will you be kind enough to examine
One of my pictures?
SALV. I would rather not.
RAV. Nay, why?
SALV. Bernardo, the plain truth is this:—
I would not hurt your feelings, which are keen;
And yet I promise you, your work would meet
With no indulgence at my hands.
RAV. I am
Content to run the risk.
SALV. Pray, do not urge me.
I'll readily believe that you possess
Talents for painting—that your pencil wiles
Agreeably away the idle hours:
But ask me not to judge you, for I'd be
So candid with you, and expect so much,
That probably I might condemn in you
What I should praise in any other person.
I fear, my friend, that your acquaintance with me
Will not add greatly to your peace or comfort.
Your restless blood bounds with the thought of fame,
And to your dazzled eyes my life appears
Surrounded with a golden atmosphere;
Yet, my Bernardo, if you look more closely,
You'll find the sunshine of a life like mine
Is like the rainbow—glory built on tears.
Weigh well the lives of those men you admire—
Guido, Leonardo, the two Allegri,
Raphael himself, or me, (if I may dare
To name myself with these illustrious men)—
Regard us well, and say, what are we all
But baffled swimmers, in a stormy flood,
Towards a goal that never may be reach'd?
RAV. (*with warmth.*) Yes, you have reach'd it.
SALV. Friend! you are mistaken,
And little know what toil our art demands
Before its pupils can become its priests.
The temple's sheen attracts you, like the stars
Which you shall reach—when you are dead and buried.
But come—if you have courage to begin
The toilsome journey of an artist's life,
To tread our thorny pathways—undeterr'd
By fear of envy, malice, or detraction—
If you are like the lark that yonder (*pointing to one out of the window*) sends
Her strong notes heavenward, heedless of the frogs
That croak beneath her—bring your picture here.
RAV. I haste to fetch it—

SCENE II.—SALVATOR. RAVIENNA. CALMARI.

CAL. (*putting his head in at the door.*) Is not this the dwelling
Of the great Salvator Rosa?
SAL. (*advancing towards him with a smile.*) I am he,
Much at your service: pray, sir, who are you?
CAL. (*coming forward.*) Andrea del Calmari is my name,
Director of Saint Carl's academy.

SAL. This is a high and unexpected honour,
What has procured it for me?
CAL. Eagerness
To visit him who for two months has been
Our city's greatest ornament, has brought
Me hither; and I trust that Providence
Will spare you long to be our glory—(*he perceives Bernardo. Both of them look awkward on finding themselves brought together.*) Ah!
Bernardo! are you here, my worthy friend?
RAV. As surgeon, I've the honour to attend
Our great friend here, who lately broke his arm
By a fall from horseback. (*Addressing Salvator,*) Now, sir, you must not
Remove the bandages too soon, nor task
Too much your scarcely renovated strength.
(*Aside to Salvator,*) Pray, if you love me, do not say a word
To this man here, touching our late discourse.—(*Exit.*)

SCENE III.—SALVATOR. CALMARI.

CAL. You are acquainted, then, with this Ravienna?
SALV. You heard him say he was my surgeon.
CAL. Oh!
Merely your surgeon. Let me speak a word
To you in confidence: he is a fellow
Full of impertinence: he worms himself
Into folks' houses, and do what we will,
We cannot keep him out.
SALV. (*cutting him short, and pointing to a seat.*) Be seated, sir.
Now, pray, what special mission brings you here?
Is it to buy a picture you are come?
CAL. In part it is.
SAL. In part! part of a picture!
Is that what you would purchase?
CAL. Nay, good sir,
You're jocular. I would not purchase part;
But I would have a bright transcendent whole.
SAL. And so you shall—if you will pay the price.
CAL. I'll pay you handsomely, and you shall see
How falsely I'm abused by the report
Which calls me covetous. But something more
Than payment is concerned in this transaction.
Salvator, the proposal I would make
Is one of a peculiar kind; it is—
It is—you see——
SAL. Come to the point at once.
CAL. You know to-morrow is the day on which
The prizes given by our Academy
Of Painting are to be decided?
SAL. Yes—
I'm perfectly aware of that; the prize
For the best painting is five hundred crowns,
Two hundred for the second.
CAL. Quite correct.
SAL. I'm a competitor myself, and have
Sent in one picture; and I'm now engaged
In finishing a second.
CAL. (*joyfully.*) That will do?
'Tis that which brings me here.
SAL. To purchase?
CAL. Yes,
That very picture.
SAL. Which?

CAL. The very one
You have just mention'd.
SAL. What! before you know
The subject of it?
CAL. I will take my chance;
'Twill gain the prize, and that's enough for me.
SAL. You're buying, as they say, a pig in a poke.
CAL. I care not, if you will but promise me
Ne'er to make known the parent of the pig.
SAL. What is't you mean? I beg you will explain.
CAL. I mean that I would purchase not alone
Your painting, but the title to be held
Its author.
SAL. What! so you would pass yourself
Off as the painter of *my* work?
CAL. I would.
SAL. You are a man with merits of your own,
Then wherefore deck yourself in borrow'd plumes?
CAL. Look ye, Salvator, all men must admit
That I know some things. As a connoisseur
In painting I rank high—no name deceives me,
No colour cheats my critical discernment;
But I cannot create—The living power
Of genius, which projects beyond itself
The creatures of the brain—the shaping hand—
These are not mine. I am a wealthy man,
And no one is esteem'd more highly here;
Yet, as you know, men often covet most
That which they least possess; and hence my soul
Pants for an artist's fame.
SAL. Come! Come! Director,
You shall not gull me so. An artist's fame!
That is a light, I'm sure, which cannot dazzle
Experienced eyes like yours.
CAL. It does, indeed;
Full twenty times I've sought this interview,
But never till to-day could get admittance—
Your accident excluding strangers from you.
But now I've found you just i' the nick o' time—
Come! be persuaded; let me call myself
The painter of that picture.
SAL. If no other
Motive than vanity prompts your request,
I will not hear of it.
CAL. I beg of you——
SAL. You need not ask me, for I will not do it.
CAL. I'll pay you any price you choose to name.
SAL. What is your gold to me?
CAL. (*after a pause.*) Suppose I had
Some other motive—would you then give way?
SAL. That's as the case might be.
CAL. You know, Salvator,
That two things are reported to my hurt;
'Tis said I love, and that I'm covetous.
I grant one-half of the report is true:
I am not covetous; but—I'm in love—
Smile if you will—in love with my young ward
SAL. (*astonished.*) And what has that to do with your demand?
CAL. Hearken, Salvator! This child's father, smitten
By love of art, has order'd in his will
That he alone shall gain his daughter's hand,
Who, in our yearly competition, wins

The highest prize for painting—that's to say,
Provided I object not to the match.
Now, I myself do love her—though perhaps
More as a father than a lover—yet
My heart is touch'd, and I have come to you
That you may help me to two blessed things—
A cherish'd wife and glory—both at once.

SAL. A wife and glory! I have heard it said
A wife, ere now, has proved her husband's shame.

CAL. You see then how the matter stands.

SAL. I do.
(Aside,) Scoundrel! I'll hackle you.—*(Aloud,)* Well, I agree.

CAL. To all I ask?

SAL. I've said it—we must now
Settle the price.

CAL. I pray you name your sum.

SAL. The sum must be enormous, or we split.

CAL. *(in evident trepidation.)* What do you call enormous?

SAL. Look ye, sir,
I'm selling to you not my work alone,
But my great name besides; you, in return,
Must part with a large share of the possessions
You hold most dear: that is but reasonable.

CAL. It is: provided you don't ask too much.

SAL. You said that you were rich—

CAL. I meant to say—

SAL. Whate'er you meant, I tell you, friend, you must
Pay like a prince, or else the bargain's off.

CAL. What is the price then?

SAL. Twenty thousand crowns.

CAL. Almighty heavens! Salvator, are you mad?

SAL. Not one sous less than twenty thousand crowns.

CAL. I thought you said you cared not for my gold.

SAL. Nor do I—but if I permit another
To call himself the father of my works,
It shall not be for nothing.

CAL. I'm in office,
And may be able to assist you, Rosa.

SAL. Thank you—but I require no man's assistance
As long as I can paint—My time, good sir,
Is precious, and my painting still requires
Some finishing touches—

CAL. Rosa! think again,
And fix a lower sum.

SAL. I've named the price.

CAL. Well, then, it shall be paid—give me the picture.

SAL. When you give me the money.

CAL. Do you think
That I have twenty thousand crowns about me?

SAL. Then go and fetch them.

CAL. Yet suppose, Salvator,
Your picture should not gain the prize—What then?

SAL. I'll pay the money back.

CAL. I am content.
(Sighing.) Oh! What a sum is twenty thousand crowns!

SAL. Consider what you've purchased therewithal—
Your ward—is she a beauty?

CAL. She's but young—
Yet I admire her—you shall see her soon.
Of course, our marriage must be over first,
For no man yet has seen her but myself.
You know how wickedly the world's inclined.

SAL. I know it well—see that you fetch the money.
CAL. One question further—the five hundred crowns,
To be awarded as the picture's prize,
They should belong to——
SAL. You—that is but fair.
CAL. (*Sighing.*) Which still leaves more than nineteen thousand crowns.
(*Exit, bowing courteously to* SALVATOR, *who accompanies him to the door.*)

SCENE IV.

SAL. I did not think he would have closed with me.
Bring but the gold, and thou shalt be exposed
Till Florence wide shall ring with thy disgrace.
Thou thoughtest, didst thou, I would sell my birthright,
And tear for gold the laurel from my brow?
Old dotard! dealings such as thine would rob
The light of splendour, and the flower of bloom.
Think'st thou I came to Florence as a huckster—
Not as a painter lit by light from heaven?
I'll teach thee what it is to lay a hand,
Audacious and impure onholy things.
Love thou would'st purchase—thou would'st purchase fame,
And painting's pleasures, shunning all its pains.
The rose thou wishest! thou shalt feel the thorn—
This is a bargain thou shalt long remember.

SCENE V.—SALVATOR. RAVIENNA, (*bringing in a picture.*)

RAV. I've brought my picture.
SAL. Prithee set it down—
In a few moments I'll attend to it.
RAV. Here, on the easel?
SAL. Set it where you please—
And now, Bernardo, tell me what you know
Of this old fool Calmari.
RAV. Ah! he is
A dragon watching an enchanted garden—
Laura his ward's the fairest thing that lives.
SAL. You know the maiden?
RAV. For these six months past
We have met daily.
SAL. How so? why, he told me
That not an eye but his had ever seen her.
RAV. And yet the two eyes of your friend Bernardo
Behold her daily.
SAL. How do you contrive
To hoodwink Cerberus?
RAV. Ten months ago,
This old Calmari sent for me to bleed him.
Then for the first time I beheld his ward:
She came into the chamber were we sat,
But scarcely had she enter'd it when he
Up starting fierce, despite his bleeding arm,
Thrust her out rudely, and slamm'd to the door.
Struck by the vision, I stood motionless,
While the old man—his keen eye scanning me,
His lower lip convulsed with passion—said,
"I shall require your services no longer,
We'll trust the rest to Providence." On that
I left the house, determined to behold
Once more the vision that had moved me so.
But though for weeks I hover'd round the shrine
In which my treasure dwelt, I ne'er saw aught

Save th' Argus-eyed Calmari, who exchanged
A scornful greeting with me when we met.
SAL. (*smiling.*) No wonder that he lives in terror of you.
RAV. An accident at length procured for me
The blessed meeting I so long had courted.
One day I linger'd past my usual time
In the great hall of our academy,
Contemplating the pictures—when, behold!
Calmari's bald head stealthily protruded
In at the doorway, spying carefully
To see if any one was there. No sooner
Did he perceive me than he shouted out,
"You must begone, sir, it is past our hour
Of closing!" I departed—heard him draw
The bolts behind me—then stood still and listen'd.
I heard his creaking voice—I heard besides
The soft tones of a maiden—sweet to hear—
His ward's. My plan was speedily matured.
I bribed the porter, who at once agreed
To admit me to the hall whene'er I pleased.
The difficulty next was where to hide me.
There are, you know, within the antechamber,
Two niches in the wall, in which are station'd
The waxen images of two great masters,
Attired as when they lived. One of these figures,
Old Cimabue, with the porter's aid,
I soon displaced—then wearing the costume
And beard of the dead painter, I ascended
The vacant pedestal.
SAL. I am delighted
With the adventure—pray, proceed.
RAV. In less
Than half an hour in comes our ancient friend,
And finding, as he thinks, the coast quite clear,
Goes out again, and then returns—with whom?
With whom, Salvator?—With his angel ward!
He leaves her in the room and goes his ways.
Now she and I are left alone together,
My heart beats loud—my knees grow tremulous,
And flinging off my trappings, I descend
And throw me at her feet. Full of alarm
She starts away—but love at length prevails,
And conquers shyness: I then learn from her
How every day her guardian brings her here
At the same hour, while he receives his guests,
Anxious to keep her hid from all men's eyes.
Only conceive! the hoary miscreant
Pesters her daily with a dotard's love.
But she loves me if there is truth in heaven,
Although I dare not hope to call her mine.
SAL. You love her much, you say?
RAV. Unspeakably!
SAL. So it appears; for all absorb'd in her,
You have forgot the work which brought you here,
And the high art of painting, which in your
Eyes was the holiest of holy things.
RAV. You're in a merry humour.
SAL. Where's your work?
RAV. Not yet—not yet—this humour must be off you.
Let me arrange the light—oh, my great master!
My life or death depend on your decision.

SAL. Pooh! no more phrasing. Good wine needs no bush.
(*Pushing* RAVIENNA *aside, he advances before the painting: fixing his eye steadily upon it, he addresses* RAVIENNA *in a tone of deep astonishment.*)
Did *you* paint that, Bernardo?
RAV. Yes! great master;
How does it please you?
SAL. Please me!—*you* paint this!
This warm and soft creation, full of love,
Where all the goddess blends with woman's charms;
These lips that breathe the soul of soft desire;
These eyes, like rising stars, half hid beneath
The golden flood that breaks through yonder clouds,
Sunburst of Jove, that strews the earth with flowers!
If this creation—this fair Danäe—
Be yours, Bernardo, then you are indeed
A mighty master!
RAV. Sir, you banter well!
SAL. Look ye, Bernardo! Here, friend, is a picture
I painted for to-morrow's competition;
Its chance is gone—I now may lock it up.
'Tis a good painting; yet, compared with yours,
'Tis a mere daub—observe the two together.
When did I ever paint such arms as these?
RAV. Salvator!
SAL. Now, I ask you, by the art
In which you are so great a master—say,
Say what you know to be the naked truth.
Is not your picture better far than mine?
RAV. (*after some hesitation.*) I think 'tis better.
SAL. Yea, by God! it is.
(*Embracing* RAVIENNA,) Come to my arms, Bernardo. I am fill'd
With glad surprise to find in you so valiant
A fellow-labourer in the fields of art;
And if the world has hitherto been blind
To your great merits, it shall soon be taught
To do you justice—take my word for that.
RAV. Rosa! my art has all its roots in love.
Take love away, my art would wither soon.
'Twas Laura made me; without her, I am
Like to a voice whose sound hath pass'd away.
SAL. What would you say, Bernardo, if I knew
A secret which would keep your art alive,
y fostering the love in which 'tis rooted—
And make fair Laura yours?
RAV. Oh Rosa! Rosa!
SAL. Our game is not secured; but yet, I think,
With tolerable luck, we shall succeed.
Has no one seen this picture but myself?
RAV. No one has seen it. I have kept it close:
For the ideal Danäe before you
Is my own Laura's image to the life.
SAL. Is Laura's image! better! better still!
Pray, let your picture for an hour be placed
At my disposal.
RAV. Use your pleasure with it.
SAL. Let no one—let not even your Laura—know
That you have painted this. Is she aware
That you're an artist?
RAV. No! Salvator; first
I was determined to have your approval
Or condemnation, ere she saw my work.

SAL. Step then, my good sir, into this side-chamber,
And there remain while I give audience
To one whom 'tis as well you should not meet.
Now go.
RAV. (*who stands lost in a trance of delight.*) Shall I survive this night!
SAL. Now go. (RAVIENNA *retires into the side-chamber.*)

SCENE VI.

SALVATOR, (*contemplating his own painting.*) Ah, my good picture! but your chance is gone.
No prize for you, if this fair Danäe
Comes into competition; and it shall.
Artists of Florence!—it shall far outshine
Your misty daubs, and lessen your conceit.—(*Gazing on the picture of Danäe.*)
'Tis wonderful! this surgeon beats us all.
But let me think how I may best promote
His love affair with Laura. The old man
Is keen and selfish—'twill be difficult.
Yet, if I have a head to plan a scheme,
His twenty thousand crowns shall gain him little.
I have it now—he shall be made to buy
Bernardo's picture, taking it for mine;
And, when he is once fairly in the net,
We will unmask the traitor. Here he comes.
Now, let us see how my design will work.

SCENE VII.—SALVATOR. CALMARI, (*with a large purse of gold in his hand.*)
CAL. Here is the money—short of thirty crowns—
Which I will pay you soon. (SALVATOR *closes the door*—CALMARI *looks alarmed.*) Why shut the door?
SAL. Methinks this business needs not witnesses.
CAL. You're right, Salvator; I commend your caution.
SAL. (*showing him* RAVIENNA'S *painting.*) Here is the picture.
CAL. (*petrified with astonishment.*) In the name of God!
Whence came this picture? Who and what is this?
SAL. 'Tis what I lately painted.
CAL. But these lips—
These eyes—these arms! This is the devil's own work!
SAL. What moves you so?
CAL. Oh Laura!—Danäe!
SAL. Methinks the picture does not please you, sir.
CAL. This magic piece! 'tis worth a million crowns,
Ay, a round million.
SAL. Then you'll grant, for once,
I have not charged too highly for my picture.
You are a connoisseur.
CAL. (*eagerly.*) 'Tis mine, remember,
For twenty thousand crowns.
SAL. Ay, *minus* thirty.
CAL. Ah me! how fair and languishing she looks
Up to the golden shower above her shed.
SAL. The piece, I see, is something to your taste.
Eh, signor! you desire a handsome wife,
And I'm mistaken if you'd love her less
Should she come to you in a shower of gold.
CAL. Oh, Laura!—Danäe! Unless I knew
No eye had ever seen her, I should say
This picture was the portrait of my ward.
But I must take a seat. (*He sits down exhausted in the arm-chair.*)
Now tell me, Rosa,

Upon your honour; are you not acquainted
With any person whom this picture's like?
SAL. I'm not indeed.
CAL. 'Tis an ideal then?
SAL. I know no person who resembles it.
CAL. (*rising up.*) I'm satisfied—and now the work is mine.
SAL. It is.
CAL. Now, swear that you will never claim
This picture as your work.
SAL. Here is my hand—
I'll never claim that picture as my work.
CAL. Then take your gold; and take my thanks besides.
SAL. (*bowing him out.*) Farewell—farewell—most noble of directors!—
(*Exit Calmari.*)

SCENE VIII.—SALVATOR. RAVIENNA, (*who has overheard Calmari's last words, and comes forward in astonishment.*)
RAV. What have you done, Salvator?
SAL. Sold your picture.
RAV. To this Calmari?
SAL. You were pleased to place it
At my disposal, as you may remember,
And now the part you have to play is this—
To-morrow, when the notes are given in
Bearing the names of the competitors,
Write upon yours "Picture of Danae,"
And sign your name within. Calmari here
Will do the same—claiming your work as his.
When both are open'd, then you must stand forth,
And in plain terms, before the whole assembly,
Denounce the liar, as he well deserves.
RAV. But he is Laura's guardian, and this trick
Will make him my worst enemy for life.
No, let him take my work, and take my fame,
And give me Laura!
SAL. That will never do—
I will not hear of it. You must be known—
Florence must know the treasure she possesses.
Ten Lauras—ay! a hundred—you may find
Before you paint another piece like that.
Art is of higher worth than love, my friend!—(*Exeunt.*)

SECOND ACT.

Antechamber of the Hall of the Painting Academy. In the middle is a large curtain screening the body of the Hall. In the foreground on the right, is a door leading into the house of the Director. In the walls are two niches, each of which is covered by a curtain; above the niche on the right is inscribed the name of CIMABUE, *above that on the left the name of* LEONARDO DA VINCI.

SCENE I.—LAURA. RAVIENNA, (*in the attire of the ancient painter Cimabue, but without the beard.*)
LAU. (*to Ravienna, who is kneeling before her.*) Rise, dear Bernardo; do you doubt me still?
RAV. I am bound down by chains I cannot break.
LAU. So speaks my guardian, when he lies for hours
Prostrate and whining at my feet. Pray, rise!
RAV. (*rising.*) Laura! how happy am I in your love!
I never knew life's blessedness till now—
Fair days are ours, and brighter are to come.

LAU. I hope you may be able to effect
A safe retreat before my guardian comes;
He will be here immediately. To-day
Is fixed for the decision of the prizes.
RAV. To-day?
LAU. Yes! were you not aware of that?
RAV. How should I know it?
LAU. (*sighing*) Ay! too true—too true—
You are no painter.
RAV. Wherefore do you sigh?
Oh, Laura—Laura! does the painter's art
Engross so large a share of your esteem,
That but a secondary love is left
For a poor surgeon?
LAU. What you are to me,
Bernardo—you know well. Yet I confess
If you were but a painter, all my wishes
Would be fulfill'd. I have a love for painters—
A love inhaled with the first air I breathed—
My father was devoted to the art
With all the zeal of an enthusiast.
He had himself some skill—and our whole house
Was filled with paintings by the greatest masters.
Thus, in an atmosphere of grace and beauty
My infancy was spent—my playmates, pictures.
After my father's death my guardian took me;
And he, too, is possess'd by the same passion.
Mew'd up, secluded by his jealous care,
From all society of men, I still
Had friends about me, and these friends were still
The bright creations of the painter's hand.
The tender Guido and the soft Romano,
The earnest Annibal, the pious Durer—
These were the dear companions of my youth,
And with their works my fondest thoughts are twined.
Methinks, Bernardo, if you were to try,
You might become a painter; for so true
A feeling of the beautiful is yours,
And I have heard you speak respecting art
In terms so glowing, that I'm sure you love it.
Now, for my sake, do try. The laurel's green,
How well it would become these clustering locks!
RAV. (*aside.*) Oh, heavenly rapture!
LAU. (*leaning on his shoulder.*) Promise me you'll try?
RAV. If all goes well, I promise you I will.
LAU. Oh, that is charming!—Now, even now, methinks
I see you seated at your easel, with
Myself beside you, stealing, whilst I knit,
Admiring glances as your work proceeds.
I read your name already in the lists
Of glory—of myself I hear it said,
That is the wife of the illustrious Bernard—
Oh! what a dream of joy!
RAV. A dream indeed!
LAU. Which shall come true—if you'll but persevere.
No doubt the first steps will be difficult,
But practice in the end will make you perfect.
I can myself assist you with some hints,
Learn'd from my guardian.
RAV. Never breathe that name,
Its mention thrills me like an ague-shudder.

LAU. What is't you fear?—You know I love but you,
And that his bolts and bars are all in vain.
RAV. I know it—yet I scarcely dare to hope—
I see before me what appears a star,
And yet it may turn out a will-o'-the-wisp.
My heart is sore beset with anxious fears;
Yet perhaps, Laura, at this very moment
I'm nearer the fulfilment of my wishes
Than e'er I was before——
LAU. Bernardo, how?
RAV. Yes! dearest maiden, what I say is true.
Unless my spirit is a false foreboder,
This is the last time I shall wear these trappings.
I feel that now or never is the time.
LAU. What is't you mean?
RAV. Laura! I cannot now
Be more explicit—for my hopes are still
Like a soap bubble, which a breath may mar. (*A noise is heard at the door.*)
LAU. Away! make haste! I hear my guardian coming—
(RAVIENNA *runs towards the niche, leaving his beard lying on the floor.*)
Here, take your beard!
(*He returns and takes it from her hand, and again makes for the niche—still leaving a piece of the beard behind him.* LAURA *picks it up.*)
You have not got it all.
(*He is on the point of returning to receive the remaining portion, when the door opens. He immediately draws back into the niche, and closes the curtain upon himself from within.*)

SCENE II.—RAVIENNA (*in the niche.*) LAURA. CALMARI *enters gaily attired.*
CAL. (*looking suspiciously at* LAURA, *who endeavours to conceal the piece of the beard*) What have you there?
LAU. (*striving to hide her embarrassment.*) Merely a plaything, sir.
When I was left alone, a childish freak
Urged me to pluck the beard of old Leonardo;
And, as it seems, I tweak'd his chin too roughly,
For this small portion came away.
CAL. The beard
Of old Leonardo, say you?—Let me see!
(*He draws aside the curtain covering the niche in which the statue of Leonardo stands.*)
Why, no deficiency of beard is here!
LAU. 'Twas from the other, then.
CAL. From Cimabue?
(*He draws aside the curtain covering the niche.* RAVIENNA *is revealed standing motionless; part of his beard is torn off.*)
Ay! you are right; something is wanting here.
Give me the hair, and I will fasten it.
LAU. (*in an apparent fit of absence, has torn the hair in pieces, and scattered them on the floor.*) Ah me! what's this! What have I been about!
I've torn the hair, not thinking what I did.
It cannot now be used.
CAL. (*smiling upon her.*) Is that the way
In which you treat grey hairs, you naughty gipsy?
LAU. It was quite unintentional, indeed.
CAL. I'm glad you say so, for I now may hope
That mine will meet with kindness at your hands,
And all due reverence, when I'm up in years.
LAU. Methinks, good sir, you have not long to wait.

CAL. I'll not be sixty for yet many a year.
My lovely ward, how well you look to-day!
(*Casting tender glances upon her, he chuckles and rubs his hands as if he had some delightful secret to communicate.*)
LAU. You seem much pleased, sir. What is the good news?
CAL. I'm thinking what a fine surprise you'll get
To-day.
LAU. Surprise!—at what, good sir?
CAL. Oh! nothing—
Nothing, my Laura—nothing!
LAU. Sir, you know
How much I hate all mystery—speak out,
Or I shall leave you.
CAL. Well, my pretty one,
You shall behold some handiwork of mine,
And something on me.
LAU. On you!
CAL. On my head—
This head.
LAU. And what will that same something be?
CAL. A wreath.
LAU. A wreath! I'm glad 'tis nothing worse.
CAL. Come, are you not surprised?—yet there is more,
Far more, to tell you—but I must be silent.
LAU. Now, tell me plainly what may all this mean?
I ne'er before saw you in such a mood,
So festively attired.
CAL. The truth will out.
Laura! I am a painter.
LAU. You a painter!
CAL. Hush! hush! for walls have ears—yet if these lips
Would promise me a kiss——
LAU. I promise it.
CAL. Then hear, and be astonish'd—I have painted
One of the pictures enter'd for the prize!
LAU. (*who is in a state of great anxiety on* RAVIENNA'S *account.*) Indeed!
CAL. What troubles you, my ward—you cast
Such anxious glances at the door?
LAU. Methinks
The people are already pouring in.
CAL. You need not fear—the doors are bolted fast.
LAU. (*extremely anxious to get him away.*) Pray, let us go. I hear a crowd of people
Thronging the doorway, eager for admission
To witness the decision of the prizes.
CAL. My pretty pigeon!—what!—afraid of hawks?
Nay, never fear while the old huntsman's present.
He will protect you! (*He opens the door leading into his house.*)
LAU. (*making a sign to* BERNARDO.) Then adieu, belov'd one!
CAL. (*answering the salutation as if it had been meant for himself, and kissing her hand.*) Bless your sweet heart, my darling!
[*Exit* LAURA

SCENE III.—RAVIENNA (*in the niche.*) CALMARI.

CAL. Belov'd one!—so she call'd me—I belov'd!
Belov'd by her!—hear it, ye images,
Ye silent witnesses of my delight—
Thou ancient Durer, and thou Cimabue—
Methinks it might have pour'd a flood of life
Through your pale forms, to hear her say she loved;
But there ye stand, cold on your pedestals,
While streams of fire are coursing through my veins.

Envy my happiness and my success,
I am your friend, I soon shall be your brother.
Love and the laurel—both are mine—ha! ha!
And what is better, both are—undeserved.
When the arbiters are met—and when they cry,
" Picture of Danäe gains prize the first—
Who is the painter?" When the secretary
Opens the seal'd note I shall give him—when
Calmari's name resounds from every lip—
What human transports then shall equal mine?
Then comes the laurel—the five hundred crowns—
My ward to be my wife! My brain grows dizzy,
I'll think of it no more—the joy's too great.
(*He listens to the noise of the people outside the Hall.*)
There is an eager bustling throng without,
I'll go and ope the doors—yes, my good friends,
Ye all shall be admitted, and shall witness
My triumph with astonishment and envy.
(*He enters the Hall through the curtain which screens it, and having opened the outside doors, returns quickly, and goes into his own house.*)

Scene IV.

Rav. (*descending cautiously from the niche.*) I must make haste.
(*He peeps through the curtain which screens the Hall.*)
God help me! 'tis too late!
The people are already in the hall;
I cannot face them in this strange attire.
(*He hurries back towards the door which leads into* Calmari's *house.*)
I'll try the door of the director's house.
Good heavens! 'tis lock'd. I'm driven to despair!
What shall I do? (*He hurries back into the niche.*)

Scene V.—Ravienna (*in the niche*)—Salvator (*coming out of the Hall, and looking round him.*

Sal. He must be here; the porter
Told me he had not left the hall. (*He draws aside the curtain covering the niche.*)
Bernardo!
Rav. (*remains standing on the pedestal.*) Is't you, Salvator?
Sal. What detains you here?
Rav. The old man would not stir.
Sal. (*with considerable irritation.*) 'Tis passing strange!
It is incredible that you should play
These foolish tricks at such a time as this!
Rav. Is there no way by which I can escape?
Sal. I know of none; the hall is fill'd with people.
Rav. This is a dreadful scrape!
Sal. It serves you right.
What brought you here, I say, at such a time?
You know Calmari has his own suspicions,
And, if he finds you here, the game is up—
You lose your Laura—he escapes exposure.
Rav. Consider! I have given in my name
In a seal'd note.
Sal. Has he not done the same?
Now, just suppose that his is open'd first,
How could you, in so critical a moment,
Appear in this fantastical disguise
Before the arbiters, and claim your picture?
A pretty figure you would cut indeed!

Who would be likest the impostor then?—
You or Calmari? Friend, look to your Laura;
I fear she's lost, unless the Fates assist you!
RAV. I must be gone, though I should lose my life!
SAL. Stay where you are; to move were perfect madness.
'Twould ruin all if you were caught just now.
(*Noise at the door of the Director's house.*)
Some one is coming.
RAV. Laura! oh, my Laura!
Let me away!
SAL. (*pushing him back into the niche.*) Keep still, or all is lost.

SCENE VI.—RAVIENNA (*in the niche.*) SALVATOR. CALMARI *enters*
SAL. (*to Calmari.*) Your brows are itching for the laurel—eh?
CAL. Dear Rosa! I am steep'd in happiness—
This very day—
SAL. You shall not soon forget it,
That is most certain.
CAL. I shall not, indeed—
It is a most momentous day for me.
If all goes well, this day shall see me crown'd
At once with love and honour.
SAL. Have a care—
They say that "easy won is easy lost;"
Your honour and your ward—both are but young.
CAL. Leave me alone to manage her, my friend.
I'll keep a sharp look-out when we are wed;
She shall be safely screen'd from all men's eyes;
I'll watch each thought that crosses her by day,
I'll watch each dream that visits her by night,
I'll watch each tone that hovers on her lips,
And thus close up the avenues of danger.
When once she is my wife, adieu to music,
Dancing, and books—those roses where snakes nestle—
These in my house shall be forbidden things.
No friend, no confidant shall gain her ear,
And she shall never stir a step without me.
Methinks that thus 'twill be impossible
For her to play me false.
SAL. (*casting a glance towards Ravienna.*) Ay! ay! old friend,
You are the man to keep gallants at bay;
But your young wife—what will she say to this?
CAL. I care not what she says—she cost me dear,
And such a precious purchase must be lodged
Safe under lock and key.
SAL. (*perceiving a sealed note in Calmari's hand.*) What have you there?
CAL. The note.
SAL. What note?
CAL. (*with a cunning look.*) The note which certifies
That I'm the painter of a certain picture.
This little token, like a magic spell,
Shall bear me into Laura's bridal chamber,
And into glory's temple.
SAL. Should it not
Have been given in ere now?
CAL. Far better not.
Look ye, Salvator! a wise man should be
Forearm'd 'gainst all contingencies. Suppose
Your picture should not gain the highest prize,
(I grant the case is scarcely possible,
But let it be supposed.)—In that case, then,
Our bargain's cancell'd; you get back your picture,

And I my crowns, and no man is the wiser.
With my own hand I will destroy this note,
And put our secret thus beyond betrayal.
Yes! yes! I'll wait until it is announced
That our good picture has obtain'd the prize,
And then I will step forward with the note
And hand it in—What say you to the plan?

SAL. Its shrewdness is unmatch'd—(*he raises his voice, and his words, apparently addressed to Calmari, are in reality intended for Ravienna's ear.*)
Now, friend, beware
How you desert the station you've assumed—
And do not—do not risk discovery.

CAL. Discovery! That's not possible—If you
Keep silent, and I have your word for that—
You have my gold. (*playfully.*)
Gold's not so bad a thing—
Is it, my brother, eh? you don't dislike it.
A heavy purse—nay, never look so savage;
Gold has the power of magic—*entre nous,*
There's nothing in the world gold cannot buy.

SAL. Some people may be *sold* as well as bought.
My friend, 'twas not your gold that tempted me;
Your singular proposal took my fancy,
And I assented—and now let me say,
As truly as that painting is my work,
So truly, sir, are you an honest man.

SCENE VII.—RAVIENNA, (*in the niche.*) SALVATOR. CALMARI. *The Secretary of the Academy,* (*entering through the curtain which screens the Hall.*)

SEC. The arbiters are met.

CAL. I will be with you
In a few moments. (*The Secretary is retiring.*) Mister Secretary,
One word with you.

SEC. I'm at your service.

CAL. Pray,
Oblige me by announcing to the artists
Assembled in the hall, that I intend
To give a feast to-day.

SEC. (*in astonishment.*) A feast, director!

CAL. Yes, sir—to-day I mean to give my ward
In marriage to the painter who shall gain
The highest prize. You understand?

SEC. I do.
I will inform them of your kind intentions.

CAL. Now leave us—I will follow.—(*Exit.*)

SCENE VIII.—RAVIENNA, (*in the niche.*) SALVATOR. CALMARI.

SAL. (*aside*) Would to God
The old man would go!

CAL. You seem uneasy, sir.

SAL. I wish this business were but fairly over.

CAL. Now, brother—honour bright!

SAL. What I have promised,
I will observe. He whom the note shall name,
And none but he, is painter of your picture.

CAL. I hope, my friend, you'll come into the hall,
And witness my great triumph.

SAL. Thank you—no;
I'll rather tarry here: I have no love
For crowds. We'll meet when the decision's over.

CAL. Just as you please. I hope, at any rate,
You'll come, this evening, to my marriage-feast;

I also hope that, to maintain my credit—
My credit as an artist—you will paint
Another picture for me, some time hence—
The price, however, must be somewhat lower.
'Twas Laura's eyes, more than your pencil's power,
Which gain'd for you your twenty thousand crowns;
You can't expect the like another time.
But Laura—she shall pay for what she costs me;
I'll keep it off her—*au revoir*, my brother.—(*Exit.*)

SCENE IX.—SALVATOR, RAVIENNA (*in the niche.*)

SAL. Brother—thy brother! scoundrel and impostor!
(*To Ravienna,*) Come down. The arbiters are on the point
Of giving their decision. Did you hear
All that Calmari said.

RAV. (*comes down from the niche.*) I overheard
Each word—he has not given in his note,
And mine is lodged—that makes my triumph safe.
Yet, Heaven protect us! how he'll fret and foam
To find that he himself has help'd his rival
To Laura's hand!

SAL. His punishment must be
More signal still—his infamous imposture
Must be laid bare before the whole assembly.

RAV. Rosa, consider he is Laura's guardian—
'Twill be sufficient punishment, if he
Loses her hand, and loses all the glory
Which he had counted so securely on—
Let us, dear sir, be silent, I entreat you,
Touching the rest—and pay him back his money.

SCENE X.—SALVATOR. RAVIENNA. LAURA *enters.*

LAU. Still here, Bernardo! (*beholding Salvator, she starts back.*)

SAL. Maiden, why so shy?
Am I so very terrible and strange?
Am I, Ravienna?

RAV. Laura, in this man
Behold my dearest friend—the great preserver
Of all my happiness: you know his name,
The whole world rings with it—Salvator Rosa. (*Laura looks bewildered.*)

SAL. Fair maid, you seem astonish'd—Is it then
So strange a thing that one poor artist should
Befriend another?

LAU. He! is he an artist?

SAL. Listen, and you shall hear—approach this curtain.
Give me your hand—

(*He leads her to the curtain screening the Hall, which he draws aside, so that the interior can be seen. In the Hall is a platform on which a table is placed, and on the table stand two jars. The Arbiters are seated round the table.* CALMARI *is close beside them—at the end of the table stands the Secretary with a sealed note in his hand.*)

SEC. (*with a loud voice*). "Picture of Danäe"
Gains the first prize. (Calmari *thrusts forward his note.*)
I thank you sir—'tis here.
I have the note already in my hand—(*he opens the note*)—
'Tis painted by "Bernardo Ravienna."

(*Drums and trumpets sound.* CALMARI *recoils from the table in terrible dismay, and, thrusting the note into his breast, conceals himself amongst the mass of spectators.* SALVATOR *closes the curtain.*)

LAU. Bernardo!

BER. Laura!

SAL. You two must retire:
The exasperated boar has broke his toils,
And now his first rush will be made at me.
(LAURA *and* RAVIENNA *retire into the back ground.*)

SCENE XI.—LAURA. SALVATOR. RAVIENNA. CALMARI.
(CALMARI *Staggers through the curtain—his lips working convulsively—his eyes flashing—his forehead covered with sweat—his hair and dress in disorder. Beholding* SALVATOR, *he rushes up to him and seizes his arm.* SALVATOR *frees himself with dignity from his grasp, and steps backward.*)

CAL. Traitor! my gold!
SAL. Traitor! you mean yourself;
You are the traitor, and you've suffer'd for it.
Take my advice, good Master Head-Director!
Take my advice, bear your discomfiture
With a good grace, and 'twill be better for you.
Your secret rests with me and with yourself;
No person knows it. But I have the power—
Even at this moment—I've the power to tear
From your base breast the witness of your shame.
(*He makes a grasp at* CALMARI'S *breast, who steps back, and appears as if he would exculpate himself.*)
Say not one word, but thank our joint forbearance—
Mine and Bernardo's—if we don't expose
Your base designs before the whole assembly.
CAL. Where is my gold?
SAL. 'Tis in safe keeping, sir;
And it shall be return'd, provided you
Do not object to what you cannot hinder.
CAL. What must I do?
SAL. My worthy friend Bernardo,
The painter of that picture, loves your ward.
You must bestow her hand on him: he is
Entitled to it by her father's will,
As you yourself inform'd me.
CAL. (*striking his forehead.*) Fool that I am!
(*Then suddenly recollecting,*) Yet in the will there is a clause which says,
Provided I object not to the match.
Now, I object.
SAL. But did not you yourself
Apprise the assembly, through the Secretary,
That you intended—ay, this very evening—
To give her hand to him who gain'd the prize?
CAL. Damnation! on all sides I'm circumvented!
SAL. Do not excite yourself, my worthy "brother!"
Embrace my terms, and you shall have your money.
CAL. Where is this friend of yours?
SAL. Behold him yonder.
CAL. Ha! Cimabue—Now I see it all—
Damnation!—Cimabue with the torn
Beard was Bernardo!
(*To* Bernardo *in a voice of entreaty,*) Pray, oh, pray withdraw!
The people are already seeking you,
And if they find you here in this disguise,
I shall be thrice befool'd. (*He motions him towards the door of his own house.*
SAL. Stir not one step—
Leave me alone to manage this affair.

SCENE XII.—SALVATOR. CALMARI. RAVIENNA. LAURA. *Secretary enters, followed by several painters and spectators.*
SEC. (*with a wreath of laurel in his hand.*) Where is the painter?

SAL. (*presenting to him* RAVIENNA, *who has laid aside his beard.*) Here he is, good sir!

ALL. Long live Bernardo!

SAL. Gentlemen! I see
You are astonish'd at the strange disguise
In which you find our friend.—The truth is this—
His modest fears about his picture's fate
O'ermastered him: he could not face the trial,
And therefore hid himself within this niche,
That unobserved he might await the result,
Disguised as now you see him.

SEC. (*handing the wreath to* Calmari.) Now, Director,
It is your part to twine this laurel wreath
Around the brows of our successful brother.

CAL. (*with an air of pretended satisfaction.*) With all my heart.

SAL. (*regarding* Calmari *with a penetrating look.*) Director—if your soul
Can be magnanimous—then prove it now,
And make Bernardo's happiness complete.

CAL. Come hither, Laura! (*To the bystanders,*) Friends, this day, you have
Witness'd the triumph of our new associate—
Now witness further: I bestow on him
(While placing on his head the prize of fame)
The dearer, richer prize of Laura's hand!

(*He crowns* RAVIENNA, *and joins the hands of him and* LAURA. *The affianced pair stand side by side, looking grateful acknowledgments at* SALVATOR—*Amid the sounds of drums and trumpets, the curtain falls.*)

THE WORLD OF LONDON.

PART V.

IT will be desirable, before proceeding further, that we take the trouble to recapitulate briefly the portion of our task already completed—the better to assist the memory of our readers, and our own.

The vulgar errors prevalent among provincials which we have already satisfactorily refuted, are ideas of town with regard to—

I. SOCIETY.
II. EXPENSIVENESS.
III. SPLENDOUR.

The general ideas apt to impress the reflective stranger, already illustrated by a few examples, are those of the World of London in its—

I. VASTNESS.
II. INDUSTRY.
III. ENTERPRIZE.
IV. ECONOMY.
V. COMFORT.

We now proceed briefly to notice another striking peculiarity of London life—the absence, namely, of a concentrated, determined, or concentrating unity of

PUBLIC OPINION.

In a thousand ways this privation of common consent in the expression of public opinion may be illustrated; but it will be better understood by contrasting London with other places, wherein an expression of decision upon matters of public interest is constant, permanent, and tangible.

Let us look to large towns: Birmingham, for example, is a great athletic Radical—flourishing naked bayonets and gun-barrels—talking knives and daggers—and breathing fire and brimstone. Manchester may be aptly represented by a big loaf, set up on a long pole by the dimity manufacturers, and paraded, with various success, through all parts of the country, with the view of enabling said manufacturers to get their dimity wove by the wretched handicraftsmen of the towns for less than they get it done for at

present—that is to say, for less than nothing. Edinburgh is a genteel Whig; never happy but in singing the praises of Lord Melbourne, and in being represented in Parliament by some self-seeking lawyer, spruce-beer placeman, or treasury hack of one or other denomination; so that, when we talk of the public opinion of the Modern Athens on political matters, we must be understood to refer to the merely personal interests of the mercenaries selected to represent *themselves* in parliament by the burgesses of the Northern metropolis.

The expression of public opinion of Dublin is dictated by some pitiful fag of a faction, taken from the tail of the House of Commons and put at the head of the Irish executive, by some good-natured blubbering bumpkin, who, but for the accident of having been born the eldest son of a titled dunce, would have earned his bread at a Yorkshire fair, grinning through a horse-collar; or by some civet-scented macaroni, who might have been removed from the groom-portership of a west-end gaming-house, to dispense the honours and patronage of the country.

A triumvirate of this sort the public opinion of Dublin delights to honour, calling it—although no government at all—a *paternal* government; a triumvirate of this sort, although perpetrating the most outrageous and scandalous jobs daily under the nose of the nation, does not stink in its servile nostrils; a triumvirate like this is the theme of Dublin laudation, the object of Dublin servility; a triumvirate like this, magnanimous in little insults and great in retail tyranny, has its echo in the public opinion of a city delighting to flourish in an atmosphere of general dependence.

The public opinion of London, on the contrary, takes its tone and character from a thousand clashing and conflicting interests; extreme ends of the town represent extreme opinions, ever changing their extremes; the centre of this mighty motive power remains permanent, revolving steadily in a moderate but decided course; in the *city* alone has the public opinion of London any weight of authority—and the opinion of the city of London has materially influenced, and continues materially to influence, the public opinion of the empire.

This effect, however, is produced rather silently and imperceptibly, than by what are called demonstrations. These are few and far between, nor are resorted to save on occasions of overwhelming national interest. Matters of ordinary importance are left to take their ordinary course; and the grand distinction between the world of London and the world of the provinces, is in the extreme general indifference, wherewith in the former objects of particular interest are regarded.

The violence of expression upon political matters, characteristic of provincial places, and of them characteristic in the inverse ratio of their importance or intelligence, has no place in the city of London. No party has time or inclination for rampant speechification, for the organization of bludgeon men, or instigation to riot and disorder. Habits of business in their private relations, have taught them how public business may be carried on; and they carry on their public business accordingly.

Perhaps there never was an occasion upon which more decided differences of opinion were held and expressed by the empire than upon the occasion of the late general election, nor one when more violence of tone might have been expected in the expression of parties; yet, notwithstanding this, a stranger, incurious in leading articles and indifferent to politics, might have resided in the heart of the city of London, whose decision was not alone a decision for itself, but mainly for the empire, without being apprized that any important public business was in progress; and might have traversed the city, save in the immediate neighbourhood of Guildhall, on the day of election, without being at all aware of the tremendous contest then going on for the representation of the first city in the world.

When the event was known—when Lord John Russell, who, with that want of good taste, and that recklessness of public opinion—the only positive attributes of his party—allowed himself to be put forward for the representation of that city, whose privileges he had grasped at with a daring hand, for the purpose of transferring them to a batch of that stipendiary vermin with which his government has covered the face of the

land, was "*let in*" by a "glorious majority" of *nine*, the only wonder was that the votes of the nine tailors who supported his lordship (*men* they could not have been) had not been reduced to their proper dimensions, and recorded as one integral suffrage—a course which, if adopted, would have saved the city the disgrace of returning to Parliament, by even a "glorious majority" of *one*, the consistent and undeviating enemy of her rights, immunities, and privileges, confirmed not less by successive charters of monarchs than by the determination of the citizens who enjoy them, and the people of England, who are proud to remember how much the nation owes, on many occasions, to the intelligence, determination, and spirit of their presiding city.

Not in politics alone, but in all minor matters, social and personal, is the absence of pervading interest, or universal impulse apparent: in truth, it must be manifest that, when occasions of great national import produce so little general excitement in town, lesser matters must be noticed with almost general indifference, or, at the most, blaze up for half an hour into topics of general conversation, and then be extinguished for ever.

Talking of Lord John Russell reminds us of another great man, the indifference to whose untimely end may serve as an illustration of our present enquiry.

When Sam Patch, the American, hanged himself, by way of a lark, upon Waterloo Bridge, (by the way, what, may we ask, became of the enquiry whether or no the directors sanctioned that disgusting exhibition?) we happened to have occasion to walk up the Waterloo Road about ten minutes after the untoward event; the crowd had already dispersed, but some stray sentences dropped by the passers-by induced us to imagine something interesting might have occurred. Laying down sixpence to pay our toll, while awaiting the change, we took occasion to enquire of the gate-keeper what was the matter. "Only a Yankee diver hanged hisself on the bridge, sir—all right!" replied the functionary; whether the "all right" referred to the propriety of Sam Patch acting as his own hangman upon this occasion, or to the correctness of the change tendered me by the gate-keeper, I cannot say; however that may be, I could not help censuring the folly of Sam Patch in executing himself in London, where not merely the manner of his death, but his previous existence, was forgotten in some seconds less than five minutes; whereas, had he only taken the trouble to strangulate himself in Edinburgh or Dublin, he would have been talked of for a week, and remembered for a fortnight. Songs would have been sung, and sermons made, about him; public meetings would have been called to petition Parliament against capital punishments. Patch would have become a household word, and his effigy would have been seen in every shop hanging in mezzotinto; we would have had the Sam Patch quadrilles, and the Sam Patch magic strop, and the Sam Patch cravats; in short, if Sam had any sense, he might have been not only notorious in himself, but the cause of notoriety in others.

It is, therefore, sheer folly in intending suicides to think of creating a sensation by performing their antics in London. Rhadamanthus Wakley, sitting in judgment on half a score corpses a-day, or thereabouts, cannot confer upon all an immortality: tumbling "from the monument" even has lost its novelty, and is now considered by the town a very "slow" way of cutting one's self off. No suicide, therefore, who cannot strike out a new line of bold, dashing, and original *felo de se*, has the chance even of seeing his inquest headed "Suicide Extraordinary." We therefore recommend all daring spirits, ambitious of immortality by hanging or otherwise, to take themselves off to the country, where a sensation is worth any money, and where they will have twelve columns of inquest in the county papers.

There is no *town's talk* in London: there is no use in coming to "star it" in our milky way, where ten thousand million nebulæ are lost and confounded in general brightness. Your lion is here a very tame beast, and must roar "as gently as a sucking dove, nay, as 'twere a very nightingale;" let him roar ever so loud, not a soul will think more of his roaring then of the rumbling of a cart. Though he roar "that it would do any man's heart good to hear him," what shall

he have where all men are busy blowing their own trumpets like mountebanks in a fair? Though he cry out like wisdom in the streets, he will have the auditory of wisdom, no man regarding him.

In the provinces your lion must go roar; he is sure to find an echo;—a peripatetic philosopher, purblind, his hair depending from the back of his neck like the tentacula of a cuttle-fish, with a bundle of manuscript lectures, a box of apparatus, and three letters of introduction, is a made man, a lion in his glory; provincial philosophers abuse him, provincial ladies adore him; he is talked of for a month or six weeks, and is hardly forgotten when the caravan of wild beasts introduces another lion, equally renowned and remarkable.

Provincial folks live on lions;—like the ocean, the country receives all fallen stars, which turn out after all to be mere molluscous animals; every adventurer is welcome to a country town, save an adventurer of their *own* town: *him*, if he be successful, the inhabitants run down, ridicule, and hate with a hatred surpassing the hate of women. They discover that when he went away, twenty-five years ago, his father was in the workhouse, and his mother got her living as a washerwoman; they hear he made his money by usury, or in the slave-trade. The gentry of the neighbourhood combine to *cut* him, because he has more money than they, with the additional honour of having earned it: he is a stranger in his own land, a prophet without honour in his own country. If, on the other hand, he returns "buffeted by the storms of fate," poor and unfortunate, he is worse than hated; *pity* is his portion, and pity is half-brother to contempt:—his best friends have a bad story to tell of him: he was always, they recollect well, a dull boy at school, and was once in trouble for robbing an orchard: he went bail for his brother, who ran away, and served him right: he married when he was young, and no better could be expected of him: he lavished his money on worthless characters, under pretence of relieving the unfortunate: he has seedy habiliments and a shocking hat, and although they think him an honest poor fellow enough, their wives have commanded them not to be seen with him, and their daughters wonder at his impudence when he ventures timidly to salute them: in a word, he is the victim of the universal conspiracy of the respectable against the unprosperous.

Itinerant adventurers, on the contrary, are never more at home than when from home, or, properly speaking, never are at home but when away. A corn-law lecturer, tragedy queen, prize bull, philanthropic Quakeress, wandering Jew Baptist missionary, collecting money with a view to his conversion to Christianity, Hottentot Venus, flower show, marching regiment, live lord or crocodile, man in the stocks, flock of turkeys, Radical meeting, bull-bait, scientific association, or learned pig—one and all, or each after other, take your country town by the ear any hour of the twenty-four, filling all ears, mouths, paragraphs, and tablets of the brain, to the utter exclusion for the time of "baser matter." There is nothing of the kind in London: no spouter will be listened to save in the streets, and then he is listened to only to be laughed at; no corn-law lecturer will receive a single *grain* of attention:—the little blackguard boys have discarded Mr Ferguson, of "you don't lodge here" notoriety, and now cry nothing but "BIG LOAF:" philanthropic Quakeresses will be let nowhere save into the House of Correction: a Baptist missionary gets what he can, and spends what he gets, and nobody cares three skips of a—creeper, what becomes of him: marching regiments march in and out again, and that is all any body knows or cares: Hottentot Venuses may be seen for nothing, so there is no great curiosity about that: live lords are abundant about town, as also blackberries, in the season. A scientific association might jump bodily from Somerset House into the river, with the comfortable assurance that not a single individual member would ever be missed. A Whig-Radical meeting, composed of an assistant poor-law commissioner, three policemen in coloured clothes, two placard-bearers, a little boy and a chairman, occupying twelve and a-half columns of the *Morning Chronicle*, and headed "Grand Demonstration in favour of Ministers," in letters as long as your thumb, will have been held in the back parlour of the "Three Blind Mice" in

Little Britain, the landlord, good easy man, imagining all the while, that the proceedings are in the nature of a master and his men settling the rate of wages: learned pigs in broad brims, spectacles, and clump soles, are met with at every corner:—try how you will, it is as impossible to astonish us, as it would be if you were to exert your abilities in that line upon the fossil elephant.

One or two men may have been known *to* London, but for how long? The Emperor of Russia was alive just three days: seventy-two hours his imperial majesty was a household word. Another hour, had he been decapitated, he had lived only in a paragraph, wo having totally forgotten his august existence. The lord mayor lives between Guildhall and Blackfriars Bridge, only while his gingerbread coach passes our doors to take his lordship to Westminster: he is then dead as turtle to the world until next year, when the gingerbread coach reappears again. After all, the lord mayor is not known to us; we know the coach and the city marshal, the recorder in his big wig, and the two fools who sit in fur caps poking long poles out of the carriage windows, but the *man* we do not know; some faint notion have we that his lordship is either a skinner or tallow-chandler, but beyond the courts of aldermen or common council, who ever heard or cared to hear his name? At the west end of the town, things are just the same. Prince Esterhazy, lord of ten thousand vassals, over whom he has the power of life and death, and of a diamond jacket, from whose folds drop some hundred pounds worth of brilliants every time the Prince condescends to have it placed upon his serene shoulders, must yield precedence upon occasion to a costermonger's cart, the proprietor whereof, if his Highness kicked up any bobbery, would think as little of flooring him as he would of walloping a donkey. We have seen Sir Robert Peel hustled rudely about at an auction of pictures, where one would think the right honourable baronet might be very well known; he was known there to the mass just as little and as much as any body else. Every body, it is true, is known by his set, and to his set, and by them and to them alone. Let Sir Robert Peel, for example, walk down to Tattersall's, perhaps ten fellows may touch their hats to him: let Mr Tattersall appear, every jockey, groom, and helper in the place is at once uncovered;—let Mr Tattersall, on the contrary, take a turn down to Westminster, his glories are at once obscured, while almost universal respect is paid to the man whose proper arena is the House of Commons.

Thousands and tens of thousands of individuals are known *in* London, but it is curious enough that there is one, and only one man now in existence known *to* London; to the city, the west end, Marybone, Southwark—every point, in short, of the metropolitan compass.

Much of this notoriety the illustrious individual in question owes to his glory, and much also to his nose; nor would he perhaps, with all his victories, have ever been enabled to achieve this signal conquest over the indifference of universal London, if his features were not, in some sort, the heralds of his fame. When this distinguished person appears out of doors, there is a general commotion: well-dressed people, forgetting their business or pleasure, run after him, like little boys trotting at the heels of a showman; hats off is the word wherever he makes his way; carriages stop without orders, that the ladies, coachman, and John may have a stare; equestrians wheel about, and follow his footsteps: "there he goes," you'll hear the people say, but nobody asks who goes there, for to every one he is as well known as the monument; when he goes down to the House, crowds assemble to await his coming, and crowds await patiently to see him coming away; how he looks is the general topic of discourse, and he is the only person in London or the world, who, for twenty-five years, has occupied the same large portion of the public eye without fatiguing the sight or escaping the memory; without diminution or decay of a respect as universal as extraordinary. Need we say, that there must be more than popularity in this? When we said the illustrious person in question is as well known as the monument, we forgot for the moment that he is a monument himself; a living, moving trophy of the might and majesty of England, of her bravery and her glory. We do not name him—

to name were to detract from that universal fame that accompanies his footsteps; let it be enough that every one knows, and no one can mistake him. He is the single, solitary exception to the general rule we have laid down, that no living man is large enough to fill the universal eye of so vast a body as London.

This universal obscurity, enveloping more or less every man who plunges into the great ocean of London life, is not without many advantages, positive and negative. In the first place, a fine moral lesson is read to the self-sufficient, the conceited, and the vain, who, do what they can, can only here do a little more than nothing: the desire of supremacy is vain in this vast republic, for no supremacy will be admitted to exist, nor can be practically asserted; and he who would gain the limited renown, and circumscribed reputation a man may attain to here, must learn to rise rather by respecting, than by undervaluing the capacities opposed to him in the hand to hand struggles of London life. We wish every provincial agitator, popular preacher, eminent physician, or pushing lawyer, a brief sojourn in London, were it only to return them to the distinction of their native town, satisfied in their hearts how little London feels their loss, and how excellently well she can do without them; the consciousness of their utter insignificance in our great world, might perhaps inspire them with diminished vanity, increased humility, or extended charity; and, at the least lead them secretly to acknowledge, if they do not candidly admit, that it is possible even in their own town to discover a little merit in some one individual besides themselves.

Again, although the influences of rank, position, and fortune, may set in a strong current against an humble son of merit or genius, yet, if he possess the qualities by which superior abilities are ballasted and made available for steering successfully through the rocky channels of life, he cannot be overwhelmed. In the country, a virulent lord, or spiteful commoner, may put a man out and put a man down; in town, no one man can destroy another: the blessing here is, that, let power, influence, or authority, be great as it may, the sphere where it is exercised is out of all proportion greater; and in every case a man of merit will, sooner or later—we say sooner or later, for it is altogether a question of time—be measured according to its deserts. London is remarkable for setting an exact value upon every thing; and whether in a broker's shop or the senate—whether at an auction or the bar—whether in the prize ring or the pulpit, you will find every article, animate and inanimate, ticketed as near as may be to his or its exact value; for the value of a thing is the money it will bring.

To conclude, there is no greater advantage to a man of humble fortune in London, especially, if at the same time he be a man of merit or education, than the apparent equality of condition desirable from that obscurity in which each individual is enveloped, outwardly at least, in the immensity of London. Whatever may be the differences in our social or domestic positions; whether we repose under the roofs of palaces, or enjoy a slumber broken by the tomcats caterwauling outside our garret tiles; whether our pocket-book suffers under a plethora of bank notes, or it is our worse luck to wander along the street jingling three-halfpence in the lining of our breeches; whether we are engaged to dine with Prince Albert at the palace, or Duke Humphrey in the park; whether we walk about in search of a dinner or an appetite—fore gad! as long as we are not out at toes or elbows; so long as we can keep the nap on our hat, the grease off our collar, and the gloves on our fingers, we are equally citizens of the great republic of London streets, and eligible with the first man in town to the highest honours of the *pavé*. Well, sir, and pray what more would you have? Can the Duke of Northumberland eat more than half a pound of beef-steaks at a meal, or imbibe at a draught more than a pot of mild porter? Can Esterhazy wear more than a shirt at a time, though he may have dozens in his wardrobe? Could D'Orsay himself venture to sport three hats, one on the top of the other, like our friend Peter in the *Tale of a Tub*? Can Cecil Forester put on more than a pair of primrose kids in the forenoon, and another in the evening?

Contemplate, then, with the spec-

tacles of good-humoured contentment, how artificial and extrinsic to happiness are the superfluities of this life: thanks to a discerning public, we can command, while heaven spares us the use of this right arm, as much food as satisfies the cravings of nature, which is all that the great or affluent can consume: while we have one shirt on our back, and *the* other at our washerwoman's, we have no occasion to make an inventory of our wearables. We contrive to procure, by hook or crook, a good suit of clothes every year; and, unless a man chooses to roll himself in the kennel, he cannot wear out a suit of clothes in less time. We surmount our caput with *our* hat, (while D'Orsay does the same with *one* of his hats,) and, to all outward appearance, our heads are equally furnished. We cannot rival Cecil Forester in primrose kids; but, while the Earl of Wilton wears well-fitting blacks, who shall quarrel with us who follow the fashion of the Earl of Wilton?

Then, again, recollect with thankfulness the manifold blessings that await poor devils like us, who have nothing to lose, compared with those who are embarrassed with luggage on their journey from this world to the next. How much have they not to pay for carriage, porterage, overweightage, custom-house officerage, and the devil only knows what; how much of their superfluity is lost, how much stolen, how much destroyed, how much packing and unpacking for things that, when found, are not wanted, or that, wanted, are not to be found: how much confusion, embarrassment, and delay, unknown to us, whose knapsacks are slung on our shoulders, and who pleasantly toddle along, carolling:—

"A light heart and thin pair of breeches
Will go through the world, my brave boys!"

Again, how fresh and vivid are our sensations; how sweet to us are the sunny glimpses that *will* cross, now and then, the most gloomy prospect of life, lighting up some distant spot of the landscape with the hues of the land of the blessed! We have still something to live for, pleasures are in store for us, hope tells us we are yet to be happy, and we are willing to hug the dear deceit: easily are we pleased who are unaccustomed to make pleasure our business: necessity impelling us to labour, and labour giving us the means of repose, we groan not under the oppression of the idle hour, for the idle hours allotted us are few, and descend upon our souls like dew upon the flower. Contemplating both sides of life, we learn to distinguish between the splendid and the happy lot. If envy of great wealth or greater station, for a moment disturbs our gentleness of soul, we turn our regards upon the miserable, and conscience rebukes our impiety. Content with what we are, the end of our pilgrimage is served by our struggles to be better. We journey pleasantly on, through smooth and rough, taking all things easily, yet not indifferently, and thanking the great God for what he has given, and for what he has withheld.

Alas! how much worse off are too many of our betters! *Who* can be called rich, whatever may be his rent-roll, who has exhausted life, principal and interest; whose association with horsebreakers, panders, jockeys, pimps, and blacklegs, has compelled him to forego the society, as he dreads the superiority, of men of genius and learning; who, in the contemplation of public profligacy, has lost all belief in, and respect for public honesty and manly virtue; who, in intercourse with the abandoned and unfortunate of the other sex, has long since learned to deride and contemn, save in his own exclusive clique, the nobility of virtue in woman! *Who* can be called happy whose fate exempts him from the necessity of labour, yet fails to provide him with resources against idleness; who must fly to the gaming-table, or the bowl, for oblivion of intruding thoughts; who languidly lives on without hope or aim, mistaking pleasure for business, dissipation for enjoyment; who, reversing the ordinary course of life, begins where others end, and has no more to do than to precipitate his own decline—prosperous without exertion, rich without enjoyment, miserable without misfortune!

It is great folly to suppose the world we are contemplating great only in extent. It is every way great: there seems to exist some indescribable relation between moral and physical greatness, and moral and physical littleness. Little places are every way little, and it is because of this moral littleness that no man, whose head is not filled with boiled cabbage, will stay longer in a little town than the time that it

will take to change him post-horses. Can any thing be more lamentable than the condition of an intelligent biped in a country place, especially during rain, hail, or storm, say ten months in the year? The very geese that gabble o'er the green are in as good case as he; they gabble and waddle, and pick grass, and he can do no more. Then there is no society: the great man, local lord, or squire paramount, scowls at him as he passes, and seems to consider a passing glance of scorn the modern way of exhibiting old English hospitality; the parson, unless he is very poor, is equally distant; the village doctor being the only accessible person, and, fortunately, often the person best worth knowing of the three.

Where, in such exile, are your resources? Your inn boasts, in a drawer of the sideboard, a twopenny cookery-book, the moiety of a *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1796, a list of persons qualified to vote for beadle of the parish, a roll of ballads, and a last year's almanack. There is an old gun; but the landlord has hid the lock for fear it might come to the ears of the squire that said gun is in effective, that is, poaching condition. There is also an angle butt, with a broken reel attached, but no middle or top; for your host, although a miller to boot, dares not so much as carry a walking-stick by the side of his own mill-race, for fear there might be a hook at the end of it. The poor resource of a pack of dirty cards, or a well-balanced carving-knife, spun on the table by way of extemporaneous *roulette*, is all that is left you wherewith to attack the enemy. Imagine day after day of unmitigated bad weather in such a condition; the rain falling and falling, the rivers rising and rising, the wind moaning and whistling; the only solace in your misfortunes comes piping hot from town, and town you have to thank for it—the daily paper. With how many consignments to the infernal gods do you not welcome the postwoman, three hours and a half behind her time, and well if no worse: with what haste your fingers, trembling less with cold than anxiety, and, without waiting to have your paper aired, do not you proceed to devour the leading article; foreign intelligence next attracts your attention, but you read sparingly, like a *quidnunc* at a coffee-house, lest you should finish your paper too soon, and be left to return to your habitual employment of wondering under what evil planet you were seduced from life in town to vegetation in the country.

A provincial genius, on a time, thought himself both wise and witty in justifying his preference of a little place, by saying he lived there lest it might become less. Upon this principle we recommended him to take up his domicile in a rat-hole, lest by any means it might degenerate through time into a receptacle for mice; but, the truth is, no man willingly buries himself alive, or, what is just the same thing, goes to live in a village.

The proprietor, lord of the manor, or squire, to be sure, is, and must be an exception; *him* universal respect, undivided deference, and unceasing toadying, compensate for the disagreeabilities of his position. If he is a good man, and above pitiful displays of local consequence, he can be the instrument of Providence in diffusing many blessings, and increasing the sum of individual comfort within the sphere of his authority: in a thousand ways he may make his residence upon his paternal acres the means of earning heaven, and what would he have more?

The clergyman who serves a kingdom not of this world, and is conscientiously pursuing his noble purpose, has no need of regret to whatever worldly obscurity he may be consigned: his heart is with his flock; their wants, desires, and hopes, are his own; he wanders at their head through the thorny ways of life, comforting the failing, and assisting the weak, and hopes they will reward his earthly care, by participating with him an eternity of heaven. But the aspiring, uneasy soul, which, if it wear not out, must rust out; confident in its own power, and restless in that confidence, which is, as it were, the instinct by which nature impels the noble mind to action; impatient of a narrow sphere, and eager to measure the depth and height of his own capacity by that of congenial spirits; such a one *must* leave his native place, and find his level at last in the mighty wilderness of London.

Such are a few, and only a few of the advantages the outward apparent republicanism of London life, affords to the individuals who make it their

sphere of action; but it is not to be denied, that there are many and serious disadvantages, resulting from this peculiar attribute of general isolation and obscurity.

There is no control over men here: the salutary *espionage* of society is wanting—the violation of all laws not clogged with human sanctions—the neglect of all duties not prescribed by acts of parliament—the abandonment of all social relations, and a life of continuous profligacy, are here unnoticed and uncared for—as if every man were at perfect liberty to commit what negative outrages against society that pleased his peculiar humour. In a provincial place, the *mauvais sujet* is a marked man; if not openly reprobated, he is, at the least, made to feel his punishment in his isolation; he is outlawed, not by proclamation, but by the silent concurrence of well-conducted people: London then becomes his hiding-place, his hermitage, his great desert; here his peculiar vices may be indulged to what excess he pleases, so long only as he does not *annoy* his neighbour, or rather the neighbourhood of his neighbour; he may do as he please, commit what crimes he please, but he must commit no nuisance; decency forbids where religion and morality are laughed at; but one virtue is demanded of him—the virtue of concealing his profligacy; to be as well esteemed as the worthiest and best, it is only necessary *not to be found out.*

Thus the extreme of civilization approaches, in this respect, the extreme of the savage state: moral ties are loosened, natural relations disregarded, morality scoffed at, religion derided; a hollow crust of conventional decency and hypocritical assumption of exterior propriety, covers thousands moving in tolerable credit through London life, who, if known in the country as to their private relations, would be silently driven from the neighbourhood; or who, if they resided in a village, might think themselves happy in escaping the martyrdom of St Stephen. While missionaries go to the circles Arctic and Antarctic, and pagan lands between, the paganism of London is left to increase and multiply; paganism, did we say, we humbly beg pardon of unconverted savages, who, though their worship be of stocks and stones, have at least a sort of blind ignorant religion. If they do not see, it is not because they will not see, but because their eyes are not open; while assuming infidelity, learned impiety, philosophic atheism, and rational lasciviousness, proclaim with brazen front soul-destroying doctrines in every corner of the metropolis.

Oh, London, London! what a school art thou for unguarded innocence and unprotected youth; great, splendid, mighty, though thou art! Recollect, ye who would live beyond the beasts that perish, that this emporium of wealth, this nursing-mother of enterprise and industry, this battlefield of fortune and of fame, is at the same time the grave of virtue, principle, and honour—of trusting kindliness and amiability of heart: recollect this, and be satisfied with innocence and obscurity. If you could penetrate our hearts, and find the universal leprosy that taints us there, you would turn disgusted from the appalling sight; you would fly the place where all that man has in common with the angels, must give way before the selfish worship of mammon, our god; you would return to the enjoyment of those luxuries of life which have nothing in common with fortune or fame—the sweet society of friends, the rapture of confiding love, and the solace of a cheerful and contented mind.

Happy, thrice happy, are they who have not listened to the voice of the charmer, or cast their lot amid the turbulence of mighty cities: creation's heirs, the earth is to them a goodly heritage, the little flower that lurks half hidden from the eye, is a familiar friend. Cheerful are your smiles, children of nature, for your hearts are innocent and pure; light your slumbers, unbroken by the disappointments of the day, or the cares of the coming morrow;—uncorrupted by the vices of the town, your ignorance is truly bliss. While we are absorbed in the vanity, that is, business of life, you pursue more wisely its enjoyments; while with us soul and body are absorbed in striving for the emptiness of a name, or the incumbrances of fortune, you are blessed in the pursuit of another and a better ambition—the ambition to live, not greatly, nor wealthily, nor wisely, but that which is, at once one and all—of living *well.*

After all, gentle reader, the above paragraph is trash and nonsense, and ought to be left out. Men are happy wherever they are *content*; in town the contented spirit is happy, happier it may be in the country; to be happy is to be content, and to be *virtuous* is to be happy.

Nothing earthly lets you into the spirit of a locality like a newspaper—it is a reflex of the public mind; a *camera*, fixing upon its broad sheet the evanescent images of the day; by their newspapers shall you know them. The comparative littleness of provincial places, for with respect to them be it spoken, in comparison with London, the largest provincial place is little enough, is admirably shown by the miscellaneous matter of these provincial journals.

Take a specimen—

"On yesternight, about two o'clock in the morning, our peaceful town was thrown into a state of inexpressible confusion by the alarm of fire, proceeding from the rear of Farmer Hodge's stackyard.

"On our reporter gaining the scene of action, smoke was observed issuing in great quantities from the farmyard; the town engine was sent for, also the fire escape, but owing to the key of the engine-house having been lost, much loss of time was the result; when at last the engine arrived, it was found to be totally useless, having been neglected to be repaired under the late Tory corporation, as might have been expected.

"With much difficulty, entrance was effected into the stackyard, nobody for a considerable time choosing to volunteer so dangerous a service; when, however, a minute examination was made, it was discovered that the smoke emanated from the brewing copper of Farmer Hodge, the man who superintended the operation, by name John Brown, having gone blind-drunk to bed, leaving the fire burning.

"A troop of dragoons having now arrived, the populace quietly dispersed, and the military having had breakfast, and a vote of thanks from the mayor and corporation, returned to their quarters.

"For an account of the jobbing about the fire-engine in the 'good old times,' we refer our readers to our leading article of next week.

"We are informed that, in consequence of this calamitous occurrence, Dr Dioscorides Scamp, LL.D., F.ASS, HUM-BUG, who was to have lectured this evening at the Lyceum on

THE WRIGGLING OF LITTLE EELS,

has kindly consented to change his subject to

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION,

which he will illustrate by setting fire to, and totally consuming a dunghill of his own manufacture. Admittance, threepence."

Nothing of interest like this can be excited by a fire in London.

The neighbourhood may happen to know of the matter by accident, it is true, and the housekeepers on either side the conflagration may be alarmed; but to the population in general, the matter is only looked upon as the subject of an ordinary paragraph, an occurrence of every day in the year. When the bed and bedding warehouse of Mr Muskett, late member for St Alban's, commonly called Painters, in Finsbury Pavement, was on fire, we happened to be enjoying our cigar and glass of old port with a friend in the immediate neighbourhood; our first intelligence of the calamity was derived from our friend's servant, rushing in with a face of unfeigned alarm, with "If you please, sir, Painters all a-fire!" "Very well, John," replied our *pococurante* host, "bring a light, and let us know when the fire comes *next door!*"

The important air with which your provincial paper introduces a precocious vegetable to the notice of its admiring subscribers, is highly entertaining. The paragraph may run thus—

"GOOSEBERRY EXTRAORDINARY.

"We have received from Adam Pumpkin, gardener to that highly respected gentleman, Gideon Flatfoot Clod, Esq., such a gooseberry! It is of the kind called Imperial Squash, is about the size of our head, and we are ashamed to say how many inches it measures round the waist, for fear our readers should think we are bamming. At all events, this extraordinary production of nature is big enough for two, and may be seen at the office of this paper 'daily, until further notice.'"

Or the following may serve instead,

taken from the notices to correspondents—"Jonathan Green, gardener, Medlicott—You sent us a dozen of cherries, brother Jonathan, with a view of having them recommended to universal Europe, through the widely circulated columns of our valuable journal, as you properly style it: being very thirsty at the time your fruit arrived, we bolted the lot before we had time to determine whether they were red or black, dukes, queens, or morells; a wheelbarrow-full will be acceptable this hot weather, and you may depend we will do your invaluable and unexampled products of the orchard ample justice.—Ed."

Take the following as a sample of the great provincial art of magnifying little matters.

"Town Hall.—On Saturday last, the mermaid, who has been exhibiting here for the last few weeks, was brought before his worship the Mayor and Alderman Gob, charged with being drunk and disorderly, and with having assaulted her proprietor, who, in addition to the other attractions of his caravan, exhibited an artificial rainbow, in the shape of a black eye inflicted by the mermaid, the prismatic colours being beautifully displayed around his right orbit.

"The assault having been proved, the mermaid, who gave the name of Jemima Banks, was called upon by his worship for her defence.

"She declared, upon her honour as a mermaid, that the hours of exhibition being over, she had taken off her tail, (produced in court,) got out of the tub of water in which she had been immersed with the live crocodile, and was in the act of sitting down to some fried liver and bacon, when a new batch of visiters stepped into the caravan, and she, being called upon to appear for the purpose of gratifying their laudable curiosity, refused to do so under the circumstances, whereupon a row ensued, she was dragged and hustled, but totally denied having inflicted the black eye.

"Mr Gabble, who appeared for the mermaid, before calling any witnesses, took a preliminary objection to the jurisdiction of the court, quoting several cases to the effect that the mermaid, being a royal fish, in common with the whale, porpoise, sturgeon, &c. &c., was without the jurisdiction of the court, and that the Admiralty alone could take cognizance of offences committed under the circumstances, to which

"Mr Cheek, for the proprietor, replied, declaring that the law laid down by his learned friend, Mr Gabble, applied only to offences committed on the high seas, and had no relation to the case before the court, and seriously asked his learned friend whether he was not aware that this pretended mermaid was an impostor, rogue, and vagabond, to which

"Mr Gabble replied by saying, that upon his word of honour he believed his client to be a mermaid, if ever there was one, and staked his professional reputation upon the fact, whereupon

"The Town Clerk got up and said, that to his certain knowledge Jemima was no mermaid, or any thing of the sort, whereupon

"His Worship said, that he did not understand natural history, but thought the India-rubber tail a confirmation of the view of the case taken by Mr Cheek, whereupon that learned gentleman rose, and bowed profoundly to the court.

"Mr Gabble then enquired whether the India-rubber tail, referred to by his worship, was in custody as an accomplice, to which,

"Mr Cheek having replied in the affirmative,

"Mr Gabble objected to the tail being received in evidence, and submitted that whether his client was a mermaid or not was the question before the court, and which he humbly thought, after the admission of his worship, that court was not competent to decide, whereupon

"His Worship said that, as it was now nearly dinner hour, he thought it better to commit the prisoner at once as a rogue and vagabond, but

"Alderman Gob declared that having dined already, he would rather hear the case fully discussed, upon which

"His Worship the Mayor adjourned the hearing, and the court immediately broke up."

It is strange that the varying shades of life should not be of the same importance in the country as in town, for human nature is every where the same. The power of noting and fixing points of interest, and leaving unimportant matters to remain in de-

served oblivion, is, however, the peculiar prerogative of the chroniclers of town, where objects of interest are concentrated, and where the facilities for selection are greater. The interest of provincial life is scattered over a large space, and flows in many channels; that of the town is collected and gathered together both in the event and the report.

To conclude, therefore, this portion of our subject, we may observe, that while London boasts no unity of public opinion, no identity of public expression upon matters of great public interest, it never displays the pettiness of provincial tittle-tattle. The chronicling small-beer will not suit the public taste, stimulated as it is into fastidiousness by perpetual excitation; nor will the mind, filled to repletion daily by objects of great and mighty interest, settle with complacency upon trifles.

We pass now to consider another and not less striking generality of London life, one, indeed, of its leading features—

Competition.

It is the prevalence of the competitive principle throughout all the shades of condition observable here, that gives this great population a vivacity of action, with which the slow coach, jog-trot, do-very-well style of country towns contrasts to great disadvantage. Life is twice as long in town as in the country: we do not mean as to years, for years have nothing to do with life: in the quantity of work we get through in the same given time, we make life twice as long as our vegetative brethren of the country. For this we deserve no credit, and we take none: needs must when the devil drives! The love of London is so intense, and so universally planted in the minds of men, that no one, tradesman or other, willingly relinquishes the metropolis for the provinces; hence the struggle to keep possession of town is desperate and incessant. The multitude of customers afforded by London, is the life of tradesmen. The best customers are in London, because in London a portion of the superfluous wealth, or saving of almost every man, is now, or will be hereafter, spent. Your country gentleman will stint his table, rack-rent his tenants, and starve his cat, that he and his family may sport a job-coach, and the share of an opera-box, for three months during the London season. Your spruce ensign hoards his paternal allowance, and lives on his pay nine months in the year, to have a "spree," as he calls it, with some of his brother officers in London. Your banker's clerk, who bolts with the money of his employers, hides himself in the wilderness of London, spending his ill-gotten gains nearly as fast as he procured them. One way or another, the accumulated wealth of all lands over which the British flag waves in any authority, finds its way into London, and is there wholly or partially dissipated. Therefore, a shop for which a man will pay three or four hundred pounds a-year rent, would become a fortune but for the intensity of competition. If customers are the life of tradesmen, tradesmen are the life of customers: watching opportunities, the customer takes advantage of the rivalry and necessities of the tradesmen. The tradesmen, in like manner, flourish upon the ignorance or carelessness of the customer; every where the principle between retailer and consumer is, that of diamond cut diamond. In this way, while tradesmen break and customers are plundered, the prudent manager contrives to supply himself with whatever he requires at a reasonable rate. He adjusts the fluctuations of exchange, and the consequence is, the success of all business in London depends upon the extent of your connexion; for the profits allowed you by competition with your rivals in the same line, as profits, never can pay. The desperate rivalry of competition takes every form of deception to put down rivals, and establish supremacy; bankrupts, able to pay forty shillings in the pound, advertise their stock to be sold off at an immense sacrifice, which always implies ten per cent *above* the ordinary prices of the trade; damaged goods, fresh from the hands of the manufacturer, may be had for *half*—that is to say, *double* the value; burnt out tradesmen, whose premises are good as new, offer you their articles, "removed for the convenience of sale." You pass a shop, large bills in the window announcing that the tradesman is "selling off;" you think you will buy, and find, after you have bought, that you are *sold* a bargain;

passing that way six months after, you find your old friend still "*selling off*" as briskly as ever. If you venture to enquire what is the reason he puts up a humbugging placard of this sort, he will assure you with great coolness that every shopkeeper in London is "selling off" as fast as he can, and that he only imitates his neighbours!

Another will announce, by staring bills a yard long, that every thing in his shop may be had for half nothing, "this shop closing on Saturday,"—a device that succeeds, perhaps, in hooking a great many flats. If any remonstrate, seeing these bills for a year or more, the clever tradesman will reply with a grin, "that he believes most shops in London *close on Saturdays!*"

A third, after filling a well-dressed window with high-priced articles, ticketed at low prices, in a manner peculiar to these gentry, and which, when we come to treat of London rogueries, we will take the trouble fully to expose, will desire one of his porters or shopmen to fling a stone through a pane of costly glass in the middle of his window: a crowd is instantly attracted to view the smash; customers cannot help seeing the tickets, and, remarking how cheap every thing is, rush in crowds into the shop to lay out their money, and get cheated for their pains. Some establishments break their own windows every Monday morning, and have them glazed again every Saturday night, and find it answer their purpose admirably. Manufactories of *new* second-hand articles of fancy ware, furniture, and the like, are established every where about town, and shops opened for their sale, where the broker assures you, with unusual veracity, that you will find every article he has to dispose of "as good as new." Pawnbrokers' offices and auction-rooms are chokefull of articles made expressly for these places; in short, there are twenty thousand laudable inventions for the purpose of bringing to their senses those myriads of short-sighted persons who, instead of dealing with a respectable tradesman, pay double for every article they require, under pretence of getting it a bargain.

In one of his invaluable maxims, Sir Morgan O'Doherty has declared of books, that if you see a work frequently advertised, you may suspect it is a bad one; but if, in addition, you observe a puff or laudatory paragraph, you may be sure of it. Whenever, in like manner, you are invited to purchase articles for less than they can be made for, or paid for, you must consider yourself in the light of a receiver of stolen goods, or else the dupe of a knave, who professes to stand in a shop selling you goods for less than he must pay for them, which is absurd.

We have now, however, given our readers wherewith to chew the cud of sweet and bitter reflection according to their several experiences. The subject of competition in London is so important and extensive, that we must pause while we consider more deeply its intricate ramifications.

EXHIBITIONS—ROYAL ACADEMY AND BRITISH INSTITUTION.

It is somewhat late to make remarks upon the annual exhibition of our Royal Academy, after it has been fairly and unfairly pelted and buffeted by admiring and pugnacious critics. "The latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast." That we have taken the latter end of both, may argue us "dull fighters, and not keen guests." It is the bill of fare makes the keen guest; we therefore, not having been always pleased with the catering of one house of entertainment, defer our visit till the rival restaurateur open house, that, if our taste be disappointed in the one, we may seek gratification in the other. The Royal Academy and the Institution in Pall-Mall exhibit, at the same time, the old and modern art. There is great advantage in this, both to professional artists, and admirers and patrons of art; but if we make our object comparison, it is but fair to remember that the works of modern art are on their trial, can scarcely be said to be selected, while those of elder art are those that have generally, from their approved excellence, survived the havoc of time, criticism, and the cleaner. We suspect that modern works will not come so well out of the hands of the latter (the cleaner) as the old, until our artists adopt a better method than the use of varnishes and megillups furnish them. This is a subject very important indeed, and rendered more so by the efforts made to enforce an evil practice in the publication of Merimée, translated by Mr Sarsfield Taylor, and published under an indiscreet sanction of the Royal Academy, and which was reviewed in Maga of June 1839; but as it does not at present come within our scope, we shall not here discuss it.

We doubt if, on the whole, this year's exhibition is an improvement on the last. Mere vulgarity is certainly disappearing. Insipidity, however, not works of sentiment and thought, fill too large a space. For whom are all these things of no meaning, which crowd the walls, painted, is a question we annually ask ourselves? That the painter should be pleased with his own manual dexterity, and mere power of representing objects, if he be uncultivated for higher aim, is not surprising; but that the public should be pleased with such works, does excite our wonder. It surely argues no good public taste, when the eye seeks a gratification unconnected with intellectual and moral feeling. We know the love of imitation is strong; but in the works we speak of, *that* is often faintest and least exact, where most required. It is curious, too, that even in imitation the truest does not always please most. The nice touches of absolute truth have never been noticed by the entirely uncultivated, and are therefore not only not recognised by them, but too visibly interposed, and draw attention as to things to be learned, and extraneous to usual observation. It is strange, too, that what the eye sees and must see in nature, and would see in the picture, were it so placed as to be an illusion, and taken for nature, it does not see when the consciousness of looking at a picture is admitted. This would be incredible, were it not daily brought to the proof. All understand a panorama, but all would not understand the parts taken separately. The light and shade that makes the whole more perfect, even in illusion, tend to confuse in the picture. When Queen Elizabeth required to be painted without shadow, she showed she had been offended in picture with that which she could not understand. We remember an instance of the same kind:—An old lady sat for her portrait. It was admirably painted, so that, with a little trickery and management of light, and hiding the frame, there is no doubt but that her domestics might have addressed the picture as their real mistress; yet at length, when the portrait was quite finished, and they were admitted to see it, knowing they were to see a picture, the oldest and most confidential servant was offended, and remarked that her mistress had not that black and blue mark by the side of the nose. It was no affectation in the good woman. Light and shadow had sported before her all her life unnoticed. The "gentleman without a shadow" would never have startled

her imagination. It is not then the most true to nature, that is the most striking. When Partridge thought the man who acted the king was the true actor, he showed, that in all representation the vulgar mind rather requires exaggeration than truth, and such exaggeration as shall overwhelm the delicate touches of nature, which would perhaps be only in the way. The cultivation of the eye is as necessary to art, as of the ear to music. The art is not wanted for daily use in this bustling world, nor is poetry nor any high reach of intellect. But the nerves of all our organs, our outward senses, do reach to the inner mind; but the mind must by intellectual cultivation, or an intuitive and rare gift, be enabled to play upon these instruments. So that we are indeed wonderfully made, that we may never lay ourselves down, and cover ourselves with the rust of idleness; but after we have exercised successfully the faculties necessary for our subsistence, those of highest power remain to be cultivated, and the means of enjoyment infinitely enlarged. Perfect taste is the enjoyment of perfected beings. We are afraid we are more than on the borders of dull truism; but we cannot come to the "why and wherefore" of things otherwise. Apply what has been said to our national taste and practice, as artists or admirers. What is the character of things exhibited?—here you have the aim of the artist; what is the character of things admired, encouraged, and purchased?—here you have the public taste. How far the one depends upon the other, may be a question for philosophical enquiry, and not unworthy attention. It may be more than an object of curiosity to trace to causes, facts in the history of taste, or, if you please, of art; we say taste, because it comprehends the world to be pleased as well as the artists who are to please;—how it is that works unvalued in their own age, in a subsequent age are every thing—how it is that the most valued become worthless. Are we sure that the present estimation of the works of other days, of the great masters as they are called, is on a correct scale? for even here there is no steady certainty. Whoever has lived twenty years in the world of art, must have noticed the variation of the scale; and then comes a still more curious enquiry—are modern works received into favour for and upon the same principles of taste, which have given their value to the old? or if not, can there be *opposing principles* of taste? And then, from what cause or happy combination of causes is it, that in any age the genius of the artist, the painter, maker, worker, the ποιητης, shall have been in perfect union and sympathy with the public requirement? Is there always an accordance between a people and the state of art among them? If so, how is it that the works of one age so admirably suit another, in which no such works originate? And as to the present age, were the works which have been recognised as the excellence of former days, reproduced as originals among us, would they be acknowledged to be what they are? The history of the world of events has been written, fabulously and truly, with great learning and research; but the history of the world intellectual and moral, of nations separate from warfares and dynasties, is yet a desideratum—the history of taste. However, these subjects may remain for philosophical enquiry—it may not be unfair to infer so much, that, whatever art shall have for ages engaged the attention, and more than that, the affections of mankind, it shall have left in its progress some certain principles, a deviation from which always produces deterioration. Advancement, indeed, may bring forth other principles, for many may be admitted; but it may be safely asserted, that it can bring forth nothing in contradiction, and that when such are attempted to be laid down, the consequence is any thing but advancement, if that word be taken in its good sense. These are then principles of taste—they are based on feeling, and nature; it is only practically and in combination they are intricate—in themselves they are simple, and perhaps fewer than may be at first view imagined. No one doubts that there are principles of taste: in Homer the epic—in Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and above all, our own Shakspeare, dramatic;—how to bring forth and sport with every passion of nature, from the deepest pathos to the lightest wit—from Æschylus to Aristophanes. There are in these, however occasionally obscured and hurt, sure prin-

ciples of taste. So in what we term more especially the arts—there are sure principles in ancient sculpture, and in painting in the works of the 15th and 16th centuries. Are these principles sufficiently and practically established? Are the rules which they lend to the mechanism of the art, and to the modes of expression, enforced by the precepts or examples of our academicians? Is there, in fact, sufficient learning in our school—learning as to the nature of poetical conception, in design, in composition, in chiaro-scuro, and in colour? We doubt if painting has been yet clearly established as an art upon its principles, and rules laid down from which there can be no deviation with impunity. If it be said that such would cramp genius, we assert that, by enlarging its means, they would increase its power; and we would point to the known learning and deep studies of the most eminent masters, who were not only painters, but sculptors and architects, and well versed in poetry, science, and all philosophy. And, on the other hand, we would point to the vagaries of men of unrestrained and untutored talents, which too often make even genius ridiculous, and the want of it contemptible. The motto to the catalogue of the Academy Exhibition for this year, seems to offer defiance to criticism, and refers to nature—"Opinionum commenta delet dies; judicia naturæ confirmat." Time, indeed, may set aside criticism, and confirm the edicts of nature; but it is rather a bold assumption, yet it would seem implied, that the works of the exhibitors will bear the test of nature. That there are very strange, shall we say deviations from or defiances of nature, and that from the hands of artists whose authority is potent and of dangerous sanction, is a matter of great regret among persons of any experienced taste; if the "commenta opinionum" of such persons be endeavoured to be set aside by the reference to nature in the quotation, the motto bears an audacity with it that promises only a perseverance in evil. We protest against practices in defiance of nature and all hitherto conceived principles of art, discoverable in the best works of the best times. That contradictories cannot be both true, is the rule of reason. If, therefore, called upon to condemn the practice of those masters whose excellence the opinion of ages, the admiration of the universal world, have established, or the vagaries, at once extravagant and insipid, set up in opposition and contradiction, we think it no arrogance to decide against the pretensions of modern innovators. There is no so great defaulter in this respect, in his branch of art, as Mr Turner. There is not a picture of his in this year's exhibition, that is not more than ridiculous. There are, however, admirers who, when told that his works are unlike nature—boldly say, "So much the worse for nature: it would be better for nature if she were like Turner." This is certainly taking the bull by the horns, and to this no answer can be given. It is painful to refer to particular pictures—and they are all nearly alike absurd; but what can be said of No. 176, "Schloss Rosenau, seat of H. R. H. Prince Albert of Coburg, near Coburg, Germany," but that it may have a "name," but can have no "local habitation"—or of No. 277, "Depositing of John Bellini's Three Pictures in la Chiesa Redentore, Venice," that could only please a child whose taste is for gilt gingerbread! Can any thing be more laughable, in spite of regrets, than No. 542, "Glaucus and Scylla?"—where the miserable doll Cupids are stripping off poor Scylla's clothes; yet there is no chance of indecent exposure, for there is certainly no flesh under them. No. 532, "Dawn of Christianity," (Flight into Egypt,) is really quite horrible, and happily unintelligible without the description. As to the passage into Egypt, it is long before you can distinguish a figure; Egypt is taken literally for the "fiery furnace," and it is out of the frying-pan into the fire. And this is meant for the poetry of painting, and what a composition!—and that "Old Dragon" dwindled into a very pretty playful common snake. It is by far too bad! Mr Stansfield's pictures this year are very perfect of their kind; they show an increase of force; the finest perhaps is No. 9, "Castello d'Ischias from the Mole." The motion of the water is remarkably good. We cannot but again notice his conventional colouring—the mud drab for lights, and blue for shadows, and strong and unnatural browns, to throw parts into greater distance. Surely

his pictures, which do not pretend to be any thing but views, would be greatly improved by attention to local colour. We cannot believe that all places on this earth are built up of drab clay. Mr Stansfield is at the head of our view-painters. He may confine himself too much to scenes of one character. We are persuaded he has a power for a greater variety, and for scenes of greater loveliness. He has chosen what has almost exclusively been termed picturesque, and manages all with so much art and dexterity, that in admiring the skill of the artist, we excuse the poverty of the subject. We do not mean by poverty subjects without artistical composition, but subjects which of themselves would in nature give little pleasure, excepting it be in reference to his manner of treating them. It is a peculiar style, and the view-taste a peculiar fancy—for it in nine cases out of ten, perpetuates the remembrance of places one enters with pain, and is glad to escape from as soon as possible. What must the inhabitants of all the tumbledown places on the Rhine and the Rhone think of us, our scenery, our buildings, and our taste, when they learn that representations of their beggarly edifices and their abominable outskirts form the chief ornaments of our Royal Exhibition? If this be a new style, there is no need to quarrel with it; but the artists so employed must not call themselves landscape painters. Claude and Gaspar, it is true, introduced towns and hamlets, but quite subordinate to a general and pervading pastoral feeling—remarkably so with the latter. He understood well how to mingle the repose of nature with the activity of life—an activity that never lost sight of enjoyment, and was therefore perfectly consistent with pastoral repose. It was in deep glens, amidst rocks and waterfalls, that he delighted to study—every picture of his encloses a pastoral world, (pastoral in its admitted sense, not as of rustic labour and toil,) with homes that seem nature-built out of the very rocks, that all may partake of one feeling—the shelter, the bounty, and the beauty of nature. Often have we lamented, and still lament, that this sentiment of nature has been abandoned by art. The view has taken place of the poetical landscape. Surely there may be room for genius in that walk, without imitating either Gaspar, Poussin, Claude, or Salvator Rosa. It is one, however, in which English painters have ever been lamentably deficient. Those who have attempted it have, for the most part, failed; have either taken up a sort of mock-classical, or dropped into unmeaning vulgarity. Let the landscape painter, before he puts his subject on his canvass, ask himself if the scene he is about to represent be such as he would delight to dwell in, or for any length of time to contemplate, for any feeling it is to convey. It is not a dead tree and a muddy pool that make a landscape, nor is it much mended by the affected sublimity of a geological survey. Nor, in respect to architecture, are our views always in good taste. The low and the mean, the decayed and poverty-striken, are often thought to be the only picturesque, as if *picture* must indulge vile associations. Let not art take habitat in "rotten rows," nor vainly imagine that the eye should seek delight where the foot would not willingly tread—the purlieus of misery and vice. All the pictorial charms of light, and shade, and colour, are to be found in subjects which shall not degrade them. There is no lack of architecture, that elevates instead of depressing the mind, both by its grandeur of design, the work of genius, and by the associations it calls up. In a word, in every branch let what is low and mean be discarded, however it may tempt the artist under the idea of the picturesque. We mean not to exclude common scenes and common life, whenever they offer propriety throughout of action and sentiment, with such touch of nature as "makes the whole world kin." "Nihil humani a me alienum puto," means not every thing mankind do, but what is done with a certain propriety of feeling. It is with this view of discarding vulgarities, that we again congratulate the public and exhibitors upon a most decided advance in the "Elegant Familiar." Thanks are chiefly due, on this account, to Redgrave, Maclise, and Lauder. Redgrave's "Sir Roger de Coverley's Courtship," No. 287, is perfect. The finish is beautiful and most appropriate. It is admirably coloured; the characters most truly conceived; nothing can be finer than the modesty and simplicity of the knight. His

total ignorance of the widow's aim, and admiration at her discourse upon love and honour, "which he verily believed was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make," are fully expressed. The confidant is not quite good, not quite worthy the widow. This is the best of his pictures in the exhibition; there are two others very good, No. 206, "The Castle-builder"—"Never reckon your chickens before they are hatched," and No. 498, "The Vicar of Wakefield finding his lost daughter at the inn." The feeling in the latter is very true; but it may be a doubt if the vicar is quite the character. Mr Redgrave has fully answered the expectation he raised last year. His characters have such particular truth, and the work and feeling so well go together, that it must be difficult ever to forget his pictures. They will one day be inestimable. Mr Maclise has exhibited this year four pictures—No. 33, "The Irish Girl," No. 124, "The Sleeping Beauty," No. 265, "Lady in a Hindoo dress," and No. 313, "Hunt the Slipper at Neighbour Flamborough's—unexpected visit of the fine ladies." These are all highly finished, and full of subject, and, excepting in colour, admirable, though in this respect we think Mr Maclise improved. His power of drawing is very great—he is afraid of no attitude or difficulty of foreshortening, yet his power does not obtrude too ambitiously. Mr Maclise has shown that his fancy is exuberant in the purest fiction, as well as in that which has a more strict reference to everyday truth. The difficulty of such a work as the "Sleeping Beauty," may best be conceived by the exposition of the subject in the catalogue; the picture, however, tells its own tale: —"So the princess, having fallen into a deep sleep for a hundred years, was placed in the finest apartment in the palace, on a bed embroidered with gold and silver, &c. So the fairy touched with her wand all that was in the palace. Maids of honour, gentlemen ushers, grooms of the bedchamber, lords in waiting, waiting women, governesses, stewards, cooks, scullions, guards, porters, pages, footmen, &c., even little Bichon, the princess's favourite lapdog, who lay on the bed by her side, all fell fast asleep, &c. At the expiration of a hundred years, the prince arrived. He approached the castle by a long avenue; he crossed a large court-yard paved with marble; he ascended the staircase, entered the guard-room where the guards were snoring away most lustily; he passed through several rows of ladies and gentlemen, some sitting, some standing, but all asleep. At length he came to an apartment gilded all over with gold, and saw on a magnificent bed, the curtains of which were opened all round, a princess more beautiful than any thing he had ever beheld," &c. This multitudinous sleep, if the expression may be allowed, is no less in the picture than its recital—and all the gorgeous beauty, with one fair princess superlatively beautiful, is perfectly represented; nor is the more fanciful, the fairy part, less sufficiently told. There is but one thing that offends, and that the less because the subject will admit of a fairy light, and not quite true—but little is required. The princess and all her attendants are not sufficiently "heirs of flesh and blood"—are too much of the texture of all around them—and too strong of white lead. This whiteness, which is equally observable in "Hunt the Slipper," is probably from a notion that time will subdue it—a false notion, we think, under which other artists have laboured, and laboured in vain. For time, if it subdues, will not substitute colour; and we think Mr Maclise mistaken, if he supposes that, a hundred years hence, his picture of the Sleeping Beauty will awake into a greater bloom and freshness. At present, it may keep up the expectation, but in a hundred years it will "be all one," and not another in that respect—or, if it change, it will not be for the better. The story at Farmer Flamborough's is as well told—the natural unrestrained joyousness of the artless family is well contrasted with, and as yet not actually disturbed by, the presence of Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, who are seen entering by a door, at the extreme side of the picture. The ladies are affected and fine enough, perhaps a little too old. His other pictures have less subject and less meaning. There is something not quite pleasing in the hardness of Mr Maclise's style: we should be glad to see a little more attention to general colour—there is too metallic a cast; it may give force, but

it is not necessary to it. It is a pity his genius should in any degree be subservient to mannerism.

It is with very great pleasure we notice Mr Lauder's No. 539, "The Trial of Effie Deans."—"A deep groan passed through the court; it was echoed by one deeper and more agonized from the unfortunate father. The hope to which, unconsciously and in spite of himself, he had still secretly clung, had now dissolved, and the venerable old man fell forward senseless on the floor of the court-house, with his head at the foot of his terrified daughter. The unfortunate prisoner, with impotent passion, strove with the guards between whom she was placed." —*Heart of Mid-Lothian.* Such is the deeply pathetic incident that Mr Lauder has chosen; and not for a moment, in all his elaborate work, has he forgotten the sentiment. It is the most powerfully painted picture in this year's exhibition; by powerfully painted, we mean the most successfully daring as to the absolute delusion of light, and effect of reality. In this respect, it is dioramic, and as such, may possibly meet with censure from many who think historic art ought to have no such aim—that it should not descend to such particular and strongly defined representation of detail—that there is too much actual truth. But we think a little consideration of the subject painted will make that a merit of the painter which might be too hastily considered a defect. Whoever has been present at such harrowing scenes as the trial of Effie Deans, has borne away with him, fixed upon his memory, and connected with the event in no other way than accidentally, some visual object or objects which he can never after separate. There is an effort in the mind, under the most trying circumstances, to find relief from the external senses—and the organs of the eye do their part with wonderful fidelity. In such cases, there is ever in the mind, with the event, a most distinct remembrance of accompanying things; and when, as in the instance we are speaking of, they are of a character more strongly in contrast with the peculiar charm with which the sufferer is invested, it becomes the duty and great merit of the poet and painter to give them the most absolute distinctness. Sir Walter Scott was no inefficient master of this art, and Mr Lauder must have felt and noted it with great judgment. What are the objects thus brought out—the very iron, the bars of stern justice, are seen in themselves and their shadows, objects that show the business of law, that horrid detail, from which innocence cannot escape, proceeding like unrelenting destiny. The magical illusion of light upon the two barristers, standing out as they do boldly from the background, (which shows behind them that their work is done, and that the merciless business of consignment of the law is at work,) yet, by their position and look, direct the eye to the beautiful and energetic sufferer. There is not a countenance that is not full of character. This forcible delineation and notice of objects which we have immediately remarked, has not been forgotten by another great master of pathos. Mr Dickens has made good use of it in his trial of the Jew Fagan—the mind of the criminal is there strangely employed upon some visual objects. It is nature—and whether it be told in language or in paint, will ever be effective. Mr Lauder is an artist of very great power; in representation of character and pathos, he is inferior to none.

"Ubi *plura nitent*, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis."

We will not, therefore, disturb the impression the picture has left, by notice of unimportant and minute blemishes.

We have at other times ventured to criticise Mr Lee somewhat freely. We love landscape, and this is Mr Lee's walk: we earnestly desire to rescue him, and that he should rescue art, from *views*, even though they be of his favourite Devonshire scenery. He is a painter of great ability, and more may be expected from him than his pencil has yet realized. His large picture, (No. 300,) "Highland scenery," is the best that he has yet exhibited. It is true to nature, vigorously conceived and executed, and well coloured, excepting in the drab tongue of land to the right, from which arise the bare trees. Here is a little art of his conventional colouring, and from the school of Landseer and Stansfield, which does harm to the whole picture. Not only is it unnatural for the scene, for it is mud, whereas the lake is clear

—but it injures the solemnity and grandeur by the idea it conveys of shallowness, nor is it quite consistent with the rush of water immediately succeeding. His "Cottage from Nature," (No. 148,) is a failure, very, very poor;—the poverty of his 201, "Devonshire Scenery," is still more remarkable, in which nature is certainly treated as a dirty drab. His "Inverlochy Castle and part of Ben Nevis," (No. 372,) makes amends—why are painters so unequal to themselves? His "Highland Scenery" of mountain, cloud, and water, in poetical accordance, must be the test by which to try himself, and from which he is to advance more boldly into more extensive regions of fancy. It *is* possible for artists to sketch too much from nature, especially when the sketches are of scenes to paint, to the neglect of parts which a knowledge of composition is to unite, and with which, in combination, it is the gift of genius to create. The real learning of art lies in a thorough knowledge of composition; we may as well expect the music of Handel complete in the chance sounds of nature, as a perfect composition in natural scenery. We know this will be considered heterodox in art—but painting is art, and genius is to mould the elements that nature gives. Thomson felt this when he called Poussin learned—

"Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew."

We were sorry to find nothing to call forth admiration this year from the hands of Mr Uwins. Neither his Lear nor his Cordelia, in No. 166, at all come up to the characters. We remember his "Fioretta," and regret that he should waste his time upon unmeaning processions, eternal repetitions not worth repeating, where crude blues and reds vie which shall first put out the eyes of the spectator. And what are they? what interest can they create? It is sheer poverty tricked up too gaily. We cannot compliment him on No. 291, "The Bay of Naples on the 4th of June—various groups returning from the Festa of St Antonio." Nor upon No. 622, "Children returning from the Festa of St Antonio, and chanting a hymn in praise of the Saint." Would that the whole kalendar of his festas was burned, and that he would try his hand on something better, something that shall convey sense and meaning! He has made them red-hot enough, and deluged them with ultramarine to cool them down again. Mr Uwins, the painter of Fioretta, has too much talent to be the worker of but one idea, and that not a good one. Some indiscreet praise has perhaps made him think that good which his better judgment should tell him is bad; and he perseveres under a false impression. This hot and cold extravagance unfortunately begets followers—or we should not have such a performance as No. 609, P. F. Poole, "By the waters of Babylon there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion." Personages should be coppered to sit down in such a burning scene, and coppered they are. Poor creatures!—water there could not be where all is red-hot. It is after the fashion of Nebuchadnezzar; fiery furnace, heated seven times hotter than it was wont. The weeping maidens must soon be reduced to cinders.

"Their scalding tears in crimson streaks,
Hiss down their copper-colour'd cheeks."

We have not a better colourist than Mr Etty, and his compositions are in general very good. No. 136, the "Repentant Prodigal's Return to his Father," fully keeps up his high reputation. The feeling and expression of the father and son are extremely good; fully speaking the language of penitence and affection. "And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." Mr Etty has violated the unities in telling his story; in this he has recurred to the practice of the early embellishers. Formerly, with any other view, he would not have introduced the dancing group in the background. They would hardly have followed the Prodigal into his father's house; and it is quite out of character that they should have followed him at all, in his misery and poverty. Perhaps the Prodigal is scarcely enough emaciated.—His No. 206, we do not much admire. It is an old subject, and not treated with much variety. We are disposed to ask if there be a play on the words "To arms, to arms" intended. For there is a choice of *arms* for the warrior, warlike and feminine. Mr Roberts

has not in any respect varied his style. His pictures have great breadth and effect; does he not somewhat injure them by his figures? which are nevertheless very good; but as they are in such vivid contrast with the whole colouring, it requires great management to keep his groups from being spotty, and attracting too much attention. Good as they are, we have often wished to see at least half of them painted out, or in some way better connected; as it is, the eye jumps from one to the other. His subjects are very imposing, and at first we thought his pictures were most true; but when we see Jerusalem, Dendera, Ruins of Baalbec, all precisely of the same colour and texture, we suspect his manner is not quite true. Nor do we think the "French polish" which is laid over the old ruins invariably, either pleasing to the eye or improving the grandeur of the design. A more dry manner, at least partially if not generally, would perhaps be actually more powerful. Even in his fine picture, the "Portico of the Temple of Dendera," there would be more solemnity if the shadows were less transparent: deep architectural shadows appear to our eyes semi-opaque: when the transparency amounts to a stain or mere wash of varnish, the *mystery*, which in such subjects is all in all, is very much injured.

Mr C. Landseer tells his story well, and paints with breadth, and power, and clearness of colour. His "Temptation of Andrew Marvel," a good anecdote, is painted with his usual propriety of effect and colour. Are there not too many witnesses to the bribe? Art is but misapplied in Leslie's "Fairlop Fair," yet it is well painted in parts; the texture is very bad. Mr T. Creswick is advancing. His No. 181, "A Rocky Stream," is very clever. He is a little too minute in his penciling. Nature is so, it may be said;—true, but nature hides more than half her work. It is only a little bit, here and there, of minute work that is thrust out to show her riches, just as touches of exquisitely fine lace-work edge the masses of drapery of the stateliest pride. Minute work, if there be too much of it, is displeasing, fatigues the eye and the mind, which never loves to dwell upon labour. We look upon the "Peacemaker," No. 195, W. Collins, R.A., as a specimen of detestable colouring. We must not omit to notice an attempt at poetical or historical landscape, No. 329, "Mercury and Argus," A. Geddes, A. It is poetical and promising. The colouring is better than the composition, which, in fact, is too simple to merit the name of composition; not that it is bad as far as it goes, but a few stems of trees are not enough for such a subject. We are glad to see this beginning, and hope Mr Geddes will try his powers more decidedly in that line. Though the style of art be not to our taste, we must acknowledge the merit of No. 422, "Poor-Law Guardians," C. W. Cope. It is very good; every figure seems to have been taken from nature. If viewed as a satire, which it is to be presumed is the intention of the artist, is there not a something more wanted? Is it sufficiently biting? No. 410, "Pirates of Istria bearing off the Brides of Venice from the cathedral of Olivolo." This is admirably painted, and has great force; and, what is a rare thing in our Academy exhibitions, variety of colours without distraction. Mr J. R. Herbert has looked at the old masters, particularly of Venice and Lombardy, with advantage. The public have reason to expect much from him. In the west room was a picture, from which at first we turned away in disgust, the colouring is so offensive, as well as some other parts in its management; but being large, it attracted the eye, and we each time felt something which forced us, in spite of its general disagreeableness, to return to it; and we did return often. It is No. 420, "Lawrence's Death," V. Dartignenare. Who Lawrence is we know not, but it is most pathetic in expression. It is of a young woman on her death-bed, dead or dying, and holding to her bosom the one hand of, as we presume, her lover; who, with his face averted, and in deep shade, seems overwhelmed with sorrow. Bad as the colouring is, the face, drapery of bed, &c., all being of one colour, it is very painfully powerful. It is a history of love and misery not ended, for there is a survivor; and love in the dead or dying, it is uncertain which, seems even to be still dominant. It reminded us of the touching lines of the poet, than which we know no passage more simply affecting—

"Et tandem suprema mihi cum venerit hora,
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu."

The hand in death has still its grasp of love.

Mr Martin has two pictures that are a contrast to each other—one dark, the other light—No. 428, "Celestial City and River of Bliss."

"The Author of all being,
Fountain of light, thyself invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitt'st
Throned inaccessible."
"Immortal amaranth!
To heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows,
And flowers aloft, shading the fount of life;
And where the river of bliss, through midst of Heaven,
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream;
With these that never fade, the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks, unwreathed with leaves.
These blissful bowers
Of amaranthine shades, fountain or spring,
By the waters of life . . . .
They sat
In fellowship of joy."
Paradise Lost, b. iii. 11.

Now, taking all together enclosed by the poet in these passages, is there a subject for a picture; and if so, what should be its character? "The glorious light, or the blissful bowers of amaranthine shades?"—or which should predominate? The poet is rapid in his imaginative conceptions; dares not dwell upon the "Fountain of Light;" but, as it were, with closed eyes adores "Thyself invisible," and passes on to the occupation of saints in blissful bowers, the spirits elect. The painter attempts too bodily what the poet hurries over as celestial ground, unfit for mortal foot. There remains, then, nothing but the sublime repose. Is it in the picture? Any thing but that. It is of all distractions—of blue, and yellow, and white; with greater distraction of a multiplicity of minute parts, all, with slight variation, resembling each other. You may conceive yourself suddenly transported to a land lying *sub iniquo sole*, where you would be in expectation of instant ophthalmia, and, if it only inflicted the loss of sight, have little to regret; but as to bower and shade, they seem quite out of Mr Martin's desires. We want *eye-preservers* in the Academy in more senses than one. The wretch who has practically poked out the eyes from pictures, may have had his revenge for the academical putting out of his own; but he has selected with indiscriminate malevolence. Having thus criticized Mr Martin's "Celestial City," we have much more sincere pleasure in referring to his No. 570—"Pandemonium."

"Anon, out of the earth, a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven."
Paradise Lost, b i.

There is a simple and awful grandeur in this picture, that evinces no common genius. It is a preternatural and gloomy light, that even the rising fires cannot subdue. The long unbroken lines confer a continuity of awful greatness. It is, indeed, a very Pandemonium, with its mob of hellish reformers. We shrink from it instinctively, and remember the Reform burners of Bristol.

We were nearly overlooking a picture of great merit and of much fancy, from its general modest unpretending hue. Yet it is a subject many a painter would have treated gaudily, and obtruded on the eye with forced colours and forced effect.

No. 207, "Titania sleeping." R. Dodd.

"There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight."

Mr Dodd has most poetically conceived the subject, and not forgotten the earliest learned mystery of fairyland—that fairies *hide* themselves—seen only by the gifted, and by them with half-shut eyes, between twilight and starlight. He has well preserved the fairy scale and measurement—and the enclosure of flowers is quite beautiful, and the outer *fiend*-frame shows a creative fancy. It is very highly finished—a really beautiful picture—one we fear misplaced; the glare around will scarcely allow the mind sufficient abstraction fully to

enjoy so imaginative a picture. We do not pass over Mr Eastlake's fine picture, his only contribution, universally admired, from any reluctance to offer our meed of praise; but it was so difficult of access that we fairly confess that we are not qualified to speak of it as we should. He is at all times a painter of sweetness and tenderness, of a delicacy and softness, both in colour and execution, that sometimes, perhaps, detracts a little from a due force. This we say not in reference to the present work, but because we believe Mr Eastlake not disinclined to hear remarks, and to think upon them; to weigh them in the nice balance which judgment adjusts for genius.

Why has not Mr Danby something more important than his "Sculptor's Triumph," or his "Enchanted Castle?"—the latter by far the best, though not so elaborate a picture as the "Triumph," which wants some leading feature; there are too many straight lines; the parts do not necessarily connect themselves with each other, to make the design a whole. It is, too, better finished than coloured. The "Enchanted Castle" looks poetry; but, perhaps from the position, not quite clear and luminous. We remember last year Mr Danby's fine picture of the "Deluge," which was not in the Academy, and feel disappointed.

And here we close our remarks on the Academy Exhibition, aware that too much has been overlooked, even in so short an account. But we cannot help it. We contend that the display is too great; that one-third of the number of pictures would make a better and more pleasing exhibition. The very gilt of upwards of twelve hundred frames, to say nothing of the pictures, is enough to put out the eyes and distract the judgment. But the piling up, pyramidically, picture upon picture, where neither their merits nor demerits can be seen, is a practice most vile, injurious to artists, and we really think no small insult to the public. Let the upper tier, at least, be henceforth dispensed with, that innocent artists may not be uplifted to such unenviable a distinction.

If we complain of the great number of works in the Academy Exhibition, the very circumstance that the British Institution contains, large and small, but 220, is greatly in its favour. We are here reminded of the passage of Time; for those whom we remember as living artists are taking their places among the old; yet they enter, as it were, with a modest step, keep together, and take positions somewhat at a distance. And we are compelled to say that this selection from their works justifies their position. We remember to have seen many of Stothard's designs for the *Novelist's Magazine* in water colours, exquisitely beautiful, and were sorry to see his paintings, which do not indicate the genius so conspicuous in his careful drawings. In painting, his style was peculiar; and we suspect his pictures have suffered from the use of mastic varnish. But there is a want of freshness in them. The most pleasing is No. 172, "A Fête Champêtre." It is a subject, in the landscape, of solemn repose; and, if but one group of figures had been allowed to remain, the effect would have been very good. Whenever he introduced much landscape, he was too apt to separate his figures into distinct groups. We are not here criticizing Stothard but as a painter, a colourist; as to the making up his picture as a whole, many of his designs are very beautiful, and full of genius.

There are some very good and some very inferior pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds. No. 117, "Kitty Fisher," though, comparatively speaking, a slight, and even faint picture, leaves a stronger, a more vivid impression than any other in the room from his pencil: it might be called the weakest and the strongest, it is so perfectly one in its simplicity; nothing being in it but what completes the idea, and nothing being wanting, we are satisfied. It is just one of those things upon which, when nominally unfinished, unwrought on by any glazings and force of colour, we should have deprecated another touch of the pencil. It is quite life: we want nothing, and look for nothing more: the apparent ease and simplicity with which it is painted, are strictly in accordance with the subject. Another of Sir Joshua's has a strange fascination—the portrait of Sterne. His look is quite searching. It is very finely painted. The intellectual wit is quite alive—it conveys the idea of a double action; keen outward observation, and the creation of wit from within. Who is there

that will not dwell long on the features of the author of *Tristram Shandy?*

It is with pain we saw the Gainsboroughs and Wilsons. They are all bad. Wilson was a landscape painter; but in what respect? In his colouring, and that he did not offend by the vulgarity in composition then so common; so that we are inclined to pass him off for understanding more of composition than he did. He seldom ventures upon much complication of subject. He was in that respect content with little, which little he often managed with great effect, and with great feeling for colour. But he knew little of form, and nothing of composition as an art. Look at any of his well-known prints, where the colour and strong effect do not bear them out—and see how poor he is. Here is his "Niobe" with the bridge, for instance. The landscape partakes of neither the vengeance of the offended deity, nor of sympathy and suffering with his victims. The great tree is a vulgar hedge-row common-place sort of thing, and the rocks are like loaves, one directly above the other, just in the lines they should have avoided. Still he was a landscape painter, and had a bold genius too; but it lay not in composition. If we so pronounce of Wilson, what shall we say of Gainsborough, but that he knew still less than Wilson, and could not conceal his defects by the charms of which Wilson was master. We have seen some small landscapes by Gainsborough that were very pleasing, but never one of any size. He was too good a painter not to hit off a bit from nature with truth and beauty; and, if the subject happened to be good, a matter of chance, it was well; but when he attempted a composition, whether in his affected grander style, or the more common, they were equally poor, if not equally vulgar. And in these he seems to have lost his powers as a colourist. But as a portrait painter, who could vie with Gainsborough, in uniting identity of character with great pictorial management? Not even Sir Joshua—and certainly no one else. We can say nothing, then, in favour of the landscapes of Gainsborough and Wilson in the Institution. In these remarks upon these eminent painters, we shall be thought all in the wrong; but will any one venture to refer us to their works in the National Gallery, the depository of their supposed treasures, to the "Niobe," or the detestable vulgarity called the "Market Cart?"

The Canalettis are curiously unequal. No. 93, the "Capitol, Rome," is strikingly beautiful—a perfect contrast to the dingy, damaged-looking pictures he painted in England, such as his Whitehall, No. 95. The management of the view of the Capitol is most skilful—atmosphere pervades every part of it. The variation of colouring in the masses is but slight. Greys pervade, and wonderful force is given by throwing his stronger drawing and stronger colouring in the figures, and upon the shadows. The coach at the steps tells wondrously. This is a very fine specimen of Canaletti, and painted with great care and neatness, excepting where force is required. No. 84, The "View in Dresden," is, we believe, by his brother. It has great freshness and vigour—the ground and the buildings too much of a colour. The Vernet, No. 220, "A storm on the coast of Italy," is not a very good specimen of that pleasing painter; it has evidently changed in colour.

It is time to look a little at the old masters, and we regret our space will not allow us to say much. We doubt very much the one made most conspicuous by silk curtaining; a silly practice. A picture should speak for itself, without the recommendation of the upholsterer—and so to set off a Raffaelle, and that an unfinished picture, by a trickery that makes it look more unfinished, is absurd and deteriorating. The picture, No. 7, "The Holy Family," is in fact but little more than sketched in. If we could be assured of its being a genuine Raffaelle, we should be pleased by seeing his manner of working. Whoever painted this, it seems to have been his practice to have outlined with pen and ink, then to have filled up to the outline his background, with a very odd mixture—a coarse black paint—then to have worked upon the heads and extremities of the figures. But what authority is there for this being by Raffaelle?—the heads have not his chaste sweetness and mild dignity—and can the very uncertain outlines be by Raffaelle's *certain* hand? Was not Raffaelle's handling clean and continuous in his drawing? but here it is too much of the un-

meaning flourish—a sort of thunder and lightning run of the pen, or whatever else he used. We would not swear to Raffaelle's handwriting there. There was, however, a very beautiful Raffaelle, that grew more and more into our admiration. On viewing it at first, it seemed a little hard, from that *clean* outline a little showing, as if it had come through. The more we looked, however, the less we saw it; it was overpowered by the great and sweet character of the whole. This picture had been removed when we saw the exhibition lighted up at night. No. 19, "The Magdalen," Domenichino—is certainly most beautiful; it is the picture engraved by Schiavonetti for Forster's gallery. The sentiment is very fine, and painted with such force and breadth, as to render it very powerful. It is not throughout painted with the finished care of the master, which is mostly observable in the lower drapery; perhaps the glazings have suffered generally in the cleaning. It sold for L.600, a price which ought to have ensured it for the National Gallery. And while upon this subject, (the National Gallery,) we must express our regret that another picture in this collection was not purchased for the public—"The School," by Jan Steen. It is not of the class of pictures to our individual taste, but it is unique; there is none so good of the master, and it is a very fine picture too, full of nature and truth. Every attitude and feeling that schools exhibit may be found here—and it surely is a picture which, from its subject coming home to every one's memory and feelings, would give more pleasure to ninth-tenths of the persons who visit the National Gallery, than would the finer productions of the Italian schools. What a wonderful portrait painter was Van Helst! The "Portrait of Madam Wouverman," No. 68, is the triumph of art over nature; for it is a fascinating portrait of a very ordinary, not to say ugly woman. Yet we would not wish a feature beautified. It is only inferior to a Rembrandt—and indeed it is very like one. There are some good Rembrandts. No. 71, "The Portrait of Cornelius Van Hooft, the translator of Homer into Dutch," is full of solemn thought, with which the tone and colour are in perfect harmony. What a contrast is it to the fluster of Rubens, "The meeting of Abraham and Melchizedek?" How seldom do we receive pleasure from Rubens, and perhaps the less when we are forced to admire! How strange it was that he should have delighted in subjects rather of show than of sentiment! They are well adapted for the vestibule in the temple of art, but seldom deserve to be admitted within the temple's more sacred recess. But we must stop short, or we could write much upon the peculiarities of this great and singular master; and perhaps should be bold enough to endeavour to show his deficiency as a colourist, and the false principles even in this branch of the art, upon which his pictures are very commonly painted. This is a very imperfect review of the Institution this year; but it will more than suffice in the opinion of many, whose habitual taste will be shocked at the heterodoxy of some of our remarks. There is one other picture, however, which we must not omit to mention—the Van Eyck. Much has been said of late of vehicles, and of Van Eyck's supposed invention of painting in oil. This production, therefore, demanded great attention. It is wonderfully luminous, more so indeed than any picture in the rooms; and the finish is quite wonderful. Strange and stiff enough it is, and odd in form and design—but the painting, the texture, for which we look at it, is surpassingly beautiful. The metallic lamp and the clogs are specimens of most exquisite and elaborate work—the metal and the wood are perfect imitations.

THE SPANISH GIPSIES.

——"It would appear as though gipsies, both men and women, came into the world for no other end or purpose than to be thieves: their parents before them are thieves, they grow up among thieves, the art of thieving is their study, and they finish with being thieves, rogues, and robbers in every sense of the word; and the love and practice of theft are in their case a sort of inseparable accidents, ceasing only with death." Such is the sweeping judgment passed upon the *Gitános* or gipsies of Spain by Cervantes, at the opening of his beautiful tale the *Gitanilla*. This censure, it is true, is not borne out in the progress of the story by the conduct of the fascinating heroine Preciosa, even though her fictitious grandmother is said to have instructed her "in all her gipsy tricks and devices for fraud and robbery:" but the graces and virtues of that all-accomplished fair one can hardly be alleged in their exculpation, since the *denouément* discovers her to be (like Victor Hugo's Esmeralda, of whom she is the prototype,) no true daughter of Egypt, but the stolen child of a Spanish grandee. Severe, however, as is the denunciation of Cervantes, it falls far short of the list of enormities attributed to the Gitános in the present work, by one who has enjoyed such opportunities of observing the manners, and scrutinizing the feelings of that wild and singular race, as have rarely, if ever before, fallen to the lot of a *Busno* * or stranger, and whose devotion to *Gitánismo* could only be accounted for on the supposition of the gipsies themselves, by his soul having, in some previous state of beings, inhabited the corporeal tenement of one of their *errate* or blood. For twenty years, as he informs us, he has been in constant habits of familiar intercourse with the *Roma*,† "who are certainly," (as he naively observes,) "a very mysterious people, come from some distant land, no mortal knows why; and who made their first appearance in Europe at a dark period, when events were not so accurately recorded as at the present time."

This *vexata quæstio* of the origin of the gipsies, and the causes which prompted their migration into Europe, has been left by Mr Borrow almost untouched; and the few allusions he has made to it do not throw much light on the subject.‡ At the present day, the Spaniards in general consider the Gitános as descendants of the Moriscos, apparently for no other reason than their dark complexion, their disregard of Christianity, and their having a peculiar language among themselves, unintelligible to the other

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The Zincali; or an Account of the Gipsies of Spain; with an Original Collection of their Songs and Poetry, and a Copious Dictionary of their Language. By George Borrow, late agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Spain. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1841. Murray.

* The word used in the Spanish *Romany*, or gipsy-tongue, to indicate all who are not gipsies—in the English dialect the phrase is *Tororo*.

† *Rom*, pl. *Roma*, "the husbands or married men," is the *national* designation of the gipsies in all parts of the world, though they bear other local names in different countries. May not the vulgar English phrase *rum*, be originally identical with this word —a *rum*-looking man, implying one with the features of a gipsy?

‡ A quotation is given at vol. i. p. 30, from the life of Timour by Arabshah, as demonstrating the existence of gipsies at Samarkand at that period, and their extirpation by Timour. The word *Zingar*, however, on which this inference rests, is found only in a single known MS., and is dismissed as erroneous by the editor Manger: and even if we admit it, its more obvious signification would be "men from *Zungaria*," or western Mogulistan. In fact, notwithstanding the author's high attainments as an Oriental *linguist*, his acquaintance with Eastern *history* does not appear to be very accurate. At vol. ii. p. 113, note, we are told that Timour, who was a bigoted Moslem from his cradle, "abandoned the old religion of the *steppes*, a kind of fetish or sorcery, and became a Mahometan, to obtain popularity among these soldiery," (Turcomans and Persians!)

natives of Spain. But the close affinity of all "the seven jargons or dialects of this language, however disguised or corrupted by that of other nations, to the Sanscrit stock, points out India as their veritable fatherland; while the large proportion of Sclavonian words incorporated with it shows that they halted in the eastern regions of Europe, (where they are still most numerous,) for some years before they continued their progress towards the west: and this is nearly the sum of what is certainly known of their earlier history. Some have imagined them to have been natives of Moultan and Guzerat, driven from their native land by the sword of Timour: but this hypothesis cannot well be reconciled with the date of their appearance in Europe, which coincides so nearly with the conquests of that scourge of Asia, as scarcely to afford due time for the performance of their long pilgrimage. It may also be urged as improbable, that they should have directed their flight through Persia, then immediately subject to the Tartar conqueror, instead of choosing the safer route towards the Dekkan, where his destroying arms never penetrated. The *Zincali* themselves, as might be expected from a degraded race without writings or records, "are unable to give any rational account of themselves, and preserve no recollection of the places where their forefathers wandered." In default of traditions of their own, they have even adopted the fables current among the hated *Busné*, from which they have concocted the following wild legend of their expatriation from *Chal* or Egypt—in allusion to the popular belief which attributes to them an Egyptian descent:—

"There was a great king in Egypt, and his name was Pharaoh.* He had numerous armies, with which he made war on all countries, and conquered them all. And when he had conquered the entire world, he became sad and sorrowful; for as he delighted in war, he no longer knew on what to employ himself. At last he bethought him of making war on God; so he sent a defiance to God, daring him to descend from the sky with his angels, and contend with Pharaoh and his armies; but God said, I will not measure my strength with that of a man. But God was incensed against Pharaoh, and resolved to punish him; and he opened a hole in the side of an enormous mountain, and he raised a raging wind, and drove before it Pharaoh and his armies to that hole, and the abyss received them, and the mountain closed upon them; but whosoever goes to that mountain on the night of St John, can hear Pharaoh and his armies singing and yelling therein. And it came to pass, that when Pharaoh and his armies had disappeared, all the kings and the nations which had become subject to Egypt, revolted against Egypt, which, having lost her king and her armies, was left utterly without defence; and they made war against her, and prevailed against her, and took her people and drove them forth, dispersing them over all the world." So that now, say the *Chai*, (Egyptians or people of Chal,) "*Apilyela gras Chai la panee Lucalee*—Our horses drink the waters of the Guadiana."

> "Our horses should drink of no river but one;
> It sparkles through Chal, 'neath the smile of the sun;
> But they taste of all streams save that only, and see
> Apilyela gras Chai la panee Lucalee."†

Though the present volumes are devoted almost wholly to those of the gipsy race inhabiting the Peninsula, we find from the notices scattered through the work, that the personal researches of the author have equally

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* This tradition appears to be current also in Hungary, as one name for the *Czigany* there is *Pharaoh nepek*, "Pharaoh's people."

† Though the biblical origin of this strange fiction is sufficiently evident, it is not without some points of resemblance to those mythological tales of India, in which Bali and other mortals, intoxicated by the possession of universal rule on earth, are overthrown in a vain attempt to rival or subdue the heavenly powers.

extended to those of Great Britain,* Russia, Hungary, and, in fact, every country where they are found; and we regret that he has not more frequently enabled us to judge, by references to their comparative condition in these various remote lands, how far the odious colours, in which he paints the crimes and dark malignity of the *Zincalo* of Spain, are mitigated in their brethren of the more northern climes. The demoralized state of society in Spain, the notorious corruption of justice, and the open opposition to the law in which many classes of the lower orders live, would scarcely have a favourable effect on a race, whose natural tendency was to prey on those around them; it was not from the example of the *manolo*, the *contrabandista*, or the *bragante*, that the Gitáno would learn honesty or the love of good order. But the Russian gipsies or *Zigany* are principally remarkable for their skill in music, and the matchless melody of their voices; and Mr Borrow records the spontaneous tribute paid by Catalani herself, to the powers of a *cantatrice* of this race, who sung in her presence at Moscow. Those of Hungary are equally eminent in this respect; and many of our readers must be familiar with Mr Paget's amusing account of the gipsy band at Füred, and its youthful leader, who had received instructions on the violin from Strauss himself, and had furthermore learned, "what Strauss certainly had not intended to teach, a most perfect imitation of those extraordinary movements by which the body of the great waltz-player seems convulsed during his performance, and which our little *Cziyany* took off so admirably, as to keep his audience in a roar of laughter." The Hungarian gipsies, indeed, seem to have become rather favourites with Mr Paget,† in spite of their dirt and their vagabondism; and we should be unwilling to believe that the pretty gipsy girl Lila, by whose good-humour and alacrity the party were extricated from their perplexities at Hunyad, was all the while pouring forth, *sotto voce*, a string of muttered curses on the *Busná*, like the hag encountered by Mr Borrow in the inn at Tarifa.

But none of these redeeming points appear to relieve the gloomy traits of the gipsy outcasts of Spain, who are here portrayed, in truth, as deceivers, robbers, and not seldom murderers, from the day of their sojourn south of the Pyrenees. Their first appearance there was early in the fifteenth century, and the rapidity with which they overspread the land, is reasonably explained by the influx of fugitives from the fierce proscription directed against "those accursed Bohemian sorcerers" (as they were styled) in the neighbouring kingdom of France. But the sunny provinces of the south, Valencia, Murcia, and especially Andalusia, soon became, as they are to this day, the headquarters of the Zincali; and attempts have even been made to show, from this circumstance, that they originally reached Spain by the route of Northern Africa and the Straits of Gibraltar; but this hypothesis is shown by Mr Borrow to be irreconcilable with known facts, and indeed rests on no better ground than the vicinity of their present haunts to the shores of Morocco. There is, indeed, a race somewhat numerous in Barbary, who are called by the Moors, "those of the *Dar-Bushi-Fal*, (a word equivalent to prophesying or fortune-telling,)" and to whom many gipsy peculiarities are ascribed, such as their pretended practice of sorcery, their speaking a language different from either Shilhuh or Arabic, and known to none but themselves, &c. But whether these people are *Roma*, or a distinct tribe, is a still undecided point.

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* On the British gipsies, we will only quote the following passage, as it serves to illustrate a well-known and delightful work:—"The name Curraple is a favourite one among the gipsies. It excited the curiosity of the amiable White of Selborne, who conceived it to be partly Greek, from the termination *aple* or *ople*, which put him in mind of πολις. Curraple, however, means *a smith*—a name very appropriate to a gipsy. The root is *curaw*, to strike, hammer," &c.

† The same agreeable traveller records, however, a remarkable instance of the aversion with which the peasants regard them:—"As I was travelling after my return from Turkey, my servant turned round, as we met a gang of gipsies, and exclaimed, 'After all, sir, *our negroes* are not so ugly as those in Turkey!'"

The numbers of the gipsy community in Spain, and the frequently unsettled state of the country, made them more formidable disturbers of the public peace than they have shown themselves where the arm of the law is stronger and more universal. In companies or gangs, headed each by its own chief or *count*, they roamed through the south of Spain, encamping in remote and thinly-peopled districts, where, free from the prying surveillance of alcalde or alguazil, they might carry on their traffic in horses and mules, and exercise the various trades of jockeys, smiths, and fortune-tellers, which constitute their principal avocations in every region to which they have penetrated. This life was diversified by the occasional robbery or murder of a traveller on the highway; but their depredations were sometimes carried on on a more extended scale. Congregated in troops of several hundreds, they sacked the villages and small towns, committing atrocious excesses, and retreating, when hard pressed by troops sent against them, into the friendly shelter of the *sierras*, or mountain ranges, which intersect Spain in every conceivable direction. One of their most memorable outbreaks of this sort was in 1618, when a band of more than eight hundred scoured the country between Castile and Aragon, and were with difficulty dispersed by the soldiers dispatched for the purpose. But the darkest of their crimes in these early and lawless periods would be, if we admit the deductions of our author, the death of the ill-fated and beautiful Maria de Padilla, the heroine of Toledo, which she long defended against the forces of Charles the Fifth during the rebellion of the Castilian *Comuneros* in 1522, after her husband and all his leading associates had perished either on the scaffold or in the fatal field of Villalar. One stormy night, however, she escaped in disguise, leading her son by the hand, from the city, which immediately surrendered; and from that moment nothing is certainly known of her fate. But Guevara and other historians of the time, make mention of "a tawny and frantic slave, who was a great sorceress, by whose predictions the Padilla was much swayed, and who is believed to have been the companion of her flight to the hills above Toledo, then, as now, a favourite haunt of the gipsies. There can be little doubt that this tawny slave, with her lying prophesies, was a genuine Gitána; and it was quite in character for this being to assist her mistress, or rather her victim, in making her escape—not from love, not from fidelity! She had no pity for the Busnee or her fair boy! She and her gang among the hills thought only of the jewels which the Padilla might bring with her; so that the poor unfortunate Padilla, trusting to make her escape by means of them and her *frantic slave*, perished with her young son by *hokkano baro*."* Such is the conclusion arrived at by Mr Borrow; and though the proofs may appear somewhat insufficient, it is certainly singular that, though the Gitános are almost wholly without traditions of former days, the name of Maria de Padilla is still popularly remembered among them, and even occurs in the magic rhymes which they chant on particular occasions.

Though the main body long remained faithful to the tents and the wandering life of their forefathers, many were found who relinquished, at least for a time, this rude independence, and became dwellers of towns and cities, where the *Gitánerias*, or gipsy quarters, soon became known as public nuisances, the nurseries of every species of crime and fraud, where robbers and their booty were securely harboured, and whence issued the sibyls who told the *baji* or *buenaventura* to credulous females of all ranks, and practised that sort of *hokkano baro* by which the plundered victims were led to expect the infinite multiplication of their gold or silver, if duly concealed and left under the directions of the fortune-tellers. But "the Gitánerias at evening fall were frequently resorted to by individuals widely differing in station from the inmates of these places—the young and dissolute nobility and hidalgos of Spain. . . . . The gipsy women and girls were the principal attraction to these visitors: wild and singular as these females are in their appearance, there can be no doubt that they are capable of exciting the most ardent passion, particularly in the bosoms of

* Gipsie-craft—literally, *the great trick*—the root of our words *hoax*, *hocus*, &c.

those not of their race, which passion of course becomes the more violent when the almost utter impossibility of gratifying it is known. Such visitors, however, were always encouraged to a certain point, and by this and various other means, the Gitános acquired connexions which stood them in good stead in the hour of need."

But all these misdoings were not suffered to pass without vehement reclamations from the orderly part of the community. "*Los Gitános son muy malos*,—the gipsies are very bad people,—was the cry of both town and country; and in addition to the well-authenticated crimes of being thieves, robbers, cheats, and pretended sorcerers, other charges, less clearly substantiated, were brought against them, the principal of which was cannibalism! This last accusation, however, was never fully brought home, though divers credible witnesses asseverated it, and a zealous judge in Estremadura, Don Martin Fajardo by name, extracted confessions from various Gitános, by a judicious application of the rack, of multiplied instances of this atrocity, even to the extent of their having killed and eaten a Franciscan friar! whereupon they were released from the rack and executed." But the other grave offences specified above, were sufficiently notorious to afford abundant cause for the frequent royal edicts launched against them; the first of which bears date as early as 1499, in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. By these they were forbidden, under the severest penalties, to continue the use of their peculiar language, to wander over the country, or to practise their usual callings as horse-dealers, tinkers, or smiths; and were commanded to establish themselves in towns as fixed residents, and to conform in all points to ordinary usages. The zeal of the monarchs was stimulated by various learned doctors, who urged in recondite treatises the duty and necessity of wholly thrusting forth this lawless and heathen race from the boundaries of Spain, as the Moriscoes had already been expelled: but strange to say, neither their supposed sorceries, nor their avowed hatred of Christianity, ever drew down on them the vengeance of the Inquisition. A *ci-devant* inquisitor at Cordova, in answer to a question from Mr Borrow, assured him "that he was not aware of one case of a Gitáno having been tried or punished by the Inquisition:" adding, "that the Inquisition always looked upon them with too much contempt to give itself the slightest trouble concerning them; for as no danger to the state, or the Church of Rome, could proceed from the Gitános, it was a matter of perfect indifference to the holy office whether they lived without religion or not." The gipsies were therefore, by the successors of Torquemada, "resigned to the secular arm," in a more literal and humane sense than when the same phrase was employed to denote the delivery of the victims of the holy office to the *san-benito*, the stake, and the scaffold.

The secular arm, indeed, was by no means idle; but in spite of edicts, judges, and doctors, little was effected towards the suppression of the nuisance. This arose partly from the covert protection afforded to the Gitános by those to whose vices they pandered; partly from the venality of the executive, but more than all, from the desperate tenacity with which the gipsies themselves clung to their original mode of life, and evaded obedience to any law, except their own *liri*, or custom—the *lex non scripta* which regulated this nation of outlaws. The greatest crimes, according to the gipsy code, were a quarrelsome disposition, and revealing the secrets of the brotherhood. They were forbidden to eat, drink, or sleep in the house of a Busno, or to marry out of their own sect; they were likewise not to teach the language of Roma to any but those who, by birth or inauguration, belonged to that sect. They were enjoined to relieve their brethren in distress, at any expense or peril. They were to use a peculiar dress, which is frequently alluded to by Spanish laws, but the particulars of which are not stated;* and they were to cultivate the gift of speech to the

* At the present day, the usual dress of the *Gitános* is a sort of compound of that of the *chalan*, or jockey, and the Andalusian *majo*; the women are distinguished from Spanish females, principally by never wearing the mantilla. Ladies in Madrid often wear as a sort of fancy dress the short many-flounced *saya* or petticoat, which they call dressing *à la Gitána*; but the costume is Andalusian, not gipsy.

utmost possible extent, and never to lose any thing which might be obtained by a loose and deceiving tongue—to encourage which they had many excellent proverbs. For example—"The poor fool who closeth his mouth never winneth a dollar,"—"The river which runneth with sound beareth along with it stones and water." The persecution directed against them had thus (as usual) no other effect than that of drawing the bonds of Gitánismo closer; but under Charles III. a more enlightened policy was adopted towards these refractory subjects. The penal laws against the gipsies were revoked by an edict promulgated in 1783, which, though reciting and confirming the former prohibitions against vagrancy and the practice of unlawful arts, placed them, in all respects, on the same footing with other Spanish subjects. Since these humane enactments, the spirit of Gitánismo has been on the decline. "Since the law no longer compels them to stand back to back for mutual defence, they are no longer the people that they were;" and the fierce spirits who regret the turbulence of past times, complain that "*el krallis ha nicobado la liri*,"—"the king has destroyed the ancient law, which was a bond of union among their people." The more wealthy among them now affect the manners and society of the Spaniards, neglecting to aid those of their brethren who are in poverty or in prison, and striving to obliterate the remembrance of their own gipsy descent. There are still a few *barbales*, or rich men, who are not ashamed of the *errate*, or blood; and these exercise over the others almost as great influence as the rabbins do over the Jews—"their bidding is considered law; and the other gipsies are at their devotion," while the renegades from Gitánismo are viewed with equal abhorrence, and held up to general execration. "There was a time," (said a gipsy at Badajoz to the author, whom he took for a brother Gitáno,) "when the house of every Zincalo, however rich, was open to his brother, though he came to him naked; and it was then the custom to boast of the *errate*. It is no longer so now. Those who are rich keep aloof from the rest, will not speak in Calo, and will have no dealings but with the Busné. Is there not a false brother in this *foros*, (town;) the only rich man among us, the swine, the *balichow* (hog?)—he is married to a Busnee, and would fain appear as a Busno! Tell me one thing, brother; has he been to see you? The white blood, I know he has not! Who have come to see you, brother? Have they not been such as Paco and his wife—wretches without a house?" A similar feeling pervades their rhymes and ballads—

"The gipsy fiend of Manga mead,
Who never gave a straw,
He would destroy, for very greed,
The good Egyptian law.
. . . .
Within his dwelling sits at ease
Each wealthy gipsy churl;
While all the needy ones they seize,
And into prison hurl."

This Paco, (diminutive for Francisco,) and his father-in-law Antonio, the speaker quoted above, cut rather a conspicuous figure in the author's adventures at Badajoz; and the portrait of the former, at his first introduction, is too *bizarre* and characteristic a sketch to be omitted. "He could be scarcely thirty; and his figure, which was about the middle height, was of Herculean proportions; shaggy black hair, like that of a wild beast, covered the greatest part of his immense head; his face was frightfully seamed with the small-pox, and his eyes, which glared like those of ferrets, peered from beneath bushy eyebrows; he wore immense mustaches, and his wide mouth was garnished with teeth exceedingly large and white. There was one peculiarity about him which must not be forgotten—his right arm was withered, and hung down from his shoulder a dry sapless stick, which contrasted strangely with the huge brawn of the left. A figure, so perfectly wild and uncouth, I had scarcely ever before seen." The other, Antonio, "exhibited in his appearance a goodly compound of gipsy and bandit; his complexion was dark as pepper, and his eyes full of sullen fire." . . . . "I am" (said he) "Zincalo, by the four sides. I love our blood, and I hate that of the Busné. Had I my will, I would wash my face every day in the blood of the Busné; for they are made only to be robbed and to be slaughtered!" This amiable personage had joined the armies of the *Londoné*, or English, in the Peninsular war, against the *Gabiné* (French) invaders; and one of the passages of his military career, as re-

lated by himself, is a remarkable instance of the *freemasonry* still existing between the Romany of remote lands. Many Hungarian gipsies* had entered Spain with the legions of Napoleon, and greatly astonished their Peninsular brethren, whom they sought out whenever opportunity offered, by their superior attainments in all sorts of Romany lore. In a battle near the frontier of France, Antonio was on the point of falling before the bayonet of a *Mayoro* (Magyar or Hungarian) in the French ranks; when, as the knee of his foeman was on his breast, "I lifted up my eyes wildly to his face, and our eyes met; and I gave a loud shriek, and cried Zincálo! Zincálo! and I felt him shudder; and he relaxed his grasp and started up, and he smote his forehead and wept, and then he came and knelt down by my side, for I was almost dead; and he took my hand and called me brother and Zincalo; and he produced his flask, and poured wine into my mouth, and I revived; and he raised me up and led me from the concourse, and we sat down on a knoll, and he said, 'Let the dogs fight and tear each other's throats till they are all destroyed—what matters it to the Zincalo? they are not of our blood, and shall that be shed for them?' The recognition in this case was apparently effected by the "gipsy glance," which is elsewhere said to differ in its peculiar and indescribable expression from that of any other human being:—but the profound erudition displayed by his new friend, in their subsequent conversation, seems to have made even a deeper impression on Antonio than the boon of his life. "He told me secrets which made my ears tingle, and I soon found that I knew nothing, though I had before considered myself quite Zincalo: but as for him, he knew the whole *cuenta* (reckoning or craft:) the *Bengui-Lango* (lame devil, Asmodeus,) himself could have told him nothing but what he knew!"

But it was not always in this humble capacity that the Gitános took part in the struggle for Spanish independence. Chaléco of Valdepeñas, a gipsy of the half-blood, who intruded himself on Mr Borrow's acquaintance at Madrid, had been a distinguished leader of *bragantes* or guerilla horse at that stirring period, and subsequently received the rank of captain of infantry in the regular army, with an *unproductive* claim for half-pay. Though the pretext on which he introduced himself was an enquiry relative to a *Gabicote* or gospel in the Romany tongue, his conversation with his unwilling host was a mingled tissue of blasphemies and narratives of the atrocities which he had committed when a *bragante* in La Mancha; where he and his comrades used to tie their prisoners to the olive-trees, and putting their horses to full speed, tilt at them with their spears! Mr Borrow seems to have considered this mode of punishment as owing its origin to the inventive ingenuity of his friend: but it was in fact nothing more than a revival of an ancient national pastime, much in vogue in the good old times of Ferdinand and Isabella; the persons then usually destined to be *acanavareados* (the term applied to this sort of tournament by Abacca and other early writers) being the renegade Christians found in the Moorish towns when taken. We should be glad to ascertain whether this worthy was the same guerilla, Chaléco, whom we have elsewhere heard or read of, and who, in a memorial of his services which he presented to the government, boasted of having waylaid single-handed in a ravine a patrol of French cavalry, nine of whom he killed or wounded by the discharge of a *trabuco*, or blunderbuss, loaded nearly to the muzzle, his own collar-bone being at the same time broken by the recoil! and who another time sent as a present to Villafranca a quantity of ears, cut from prisoners whom he had slaughtered for the occasion! The intercourse between this estimable character and our author terminated at length not very amicably; and the speedy fulfilment of the ill-boding prediction launched by Chaléco, on his departure, against Mr Borrow's Basque servant, Francisco, is one of the most curious instances on record of the accomplishment of gipsy *baji* or fortune-telling.

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* We have known instances of even the English gipsies entering the army and serving as soldiers, but it appears to be more common in Hungary than elsewhere; and Mr Paget, who notices this, says that they are reported to make pretty good soldiers.

At the present day, the modification of the gipsy character introduced by the wise law of Charles III., has led to the relinquishment, by the great majority, of that wandering mode of life which the former penal laws ineffectually strove to suppress. Few, and those the lowest of the race, are now destitute of fixed habitations; and though in their way to fairs and other public gatherings, (of which they are as assiduous attendants as their brethren among the English,) they are frequently found bivouacking in large numbers among the heaths and woodlands, these accidental encampments must not be confounded with the systematic vagabondage of former days. Their headquarters are usually in the cities and large towns of the southern provinces, where their habitations are distinguished by filth and uncleanliness of all sorts* from those of the poorer Spaniards. Here they ply the various arts by which their subsistence is earned. The men are frequently *chalanes*, or jockeys, selling and exchanging horses and mules, often stolen and altered in colour and appearance to prevent recognition; and they engross throughout Spain the trade of the *esquilador*, whose province is to clip and trim the tails, fetlocks, &c., of these animals—an operation to the due performance of which great importance is attached by the Spanish grooms, and for which are required various descriptions and sizes of *cachas*, or shears.† Another of their favourite occupations is the working in iron—a trade which, for some reason, was strictly forbidden them by the ancient laws—but which is now again extensively practised, particularly by those of Granada, where the Gitános are very numerous, and, like the Spanish inhabitants of that once proud and glorious city, mostly sunk in abject poverty and misery. The rocky sides of the Alpuxarras are perforated in every direction by deep and winding caverns, in the inmost recesses of which, (according to popular belief,) Boabdil and his Moorish chivalry lie bound in magic slumbers till the day predestined for the recovery of Spain by the true believers: while the entrances re-echo from the frequent strokes of the hammers of the Zincali, many of whom have taken up their abode in these excavations. "Gathered round the forge,‡ their bronzed and naked bodies, illuminated by the flame, appear at night like figures of demons; while the cave, with its flinty sides and uneven roof, blackened by the charcoal vapours which hover about it in festoons, seems to offer no inadequate representation of fabled purgatory." Another of their favourite haunts is the Triana, a suburb of Seville, noted as early as the days of Cervantes as the resort of contrabandistas, robbers, and bad characters of all sorts; and here is the grand focus of the trade in English goods, smuggled over the lines from Gibraltar, in which many of the Gitános are principal agents.

But the gipsy men in Spain, as in England and other lands, are but "vulgar and mechanical knaves," when compared with the *callees* or women, the tales of whose subtlety and adroitness in despoiling the Busnê, fill many a page in the present work. "I have known a Gitána," (said Paco, above mentioned,) "gain twenty ounces of gold by means of the *hokkano baro* in a few hours; while the silly gipsy, her husband, would be toiling with his shears for a fortnight, trimming the horses of the Busné, and yet not be a dollar richer at the end of the time." To them is committed the task of beguiling, by soft speeches, and insidious flattery, the wives and daughters of the Busné, and of practising on their credulity by the lying predictions of chiromancy. The *baji* or good fortune promised on these occasions differs little in its main ingredients from

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* Mr Paget gives a similar account of the *Czigany város*, or gipsy towns, in Hungary: it seems, indeed, to be a gipsy characteristic all over the world.

† The larger *cachas* are frequently used also as weapons. "I once snipped off with them the nose of a Busnó, and opened the greater part of his cheek, in an affray near Trujillo," said Paco of Badajoz.

‡ The following Gitáno metaphor, descriptive of the *sparks* spreading from the anvil, bears great resemblance to the mystic *concetti* which fill the works of Jelal-ed-deen Roomi, and the other *Sufi* poets of the east:—"More than a hundred lovely daughters I see produced at one time, fiery as roses; in one moment they expire, gracefully circumvolving!"

that told by the roadside wanderers of England: lovers and husbands for young maidens, and for wives perhaps not seldom a second brilliant marriage after the death of a detested partner. Another glittering boon with which the eyes of the dupes are occasionally dazzled, is the hope of discovering some of those hidden treasures which are popularly believed to have been concealed all over Spain, under the guardianship of occult talismans, by the departing Moors. This last sort of mystification comes more properly, however, under the head of the *hokkano baro* noticed above, and is usually performed (as we now and then hear of it in this country) by prevailing on the victim to deposit money or articles of value in a retired spot, with certain forms of cabalistic ceremony, on the assurance that after a given period the offering will be found doubled or indefinitely augmented by the spirits of the earth, compelled by the potency of the gipsy charm to resign the hoards committed to their custody. The execution of this "great trick" is of course somewhat hazardous, requiring dexterous management of the defrauded party, and a favourable concurrence of external circumstances; but the self-possession and ingenuity of a clever *callee* are almost infinite, and the plundered Busnee is often soothed into a belief that her own impatience and want of faith are the true causes of the disappearance of her dollars and gold ounces, which have been *spirited away* by the Gitána. Numerous are the minor sources of revenue known to this industrious sisterhood: one of the most productive is *ustilar á pastesas*, (a Romany phrase implying the purloining change from a shop-counter:) and in this useful accomplishment an amiable acquaintance of the author, Aurora by name, was so distinguished a proficient as to have often, while receiving change for a gold ounce, stolen the whole value, amounting to sixteen dollars. The sale of philtres, charms, and noxious drugs, constitutes another branch of their profits; but all these pursuits are subordinate to the grand trade of fortune-telling, in which the Gitánas stand alone and unrivalled. It is on this pretext that they gain the entrée of the palace of the grandee and the humble dwelling of the artizan, scrutinizing the localities, and laying plans for future depredations—and rarely is a door inexorably shut against them. It is the boast, indeed, of the skilful *callees*, that there is no house, however exalted the inmates, into which they cannot contrive to make their way: and one of the anecdotes recorded by our author proves, that even the abode and presence of royalty is not always free from the intrusion of these swarthy sibyls. The performers on this occasion were Pepita and La Chicharona, two notorious Gitánas of Madrid; and the son of the former, (who was La Chicharona's husband,) having got *into trouble* about a horse, and been condemned to ten years' imprisonment and hard labour at Malaga, they determined, if possible, to obtain an interview with the queen-regent, Christina, and gain a remission of the sentence by their gipsy palaver, "knowing well" (as they themselves said) "what to say!" For a month they haunted the environs of the palace without success—but the conclusion must be given in their own words.

"One day they came to me in a great hurry, with a strange expression on both their countenances. 'We have seen Christina, my son,' said Pepita to me.—'Within the palace?' I enquired.—'Within the palace, O child of my *garlochin*,' (heart,) answered the sibyl; 'Christina at last saw and sent for us, as I knew she would; I told her *baji*, and Chicharona danced the *Romalis* (gipsy dance) before her.'—'What did you tell her?'—'I told her many things,' said the hag, 'many things which I need not tell you; know, however, that amongst other things, I told her that the *chabori* (little queen) would die, and then she would be Queen of Spain. I told her, moreover, that within three years she would marry the son of the King of France, and it was her *baji* to die Queen of France and Spain, and to be loved much, and hated much.'—'And did you not dread her anger, when you told her these things?'—'Dread her, the Busnee!' screamed Pepita; 'no, my child, she dreaded me far more; I looked at her so—and raised my finger so—and Chicharona clapped her hands, and the Busnee believed all I said, and was afraid of me; and then I asked for the pardon of my son, and she pledged her word to see into the matter, and when we came away she gave me

this *baria* of gold, and Chicharona this other, so at all events we have *hokkano'ed* the queen. May an evil end overtake her body, the Busnee!'" The land of her present sojourn may yet give Christina cause to remember part of this prediction, though the appointed time for its fulfilment is already past, as the interview took place in 1837.

Chicharona and Pepita, with the two daughters of the latter, (known by the engaging sobriquets of *La Tuerta* "the one-eyed," and *La Casdami*, "the scorpion,") fill a considerable space in the sketches of Gitáno manners and conversation, and appear to have been very highly finished specimens of the race. La Tuerta had even carried her zeal for the spoliation of the Busné so far as to assume the dress and arms of a man, and rob on the road as a *salteador* or highwayman, relating with infinite *gusto* the atrocities she had assisted in this capacity to commit. None of the male Gitános appear, indeed, to have carried out the principles and practice of Gitánismo to the same extent as this accomplished damsel, who verily is represented as having been, like the amiable mother of the Caliph Vathek, "as wicked and unscrupulous as a woman could be; which is not saying a little; for the sex pique themselves on their superiority in every competition." But if the female among the Gitános are pre-eminent in that malignity and almost fiendish hatred of all human beings not belonging to their own blood, which might almost be supposed to indicate a closer affinity to the *ghouls* and evil genii of eastern fiction, than to the great family of the children of Adam—in that sex is also most conspicuous that one redeeming virtue of chastity and conjugal fidelity, which stands them instead both of law and religion, and to which they adhere more pertinaciously than any other race on the face of the globe.* From this sacred pledge is derived their national appellation of *Roma*, or husbands and wives; and so strictly is its inviolability instilled from infancy into their minds, that a *faux pas* with a Busno is almost unknown in the traditions of Gitánismo; and the few instances on record were invariably followed by the disappearance of the culprit, who atoned for the loss of her *lacha*,† or honour, by death from the knives or *cachas* of her tribe.

If the *fiancée* be pronounced unblemished in the ordeal, the nuptials are suffered to proceed; and the whole property of the bridegroom is not unfrequently consumed in the three days of mad revel with which the event is celebrated, and during which both Zincali and Busné are welcomed with equal and indiscriminate hospitality. Infidelity in after life on the part of the women is almost unknown, even with those of their own tribe, or when their husbands have been separated from them, (as not unfrequently happens,) by banishment to the *presidios* or penal garrisons in Africa; and when placed in isolated situations, apart from the surveillance of their tribe, they display not less firmness in repelling the advances made them. Yet these same women, paragons of chastity as they are in their own persons, make no scruple of aiding (for hire) the intrigues of the Busné, as procuresses and go-betweens; and their songs and dances, both in their own festivals and in their exhibitions before Spanish spectators, are as licentious as those of the most abandoned of the Egyptian dancing-girls. Whence, then, arises this extraordinary care, (contrary to what too frequently prevails in civilized communities,) to preserve the *substance* of virtue, when they are utterly careless about its *appearance*? Mr Borrow does not attempt to unravel this enigma; but we cannot help suspecting that it is in some way connected with their Eastern origin, and may be traced, however remotely, to the observances of *caste*, and the prohibitions of the Hindoo law against the inter-

* This is not peculiar to the Spanish Gitánas, but is the universal law of the race, wherever the people of *Roma* have wandered. A writer on the English gipsies says,—"The mutual attachment subsisting between the nominal husband and wife is so sincere, that instances of infidelity on either side occur but seldom; and, when otherwise, the parties are deemed very wicked by the gipsies themselves."

† We give this important word as spelled by Mr Borrow—by the English and Russian gipsies it is sounded *ladja*.

mixture of races.* We throw this out, however, merely as a hint, leaving it to be worked out by abler Orientalists than ourselves.

But if this veneration for the *lacha* be in truth a relic of the faith held by the *Roma* in past times, and in their eastern fatherland, it must be admitted, that with the exception of the indistinct and shadowy ideas of the metempsychosis, to which we have previously alluded, it is the only vestige they have retained of either that religious creed or any other. No tribe or nation on the face of the earth, seems to be so utterly destitute of even the outward form or profession of any kind of worship or belief; the very superstitions, by means of which they impose on their dupes, they do not themselves place credence in; and a sort of mysterious reverence for the magical properties which they hold to be inherent in the *Bar-Lachi*, or loadstone, is almost the only indication of any faith in supernatural influences. Some, indeed, pay external respect to the symbols of Christianity; but *La Tuerta*, whom we regard as the *beau-idéal* of a Gitána, openly professed to the author her disbelief in a Supreme Being. "If I go to church," said she, "it is but to spit at the images. I spat at the *bulto* (statue) of Maria this morning, and I love the *Corojai* (Moors) and the *Londoné* (English,) because they are not baptized!"——It may be asked, whether the author, whose mission to Spain was directly connected with the distribution of the Scriptures, made no efforts for the conversion or improvement of his adopted brethren? Zeal on his part was certainly not wanting: he succeeded in translating a considerable part of the New Testament into their tongue, and now and then in procuring the assistance of some of them in improving his version; but their only motive seems to have been surprise at finding that the language could be written and read; and the printed copies were valued only as charms, which, like the Bar-Lachi, would preserve them from danger on their thieving expeditions! The attempt at addressing a Gitáno congregation by personal exhortations, was even more ludicrously unsuccessful, and reminds the reader of the well-meant efforts of Dr Primrose in the jail:—"When I had concluded, I looked around me. The features of the assembly were twisted, and the eyes of all turned upon me with a frightful squint: not an individual present but squinted—the genteel Pepa, the good-humoured Chicharona, the Casdami, &c. &c.—all squinted. The gipsy fellow, the contriver of the *burla*, (trick,) squinted worst of all. Such are gipsies!"

With this naïve account of his promising penitents, we must take leave of Mr Borrow and his entertaining pages, recommending to the attention of philologists, the extensive collection of gipsy rhymes, and the copious vocabulary of their language, which occupies the greater part of the second volume. If the details of gipsy life here depicted, present, as he candidly admits, "little that is edifying in a moral or Christian point of view," they are certainly more novel and interesting than three-fourths of the books of travels which crowd our libraries; and have afforded the Busné a better insight than they have ever yet enjoyed, into the feelings and customs of a remarkable people, the previous information respecting whom might have been pretty nearly summed up in the report made by an honest East-India captain, on the savage inhabitants of a group of islands he had been sent to survey:—*Religion*—Apparently none. *Manners*—None. *Customs*—Not fit to be described.

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* Their care to preserve the purity of their race, might in itself have confuted the unfounded charge so often brought against them, of stealing children, and bringing them up as gipsies. It is indeed *primâ facie* absurd, that a needy wandering race should burden themselves with such a useless incumbrance.

NICHOLAS DUNKS;

OR, FRIED MACKEREL FOR DINNER.

"If I were to say what I should really like to have for dinner," replied Nicholas, in answer to his wife's question upon the subject, "it would be fried mackerel," smacking his lips as he spoke.

"Then that's just what you won't have," said Mrs Dunks, as sharp as a north-east wind.

"Humph!" quoth Nicholas.

"Ay! and humph again!" responded his better half. "I've other fish to fry to-day, that I can tell you."

"Then why did you ask me?" said Nicholas.

"Because I was a fool. I might have known you would be sure to give all the trouble you can on washing-day."

"Humph!" quoth Nicholas again, as he took his hat off the nail, brushed it with the cuff of his coat, and clapped it on his head with the air of a man determined to have his own way.

"Where are you going now?" said Mrs Dunks.

"To get a fried mackerel for dinner," replied Nicholas, marching out of the room, erect of body and resolute of soul.

Nicholas was right. A man is no man who cannot have a fried mackerel when he has set his heart upon it; and more especially when he has money in his pocket to pay for it. Nicholas Dunks was a tailor—a circumstance which makes the assertion of his prerogative in the way we have seen the more remarkable; except that tailors are proverbial for their love of good living. He was forty: his wife forty-two. He a peaceable man—she a cantankerous little body; he sober and industrious—she generally inclined to tipple, and always inclined to be idle. He, first lord of the treasury—she, one of the tellers of the exchequer, if ever he went to bed without first counting his money. They had been married six weeks—only six weeks—no more; but (oh! shame to wedded life!) this was, at least, the sixteenth time Nicholas had found it necessary to put on his hat and walk abroad in search of domestic bliss.

On the present occasion, however, he first went in search of his mackerel, and then in search of the *Blue Posts*, a house of call for his tribe, where he meditated having it fried. Mrs Dunks, as soon as the door closed, flounced into the back kitchen, muttering unheard-of vengeance when he came home, and began her dab wash. Miserable woman! she little dreamt of all the disastrous consequences of refusing to fry his mackerel. But we must not anticipate.

The tap-room clock had just struck two as Nicholas sat down to one of the finest mackerel he had ever clapped eyes on, and fried to perfection. By the side of it stood a foaming tankard of porter, inviting his lips to taste the refreshing draught. He yielded to the soft persuasion, and saw the bottom of the pot before he put it down again.

"That's the way to spoil your fish, sir," said a ruddy-faced man with a merry twinkling eye, who was seated at an opposite table.

"I don't think so," replied Nicholas. "It will have something to swim in."

"Are you fond of mackerel?"

"Very!" responded Nicholas, handling his knife and fork, and preparing to cut the one before him into two equal parts.

"Then take my advice, and begin at the tail; or, as sure as my name's Jenkins, you'll wish you had."

Nicholas paused. It was very odd, he thought, what could make Mr Jenkins trouble himself about his mackerel; and, for his part, he had never heard before of beginning at the tail. However, as there *might* be something in it, he prepared to cut off the tail.

"Not that way!" exclaimed Jenkins, starting up.

By this time the mackerel was getting cold, and Nicholas hot. He looked at Mr Jenkins as if he would thank him to mind his own business, and let him eat his mackerel as he liked.

"Not that way," repeated Jenkins; "don't cut the tail off, but slide your knife under, and pass it up gently to the head."

"Oh!" said Nicholas, doing as he was directed, still thinking there *might* be some reason for it.

"Now," continued Jenkins, seeing him about to begin, "before you proceed further, let me give you a second piece of advice."

"What's that?" quoth Nicholas.

"Another time don't let any body persuade you, that you don't know how to eat a mackerel. That's all. Go on, sir, and I wish you a good appetite."

Nicholas laid down his knife and fork; and staring fiercely at Mr Jenkins, he exclaimed, "For half a farthing I'd make you eat it, and begin with the head instead of the tail, you trumpery fellow. Mind your own business, will you?"

"I am minding it," answered Mr Jenkins, with provoking coolness.

"No, you are not—you are interfering with me; and, if you don't take care, I'll soon let you know that you had better leave me alone."

"My business," said Jenkins, laughing as he spoke, "is to amuse myself with the simpletons of this world, by making them fall out with themselves. Pray, go on with your dinner."

"No I won't," answered Nicholas, "till I have given *you* a bit of advice, in return for that which you have just given me." At these words he rose from his seat, crossed the room towards where Jenkins was sitting, and standing opposite to him, said, "*My* advice, Mr Jenkins, is this, that you make yourself scarce. Vanish, Mr Jenkins, or I'll knock that jolter-head of yours against the wall till it shall ache again."

"Try," said Jenkins, keeping his seat.

Nicholas turned up his cuffs and drew nearer. Mr Jenkins laughed.

"Take that!" exclaimed Nicholas, aiming a desperate blow at his face. Mr Jenkins ducked his head, Nicholas knocked the skin off his knuckles against the wall.

A scuffle ensued. Jenkins seized hold of Nicholas by the collar. Nicholas twined his arms round Jenkins to put him out of the room. They hauled and tugged at each other for several minutes; at last they both rolled upon the floor, upsetting the table on which was placed Nicholas's dinner; and now mackerel, bread, porter, melted butter, vinegar, mustard, plates and dishes, lay around them, "confusion worse confounded."

The landlord of the *Blue Posts* made his appearance, and separated the combatants.

"What does all this mean?" said he; "you have been at your tricks again, I suppose," he continued, addressing Jenkins, who laughed immoderately as he surveyed the wreck of eatables strewn upon the sanded floor.

"His tricks!" exclaimed Nicholas, examining his wounded knuckles, and panting for breath. "I have not done with him yet. My dinner is spoiled, and he shall pay for it before he leaves the room."

"To be sure I will," answered Jenkins, still laughing, "and, more than that, you shall go home and dine with me off something better than fried mackerel."

"Who are you?" enquired Nicholas doubtingly, his ire evidently giving way under the double prospect of a spoiled dinner paid for, and a good one promised.

"You shall know by nightcap time," answered Jenkins.

The landlord, meanwhile, had placed the table on its legs again, gathered up the broken crockery, &c., and was about to retire, when Jenkins told him to score the damage to his account, and give him change for a five-pound note.

"Here's for your wounds," said Jenkins, counting the change, and tossing a half-sovereign to Nicholas; "and here's for your baulked appetite," he continued, tossing him another.

"You're a queer un," observed Nicholas, looking at the two half-sovereigns, and then at the donor, with a ludicrous mixture of surprise and joy, amazingly puzzled to make out what it all meant.

"So every body says," replied Jenkins, putting the rest of the change into his pocket, and motioning Nicholas to do the like by the two half-sovereigns that lay before him.

"Oh, I've no objection, of course!" said Nicholas, and picked up the money as if he expected it would burn his fingers, examining it also as though he thought it must be counterfeit. "Well, if this isn't a go, I don't know what is!" he added, when he saw they were gold; and with a chuckle conveyed them into his waistcoat pocket.

"And now, suppose *we* go," rejoined Mr Jenkins, rising.

"With all my heart," responded

Nicholas, and he followed him out of the room, wondering what was to come next.

They gained the street. Pursuing their walk in profound silence till they reached the Strand, Mr Jenkins suddenly addressed Nicholas. "That's a monstrous shabby hat of yours," said he.

"It is," quoth Nicholas; "but it's my best and worst."

"Step into that shop, and fit yourself with a better," replied Mr Jenkins, pointing to a hatter's across the road. "Here's money to pay for it, and I'll wait here till you return." He gave him, as he spoke, a five-pound note.

"Sure—ly, he's mad!" said Nicholas, as he entered the hatter's shop.

The purchase was soon made, and Nicholas, rejoining his companion, gave him the change—L.3, 15s.

"That will do," said he, surveying Nicholas, as he put the change into his pocket without counting it. "Ay, now you look a little better; but I can't take you home in those clothes, my friend; I must rig you out in a new suit at one of the ready-made warehouses in Holywell Street.

So saying, they made for Holywell Street, and, as they went along, Mr Jenkins put another note into his hand. "That's a ten," said he; "you'll get coat, waistcoat, and trowsers, with a pair of Wellingtons, for about five or six pounds; and then we'll to dinner."

Arrived at the corner, Mr Jenkins told him to go into the first shop he came to, equip himself, and return.

"This never *can* be earnest!" exclaimed Nicholas, once more alone; "but *what* the joke is, curse me if I can fathom."

Nicholas had a conscience, though a tailor. He not only selected a cheap suit, but gave Mr Jenkins the benefit of his professional knowledge, beating down the price upon the plea of such bad workmanship as none but a tailor could have discerned. This occupied some time. When he returned to where he had left Mr Jenkins, he was gone.

He stood for some moments looking about in every direction, and was upon the point of quitting his post, to return to the *Blue Posts*, in order that he might learn who Mr Jenkins was, and where he lived, when a ragged, dirty boy came running towards him.

"Do you want Mr Jenkins?" said he.

"Yes."

"He's waiting for you at Temple Bar. He gived me this (holding up a shilling) to come and tell you. He said I should see a gentleman with a bundle under his arm, looking as if he had lost something."

"Lost something!" repeated Nicholas, as he turned in the direction of Temple Bar. "Found something, I think!" and then he laughed at the idea of being called a gentleman; "though for the matter of that," he added, surveying himself as he spoke, "if fine feathers make fine birds, I'm an outside gentleman at any rate."

Thus soliloquizing, he reached Temple Bar, where he found Mr Jenkins talking with a shabby-looking man dressed in a drab greatcoat, long leather gaiters, his hat slouched over his face, and a huge cudgel in his hand for a walking-stick. As Nicholas drew near, they separated, but not before the stranger had fixed his eyes upon Nicholas with such a strange, scrutinizing expression, that he shrunk involuntarily from their gaze.

"You were a long time *suiting* yourself," said Mr Jenkins, laying an emphasis upon the word "suiting," as if he meant to make a pun.

"I was driving a hard bargain," replied Nicholas—"as hard a one as if it had been my own money, for I hate to be imposed upon. I got the whole for £3, 19s. 6d., after a long haggle about the odd sixpence."

"Upon my word," exclaimed Jenkins, receiving the difference from Nicholas as he spoke, "you have done both yourself and me justice, I must say. You'll do now," he added, looking at him from head to foot, "all except your hands. You must get a pair of gloves."

They walked down Fleet Street, and the first hosier's they came to, Mr Jenkins, pulling out another five-pound note, gave it to Nicholas, with directions to go in and buy a pair.

"Hadn't you better give me silver?" said Nicholas. "Perhaps they won't have change."

"Perhaps you'll try," replied Mr Jenkins, as he walked on in the direction of Bridge Street.

"Well," exclaimed Nicholas as he left the shop, "if this is to be the go, sure—*ly* he'll buy me a shirt."

Nicholas was mistaken. Mr Jen-

kins seemed now to be quite satisfied, and proceeding eastward till they reached the neighbourhood of Whitechapel, he turned into a narrow court, containing about a dozen houses. Before the largest of these he stopped, and, taking a key from his pocket, opened the door.

"I hope dinner is ready," said he.

This was the first word he had spoken all the way from Bridge Street.

"I hope so, too," replied Nicholas, gaily, "for I'm as hungry as a wolf."

They entered a dark passage, Mr Jenkins closing and locking the door after him.

"This way," said he, ascending a flight of stairs which Nicholas could only dimly descry, and up which he stumbled more than once in following his guide.

Arrived on the first landing, Mr Jenkins unlocked the door of a rather spacious apartment, the furniture of which was remarkable for its unostentatious character, consisting chiefly of one large deal table, that occupied the centre of the room, and four or five wooden chairs. In the corner, near a fireplace that had no grate, stood a massive piece of furniture, with numerous drawers, on the top of which lay sundry curiously shaped implements.

"I hope dinner is ready," repeated Mr Jenkins, as he walked up to the massive piece of furniture above described; and, unlocking one of the drawers, deposited in it something which he took from his pockets. "By-the-by," he continued, still emptying his pockets of their contents, with his back towards Nicholas, "I never once thought to ask you your name."

"Nicholas Dunks."

"Nicholas Dunks, eh? A queer name that. And of what trade or calling?"

"A tailor."

"A tailor, eh? And where do you live?"

"In Maiden Lane, Covent Garden."

"Married?"

"Yes."

"Any children?"

"No."

"Married and no children? Very strange!"

"Not at all; there hasn't been time. I only went to church last Sunday was six weeks."

"Nicholas Dunks—tailor—of Maiden Lane, Covent Garden—married—no family—aged?"——

"Forty."

"Aged forty. That's your description, eh?" turning round, and surveying Nicholas as he spoke.

"You may add, if you like, and very hungry," said Nicholas, forcing a laugh rather than laughing; for he began to feel queer at these interrogatories, and to appearances of things in general.

"Good," ejaculated Mr Jenkins, joining in the laugh; "good—I hope dinner is ready."

"That's the third time of asking," rejoined Nicholas, "so it ought to be."

"A wag, too," exclaimed Mr Jenkins.

There was a gentle tap at the door.

"Come in," said Jenkins.

The door opened, and a withered old woman, in tattered garments, begrimed with dirt, appeared. Putting her "choppy finger upon her skinny lips," by which, as it seemed, her errand was conveyed, she waited silently for orders.

"Very well," said Jenkins, "we'll come directly."

The ancient sybil withdrew, leering curiously at Nicholas.

"Now, Dunks," he continued, "let us go to dinner. I'm sure you *must* be hungry."

"That am I," quoth Nicholas, rising to follow his host.

They descended to the ground floor, crossed a dark narrow passage, ascended another flight of stairs, and entered a small, comfortable-looking room, from which daylight was excluded, its absence being supplied by an argand lamp suspended from the ceiling. Upon a table in the middle of the room dinner was spread, consisting of several dishes, whose savoury odour would have whetted a duller appetite than was Nicholas's at that moment.

"Take your seat, Dunks," said Mr Jenkins, pointing to a chair at the bottom of the table. "Remove the covers, Richard," he continued, addressing a man-servant who stood behind him.

The dish opposite Nicholas being uncovered, disclosed a delicious fried mackerel.

"There, Dunks," said Mr Jenkins, laughing, "when I promised you should dine off something better than a fried mackerel, I did not mean you should go without one."

"Am I to begin at the tail?" enquired Nicholas, waxing jocose at the sight of his favourite dish."

"As you like, *here*," replied Jenkins; "but, as long as you live, you'll never forget the fried mackerel at the *Blue Posts*, I guess."

At that moment, Nicholas, raising his eyes, met those of Richard, who was handing him some bread. He started. Where had he seen that indescribable look before? A moment's reflection told him. It was at Temple Bar—the man with whom Jenkins was conversing. But this could not be he: the dress—the figure—were different: the expression of the eye alone was the same. It was odd, he thought, that two men should possess such a remarkable, such a peculiar, such a *very* peculiar look, and that he should have met with them both in one day. The matter thus settled to his satisfaction, he ate his mackerel; yet ever and anon stealing a glance at Richard, and never doing so without finding his eyes fixed upon him.

Dinner over, the cloth was withdrawn, and Jenkins and Nicholas set to, *tête-a-tête*, over a bottle of port. The wine was really good: but Nicholas thought it superlatively so. They drank, and laughed, and chatted, and grew as cosy as if they had known each other for years. Jenkins told droll stories, sang droll songs, and pushed the bottle backwards and forwards like a liberal host; so that, what with laughing, talking, and drinking, Nicholas began to see double, just as the door opened, and a gentleman, fashionably dressed, wearing green spectacles, entered the room.

"Ah, Franklin, is that you?" exclaimed Jenkins, jumping up, and shaking him cordially by the hand—"well, now, I consider this very kind indeed, to give me the pleasure of your company so soon after your return to London. Sit down; we'll have clean glasses and another bottle. I beg pardon—I forgot to introduce my friend; Mr Dunks—Mr Franklin."

Nicholas rose from his chair with that balanced stateliness which men are wont to assume when they feel a difficulty in preserving their centre of gravity, and making a profound bow, sat down again. Mr Franklin returned the salutation with less formality, but equal politeness.

"Well, and how are the ladies, Mrs Franklin, and that pretty daughter of yours?" enquired Jenkins, as he filled his glass from a fresh bottle. "I hope you found them quite well on your return."

"Quite," replied Mr Franklin; "they will be here presently to answer for themselves."

Ladies coming, thought Nicholas; and one of them "that pretty daughter!"—what should he do? He could get on pretty well with men; but the idea of having to converse with ladies daunted him. He wished he could find an excuse to slip away, and go home to Mrs Dunks. The wine had made him uxorious, and clean obliterated her refusal to fry a mackerel for his dinner. If wives knew all, they would never quarrel with their husbands for taking a *little wine*. It makes them *so* good-natured, and as pliable as an old glove.

While ruminating upon these matters, he happened to look at Mr Franklin. At the same moment, Mr Franklin happened to look at him over his green spectacles; and Nicholas saw two eyes, which he had seen twice before that day—the first time at Temple Bar; the second, while they were at dinner. He could not be mistaken. The eyes were the same; but he could trace no other resemblance. Mr Franklin was as unlike Richard, as Richard was unlike the shabby-looking man in the drab coat, long leather gaiters, and slouched hat. Why, he could not tell; but there was something about these mysterious eyes which made him feel queer. "Beware!" was in every glance; a mingled expression of cunning and ferocity, which seemed to say, "I am setting a trap, and eager to pounce upon the prey."

It is wonderful what some men will do under the generous influence of the grape. Nicholas suddenly took it into his head that he should like to see Richard in the room along with Mr Franklin, in order to compare their eyes; so, stretching out his legs in a free-and-easy manner, and admiring his new Wellingtons, he said, "Jenkins, I wish you would let your man-servant call a coach for me. It's getting late, I'm afraid, and Mrs Dunks will be alarmed."

"Do you think so?" replied Jenkins, "then I'll ring the bell; but we must finish this bottle before we separate."

Jenkins rang the bell; and, filling his own glass to the brim, called for bumpers, as he had a toast to give. When Nicholas and Mr Franklin were ready, Jenkins proposed the health of Mrs Dunks—"a lady," said he, "whom I have not the pleasure of knowing, but hope to do so before long."

The toast having been "duly honoured," as the gentlemen of the press say, Nicholas rose to acknowledge it, which he did in a few expressive words.

He sat down, and turned his eyes towards the door to watch for the entrance of Richard.

"I see you are anxious to be gone," said Jenkins; "where can that fellow be?" and he rang the bell again with great violence.

Presently it was answered, not by Richard, but the withered harridan who had announced dinner.

"I want Richard," said Jenkins; "what's the reason he does not answer the bell?"

The shrivelled hag said nothing, but leered significantly at her master. "Bid him fetch a coach for Mr Dunks," he continued; "and—do you hear?—send up coffee directly."

"Well," thought Nicholas to himself, "if this a'n't going it strong, I don't know what is. 'Mister Dunks'—and 'fetch a coach for Mister Dunks;' and 'bring up coffee!' Mrs Dunks won't believe a word of it, I know."

"Are you related to the Dunkses of Staffordshire?" said Mr Franklin, addressing Nicholas.

"I rather think I am," he replied; "for my father came out of Yorkshire and settled in London; so did my mother, and I know *she* was a Cornish woman."

"The Dunkses of Staffordshire are a very ancient family, I believe," observed Jenkins.

"Very," replied Mr Franklin; "they came in with William the Conqueror."

"I've often heard my father talk of him," said Nicholas; "but I don't know whether they came to London together."

By this time Nicholas scarcely knew any thing. The wine had steeped his senses in forgetfulness, and he began to roll about in his chair as if his stomach was not comfortable. Coffee was brought in. He took one cup; and a few minutes after fell fast asleep, while muttering something about "Richard—a long while gone—to coach—and what would Mrs Dunks think?"

And what *did* Mrs Dunks think when eleven o'clock came, and twelve o'clock, and no Nicholas? What would any wife think, whose husband had gone out as Nicholas went out, and had staid out as he was staying out? Why, of nothing but what she would say to him when he *did* come home.

The matrimonial philippic had been rehearsed over and over again, from the exclamatory exordium — "So, you've made your appearance at last!" —to the imperative peroration—"and now please to come to bed," until she had the whole of it so pat, that she grew every moment more and more impatient to be delivered of it.

Alas! that moment *never* came! The night passed away—the following day—the ensuing week—months—years — and the disconsolate Mrs Dunks sought, in vain, tidings of her lost husband. Then it was, that, in the anguish of her bereaved heart, she would often exclaim—"Oh, that I had fried his mackerel for him!"

"Isn't it very remarkable," she would frequently say to her friends, "what *can* have happened to my poor dear Nicholas? A kinder husband never existed; and he doated upon me, which makes me feel certain he must have dropped down dead where nobody saw him, or else went to bathe in the Thames and was drowned; but I wish I knew the fact, because then"—and then she would stop suddenly, and begin to talk of the difficulty of an unprotected widow woman getting through the world.

Fourteen years and upwards she had passed in this state of cruel suspense, still living in the same house, and "getting through the world" by hook or by crook, so as always to have a tolerably comfortable home; when one day, during the mackerel season, she was summoned to the street door by a loud knock, which, to use her own words, "almost made her jump out of her skin." She opened it, and—

"Will you let me have a fried mackerel for dinner?" quoth Nicholas!

Mrs Dunks screamed. She would have swooned too, but she had not time to do that, and ran into the back parlour to tell Mr Sowerby to run out of the back door, and make his escape over the back wash-house.

Mr Sowerby was a journeyman glazier, who had called that very morning to settle finally about his union with Mrs Dunks.

Mrs Dunks, the moment she saw him safe on the other side of the wash-house, went into strong hysterics, and Nicholas sprinkled her face with cold water, while tears of joy ran down his cheeks, to think how the dear creature was overcome at seeing him.

Oh, woman!—but what's the use of moralizing? Don't we all know what a woman is? And what are we the better for our knowledge? Don't we believe them just the same? To be sure. Besides, is it not clear that Providence intended it to be so? Where would be the use of creating the beautiful deceivers, if there were not in the world that simple-witted creature, man, to be as quietly deceived the ninety-ninth time as he was the first? The *heart* of the latter, and the *art* of the former, are as much meant for each other, as the mouth and the stomach. We have often thought that fate and free-will were very like man and woman. In both cases we think we do as we like; whereas, in both cases, we are impelled by causes, whose immediate influence over us we do not discern.

Nicholas could hardly believe his senses when he saw the state to which his affectionate wife was reduced, by the sudden shock his unexpected return had given to her feelings; and he secretly vowed to repay such devoted love, by studying her happiness all the rest of his life.

But now to clear up the mystery of his long absence.

We left him fast asleep in the company of Jenkins and Franklin. Whether it was the wine alone, or whether the coffee contained something else besides milk and sugar, we will not take upon ourselves to say; but certain it is, he slept so soundly, that he was put to bed without knowing any thing about it, and that he did not awake next morning till he was pretty roughly handled by a person standing at his bed-side.

"Come, friend," said he, rolling him to and fro, "I am sorry to disturb you; but my business won't wait."

"What is your business, and who are you?" asked Nicholas, half asleep and half awake.

"My name's Sloman"—

"I don't know you," interrupted Nicholas, turning round on the other side, and setting himself for another sleep.

"And I have a warrant for your apprehension"—

"A what!" exclaimed Nicholas; starting up.

"A warrant for your apprehension."

"I warrant you haven't," replied Nicholas, lying down again with his back to the man, and pulling the clothes over his shoulders.

"Is your name Nicholas Dunks?"

"Yes."

"Are you a tailor?"

"Yes."

"Do you live in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden?"

"Yes."

"Are you married?"

"Yes."

"Have you any children?"

"No."

"Is your age forty-two?"

"Yes."

"Then it's all right—so just turn out and come along."

At each successive question Nicholas grew more and more awake; and each successive "yes," was given in a tone of increasing amazement. But by this time a distinct recollection of the preceding day's adventures began to dawn upon him, and he enquired for Mr Jenkins, Mr Franklin, Richard, and even the old woman; at which Mr Sloman only laughed, and asked if he was still dreaming, or whether he thought to "do him."

Further explanations took place, and Nicholas found that *he* was "done;" for Mr Sloman gave him to understand he was a police-officer, that the warrant he held was for his apprehension, as one of an extensive gang, concerned in passing forged notes, and that several tradesmen were ready to come forward who had sold him a hat, clothes, gloves, &c., for which he paid with those notes. Nicholas protested his innocence. Mr Sloman said he had nothing to do with that, *his* business being to make a capture of his person, and convey him before the magistrates.

"What a villain, what an infernal villain, that Jenkins must be!" exclaimed Nicholas to himself, while pulling on his new Wellingtons, "to sell an innocent man's life in this way!"

"As to your innocence," remarked

Mr Sloman, rummaging the pockets of Nicholas' clothes as he spoke, and drawing from one of them a small red morocco case, "I shouldn't wonder if this was to furnish evidence of it. Ay—I thought so," he continued, with a malicious grin, opening the case, and taking out a roll of bank notes—"here's a pretty lot of them—all fives and tens, and finished off equal to the regular Threadneedle Street flimsies. Where did your innocence get these, eh? If you'll peach, and give us a hint how to find the place where these came from, perhaps that may save you."

Nicholas clasped his hands together, and called heaven to witness that the pocket-book was not his, and that he couldn't tell how it came into his possession.

As he uttered these words, he caught a full view of Mr Sloman's face, and started with amazement. These were the same eyes that he had thrice seen before! And now that he surveyed the person to whom they belonged, enveloped in a rough greatcoat, with a coloured silk handkerchief round his neck, he thought he could trace a strong resemblance to the man at Temple Bar, though not to either Richard in his livery, or Mr Franklin, with his green spectacles and fashionable evening dress.

Nicholas was right. The man at Temple Bar, Richard, Mr Franklin, and Mr Sloman the thief-taker, were all one and the same person. In his last-mentioned capacity, (which constituted his regular calling,) he had entered into a conspiracy with Jenkins, (whose real name was Homerton, a notorious dealer in forged notes,) to victimize Nicholas for a double purpose; first, to entitle himself to a portion of the reward which had been offered for discovering the gang, or apprehending any individual belonging to it; and secondly, to turn aside from the real delinquents the enquiries that were on foot in every direction. The meeting between Jenkins, *alias* Homerton, and Nicholas, was purely accidental; nor did he, in the first instance, anticipate the use he afterwards made of him. Being a bit of a humorist, and fond of practical jokes, he intended nothing more than to enjoy a laugh at his expense, when he recommended him to begin his mackerel at the tail; but the very success of that clumsy piece of wit pointed him out as a fit person upon whom to practise the diabolical trick which was afterwards contrived. While his scheme was only as yet half formed, he chanced to run against Sloman at the corner of Norfolk Street, who told him of the hot enquiries that were being made by the Bank, and how difficult it would be to stave them off much longer without making some disclosures, real or pretended, that might amuse the lawyers, and put them upon another scent. This intelligence determined Jenkins to make use of Nicholas at all hazards, and trust to his Old Bailey resources for carrying him through.

His confidence in these resources was justified by the event. In vain did poor Nicholas tell his story, without any colouring, or shadow of colouring, relating all the circumstances precisely as they had occurred. It was literally laughed out of court, where the hatter, the hosier, and the Jew salesmen from Holywell Street, appeared to identify him as the person who had passed the forged notes. The solicitor for the prosecution tried every means to persuade him to denounce his confederates. His resolute and unvarying declaration, that he had none, and that he himself had been duped, was regarded as an aggravation of his crime, and a proof that under the seeming simplicity of his character was concealed the hardened resolution of a practised offender; facts which were prominently set down in the brief, and most eloquently expounded by the counsel. Even the judge could not restrain his indignation at the audacity of the prisoner's defence, in his charge to the jury; and the jury were so satisfied they saw before them one of the most hardened of the gang, who was resolved to know nothing, that the verdict of guilty was upon all their lips long before the trial was brought to a conclusion.

Nicholas was sentenced to transportation for fourteen years.

"If I deserve *that*," said he, "I deserve hanging."

"What's that the fellow is muttering?" enquired the judge.

"He says he deserves hanging, my lord," replied the turnkey, who was standing by his side in the dock.

"I know it," answered his lordship, "but I've looked at the statute under which he is indicted, and I can't hang him."

This was said with so much con-

cern, as if his lordship really regretted his inability to give to prisoner his deserts according to his own estimate of them, that an audible titter ran through the court.

"Well," exclaimed Nicholas, "as soon as he was left to his meditations, "so I am to cross the *herring*-pond it seems, and if that isn't making a pretty kettle of *fish* of my fried *mackerel* I don't know what is! Oh! if I had that rascal Jenkins here just now, or that evil-eyed scoundrel who, I suspect, has had more to do with it even than Jenkins, wouldn't I"—— and he struck out right and left, with his clenched fists, several times, to show what these worthies might have expected at his hands had they been within reach of them. Then the thought of dear Mrs Dunks, and how she would wonder what had become of him, and be puzzled to know what to do, ; but no tenderness mixed with his thoughts; for, tracing matters up to their original causes, he, like most husbands, but in this instance with more justice than husbands commonly have, laid the whole burden of his calamity upon his wife's shoulders. As thus:—"If I could have had a fried mackerel at home, I shouldn't have gone to the *Blue Posts:* if I hadn't gone to the *Blue Posts*, I shouldn't have met with Jenkins: and, if I hadn't met with Jenkins, I shouldn't have been here." Aristotle himself could not have reasoned more logically; and the result of his reasoning was, that as Mrs Dunks had been the cause of all, she might get through her share of it in the best way she could. He was even malicious enough to find a balm for his own troubles in what he considered the retributive troubles that awaited her. In due course of time he arrived at his destination—not the first innocent man whom our admirable criminal jurisprudence and that bulwark of our liberties, trial by jury, have visited with the punishment due to guilt, upon the clearest evidence, and after the most patient investigation of facts. Happy England! where, if the wrong person happen to be hanged, he has the satisfaction of knowing it is by the laws' decree, and not by the arbitrary mandate of a tyrant. To a true-born Englishman, whose veneration for the laws is at least equal to his love of law, this reflection must be very consolatory.

Among those marvellous accidents which occasionally befall us in our way to the grave, was one which happened to Nicholas while he sojourned at Botany Bay. His good conduct, his inoffensive manners, and the nature of his certified offence, which had nothing of deep or desperate villany about it, soon obtained for him as large a remission of the penalties attached to his sentence as it was within the discretionary power of the authorities to grant; and he was allowed, under certain restrictions, to carry on his trade. This indulgence he turned to such good account, that in a few years he had amassed a considerable sum of money, kept several journeymen, and was the very Schultze of Paramatta. His celebrity was such that he imparted his own name to a particular description of shooting-jacket, peculiarly adapted to the climate and country, which to this day, we believe, is called a *Dunks*.

That shooting-jacket led to the marvellous accident above mentioned. When it was in the height of its popularity, and when every body who could afford it wore a Dunks, whether they went out shooting or not, the name attracted the notice of an aged convict who had been transported for life, and who had already passed nearly forty years in the colony. He kept a sort of public-house, and being of penurious habits on the one hand, and of rapacious ones on the other, his tens gradually swelled to hundreds, and his hundreds to thousands, till old *Jem Bunker*, as he was called, (though that was not supposed to be his real name,) passed for a second Rothschild.

One day he came tottering into Nicholas' work-room to order a *Dunks* for himself. While Nicholas was taking his measure, the old man eyed him with great earnestness, but said nothing, and soon after left the place, giving strict injunctions to Nicholas to bring the shooting-jacket home himself, and to be sure not to send it by any of his men.

Nicholas humoured the old fellow, and when the jacket was finished took it home; but instead of trying it on, as he wished to see whether it was a good fit, or wanted any alteration, Jem Bunker took it quietly from his hand, laid it on a table, and bade him sit down.

"What made you call these jackets *Dunkses?*" said he.

"*I* didn't christen them. I only

made them; people took it into their heads of their own accord to call them after me."

"Are *you* a Dunks?"

"So my mother always told me."

"It's rather an uncommon name," remarked the old man.

"Ah!" observed Nicholas with a sigh, remembering what Jenkins said when he heard it for the first time, "you are not the only person who has told me that, as I have good reason to know."

"You've mentioned your mother; who was your father?"

"I'm not a wise son," replied Nicholas, laughing.

"Perhaps a prodigal one?" rejoined Jem Bunker.

"Not much of that neither, for I had nothing to be prodigal with. My father died, as I have heard my mother say, when I was in my cradle; and who or what he was I never had the curiosity to enquire."

"Where did your mother live?"

"In London."

"What part?"

"A great many parts; but the first that I remember was Saffron Hill, where I went to school; then she removed to Shoe Lane; after that to Barbican; then to Smithfield Bars; then to Gray's Inn Lane; then to Whitechapel; then back to Barbican; and then to Green Arbour Court, Old Bailey, where she died, poor soul, of a scarlet fever. Lord! I remember all the places as well as possible. Oh dear, I wish I was in one of them now!"

"Was your mother tall?"

"I fancy she was; they used to call her the grenadier, at Whitechapel."

"Did she stammer in her speech?"

"Yes, particularly when she got into one of her towering passions, which was pretty often."

"What other children had she?"

"None—I am her only son and heir."

"And she called you——"

"I was christened Nicholas, but she always called me Nick, for short. 'Nick,' said she, the day she died, 'if I don't recover, bury me in St Giles's churchyard, for there's where I was married.'"

"Enough!" interrupted Jem Bunker, starting from his chair, and tottering towards Nicholas, he threw himself into his arms, exclaiming, "My son! my son!"

"Not very likely," thought Nicholas to himself, as the old man hugged him, and kept repeating the words—"my son! my son!" But he said nothing.

"Lord! what a blessed thing it is to see and touch one's own flesh and blood, after so many years," continued Jem, looking Nicholas full in the face as he spoke, and clasping his hands between his, with a fervour and tenderness too true to nature to be mistaken. "I am a transported felon," said he, "and doomed to die in this strange land; but thank God! thank God! I am a father!" and tears that gushed forth afresh, and trickled down his aged cheeks, attested the sincerity of his feelings.

"Thank God, sir," replied Nicholas, "as it seems to make you so happy, I have no objection to be your son, I having no other father to claim me, do you see; but as to the fact of my being so, I really think it's all gammon."

"Hush, hush," interrupted the old man, wiping his eyes and becoming more composed; "you don't know what you say. Death may come now as soon as it likes—I have nothing else to live for. But I wish your mother had answered my letters."

"She couldn't write, you know," replied Nicholas. "You forgot that, father."

"Ah! well, you may jest as much as you like," said the old man; "but if you are my son, you have a flesh mark on the right arm, just above the elbow, shaped like a pear."

"To be sure I have, to be sure I have!" exclaimed Nicholas, stripping off his coat, and rolling up his shirt sleeve, and showing the mark with an amazed countenance—"and my mother has often told me—"

"She has often told you," interrupted Jem Bunker, "that her husband flung a ripe pear at her one day as she sat asleep, the shock of which terrified and awoke her."

"To be sure she did," said Nicholas, who now in his turn threw himself into the old man's arms, exclaiming "my father!—my father!—only think of my finding you here, and making that jacket for you!"

The truth must be told. Jem Bunker, *alias* "Ned Dunks," had been transported for horse-stealing. He was sentenced to die; but there were some circumstances in his case which,

upon being represented in the proper quarter, obtained a commutation of his punishment; and, instead of forfeiting his life, he was sent out of the country for life. Often did his spirit yearn towards his native land: often had he written to his wife, entreating her to join him; often had he thought in sadness and sorrow upon the infant he saw sleeping in its cradle, the evening he was torn from his fireside by the Bow Street officer, who called to "enquire if he was at home;" for, though a horse-stealer, he was the owner of a heart that might have shamed many a proud and titled keeper of horses, in its natural affections for kith and kin. This was touchingly shown on the present occasion; for after the first violence of his feelings had abated, he gazed upon his son in silence during a few moments, and then heaving a deep sigh, said in a tremulous voice—"Well, I have found you, my dear Nicholas, when I little expected to do so, and now I shall go down to my grave in peace, blessing God's holy name for his great mercy—nay, my son, do not smile as if you wondered to hear *me* talk of God and his holy name. I have lived long enough to know the awful meaning, as well as the amazing comfort, of these words; to know that as the world falls away, and the space between us and the grave, narrows to a mere span of life, we cannot, if we would, keep our thoughts from busying themselves with what is to happen there," raising his withered hand towards heaven as he spoke.

Religious admonition proceeding from aged lips, has power to awe, for the moment at least, the wildest and most unthinking spirit. Nicholas had never been so spoken to before. He felt abashed and was silent.

"Yes, my son," continued the old man, "I *do* receive you as a blessing from the hand of God, sent to shed the light of happiness upon my parting hours; but"—and he paused—"but—*but you too are a convict.*"

"I am," said Nicholas, his face reddening as he spoke; "but I thank God I'm as innocent as you are of the crime laid to my charge."

"We have a great many innocent convicts here," replied his father significantly; "indeed it is a rare case to find one who is not innocent."

"I don't know how that may be," answered Nicholas, "but as for myself, what I do know is, that the judge ought to have been hanged who tried me, and the jury too."

"Perhaps you'll tell me?"

"Oh! yes," interrupted Nicholas, "I'll tell you all about it in a very few words."

He then proceeded to relate the adventures with which the reader is already familiar. When he had concluded, his father dropped upon his knees, and offered up a fervent thanksgiving to God for having, as he expressed it, "restored a son to him, upon whom he could look without any other shame than that of being his father!"

About a year after the occurrence of these events, Jem Bunker, *alias* "Ned Dunks," breathed his last in his son's arms, having, before he died, conveyed to him by will the whole of his property, amounting to several thousand pounds. With this, as soon as the law permitted, he returned to England; the first man, perhaps, that ever made his fortune by going out to dinner, because he could not have the dinner he wanted at home. But thus doth Providence over-rule our ways, and fashion our hereafter happiness out of the very dross and dregs of our present misery!

It now only remains to be told that Nicholas Dunks lived to a good old age, at his villa near Edmonton, which he insisted upon calling "Mackerel House;" that Mrs Dunks died soon after his return, which probably was the reason why he lived so long himself; that he had the pleasure of seeing his friend Mr Jenkins hung at the Old Bailey, one fine morning in June, for forgery; that he left his money, &c., to the Fishmongers' Company, for the purpose of building alms'-houses for decayed fishmongers, with the condition annexed, that they should have nothing but fried mackerel for dinner, every Sunday, while they were in season; and lastly, that, strange to say, the immediate cause of his own death was a mackerel bone that stuck in his throat, on the anniversary, which he always religiously kept, of the day he went to the *Blue Posts* to dine off a fried mackerel himself.

BIRON AND THE BASTILE.

Sixty years ago, Paris was to the antiquary and the historical visitor one of the most interesting capitals in this quarter of the globe; and next to Rome, perhaps excited in the minds of those who journeyed to it more grave and more spirit-stirring recollections than any other city of western Europe. It was then in great part a city of the middle ages, modified, no doubt, by the capricious changes of later times, and much added to by the sumptuous taste of the golden era of Louis XIV.; but still the internal portion of the capital, the core, the nucleus of the whole, retained most of the features which the various epochs of the French monarchy had successively formed for it. The streets in the heart of Paris were all, what many still are, exceedingly narrow and gloomy; the houses lofty and overhanging; the pavements dirty and disgusting in the extreme; for the population of the capital was always noted for its carelessness, and want of regard to all decency and cleanliness. Churches swarmed in the city; and there were numerous monasteries which spoke of the holy associations of past days, and recalled to the minds of the giddy, dissolute mob, salutary ideas of religious and moral restraint. At numerous points rose buildings, once destined for the external defence of the capital, but which had long been encased within the ever-spreading circuit of houses. On the river side stood the greater and the smaller *chatelet* or castellet, erected on the site of earlier fortresses to defend the bridges which led to the Lutetian island from the inroads of the wild Normans; but in after ages, and until the time of the Revolution, serving as prisons, or as depôts for the criminal tribunals and their archives. At other points were ancient gates and towers, which showed where the fortifications had once been traced; and to the east of the capital at the end of the Rue St Antoine, frowned the much dreaded, the impregnable Bastile. This fortress, which inspired thoughts of horror in the minds of too many of the inhabitants, was considered by the mass of the people as the *ne plus ultra* of all strongholds; it was looked on as the embodied representation of the brute force of public authority; it was reckoned impregnable, because never believed to have been taken by open assault; and it was regarded with superstitious dread as a last bourne from which too many travellers were known never to have returned. The Bastile, at all periods of its existence, was the *croque-mitaine* of Parisian malcontents. In many of the most obscure portions of the city magnificent mansions still remained, which attested that courtiers had once resided where then the feet of nobles seldom deigned to tread; and numerous exquisite specimens of the architectural skill of the middle ages, placed the civil buildings of Paris almost, if not quite, on a level with its ecclesiastical ones. Thus the Hotel de Ville, and the former palace of the kings—the Grand Palais, the Palais de Justice—one on the northern banks of the Seine, and the seat of the *Prevôt des Marchands* of the capital—the other at the western extremity of the central island and the seat of the Parliament,—presented sumptuous illustrations of the feudal authority of the French monarchy, and the wealth of its principal city. Many an antiquated hotel, with all the quaint paraphernalia of mediæval ornament, rivalled in beauty the elegant mansions which Mansart and his pupils had subsequently raised in the Faubourg St Germain, or along the western verge of the city: the Hotel de Cluny, the Hotel de Sens, the Hotel de St Pol, the Hotel Barbette, the Hotel de la Tremouille, the Hotel d'Aligre, &c., yielded not in intrinsic beauty to the Hotel du Maine, the Hotel Conti, the Hotel Soubise, the Palais Cardinal, the Hotel Mazarin, and all their endless associates; while to the eye and heart of the antiquary they spoke a language peculiar to themselves, and from each stone could have poured forth, if indeed stones could be supposed to have a tongue, tales of wonder and woe, such as the existence of many ages might be fancied to have impregnated them with. The older bridges of the capital were covered with houses, hanging in an unsafe and unhealthy position midway between sky and

water; at numerous points of the river ferries still existed, and quays were only formed at rare intervals. In one of the gloomiest and most antiquated parts of the city, stood the colleges of the university, forming a little world within themselves, perched on the sides of the hill of St Genevieve, or clustering in ill-arranged confusion round the Sorbonne; and the large conventual establishments which possessed such ample powers in that quarter of the town—the abbey of the sainted patroness of the city, and the great monasteries of the Jacobine and the Cordelier.

Nearly all the historical spots of Paris were up to 1780 untouched; the annals of the capital could be read by the monuments themselves; and many of the most important events that had distinguished the monarchy, were presented to the recollection of the visitor in forms of stone, or brass, or other tangible materials. The churches and the cemeteries had not then been violated; the former contained an uncountable series of monuments of all epochs, and of inestimable value; and it would have taken a careful examiner many weeks merely to go through the conventual chapels, and carefully inspect the memorials there contained of departed worth or nobility. All the public edifices of the capital, whether internally or externally studied, were rich in traditions of bygone days, and formed impressive illustrations of the country's earlier history.

The storm that broke over France in 1788, and the six succeeding years, came with all its fury on the capital, and spared not the buildings with which it was adorned. Paris, as well as many other cities, saw her monasteries abolished and mostly destroyed; her churches sacked, polluted, and given up to profane purposes; many of her civil buildings injured, and her military ones altogether levelled with the ground. The mad spirit of revolutionary spoliation, which then agitated the public mind, wreaked part of its fury on the monuments, the tangible evidences of a former and better state of things; and the work of insensate destruction then began, which, under one shape or another, has been continued ever since. The mob, too ignorant to comprehend in what the welfare and honour of the nation consisted, saw no better means of showing the licentious anarchy which they mistook for freedom, than in destroying all that bore testimony to how much better their ancestors were than themselves; and the interested rapaciousness of that peculiar class of men, which in all countries is ever ready to profit by national calamities, urged the people on with redoubled madness to the work of demolition. The first edifice attacked and destroyed was, as is well known, the Bastile, on the 14th of July 1789; and the fall of that fortress was the signal for the Vandalic acts which rapidly followed, not only in Paris but throughout France.

The principle on which the mob acted in this particular instance, was not altogether without reason; and it was one of the very rare occasions—if, indeed, any other occurred during the progress of the Revolution—when the people thought with any thing in the shape of common sense. The Bastile was to them the perpetual memento of *lettres-de-cachet* and arbitrary imprisonments; and it was fondly supposed, that, by destroying the chief prison, the obnoxious *régime* would for ever cease. No doubt, the destruction of the ancient fortress was a serious lesson to government to reform the penal administration of the country; but it was one that was not needed, and it set so bad an example by overshooting the mark, that the good effected by it was utterly swallowed up in the flood of evil which thenceforth ensued. The lesson was not needed by the government; for the mild and benevolent Louis, soon after his accession to the throne, had publicly declared himself against the old system of unjustified confinement; and the enlightened spirit of French lawyers was quite prepared not only to sanction, but even to propose the abolition of all imprisonment without the express verdict of a competent tribunal. There is no need to advert to the history of the destruction of the Bastile, known as it is by every student of modern history. The popular view of the case, and all the exaggerated assertions concerning the *soi-disans* victims said to have been found in it, have been "consigned to immortality," as Dussaulx thought when he wrote the *History of the Parisian Insurrection, and Taking of the Bastile;* a precious production,

curious for its being highly characteristic of the times, and strongly recommended by the republican antiquary Millin, as "a proper work for fortifying and disseminating the holy love of liberty!" Our purpose is not to notice the Bastile in its days of disgrace and trouble, but to dwell upon its condition in iron-handed times, and to rake up one of the many bloody tragedies that have been enacted within its walls.

The original founder of the Bastile was Charles V., in the fourteenth century. That monarch, after the peace concluded with the English, posterior to the days of our third Edward, determined to surround the northern portion of Paris with new walls, and a regularly fortified enclosure. The line commenced at the river side, about halfway between the Louvre and the spot where the Tuileries were afterwards erected, stretched northward across what is now the Palais Royal, and went by the Place des Victoires in a long straight line, still traceable in the Rue des Fossés Montmartre and the Rue Neuve St Eustache, to the Porte St Denis. Thence it turned eastward and southward, and following a line identical with the present Boulevards, passed by the Porte St Martin and the Porte du Temple, to the arsenal on the water side. A little to the north of the arsenal, Charles erected a fortress to command one of the principal entrances of the city—that which opened into the quarter of St Antoine—and the only one by which Paris could then be approached, passed through a narrow, pointed gateway, under two lofty machicolated and embattled towers. These defences were begun in 1367, and were not completely finished till 1383, when the imbecile Charles VI. had succeeded his father on the throne. The latter monarch, wishing to enlarge and strengthen the Bastile, which he intended to be the citadel of Paris, erected two other towers equally strong and lofty, some sixty feet behind the first; so that the enemy, to force an entrance, would have to brave the discharges of the rude artillery of the times, of the crossbows and balistas, and the showers of molten lead which the machicolations could vomit forth, while trying to break through the double porteullises that blocked up the outer and the inner gateways. Subsequently Charles VI. added another pair of towers on either side of those already standing, and joining them together by an external wall of the same height as themselves, and about ten feet thick, made a stout castle with eight of these lofty circular bastions. Round the whole was dug a ditch five-and-twenty feet deep, through which water flowed; and the road of entry to the capital was no longer suffered to go through the citadel, but was taken round by the northern wall, and carried under a strong barbican touching the outer edge of the ditch. The plan of the Bastile was of an oblong form, divided into two unequal courts; the larger of these, on the southern side, was overlooked by six of the great towers; the smaller, to the north, by four. In the outer walls of the towers, or of the intermediate spaces, the windows were as few and as narrow as they could be made, serving strictly for the mere purposes of defence; on the platform above, small watch posts occurred at rare intervals; and at a later period, the only ingress afforded was by a drawbridge between the two towers to the south. The gateway that served in the time of Charles V., had been blocked up between the two towers, and was converted into a chapel. Outside, over the ancient arch, there remained, till the final destruction of the edifice, the statues of the unfortunate Charles VI., his wicked wife Isabel of Bavaria, two of their children, and the good St Anthony in the midst. Viewed from the Rue St Antoine, or from the opposite side, the Bastile presented a broad, imposing front of four towers; but from the Boulevards, which were at that period identical with the walls of the town, only the end of the edifice, with two towers, was visible. The aspect, too, was neither so frowning nor so gloomy as might have been supposed; for owing to the fine climate, the stone had kept its light grey colour, and in many parts, even till the end of the eighteenth century, preserved the tint which it still wears, now that it has been worked up into the magnificent bridge leading from the Place de la Concorde to the Chamber of Deputies. In 1830, when the lower part of one of the towers remained on the Place de la Bastile, the colour of the stone showed what that of the whole

edifice had been; and the pointed loopholes or *soupiraux,* still visible, testified how carefully the fortress had been terminated in its minutest details. The governor of the chateau lived in detached buildings to the south, and had ample courts, terraces, and gardens wherein to "apricate" and invent methods for better securing his prisoners, or the other inmates of the Bastile: it was not an easy matter to come even at his residence from without, so circuitous was the passage, and so many opportunities did salient corners afford for making a stout defence. At a period when the building had become more exclusively devoted to the reception of state prisoners, the chapel was transferred from between the two central towers of the eastern front to a similar position between those of the west. It was a narrow, inconvenient room, savouring little of religion, but much of military control; and on its roof, as if in diversion, the pigeon-house of his excellency the governor was constructed. Within, and opposite to the altar, were six narrow niches cut out of the wall, and communicating with a dark passage behind. Each of these boxes could just hold one man in an upright posture; and a narrow slit, closed with glass and protected by an iron grating, allowed a prisoner, when placed within, to see what was going on at the altar, but in no other part of the chapel. A wretched curtain, on the outside of each slit, was withdrawn by one of the guards when mass was going on; and the prisoner, as one who had experienced it has stated, could perceive the officiating priest as if he were looking at him through a telescope. Such was the religious consolation afforded to the prisoners.

The lofty circular towers had each their name, derived either from remarkable prisoners who had been confined in them, or from some traditions with which they were connected. The visitor, on entering the first, or southern and largest court, had on his right hand the Tour de la Comté, said to have been so called because the unfortunate Count of St Pol—he who held at bay the Duke of Burgundy and Louis XI. of France, till he was entrapped in his own toils—had been confined in it in 1475, for the short time which intervened between his arrest and his execution. After this tower on the right hand, came the two which had originally guarded the gateway of the fortress of Charles V.; and they were known as the Tour du Trèsor and the Tour de la Chapelle. In the former, Henry IV. kept his well-hoarded treasures under the safe guardianship of his faithful Sully. Immediately on the left hand of the entrance, was the Tour de la Bazinière, named from M. de la Bazinière, who was confined there in 1663: next to it stood the Tour de la Berthaudière, deriving its appellation from a similar cause, but rendered more celebrated than any of its grim companions, from its having been the abode of the mysterious Iron Mask—that enigma and disgrace of the reign of Louis XIV. Within the walls of this tower, the lingering life of that unfortunate prisoner was spent, after his transferring thither from the Isle of St Marguerite;* and when death put a period to his sufferings, the governor of the Bastile had the interior of his apartment entirely scraped, so as to remove the possibility of any writing on the wall betraying the secret of his name. The third tower on this side, fronting the city, was by a strange mockery called the Tour de la Liberté, as if that name could ever be appended to any thing connected with the Bastile! A massive pile of building, running athwart the fortress, and forming the northern side of the principal court, contained a guard-house, with various apartments less gloomy than those of the towers, and fit for the reception of prisoners of rank, such as the Cardinal de Rohan, M. de Saint James, and others, who, from time to time, were their unwilling occupants. The smaller court was flanked by the Tour de la Chapelle, the Tour de la Liberté, and two others at the northern corners, of which, that towards the Rue St Antoine was known as the Tour du Puits; the other, frowning over the faubourg, as the Tour du Coin. In this, the Maréchal de Bassompièrre was immured for twelve long years, from 1631 to 1643, and here he wrote his

* If the Iron Mask was not the Intendant Fouquet, he must have been a brother legitimate or illegitimate, of Louis XIV.

admirable Memoirs: here, too, Le Maître de Sacy was incarcerated from 1666 to 1668, during which time he made the greatest part of his translation of the Bible; while, at a later period, it had for one of its tenants a third literary character, Constantin de Renneville, author of the *History of the Bastile.*

Such was this famous fortress, the ready engine of political vengeance, and the mute accomplice of royal iniquity, at all periods of the French monarchy. To no building could the inscription over the gate of Dante's *Inferno* be more aptly applied:—

"Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate;"

and its fatal drawbridge led but too surely to what the poet's term of a "citta dolente" most aptly characterized. Now, however, all is changed; the site is no longer to be recognized; not a stone remains; a canal flows far below where the deepest dungeons, the *oubliettes*, were once constructed; and above, verifying the lines of Pope, a brazen column—

——"pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies."

Here stands the vulgar and clumsy pillar ycleped "The column of July," covered with the gilded names of *soi-disans* victims of that catastrophe, and bearing on its apex a golden idol, to proclaim to the mob the triumph of the Revolution, and the reign of a crafty usurper. But our object is not to dwell on the present, we turn back our thoughts to the past: and opening the worm-eaten leaves of a venerable folio chronicle that lies before us, we read in it the narrative of a tragic scene witnessed in olden times by the walls of the Bastile.

In the picturesque and wild province of Perigord is the small town of Biron, which at a very early period was the head place of a feudal barony, and has never since ceased to give a title to one of the oldest houses of the French nobility. Gaston de Gontault, seigneur of Biron in the middle of the fourteenth century, was the first of the family whose name occupies a place of note in French annals; and from that period the same name has been borne by a series of men eminent for their virtues, their public services, or their misfortunes. During the reigns of Charles IX., Henry III., and Henry IV., the head of the family, Armand de Gontault, was a personage of no small importance; and the last of these monarchs was under heavy obligations to his courage and ability for possession of the throne. The Baron de Biron had been educated as one of the pages of Margaret of Navarre, and had afterwards been first raised to the rank of "Chevalier des Ordres du Roy," and then chosen by the brave Maréchal de Brissac to bear his *guidon*, or standard, at the head of a chosen company of guards. He took an active part in the Piedmontese wars of that epoch; and, while engaged in the siege of a fortress, received a wound which lamed him for life. During the civil contests in his own country, he was present at the bloody fields of Dreux, St Denys, and Montcontour, as well as at numerous sieges, covering himself on all occasions with honour by his headlong gallantry. In 1569, Charles IX. made him grand-master of the Artillery; and in 1577, Henry III., who, amidst his many weaknesses, could sometimes distinguish the merits of his friends, presented him with the baton of Maréchal de France, and added the lieutenant-generalship of the province of Guyenne. The collar of the Order of the Holy Ghost, which he received from the sovereign in 1581, counterbalanced the chagrin he had afterwards to endure from being twice defeated by Spanish commanders, when sent to succour the Duke of Alençon in the Low Countries. On the assassination of Henry III., Armand de Gontault was one of the first nobles and commanders who declared for Henry IV.; and the impulse which this act of decision gave to the fortunes of that monarch was widely felt by his partizans. He had many years before married a lady of remarkable beauty, Jeanne, daughter and heiress of the Seigneur of Ornesan and Blancart; and a family of three sons and five daughters were the offspring of their union. The eldest son, Charles de Gontault, was grown up to be a young man of great gallantry and chivalrous disposition, and had already distinguished himself by his military prowess under his father's command; he was known to, and esteemed by, the King of Navarre, and he followed his father in ardently embracing that monarch's cause as soon as the throne of France became vacant. In the battle of

Arques, which was of so much importance to the future prospects of Henry, the Maréchal de Biron, by his strategic abilities, contributed greatly to the success of his sovereign's arms; and Charles, then in his twenty-seventh year, fought with the most brilliant and impetuous courage. At Ivry, in the following year, (1590,) the Seigneur of Biron and his son again showed their devotion to the new monarch; and shortly after, the maréchal succeeded in subjecting a large portion of Normandy to the sway of that prince. He continued to aid Henry both by his counsels and his sword, in bad fortune and in good, until 1592, when he was killed by a cannon-ball while reconnoitring the town of Epernay, in Champagne. The maréchal had the merit of having dissuaded Henry from abandoning his cause at a period when it seemed most desperate; and it was owing to his courageous advice that the king abstained from flying to England, or from shutting himself up within the walls of La Rochelle, when pressed by the superior forces of the Duke of Mayenne. The king had always entertained the most affectionate regard for his faithful servitor, and placed in his long practised judgment the most implicit reliance; his loss, however, was not felt so severely, since he was succeeded by his son, who, with more brilliant but not such solid qualities as his sire, held a high place in the opinion of the sovereign, and was at one time beloved by him almost as a brother.

Charles de Gontault, after the battle of Ivry, was present at the sieges of Paris and Rouen, and took an active part in the engagement at Aumale; on the death of his father, he was made admiral of France, and two years after, was created, like him, a maréchal. From this period, the military successes of the Baron de Biron, and the esteem felt for him by his royal master, advanced concurrently in a long career of uninterrupted brightness. The new maréchal was entrusted with the government of Burgundy in 1594, and captured the towns of Beaune, Auxonne, Autun, and numerous others; while at the battle of Fontaine Française, in the same year, his impetuous courage had carried him into the midst of the enemy's arquebusiers, and he was rescued only by a charge, headed by the king in person. His body was riddled with sword wounds, and he had received such a desperate cut over the head, that his senses were nearly gone; the blood, too, flowed so copiously into his eyes and down his face, that he could not recognise the monarch. On recovering from his wounds, which confined him many months to his bed, he resumed an active command, was at the sieges of Amiens and La Fère, then held by the Spaniards, who threatened to dismember France of some of her fairest provinces, and afterwards ravaged the whole of Artois, where he took the Marquis de Varembon prisoner. Diplomatic honours now awaited him; he was sent ambassador to England in 1598, and was an object of warm admiration at the court of Elizabeth. On his return, the king elevated the barony of Biron into a dukedom, annexed to it the privilege of the peerage, and then dispatched the duke as ambassador to Brussels, where he was to witness the Archduke of Austria swear to the peace of Vervins. Three years after, he was a second time sent as ambassador to compliment Queen Elizabeth, and in 1602 proceeded in the same quality to Switzerland, where he concluded an alliance with the Confederated Cantons. Few subjects of the French monarchy had ever mounted so rapidly or so highly as the fortunate maréchal; few have ever fallen more suddenly or more mournfully from their "high estate." This was the last phase of his grandeur, and he was destined, within a few short months, to pay the bloody price of overweening ambition and misplaced confidence.

Our old chronicle notices, under the date of 1601, that "this year a treason was discovered, although it had been four years in hand;" it then goes on to moralize upon the improbability of any man's becoming bad all of a sudden, strengthening its remarks by observing, that "the Northern Sea does not freeze of itself, but rather the rivers and marshes which flow into it;" and then details the history of the fall of the Duke de Biron. Nothing but what his adversaries have recorded, or those who swore against him on his trial deposed, has come down to us concerning the treason, real or imputed,

which led to his disgrace and ruin; and there are only reasonings from improbabilities and discrepancies to be alleged in his defence. The common opinion of the day was, that the duke had been led away, by base intriguers, to lend an ear to criminal proposals, from the Duke of Savoy and the King of Spain, against his own sovereign; that he was discovered before he could carry his designs into effect; and that the king, wounded to the heart at finding so bad a return made for his extreme kindness, gave the maréchal over to the parliament, and so to death. The chronicler states, that the ambitious disposition of the duke being evident to all the world, the crafty Spanish commanders in the Low Countries thought him a likely man to listen to projects which might raise his own fortunes, even at the expense of the country he was charged to defend; and accordingly, soon after the taking of Laon, when the duke had been momentarily offended at the king's giving to the Duchess de Beaufort a favour which he had in vain solicited, they offered him an annual pay of two hundred thousand crowns, and the chief command of the Spanish forces in France, if he would pass over to their side. He seems to have had the weakness not to disclose the offer to the king, instead of simply rejecting it; and he ever after retained in his own bosom an involuntary consciousness of the high estimation in which his military abilities were held by the enemy. The chronicle says, that he was often heard to say he could never die till he should have seen his head on a crown-piece—that he would rather lose his head on a scaffold than get his bread in an hospital—and that he often repeated the words "Aut Cæsar aut nullus" to his intimate friends. It was after the siege of Amiens that a gentleman of Provence, of ruined fortunes and character, La Noele, seigneur of La Fin, who had been mixed up with the troubles of that district, and was overloaded with debts, contrived to wheedle himself into the duke's confidence, and to offer his services for criminal purposes with the enemy. He so far succeeded that he induced the maréchal to give intelligence to the Duke of Savoy, of an intended attack of a fort; which, however, did not prevent it from falling into the hands of France. This was the first overt act of treachery, and it appears to have been connected with a secret proposal to him, when ambassador at Brussels, for contracting a matrimonial alliance with the sister of the Duke of Savoy. Negotiations to this effect were carried on through the medium of La Fin and Renazé, the Duke de Biron's secretary, on the one hand, and the Duke of Savoy and the Spanish Condé de Fuentes, on the other; notwithstanding that the war continued on the frontier, and that the maréchal took most of the towns of the Bresse country from the Spanish garrisons. It does not appear that the duke's propositions ever went so far as for himself to pass over to the Spanish side; but rather that he hoped, by marrying the Princess of Savoy, to obtain the hereditary government of Burgundy from his own sovereign, and thus to erect it into a kind of independent principality, to be held by feudal tenure of France. He sent, however, several pieces of information to the Duke of Savoy, which saved the troops of that prince from great reverses; and on Henry IV. refusing to give the command of Bourg to some one for whom he had solicited it, went into the most violent paroxysms of anger, and even meditated personal vengeance on the monarch. The king, however, who at this time had received intelligence of the enemy having tried to tamper with the maréchal, discredited the report; and on his favourite coming to him at Lyons, and confessing himself to have been in the wrong about Bourg, freely forgave him all offences he might have committed up to that period—such were the words which issued from the royal mouth. The enemies of the duke declare that, immediately after this interview and his pardon, Biron dispatched his agents into Italy, to Turin and Ivrea, in order to push on the negotiations for his marriage more rapidly than before. However this may be, the evil reports against him circulated again at court; the monarch's confidence was completely estranged; and the agent, real or supposed of the duke, La Fin, was brought to make revelations, while Renazé was secretly arrested. Two noblemen were implicated in their denunciations together with the Duke Biron: these were the Comte d'

Auvergne, of royal blood, and the Baron de Lux. The Prince de Joinville, the Duke de Bouillon, the Baron de Fontanelle, and Montbarrault, governor of Rennes, were more or less suspected of not being altogether strangers to the duke's proceedings. Such, however, was the high credit and influence of the Maréchal de Biron, that the king did not think it prudent to attempt his arrest in an open manner; and, as the chronicle states, the monarch had still so much affection for him that he concluded his impetuous spirit had been misled by the rogues into whose hands he had fallen, and hoped by his influence over his friend to lead him to a full confession. With this view, and with the secret determination of making his clemency commensurate only with Biron's candour, Henry summoned the duke to attend him at Fontainbleau.

La Fin had been to this royal residence ostensibly on the duke's business, but in reality to communicate with the officers of the crown, and to insure to himself the reward of his treachery towards Biron. He had secret interviews with the king at the royal vineyards, near the town; with the chancellor by night, in his own house at Fontainbleau; and in the heart of the forest with Sully. "All," says the chronicle, "had horror at seeing the writings which they saw, and at hearing the designs which they heard." The chancellor, too, was so much impressed with the importance of the papers remitted to him by La Fin, that he sewed them up in a corner of his *pourpoint*, and kept them by him day and night. The duke had many misgivings after receiving the royal summons, and his friends were not backward in cautioning him not to trust himself at court; still he could not openly refuse the orders of the sovereign, and he journeyed slowly from Lyons to Fontainbleau with only a small retinue. "Against his journey," the chronicle relates, "he had many evil omens: a bird called the 'duke,' came into a room where he was sitting, before he set out, without any one knowing how it had entered. He gave orders that it should be carefully kept and fed; but as soon as he was gone it died. Incontinently thereon, the horse which the archduke had given him, and which he called the Pastrave, went mad, and killed itself. The same did a horse which he had had from the Grand Duke of Tuscany; and another which the Duke of Lorrain had given him fell ill. He arrived at Fontainbleau just at the time when nobody believed he would come—that is to say, on the Wednesday, 13th of June, and when the king was beginning to think of taking horse within a few days to go into Burgandy. As his majesty was entering the great garden about six o'clock, he was heard to say to M. de Souvre, 'He will not come;' but scarcely were the words out of his mouth, and he had taken a step or two, when the Duke de Biron was discovered approaching, amid a troop of seven or eight. The king, on perceiving him, said he was come just in time to lead him to his house. Biron advanced, and, still at some distance, made three profound salutations. The king embraced him, and told him he was come just in time to lead him to his house. This expression had an apparent signification, which was accepted by those who believed that the king was speaking of a lodge in one of the pavilions of the garden; but it had another secret one, understood only by a few, which meant that, if the duke did not make up his mind to humiliating submission, he would banish him from his favour and presence, and would send him to one of his own seats." Biron began to make excuses for coming late; but the king listened to only the first words of what he was going to say, and, taking the duke's hand, led him to see the new buildings he had been making, and walked him from one garden to another. The Duke d'Espernon seized an opportunity of whispering in Biron's ear that he would repent having trusted to his courage rather than his friends; and soon after, the king, speaking to him of the causes of discontent that he had against him as a friend and subject, the duke only replied by protestations of innocence, which were not free from certain petulant expressions ill suited to the presence of royalty.

When the time for dinner arrived —in those days about eleven o'clock —Biron was observed to commit a breach in etiquette, by asking the Duke d'Espernon for leave to make one of his table, whereas he ought to have dined at the table of the Grand-

master of the Court; and, as the chronicle remarks, "to have made one of the king's household, since his own had not arrived." The repast finished, the two dukes, and the noblemen who were with them, returned to the royal apartments, where the king was still at table. As soon as Biron entered, Henry desired the Duke de Vendôme, his eldest son by the Belle Gabrielle d'Estrées, Duchess de Beaufort, to salute him; and then, having walked down the magnificent gallery known as the Salle de la Belle Cheminée, amidst the court, retired to his private cabinet, ordering two or three noblemen to come in, but not speaking a word to the Maréchal de Biron. From that moment it became evident that the royal favour was gone; and, to use the chronicle's expression, the duke, as he leaned pensively by the side of the royal bed, "was shunned by the brilliant crowd as a man who had got the plague." He was not allowed to remain long in suspense. The Marquis de Rhosny, Sully, came out of the royal cabinet, apparently to speak to Monsieur de la Guelle, but in reality to see if Biron were still at hand. He did not salute the duke, but, returning to the king, re-appeared after the lapse of a few minutes, and told him to enter the royal presence.

Here Henry informed the duke of the substance of what he had heard, and adding that he wished to have a full account of his erroneous acts from his own mouth, in order that there the matter might end, pressed him to withhold nothing from one who desired so much to continue his friend. The maréchal, not aware of La Fin's treachery, nor of Renazé's arrest, protested in the loudest and most vehement terms of his innocence, and begged of his majesty that opportunity might be given him of taking vengeance on his calumniators with his sword. The king said nothing more, but desired him to come to the tennis-court, and directed him and the Duke d'Espernon to play against himself and the Count de Soissons. D'Espernon here told Biron that he intended to set out for Paris next day; Biron begged him to remain, and added, that they would play another game at tennis. "You play well," rejoined the former; "but you do not know whom you play with." This hint, which he for whom it was intended did not take, was understood by the king; but the monarch said nothing. Supper time came; the duke sat at the grand-master's table, silent and shunned by the court; and the king, who, after his repast, was observed to pace up and down his chamber, ejaculating, from time to time, "He must bend or break!" at length sent the Count de Soissons to the infatuated maréchal to try and overcome his obdurate resolution. All was in vain.

Next morning at an early hour the king went into the garden towards the aviary, and having been joined by Biron, for whom he had sent, walked forward with the duke, at some distance from the rest, and there begged him once more to trust to his best friend, and, by making a full confession, throw himself on his mercy. The attendants who were behind observed Biron gesticulating with great force, striking his breast, waving his arms in the air, and making loud protestations of innocence. The king and Biron returned, the duke quitting the monarch as the latter entered his apartments for dinner: immediately after a letter was thrust into his hand, in which some one anonymously conjured him to quit the court without delay. Biron showed it to the captain of his guard, who was then in attendance, and the only reply it elucidated from that officer, was, that he wished a dagger had been plunged in his breast sooner than that they had ever come to Fontainbleau. All the afternoon the king was observed to be in an unusually absent and yet irritated mood: several of the king's confidential councillors were seen speaking to the monarch in short whispers; there was a coming and going; there was evidently something of importance in the wind, and most of the courtiers expected every moment to see the duke arrested and subjected to summary execution. Henry was observed to be busily engaged in giving confidential orders to the Sieurs de Vitry and de Praslin; and after supper, while walking again in the gardens, was joined by Biron and the Count d'Auvergne. These noblemen had at length taken the alarm: they had ordered their horses to be kept saddled; had asked for leave to withdraw from court, and intended to be off next morning. Henry, with his usual

kindness, invited Biron to join the queen's card-party; and led the way into her majesty's chamber. As they passed through the door, Auvergne whispered in Biron's ear, "We are undone!" and the game began. The king, while the duke was playing with the queen, moved rapidly about the chamber in the greatest agitation; and at length, as the chronicler says, unable to contain himself, rushed into his cabinet, and falling on his knees, prayed long and earnestly that he might be able to form a just judgment in this difficulty of mind. Henry, relieved by this effusion, and tranquillized as to the uprightness of his intentions towards the duke, determined to make one last effort; and, if he should fail in inducing his proud spirit to stoop to a confession, to yield him into the hands of justice. He returned accordingly to the queen's chamber, took her majesty's hand of cards, and at times walked about. The Count d'Auvergne was gone, and Monsieur de Varennes, lieutenant of Biron's guards, as he stooped to pick up his cloak, took the opportunity of whispering his master that all was lost. The duke became troubled, played false, and lost the game. The queen rallied him for his want of skill; and the king, saying that the play had gone on long enough, entered his cabinet. Biron was summoned thither in a few minutes, and he had that last interview with his sovereign on which his fate depended. The king was now more explicit: he assured Biron that he knew all: that concealment was in vain, and that his clemency would go much further than the maréchal expected. He desired, however, to hear from his own mouth all that had passed between him, the Duke of Savoy, and the Condé de Fuentes. The unfortunate Biron, prompted by mistaken pride, and relying on the fidelity of La Fin, asserted that it was too bad of his majesty to push an honest man so hard, and that he had never entertained any criminal ideas. "Would to God it were so!" replied the king; "you are unwilling to confess to me; adieu! good-night!"

These were the last words Biron ever heard from the monarch's mouth. As he passed out from the royal cabinet into the grand chamber, Monsieur de Vitry laid his hand on his sword, and demanded it in the king's name. Biron protested loudly, and desired the Duke de Montbazon to request of his majesty that his sword might be delivered into his hands alone; the king sent back word to Monsieur de Vitry that he was to execute his order. Biron still protested, and three or four hours, as the chronicler states, were spent in contestation before the duke would give up his weapon; and even when he did so, he looked around to see whose sword he might snatch from its scabbard to use in his defence. His purpose, however, was anticipated, and he was desired to move forward; the royal guards, with their partizans and arquebuses on their shoulders, were drawn up in the long gallery; and Biron, thinking that they had orders to finish him at once, called out loudly for some one to lend him a weapon, "that he might die with something in his hand:" he asked in his fury for a burning brand from the hearth, or for one of the silver candlesticks, that he might at least defend himself and not die without a struggle. The officer observed that no harm was intended him, and he was removed to the guard-room, where he passed the night. Meanwhile, other officers hastened to his apartments and seized all his baggage and papers. The conduct of the Count d'Auvergne was widely contrasted with this. He was preparing for bed when Monsieur de Praslin came to demand his sword, "Here! take it," said the count; "it has never killed any thing but wild boars; if you had told me of this beforehand, I should have been in bed and asleep a couple of hours ago!' Envoys were sent without delay to the different courts of Europe to convey authentic information of the discovery of the maréchal's guilt, so important to the fate of the monarchy was the arrest of the duke considered; but the maréchal and the count were kept in custody at Fontainbleau for a fortnight before they were ordered to the Bastile. The day after his arrest, Biron thought to alter the king's purpose by sending him word that, unless he took measures to the contrary, the Baron de Lux would admit the Spaniards into the strong places of Burgundy as soon as he should hear of his arrest. This incensed the king to the highest degree, and convinced him of Biron's criminality—he had already examined the Baron de Lux at Fon-

tainbleau, and the Maréchal de Laverdin had already been sent into Burgundy to keep the country quiet. "His obstinacy has been his ruin!" exclaimed Henry; "had he told me the truth, though I have the proofs in my hand, he would not have been where he is. I would have given two hundred thousand crowns to have had the means of pardoning him. I never loved any one so much as I loved him. I could have entrusted him with my own son—with my kingdom itself."

The two prisoners, Biron and Auvergne, were taken by water to Paris in sumptuous barges belonging to the court: rich carpets and hangings thrown over the canopies raised within the vessels, concealed the noblemen from public view: guards were in the barges, and in the boats that accompanied them: and the simple villagers on the banks of the Seine wondered as they saw the cortège pass. The duke and the count were placed forthwith in the Bastile, and within two days after, the king and court having returned to the capital, the preliminary proceedings of Biron's trial commenced. On the deposition of La Fin and Renazé being communicated to the unfortunate duke, he burst into violent paroxysms of indignation and despair, protesting that their evidence was utterly false, and heaping on them counter-accusations of moral turpitude of the deepest dye. His mother applied in vain to the king's lawyers that an advocate should be allowed her unfortunate son, to plead in his defence: she was told briefly and dryly that it was contrary to rule, and could not be granted *on account of the enormity of his offence.* The forms of the law were allowed to take their course, and Biron was brought before the Parliament of Paris. The Peers of France had been summoned to attend this trial; but they all abstained: and the duke's judges met him for the first and only time on Saturday, the 27th of July, in the Golden Chamber. This splendid room, then richly adorned with hangings of great worth and gilded beams, is the same apartment as that now occupied by the modern Court of Cassation. Biron was brought from the Bastile by water, at five in the morning: one hundred and twelve judges were assembled, and the proceedings lasted with little intermission till ten at night. The duke was accommodated with a stool of honour within the bar, and the depositions were read over to him; but he was never confronted with the witnesses, nor allowed to call any in his own behalf. He defended himself with great acuteness and ability, and showed, with tolerable clearness, that if he had been guilty of any treason towards the king, it was prior to their last meeting at Lyons, when the monarch had given him a verbal forgiveness of all offences committed up to that time. He ended by invoking on himself the direst punishment for any thing that could be proved against him since. The court overruled the fact of the king's verbal pardon as being of any value in his case, and agreed that he should produce writing to this effect—a solemn mockery of justice this, which only aggravated the position of the unfortunate prisoner: while, to his assertion of innocence at a late period, the fact of one of his private secretaries, Hebert, having been to Milan, though sent ostensibly to show Italy to some of the duke's noble pages and to buy velvet stuffs, was considered a sufficient answer as proving late communication with the Duke of Savoy. The parliament could hardly dare, even under a just monarch like Henry IV., to find a prisoner, whose arrest had taken place under such peculiar circumstances, innocent; and on the Monday following the chancellor brought in a decree of guilt and death.

Though the king had been well received on his return to Paris, popular feeling was rather in favour of the Duke de Biron; and the members of the Gontault family were so resolved to have their revenge on the traitor La Fin, that it was found necessary to order him a guard of twenty men for his personal safety. As soon as the duke's sentence was known, the gentlemen of his family went up to the king with an address for mercy; but the sovereign replied that it was impossible, and that justice must take its course. At the same time, he added, he should never consider that any stain was attached to the maréchal's relations. The only favour granted by Henry was, that the decapitation should take place within the Bastile, instead of on

the Place de Grève. The duke wrote a most affecting letter to his majesty, which, however, is believed not to have been received, on learning the decree of the parliament: he reminded him of his military services, and of his zeal for his service; prayed the royal clemency to spare his family the pain of a disgraceful execution, and entreated the king to allow him to end his life in the ranks of his own army, or in that of the Hungarians, who were then fighting against the Turks. It is remarkable that, even in this last appeal for mercy, the maréchal avoids confessing his guilt, though he also abstains from protesting his innocence:—he inveighs against his enemies, but he maintains to the last the evident traces of a bold unbroken spirit.

Henry remained firm; and the preparations for the duke's execution were ordered to be made. By some mistake the civil officers of the town erected a scaffold on the Place de Grève, and this drew an innumerable crowd of people, says the chronicler, who waited in front of the Hotel de Ville from daybreak till midnight of the Tuesday following the trial. From his dungeon windows in the Bastile, Biron saw several thousands of country people hastening from the field into the town during the morning, and his immediate exclamation was, "I am judged and dead!" He prevailed, however, on M. de Barenton to go to Sully, then governor of the Bastile, and beg him to intercede with the king. He did so, and both Sully and his lady, with Zamet, the eminent merchant and favourite of the king, who was present, were so much affected by this appeal of the duke, that they burst into tears and remained a long time silent. At length Sully observed that it was too late: that he could neither see Biron, nor intercede for him: that if he had taken his advice at first, he would not have been in the strait in which he now found himself: but that by his obstinate refusal to tell the truth to the king at Fontainbleau, he had deprived his majesty of the means of granting him his life, and his friends of asking for it. Monsieur de Sillery delivered to Sully that evening the royal warrant for the duke's execution; and "at ten the next morning, which was a Wednesday," as the chronicle relates, "the chancellor, M. Pomponne de Bellievre, with M. de Sillery, and three Masters of Requests, arrived at the arsenal, where M. de Rhosny (Sully) was lodged, and thence went with him to the Bastile. They mounted by a private staircase to the chamber of the concierge, named Rumigny: there Messieurs the Chancellor, de Rhosny, and de Sillery took their seats on stools, the rest remained standing against the coffers; and they resolved among themselves what it pleased them for the space of half an hour: when the said de Rhosny having withdrawn, the criminal registrar Voisin came, and after him the first president, who took the place of de Rhosny: and there they remained talking in a low voice for another half hour. During this time M. de Rhosny sent one of his attendants, who presently obtained from the chancellor a roll of those whom he desired should be present at the execution, so that the rest might be turned out; and he placed on the list the three masters of requests mentioned above, three auditors, three *huissiers* of the Council, three of the Parliament; and of those who were to be present in the afternoon, namely, Rupin the chevalier of the *guet*, two lieutenants of the grand provost, the provost of merchants, four *eschevins*, four councillors of the city, and the registrary. About eleven o'clock, when they knew that the maréchal had dined, the chancellor, habited in a gown of satin with large sleeves, followed by three masters of requests, the auditors, and the huissiers, went down, and traversed the court to go to the room of the Duke de Biron, who was lodged on the side next to the fields, above the chapel; but as they were going thither, the demoiselle, wife of the Sieur de Rumigny, began to weep, with her hands joined and raised to her eyes. This was perceived by the duke, who put his head against the bars of his window, and exclaimed, 'My God! I am dead! Ha! what sort of justice is this to put an innocent man to death? Monsieur le Chancelier, are you coming to pronounce my death? I am innocent of what they accuse me of!' But though he continued to make exclamations of this kind, the chancellor passed on firm, and commanded him to be brought down into the cha-

pel. Here the duke broke into angry words and reproaches, and exclaimed to the chancellor, 'What, sir! you who have the appearance of a worthy man, have you allowed me to be thus wretchedly condemned? Ha, sir! if you had not told those gentlemen that the king wished for my death, they would not thus have condemned me! Sir—sir! you could have hindered this calamity, and you have not done it: you shall answer for it before God! Yes, sir, before God! to whose presence I summon you within a year; you and all the judges who have condemned me!'* As the duke uttered these words, he grasped with a firm hand the arm of the chancellor, who was covered, while the duke himself was bareheaded, and in his *pourpoint*, having thrown off his mantle as soon as he saw that the officers were coming up to his room.

Biron continued to exclaim in a violent manner against the injustice of his sentence, and upbraided the king with ingratitude for the services of his father and himself. The chancellor, after endeavouring to calm him, demanded his collar of the order of the Holy Ghost; whereupon Biron drew it forth from his pocket, not having worn it since his coming into the Bastile, and, putting it into the chancellor's hands, said, "There sir, take it! I sware by the share of paradise which I hope to obtain, that I have never done any thing contrary to the statutes of the order." Biron then asked for leave to make his will; but on the chancellor's ordering two clergymen to attend him for the purposes of confession, he said there was no need: he had confessed himself to his own spiritual adviser every day for the last week; and during the preceding night, as he lay asleep, he had seen the heavens opened, and God extending his arms towards him, summoning him to mount on high. "In all that he spoke," says the chronicler, "he uttered his words without any appearance of perturbation; and it seemed as though he were haranguing at the head of his army, or as if he were going to battle." The chancellor then left him, and shortly after the registrary informed the duke that it was necessary he should hear his decree of death read over. "My good friend," replied Biron, "what am I to do?" "Sir, you must hear it on your knees." The duke approached the altar of the chapel, knelt on his right knee, and, with his elbow on the altar and his hat in his hand, listened attentively to the fatal sentence. When the registrary came to the words, "for the crime of *lèze-majesté*," he said nothing; but when he heard him read on, "for having compassed the king's death," he turned round and exclaimed, "It's false, it's false—take that out!" Then hearing that the Place de Grève, where malefactors were executed, was appointed for his death, "What, on the Grève!" he exclaimed; they observed to him that the king had remitted this part of the punishment by special favour. "What a favour!" rejoined the duke. At the words, "all his estates confiscated, and the duchy of Biron united to the crown,"—"What!" exclaimed the duke, "the king enriches himself with my poverty? And my brothers! what are they to do? The king ought to have been contented with my life." The reading of the decree ended, Biron began to dictate his will, making many bequests of his ready money and personal relics to his remaining servitors. He left 800 livres of yearly revenue, and a house that belonged to him, near Dijon, to his illegitimate son,† (he had never been married,) whom he had by Mademoiselle Gillette Sebillote, demoiselle of Sevenières, and daughter of the king's procurator at Dijon; and he gave directions for the paying of all his debts. His guards then came to take leave of him, and they approached one by one, with their hands on their swords, all weeping, to embrace the duke. These melancholy scenes continued till five in the afternoon, during which time he had sent a messenger to the Count d'Auvergne to bid him farewell; and the count in reply had returned a most affectionate message, with a request that Biron

* The chancellor died the 9th of September, 1607, more than five years after this imprecation.

† Charles de Gontault, legitimized and ennobled in 1618, died at the siege of Dole, without issue.

would consider him as the guardian of his little boy.

"Soon after five," the chronicle relates, "the registrary returned to announce to the unfortunate duke that it was time to descend to mount to God, a summons which he willingly obeyed. The scaffold was constructed in the corner of the court by the door to the garden; it was five feet high, without any hangings about it, and with a ladder placed at the bottom. The guards were in the court, the officers and *huissiers*, with the magistrates, here and there. Having come down stairs, the duke advanced ten paces without uttering a word, except 'Ha!' three times, and rather loud—then turning towards the civil lieutenant, he said, 'Sir, you have got bad guests in your house; if you do not take care they will undo you'—alluding to La Fin and the Vidasme of Chartres, his nephew, who were lodged in the lieutenant's residence. He then came to the foot of the scaffold and went down on his knees, having marched thither as though he were going to battle. He threw aside his hat, and prayed to God in a low voice, with the doctors by his side: this lasted half a quarter of an hour; and having done, he mounted the ladder without the least hesitation, clad in a habit of grey taffeta. Here, after taking off his *pourpoint*, he made exclamations to the same effect as during the morning, and added, that in truth he had been in error, but with regard to the king's person, never; for that, if he had listened to the evil counsel given him, the king would have been dead ten years ago. After these words he received absolution from the priest; then he looked at the soldiers who were guarding the gate, and said, 'Oh, how I wish that one of you would give me a shot through the body! Alas, what a pity! mercy is dead!' When the registrary said, 'Sir, your sentence must be read'—'I have already heard it,' he replied—'Sir,' rejoined the registrary, 'we must read it again'—'Read, read!' said the duke. Still the duke talked on all the time, at first tranquilly, but when he again heard the words, 'for having compassed the king's life'—'Gentlemen!' he exclaimed, 'this is false! Take that out of the sentence! I never thought of such a thing!' The sentence having being read, the divines again admonished him to pray to God, which he did, and then bandaged his eyes himself, and put himself on his knees; but all of a sudden he tore off his handkerchief and looked full at the executioner. It was thought by those who were present that he intended to seize the executioner's sword, which, however, he did not find; because, when some one said to him that he must have his hair cut off and his hands bound, he uttered an oath, and exclaimed, 'Come not near me! I cannot bear it; if you provoke me, I'll throttle half the people I see here!' At which words there might be seen some who had swords at their sides, and yet looked at the ladder of the scaffold in order to get out of his way. At length he called Monsieur de Barenton, who had guarded him in the prison; and who, mounting upon the scaffold, bandaged his eyes, tied up his hair, and then said to the executioner, 'Be quick! be quick!' The executioner, to divert the duke's attention, said to him, 'Sir, you must repeat your *In Manus*,' and then, making a sign to his valet to hand him his sword, cut off his head so dexterously that the stroke was hardly perceived! The head fell off at a bound into the court, but was taken up and placed on the scaffold; the body was immediately covered with a black and white cloth, and the same evening was buried in the church of St Paul, in the middle of the nave before the pulpit, the interment being without ceremony, and attended by only six priests, with a few other persons."

Thus died, in his fortieth year, one of the most gallant commanders and most accomplished courtiers ever produced by France. His execution was the last of any great note that took place within the walls of the Bastile; and his tragic end still remains as a difficulty to be solved by the panegyrists of Henry IV., who thereby incurred, among a large portion of his subjects, the imputation of having too hastily listened to suspicious evidence, and overlooked the great service of a misled but noble-hearted gentleman. It was on the 31st of July 1602, when the execution took place; and, as the reverend Fathers Felibien and Lobineau observe, with the utmost

naïveté, in their History of the French capital—"His disaster made much noise in all Europe, and particularly in Paris, where it was the subject of conversation in every society for all the month of August." There are three portraits of the unfortunate maréchal in the collection at Versailles: they represent him as a man of personable appearance, with uncommon vivacity of expression, sharp grey eyes, a high forehead, rather florid checks, and the air of a man of noble birth and talent. His death, as Henry promised, did not affect his family; and the name maintained its place among the leaders of the nation until, within these later times, the republican spirit of France has driven out all that are good and noble from any share in public affairs.

Of the noblemen implicated with the Duke de Biron, Auvergne, after two months' imprisonment, was fully returned to royal favour; so was the Baron de Lux, who seems to have satisfied the king's conscience that the maréchal was justly condemned, since Henry employed his usual expression, that he would not have lost the explanations of the baron "for two hundred thousand crowns." The Baron de Fontanelle was broken alive upon the wheel, in the Place de Grève, in the September following; and Montbarrault, governor of Rennes, was imprisoned for a long period in the fortress that had witnessed Biron's death. The Duke de Bouillon, though promised a safe conduct to go and come if he would wait on Henry at Fontainbleau, thought it most prudent to retire into Germany; and the Prince de Joinville, who was arrested by the king's order, was after a long detention adjudged innocent and set at liberty.

THE FOWLER.

By Delta.

And is there care in heav'n? and is there love
In heav'nly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is—else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts. But oh! the exceeding grace
Of highest God! that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve on wicked man—to serve his wicked foe.

Spenser.

I have an old remembrance—'tis as old
As childhood's visions, and 'tis mingled with
Dim thoughts, and scenes grotesque, by fantasy
From out oblivion's twilight conjured up,
Ere truth had shorn imagination's beams,
Or to forlorn reality tamed down
The buoyant spirit. Yes! the shapes and hues
Of winter twilight, often as the year
Revolves, and hoar frost grimes the window sill,
Bring back the lone waste scene that gave it birth,
And make me, for a moment, what I was
Then, on that Polar morn—a little boy,
And Earth again the realm of fairyland.

A Fowler was our visitant; his talk
At eve beside the flickering hearth, while howl'd
The outward winds, and hail-drops on the pane
Tinkled, or down the chimney in the flame
Whizz'd as they melted, was of forest and field,
Wherein lay bright wild birds and timorous beasts,
That shunn'd the face of man; and oh! the joy,
The passion which lit up his brow, to con

The feats of slight and cunning skill by which
Their haunts were near'd, or on the heathy hills,
Or 'mid the undergrove; on snowy moor,
Or by the rushy lake—what time the dawn
Reddens the east, or from on high the moon
In the smooth waters sees her picture's orb,
The white cloud slumbering in the windless sky,
And midnight mantling all the silent hills.

I do remember me the very time—
Though thirty shadowy years have lapsed between—
'Tis graven as by the hand of yesterday.
For weeks had raved the winds; the angry seas
Howl'd to the darkness, and down fallen the snows;
The redbreast to the window came for crumbs;
Hunger had to the coleworts driven the hare;
The crow, at noontide, peck'd the travell'd road;
And the wood-pigeon, timorously bold,
Starved from the forest, near'd the homes of man.—
It was the dreariest depth of winter-tide,
And on the ocean and its isles was felt
The iron sway of the North; yea, even the fowl—
That through the polar summer months could see
A beauty in Spitzbergen's naked isles,
Or on the drifting icebergs seek a home—
Even they had fled, on southern wing, in search
Of less inclement shores.
Perturb'd by dreams
Pass'd o'er the slow night-watches; many a thought
And many a hope was forward bent on morn;
But weary was the tedious chime on chime,
And hour on hour 'twas dark, and still 'twas dark.
At length we arose—for now we counted five—
And by the flickering hearth array'd ourselves
In coats and 'kerchiefs, for the early drift
And biting season fit; the fowling-piece
Was shoulder'd, and the blood-stain'd game-pouch slung
On this side, and the gleaming flask on that:
In sooth, we were a most accordant pair;
And thus accoutred, to the lone sea-shore
In fond and fierce precipitance we flew.

There was no breath abroad; each in its cave,
As if enchanted, slept the winds, and left
Earth in a voiceless trance: around the porch
All stirlessly the darksome ivy clung;
All silently the leafless trees held up
Their bare boughs to the sky; the atmosphere,
Untroubled in its cold serenity,
Wept icy dews; and now the later stars,
As by some hidden necromantic charm,
Dilate, amid the death-like calm profound,
On the white slumber-mantled earth gazed down.—
Words may not tell, how to the temperament,
And to the hue of that enchanted hour,
The spirit was subdued: a wizard scene!
In the far west, the Pentland's gloomy ridge
Belted the pale blue sky, whereon a cloud,
Fantastic, grey, and tinged with solemn light,
Lay like a dreaming monster, and the moon,
Waning, above its silvery rim upheld
Her horns—as 'twere the Spectre of the Past.

Silently, silently, on we trode and trode,
As if a spell had frozen up our words :—
White lay the wolds around us, ankle deep
In new-fallen snows, which champ'd beneath our tread ;
And, by the marge of winding Esk, which show'd
The mirror'd stars upon its map of ice,
Downwards in haste we journey'd to the shore
Of Ocean, whose drear, multitudinous voice
Unto the listening spirit of silence sang.

Oh, leaf ! from out the volume of far years
Dissever'd, oft, how oft have the young buds
Of spring unfolded, have the summer skies
In their deep blue o'ercanopied the earth,
And autumn, in September's ripening breeze,
Rustled her harvests, since the theme was one
Present, and darkly all that Future lay,
Which now is of the perish'd and the past !
Since then a generation's span hath fled,
With all its varied whirls of chance and change—
With all its casualties of birth and death ;
And, looking round, sadly I feel this world
Another, though the same ;—another in
The eyes that gleam, the hearts that throb, the hopes,
The fears, the friendships of the soul ; the same
In outward aspect—in the hills which cleave—
As landmarks of historical renown—
With azure peaks the sky ; in the green plain,
That spreads its annual wild-flowers to the sun ;
And in the river, whose blue course is mark'd
By many a well-known bend and shadowy tree :—
Yet o'er the oblivious gulf, whose mazy gloom
Ensepulchres so many things, I see
As 'twere of yesterday—yet robed in tints
Which yesterday has lost, or never had—
The desolate features of that Polar morn,—
Its twilight shadows, and its twinkling stars—
The snows far spreading—the expanse of sand,
Ribb'd by the roaring and receded sea,
And, shedding over all a wizard light,
The waning moon above the dim-seen hills.

At length, upon the solitary shore
We walk'd of ocean, which, with sullen voice,
Hollow and never-ceasing, to the north
Sang its primeval song. A weary waste !—
We pass'd through pools, where muscle, clam, and wilk,
Clove to their gravelly beds ; o'er slimy rocks,
Ridgy and dark, with dank fresh fuci green,
Where the prawn wriggled, and the tiny crab
Slid sideway from our path, until we gain'd
The land's extremest point, a sandy jut,
Narrow, and by the weltering waves begirt
Around ; and there we laid us down and watch'd,
While from the west the pale moon disappear'd,
Pronely, the sea-fowl and the coming dawn.

Now day with darkness for the mastery strove ;—
The stars had waned away—all, save the last
And fairest, Lucifer, whose silver lamp,
In solitary beauty, twinkling, shone
'Mid the far west, where, through the clouds of rack

Floating around, peep'd out at intervals
A patch of sky;—straightway the reign of night
Was finish'd, and, as if instinctively,
The ocean flocks, or slumbering on the wave
Or on the isles, seem'd the approach of dawn
To feel; and, rising from afar, were heard
Shrill shrieks and pipings desolate—a pause
Ensued, and then the same lone sounds return'd,
And suddenly the whirring rush of wings
Went circling round us o'er the level sands,
Then died away; and, as we look'd aloft
Between us and the sky, we saw a speck
Of black upon the blue—some huge, wild bird,
Osprey or eagle, high amid the clouds
Sailing majestic, on its plumes to catch
The earliest crimson of the approaching day.

'Twere sad to tell our murderous deeds that morn.—
Silent upon the chilly beach we lay
Prone, while the drifting snow-flakes o'er us fell,
Like nature's frozen tears, for our misdeeds
Of wanton cruelty. The eider ducks,
With their wild eyes, and necks of changeful blue,
We watch'd, now diving down, now on the surge
Flapping their pinions, of our ambuscade
Unconscious—till a sudden death was found:
While floating o'er us, in the graceful curves
Of silent beauty, down the sea-mew fell:
The gilinot upon the shell-bank lay
Bleeding, and oft, in wonderment, its mate
Flew round, with mournful cry, to bid it rise,
Then shrieking, fled afar; the sand-pipers,
A tiny flock, innumerable, as round
And round they flew, bewail'd their broken ranks:
And the scared heron sought his inland marsh.
With blood-bedabbled plumes around us rose
A slaughter'd hecatomb; and to my heart,
(My heart then open to all sympathies,)
It spoke of tyrannous cruelty—of man
The desolator; and of some far day,
When the accountable shall make account,
And but the merciful shall mercy find.

Soul-sicken'd, satiate, and dissatisfied,
An alter'd being, homewards I return'd,
My thoughts revolting at the thirst for blood
So brutalizing, so destructive of
The finer sensibilities, which man
In boyhood owns, and which the world destroys.—
Nature had preach'd a sermon to my heart:
And from that moment, on that snowy morn,
I loathed the purpose and the power to kill.

POEMS BY M. M.

EARLY DAWN—LOVE AND HOPE.

So ends the glory of the night—
  So dreary doth the morn appear—
So pale my spirit's warning light—
  So joyless to be lingering here.

Are stars, indeed, but dying fires?
  Is dawn, indeed, so deathly cold?—
Grey images of chance desires,
  That perish while their leaves unfold?

Is all my soul's unquenched love
  But the faint shadow of a dream?
Must all my hopes unstable prove—
  Uncertain bubbles of a stream?

Shall all my heart's outgoings back
  Unto their silent stream return—
No mingling waters in their track?
  Dull lesson, which with years I learn!

That early life repaireth not
  The ending lustre of the sky;
So sadly fails my forward thought,
  I hope to weep—I love to die.

Oh inward, wasting, loving flame,
  That warms none other breast but mine!
Which ever burns alone, the same,
  In my own being's depths to shine!

Not *here* affection finds its scope,
  Its heritage is fix'd above—
Where shall my heart secure its hope?
  When shall my spirit rest in love?

Oh! let me die at dawn—
  The stir of living men
Would call my warning spirit back
  Unto its home again.

But at the early light
  Existence seems afar,
Back in the depths of parted time,
  As fading planets are.

Let me go forth alone,
  Before the sun uprise,
And meet the springing of the moon
  In its own distant skies.

Yes! let me die at dawn—
  The stir of living men
Would call my waning spirit back,
  Unto its home again.

SONG.

Vow no more: I did not think
  Love could die so soon;
Sigh deceit to other maidens
  Underneath the moon;
Sing thy songs beneath their bowers—
Gather them thy choicest flowers.

Weep no more: thy tears are false
  As a morning vapour;
Write no more thy lays of love
  By thy midnight taper;
Love is fading in my bosom
Like a rosebud's scatter'd blossom.

Yet I thought thou once wast true,
  Even as now I doubt thee;
I can never smile again
  If I live without thee;
Was the treachery in thy *will?*
Dost thou *surely* love me still?

A NIGHTLY REMEMBRANCE.

Do *angels* haunt the scenes of earth?
  Then whither dost thou roam?
Not in the city's teeming heart—
  Not in thy quiet home;

Not where the twisted yew-tree hangs
  Above thy death-hush'd grave;
Not where the alder's trembling boughs
  In the blue midnight wave.

But in the cumbrous solitudes,
  Where mountain shadows dim,
Rest in unenter'd vastnesses
  Where never moonbeams gleam.

Let none intrude to mar the peace
  Of thine eternal thought,
For thou didst love those solitudes
  Where giddy life was not.

Rest in thy great unbroken love
  Of still imaginings,
Which nought but death could teach to thee—
  Which nought but dying brings.

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S POSITION ON NEXT RESUMING POWER.

Sometimes we see events, impending through a long period and brooding over men's expectations, gathering silently under causes so determinate, and strengthened by tendencies concurring so entirely to one sole result, as at length to assume that character of grandeur which belongs to the inevitable. Such an event, so prepared by circumstances, so matured by a clamorous succession of public necessities, is the approaching return of Sir Robert Peel to power. It is an event not directly promoted by himself; not solicited by his supporters; favoured by no intrigues, pointing to no interest of faction; and yet it is universally felt to be certain. If of any administration whatever, formed in past times under any conflict of principles, we may assume of this, that it will rest upon the acquiescence of the nation. So long as a strife exists between an unlimited theory of Reform and a hostile policy of Conservation, it is hopeless for any minister to calculate upon a general popularity. That condition of luxury for a political leader would be a condition of torpor for the public service; and as little to be wished for by us as it is to be expected by him. But thus far we rely upon a pretty tolerant state of feeling towards Sir Robert, even in the most revolutionary section of our Reformers—that, of all Conservatives, he is notoriously the most indulgent towards the temper of occasional reform; reform as indicated by some real official experience, but not as the *vis animatrix* of a general revolutionary scheme; and next, because, from all the signs of the times, we judge that any such indefinite profession of reform, such an unconditional policy of change, has now lost any footing which it once had in the national mind. We do not believe that any general agitation for a purpose of general change, would now meet with the merest toleration. We are of opinion that the very acquiescence and tranquillity, which we are noticing in the public temper under the prospect of a Peel administration, puts this question out of doubt. There is no man blind enough to suppose, that any large theoretic projects of recasting our constitution, could wear a promise of patronage or favour under such a leader. And it is reasonable, therefore, to conclude, that no such projects any longer exist amongst a party large enough to be formidable for us or hopeful for themselves.

We believe the great Reform mania, which has agitated our public atmosphere in varying strength through the last eleven years, to be now at length ebbing to its very lees. It has passed through all its natural stages; it has had time to exhaust itself by a regular commensurate experience; and amongst that body who ever lent it the terror of a tumultuary support, amongst the immense mass who understood it in the sense of a combined plan for making a totally new distribution of the national property, it has gradually died away by such absolute disappointment as will effectually guarantee its profound abeyance, until this generation has passed away with all its recollections. To fancy that poor labouring men, working for their daily bread, would have made those efforts and demonstrations which nine and ten years ago they *did* make—on no expectations more personal than of that inconceivably small increment for their political influence, which, in the very highest result, could have settled upon themselves individually—is a chimera too wild for discussion. For such a poor fractional privilege, which, by ceasing to be a narrow distinction, would cease even to be an ornament, these children of labour felt all the cynical scorn which it deserved. What they had put their faith in—what they had been instructed to put their faith in—was a thorough, perfect, searching recast of the entire national property, by which thousands would suffer, but millions were to gain.

It does not reflect upon a poor man's understanding, that he should imagine such effects to be possible under such a division; nor, when we think of the plans agitated in many nations and in many times for a composition with the national creditor, does it necessarily reflect upon the quality of his conscience that he should contemplate such a re-distribution as desirable. A poor man

entertains pretty generally an obscure notion of the mode by which the existing arrangement of property has been reached. He is not at all sure but injustice and unequal combination may have had as much to do with it as just industry and honourable enterprize; and in this country there is an old traditional faith in the omnipotence of Parliament to stamp a sanction upon that which otherwise might be unlawful. Granting such a new division of funds to be wrong *per se*, a poor man believes that Parliament could make it right.

But, wrong or right, with plausible grounds or none at all, it is certain that the poor man of 1832 *did* believe in the coming revolution of property which we here notice. He *was* tempted into lending the terrific support of his order, and carrying its numerical weight to the cause of Reform, under a delusion that Reform was a gentle name for a fierce but salutary experiment. He *was* encouraged in this belief by many who knew better; and under a notion that such a process of spoliation was not always to disorganize a state, but sometimes, with proper sanctions, the sole means of re-organizing an old state when deeply diseased, and that perhaps all nations, at periodic intervals, went through a similar course of remodelling. This was the principle on which so tempestuous an effort was carried forward in the early stages of Reform; and the history of Great Britain will not be truly written if this extensive but very natural delusion amongst the poor is overlooked as the inner strength of the reforming cause. No man likes to acknowledge his own past extravagances; still less when their disappointment has been signally recorded; least of all when that disappointment, unmitigated by the slightest apology from those who deluded him, or by any injunction to hope better from future efforts, seems to challenge some error, some vice, some taint in his original hopes. Where his political leader refuses to recognise any failure of his expectations, *that* is in effect to deny the expectation as ever having been reasonable or just. These leaders and exciters in reality affect *now* to put out of view, not even consciously to regard as possibilities, those motives which secretly they knew, and they know to have been, the sole motives; motives to which they themselves daily contributed by words, spoken, but not written—by statements insinuated, but not avowed—in order that no evidences might exist against themselves when the day of promises had passed, and the days of performance were sinking into large arrears. A man blushes to acknowledge anticipations which his friend will laugh at as romantic, and which his enemy will throw in his teeth as wicked. But he has not, therefore, hidden from himself these painful recollections; and the readiest way to brighten them into fierce reaction will be—a second time to ask him for a second effort of political agitation. *Manet altâ mente repostum.* If he still broods over the social arrangements of property as a wrong and an oppression—if that delusion still abides with him—he has learned, at least, to view the proposal of redressing it through political combination as a second and more intolerable wrong; so much the worse than the other, as mockery and insult are worse than violent wrong. And not for himself only, but for many who will belong to the next generation; for the children who surrounded his fireside during that carnival and jubilee of impracticable visions, those many conversations must have faded to the last mortifying trace by which he sought to propagate his own hopes, and to strengthen his own belief, through sympathy widely reverberated, before another co-operation can be demanded from the poor by selfish political incendiaries towards any vague purpose of general reform. For a solitary object, such as a corn-law delusion—for an object not too large to be obtained by petition from Parliament—a partial or a local confederacy may again take effect between the poor and interested demagogues; but never again, so long as the deep remembrances survive from the cruel illusion of their hopes between 1830 and 1835, can a popular agitation be won in England to any scheme of organic change, such as is meant to operate by overawing Parliament, or by violently changing places with the rich.

It is not only that this bitter experience must have perished with its lessons, before again the poor would be seduced into a commerce so treacherous; but also it must be remembered that, even in 1830, even for that single experiment, the poor could not have

been seduced had it not been that Parliament itself, and public life in all its departments, bore testimony at the time to some deep-seated internal convulsion. It was reasonable in any man to believe, from the indications every where apparent, that some elementary force was acting on society equal to its total decomposition and renewal; vast changes were resounding from France; and at home a spectacle never seen before, viz. a most ancient body—the supreme council of the kingdom — suddenly laying aside all resistance, and resigning itself to revolution as to a fate that had become inevitable; the king, the aristocracy, no longer denying the call for Reform, but unanimously preparing for such a process, as now confessedly beyond all human means of evasion, or resisting it only so far as regarded the particular terms of their capitulation: all this unexampled commotion, renewing the images of the French states-general in 1789, inaugurating a mighty revolution not yet exhausted, furnished to poor men, already credulously predisposed towards the idea that social institutions had been, perhaps, originally one vast creation of fraud, some rational plea for believing that at length nature and conscience, or the contagion of panic, was recalling society to an ampler equity; that a Parliament thoroughly reformed would first be found equal to the duty of reforming the laws of property; and that, under a body of commissioners controlled by this beneficent senate, such a re-assignment of lands and chattels would be effected as henceforward to leave no absolute pauper in the land, and to make dependence a forgotten state. Doubtless this was an error impossible to men of extended judgment: but it was no error at all to believe that some unexampled movement was abroad amongst us; that a power had suddenly arisen like frenzy or brain-fever, setting in towards extreme revolutions; and that the only chance for moderating its excesses was by concession and retreat for the moment, reserving all attempts at opposition until some reaction should begin to disclose itself. Never before, within the knowledge of man reasoning and reasonable, had there been so abrupt a transition from a temper almost of harsh bigotry in one direction, to a mere effeminacy of relaxation and concession in another, as revealed itself in the bosom of the English aristocracy within a few weeks of one single summer. In its degree, merely by the quantity of its excess, to this hour the revolutionary fever of 1830 remains somewhat of a mystery. But whether it can be fully explained, or not explained, out of the various unexpected concurrences of that summer, such as the death of an unreforming prince, the accession of a more weak and conceding sovereign, the profound sympathy with a French precedent just then unfolding itself—at all events, the coincidences moving towards revolution were of that rare character which cannot often recur. And what we insist on is, that such a sanction to extravagant hopes once again must recur in the external aspects of things, before we can reasonably fear a similar movement of licentious expectation and licentious combination amongst poor working men; that this is one condition indispensable to such a delusion; that the other condition is, the previous oblivion amongst the poor of their own bitter disappointment in this memorable case, leaving them after eleven years with sad remembrances of complex delusion, but otherwise precisely where it found them; and that neither of these conditions taken separately would be sufficient, that both jointly are requisite, for recalling an equal *mania* of national agitation; which mania having once existed, must not be called historically impossible, but which assuredly, by all laws of probability, can hardly revolve upon us for many centuries to come.

Such are the two extremes, or outermost terms, of our memorable reforming interlude between 1830 and 1841: an earlier term, in which the movement manifested itself as a fierce access of disease, as a frenzy sudden, dangerous, and past all control; a later term in which, having run its course, the same principle puts on the type of collapse, of hopeless prostration, and of almost penitential mortification for the delusions to which it had lent itself, and the half criminal hopes which it had excited. The *crisis* or *acmé* of this frenzy, we take to have been coming forward about four or five years ago. The worst stage was then past. And the way in which that change connects itself with Sir Robert

Peel's recall to power, is this:—continually, as any symptom of relapse occurred, or any feature of the old morbid virulence was restored by accidents of public life, the restiveness renewed itself towards all proposals of a Conservative government, as that which would finally stamp out the last sparks of a vast conflagration still lingering in its embers. Gradually this violence appeared to decay: and in that proportion we could not doubt but gradually we were surmounting the disease with which we had been inoculated in 1830. Next came a temper of absolute reconciliation towards the Conservative party. Then came repeated proofs, from electioneering contests in towns which had once been the strongholds of Reform, that the scales were shifting their proportions; that the balance of influence, even amongst the Reformers, was passing over steadily to the Tories. And, for the last two years, the tendencies of Sir Robert Peel's party into office have rather resembled a movement of gravitation, restoring some weight that had been violently projected into its natural place, than any result from efforts of partizanship. Consequently, the point of view in which we now regard a Peel administration is—as fixing a period to our long revolutionary interlude; as proclaiming a final termination to all conceits of changing Great Britain into a republic; and as announcing that, after great waste of national effort, after imminent peril, after needless anxiety, after an ever memorable delirium, we are once again clearing the deep shadows of eclipse—once more emerging into our old luminous course of action, resuming ancient principles, and an ancient spirit of moderation.

That a Peel cabinet is good and valid evidence for so much—that, under the circumstances which introduce it, such a government may be taken as a monument that the waters of the great deluge have subsided—to us seems undeniable. For that a Peel government should be tranquilly contemplated for an hour by any section of Reformers, is a proof that they feel the Reform cause to be a hopeless interest. And, in fact, the expectations of all men have pointed in that direction for the last two years. But when the anticipation has been of such duration, the subject of anticipation ought naturally to hold by a tenure in some reasonable proportion; for with us, and it is a characteristic point of difference between ourselves and France, there is in any case no external demand for novelty in our administrations; so that any cheerful acquiescence in a promised government, implies a readiness to abide by its principles for a series of years. The public service, we must be sure, suffers essentially by frequent changes in the government, even where those changes are, upon the whole, for the better in point of principle. In France, also, this inconvenience from changes too multiplied is powerfully felt; but it is there overruled by a transcendent necessity, affecting the king personally.

Perhaps it may be worth while to pause for a moment, whilst we state our own view of the cause which is at work in producing so continued and so rapid a succession of cabinets in France. This cause, we believe, lies in the hostility between the interest of the reigning king and the hereditary instinct of the people. It is a mere instinct of the French people, an indefeasible propensity of the national vanity, to affect a state of warfare. On the other hand, war, being always conducted by French armies for the last fifty years as a mode of revolutionary excitement, either the national chief must lend himself to that excitement, or he must fall before it. In any case, such a war would infallibly react upon the present king and his family with ultimate ruin. This is acutely felt by so prudent a prince; and as, on the part of almost every minister in turn, there is an adulterous commerce with the belligerent spirit as the sole obvious means of courting popularity, in compensation there is necessarily on the king's part a perpetual counteraction to this ministerial mode of intrigue, by preparing the means of vitiating the minister's popularity, or of overthrowing his power precisely at the moment when the popularity or the power might be applied with effect to the kindling of a war. Just when the unprincipled servant has been painfully sowing the seeds of a quarrel, or just as he has matured his expansion of the national resources for meeting so dreadful an explosion, the king, who has been watching him all along, sees that the time has arrived for breaking up his te-

nure of office—either by making him incapable of popular confidence through an overwhelming shower of royal favours, (a method of ruining a demagogue which, amongst ourselves, was practised successfully upon Mr Pulteney and others;) or he defeats his power by introducing dissension between the minister and his colleagues; or, if no blander mode presents itself, by a summary act of power he lays him aside seasonably, before the wily man has finished his schemes for placing the nation at his back. Sometimes, again, he is fortunate enough to damage a minister by embroiling him with the Chambers. But, through all this variety of artifices, unhappily made indispensable to his own safety, the king pursues steadily one uniform purpose—that of evading the popular danger by defeating the popular minister; in this way restoring the equipoise of the national balance between peace and war; and using a large succession of ministers, as so many pawns at chess, for maintaining his game against the people, without need of risking more capital advantages.

It is our great happiness, mean time, in England—that no such conflict of inclinations exists between the sovereign and the people. Rarely does any necessity arise for suddenly dismissing an administration, unless where a principal minister is obviously using his power to perpetuate a false policy by an act of Parliament, as Charles Fox in relation to India. Far more frequently, it is not the sovereign (as in France) who primarily sacrifices the minister to the necessities of his game against the people; but the people, who, by forcing upon the sovereign a change of policy, compel a change of ministers as the means of fulfilling that object. And, generally speaking, it is agreeable to the gravity of our nation—that a cabinet not originally acceptable to the people, or even suspicious to the people by the quality of its principles, should be allowed a sufficient trial, if tried at all, for giving an effectual probation to its scheme of policy. We Conservatives, for instance, have been as willing to look on passively, whilst the Melbourne ministry were revealing their "capabilities," as any more confiding section of politicians. Above all things, we felt it to be desirable, that such men should not be allowed the privilege of pleading an insufficient trial. And the prudence of that course has been justified by the event. For most certainly, we should never have known of what this Melbourne ministry was capable, had the last six years been intercepted from our national experience, by a different selection of advisers on the part of the reigning sovereign. Never would it have been held possible that British statesmen should lend themselves to the maintenance of an electioneering system confessedly founded in fraud. It would have been held a mere extravagance of spleen to put the case as to any party whatever—whether they could stake their own official existence upon the upholding of such a system. Simply to suppose, by way of hypothesis, what time and chance have brought within our knowledge—for instance, their connexion with Mr O'Connell, the nature of its degradation, the precariousness of its tenure—all this would be regarded as malignant slander, if it had been merely prefigured as a thing possible by the speculator, and not recorded as a reality of public experience by the neutral historian. Dreams, scandals, fiction, and fiction incoherent in itself, as unplausible as uncharitable, would have been the sweeping reply—"*Incredulus odi*" would have been the outcry from every man—had that part of the Melbourne annals been presupposed, or prophetically described, not historically deduced, which concerns their tenacity of office. Would it any where have found credit—that in an English parliament, considering what hereditary rules have bounded and restrained the blank energies of power in all parties by turns, any body of statesmen whatsoever should have disowned the authority and coercion of adverse majorities? And this not once or twice, but so often that no man charges his memory with the number of their defeats, any more than he would care to count the oaths of dicers, or to keep a register of smugglers' perjuries. Were each hostile majority upon capital points of policy to have inflicted a gun-shot wound, by this time the body of that Melbourne ministry would have been not so much riddled like a sieve, as laid into one vast confluent ulcer. They even take a pride in their humiliations; and, as a witch reads prayers backwards, they seem to have discovered some

preposterous or inverse glory in the number of beatings which they have digested. And we repeat—that nothing short of the actual experience, would have made credible the possibility of that experience when affirmed of any English state party.

The reader will deeply misconceive us if he views this abstract of the Melbourne ministry in any light of railing against their persons. In facts, separated from judgments, there never can be any railing; and there would be an easy resource for every public man under the reaction of his own conduct, if a pointed rehearsal of his delinquencies were liable to challenge as scurrility. The sting lies in the acts, not in the words. However, it is not our practice to traffic in personalities, no matter whether true or false. Nor is this rehearsal of notorious features in the Melbourne government of a nature to be confounded with any mode of culpable personality. The use, the application, will determine the quality of the reproach. We have noticed these points at all as carrying a graver value than belongs (or, we hope, *could* belong) to a simple appreciation of a ministry now rapidly nearing to that extinction which will probably be final. It is for a higher end, for a purpose of comparison, that we fix the reader's eye upon that particular degradation, amongst other degradations, which involves itself in pertinacious clinging to office. We all know that some great criminals have been thought almost to redeem the evil of their lives by the magnanimity of their deaths; and of one such criminal Shakspeare tells us—that nothing in his whole life had so much become him as his mode of quitting it. This sentiment, precisely inverted, expresses the peculiar distinction of the party now in office. Degraded as their career may have been, their perverseness in closing it surmounts its other degradation. The vassal of O'Connell should with difficulty, one might think, have added to that claim upon the general disrespect another equal pretension. But this *has* been found possible. And because there is a rich weight of instruction in one expression of the ministerial refractoriness on this occasion of resisting their fate, we solicit a close attention whilst we point its true moral to the understanding.

When a man has to die upon a scaffold, rarely indeed can it happen that all indignation is not swallowed up at the moment in sympathy with human suffering; yet even in such circumstances, where it taxes the ingenuity of the ingenious to defeat our pity, such a result *can* be accomplished. We remember a case, shocking and scandalous, to have been exhibited in public, where a criminal carried his pusillanimity so far as absolutely to cancel the pity of the bystanders: contempt, sad even as a possibility in such a case, predominated as the final sentiment amongst the crowd. Long after all resistance was vain, he still continued to resist; and he dishonoured the last struggle, for which meek submission was the sole appropriate grace, by resolutely clinging with his feet to the woodwork of the scaffold, and refusing to meet his fate until mere exhaustion surrendered him to the last abyss. Now, by comparison with all other administrations, that of Lord Melbourne—or, more strictly, Lord Melbourne individually—has exhibited a similar perversity of tenacious despair. Chop off his hands, he clings by his feet; chop off his feet, he clings by his teeth. And in reality, even these images do not express the intensity of that last desperate struggle by which Lord Melbourne has clung to his seat. The case is altogether personal to Lord Melbourne; he only of the present cabinet has so committed himself;—but still we can well believe that the motive was *not* personal—that, with *his* easiness of nature, no such appalling tergiversation would have been adopted for any interest of his own—it was by consulting other interests than such as affected himself directly, that he could ever have consented to put on record an exhibition so scandalous in an English Prime Minister as that which we are going to expose. It is a great coercing force with a good-natured man—to know that a whole brotherhood of men, some being, perhaps, his intimate friends, look up to him as the general trustee and depositary of their common welfare. The silent consciousness of such a fact, makes a stronger appeal to a man's kind feelings than any clamour that could be imagined. So driven, so coerced, so distracted, we imagine Lord Melbourne must have been—

before he would consent to that last desperate effort at retrieving popularity, by professing to have altered his views on the Corn-Laws. Fancy not, reader, that our meaning comes within the correction of those moral common-places upon the magnanimity of frankly confessing an error when you see it, or the true wisdom of not mistaking obstinacy for self-consistency. Had Lord Melbourne professed to have received new lights on the question, and acknowledged that he had hitherto acted under some misconception, perhaps a shade of suspicion might have rested on the critical *seasonableness* of such a sudden conversion; but otherwise, the chief practical anxiety would have been, to learn the nature of that misconception which could so grossly avail to obstruct a great minister's view of the true public interest. What was it that he *had* thought? What was it that he *did* think? It would be highly instructive to know. And every professor of political economy throughout the three kingdoms, would have stood on tip-toe, with his pen and his note-book, ready for taking down the confessions of an elderly sinner converted from Corn-Lawism? But Lord Melbourne pleads to no such confession. He denies altogether that he has changed any opinion. That is not his case. Then, what is? Something must have changed—what is it? It is the circumstances that have changed, replies the premier. Now, the effect of that word circumstances is, at once to translate any question into another word; and, generally speaking, we receive it as an intimation that the same private concerns of the person using it are connected with his reserve, so that good-breeding checks us in pressing our enquiries. But what can there be of a private bearing in a gentleman's intercourse with the Corn-Laws? Flirting prevails certainly in quarters where one would not always suspect it; but surely no man flirts with such a mistress as political economy? Yet some meaning, then, ought to be in this memorable declaration. Lord Melbourne was that minister who had publicly pronounced it to be "*maniacal*"—that was his very word—to tamper with the Corn-Laws. He also, the same Lord Melbourne and no other, was that minister, who, under a desperate necessity of going out, angled—if it were but for a nibble of popularity—drew upon his resources as for a final stake—by this profession of readiness to repeal what, some months before, it had been very midsummer madness to touch. To account for this astounding self-contradiction, to prevent people, on a double argument, from suspecting his sanity of mind—(1st, As in a case which he had himself made a test *per se* of lunacy; 2dly, from the enormity of the transition, a transition from one policy to its polar negative)—he protests that no change was in him, he thought as he had ever done, viz. that it was maniacal to touch the Corn-Laws, *given* the existing circumstances of 1840; but that, in 1841, these circumstances—all or some—had shifted, leaving the general argument exactly as it had always been, but affecting its application to the particular case. The *data* were no longer the same; the case to be reasoned upon in 1841, was not what it had been in the previous year.

Now, a brief inquisition will put that allegation to rest. *How* was it different? Let the finger be placed upon the particular point which had shifted. Two of the most ordinary arguments for the Corn-Laws may be expressed in six words:—1st, That simply, as a mode of DEPENDENCE upon possible enemies, any large resort to foreigners for the chief support of life would be perilous. 2dly, That as a mode, *pro tanto*, of diminishing our rural population, it would tend to a MAL-COMPOSITION of our social state. These are two of the strong arguments used in behalf of restraints on the foreign corn trade. Now it is self-evident, that neither of these is of a nature to be affected by any changes that a few years could produce. A third argument has been derived from the quantity of SHIPPING required for any large importation. All the navies of the world, warlike or commercial, applied constantly (winter and summer) to this object, would not avail for importing the total corn consumption of Great Britain. Even a two months' consumption would transcend any disposable means. If then you propose to import little, the answer is, we have usually done so; and, in this way, you make no change. If you propose to import much, then

this argument as to shipping applies with more and more severity as the quantity increases. How is it possible for Lord Melbourne to mean that this element has changed — that the relation of available SHIPPING has changed?

Too palpably it has not: and thus are three principal grounds of the one side, out of which, by any possibility could a change arise for the other side, summarily disposed of. The quality of our population, the degree of our dependency, the relative adjustment of our commercial shipping, or of any that could be hired—all three are of a nature to change only through vast ranges of time. And so far the absurdity is too gross, that the case of 1841 could have shifted from that of 1840, to be faced deliberately by any man, desperate or not desperate, bankrupt in argument or not bankrupt.

But there is a fourth topic in the same direction, far less understood, and which at this time might demand an independent consideration. Subtler disputants will say—"You do not understand. You shape the dilemma of *more or not more* in the importation, so as to make an absurdity follow either way. For, if we should say *more*, then you show that these three arguments would in that precise proportion press more and more cogently. And, if we should say, *not more, but the same*, then you reply that we make no change. The 'no change' is useless; and the particular change is ruinous. But the case is far otherwise. The true argument is not hit either way. For what we say is—import no more, not a bushel more; but allow this present importation as a free importation: make it liable to no duty under any circumstances; make it permanent, so as to be counted on by growers and importers, by buyers and sellers—and mark what follows. The price of corn here and every where is such as to cover the *dearest* growth. Not the best qualities of soil, but the worst, are what govern the price; as a teacher must adapt his lesson, not to the quickest pupil but to the slowest. Now, if you would let the English market depend to a certainty upon receiving one fixed part of its demand from the best qualities of foreign soil, you would by that one act knock off from our English machinery the lowest rounds of the ladder—not much in amount, but very much in effect. For each round knocked off would knock off, say five shillings a quarter; and three such rounds knocked off would reduce the price by fifteen shillings. The existing price is not required to the upper qualities of soil; *they* could supply the market at a much lower rate, but it is required by these lowest rounds, since the price must be such as to cover the worst equally with the best; and for the same article at the same time there cannot be two prices."

This is the stronghold of the Corn-Law enemies. And how is it met? Easily and decisively thus. Granted, we say. True it is, as you allege, that our prices—that every body's price for corn—must depend on this descent, or *devolution* as we will call it, through ranges of different machinery. Each separate range attaches its own separate increment to the price. But what then? By your plan, you simply *transfer* this devolution; and as soon as ever it *is* transferred to a foreign land, the same steady range of increments commence *there* which heretofore has operated at home. Now, even *with* the increments from bad machinery, (that is, bad soils,) after all, our English prices differ by little more from Prussian prices than by the costs of freightage. But, on your reformed plan, we shall have the foreign increments to pay, and the freight beside. Besides, the increments on our own soils are somewhat compensated by superior skill and capital, and roads and advantages of great neighbouring towns. But in Poland these compensations will cease. Briefly, you Reformers argue throughout upon the assumption, that the price in Poland will remain what it was. But it cannot. As soon as ever the "devolution" commences, necessarily its effect will be the same as it has been here—viz. to adjust the price to the lowest round, and not to the highest round, *which at present governs in Polish Prussia.* For observe, however overlooked that fact may be by Corn-Law opponents, the existing price in Prussia is founded upon the fact, that as yet the very flower and *élite* of the soils has furnished the whole growth. And why? Because the native working population cannot use wheat. They rely upon rye. Thus you see at present only *that* Polish wheat, which is grown under

most unusual advantages, and those advantages cannot continue. Make a fixed demand for England, the devolution will begin to operate in right good earnest; and in the following year you will see a price founded upon three descents or more, and affected by three corresponding increments.

Perhaps there is not within the annals of human experience such another case of short-sightedness in argument, as that which in this corn question relies upon the present temptation of Polish prices as the ground and sole justification of a particular change for England, which English change, by very necessity of its operation, must inaugurate its earliest steps by destroying that Polish temptation for ever. A man advocates a measure of economy *otherwise* even alarming; and, being asked for his reason, gives such a reason as could not survive the first movement of his own measure. Foreigners, says he, can afford us what we want at a lower price. Yes, now; in this instant *now:* because what the foreigner offers at present is that small amount, equal at the most to fourteen days' consumption of this country, which *is fitted for the market of chance,* and which, not being called for in this year, can be held over until another year. Consequently it is so small, amongst a rye-fed population, as to come within the productive range of select, favourite show soils—soils that may be called prize soils—privileged soils. But in that same hour when you add to this market of chance for all Europe, a second demand, fixed, stationary, for England, (though it were but for one month of our enormous consumption,) all this gay holiday scene ceases; regular "devolution" commences; increments begin to expand; and precisely that series of effects opens upon us in Poland which heretofore had existed amongst ourselves;—but with this sad difference, that, along with its evil, formerly it had brought two compensating blessings; one being no less than independence, and the other a healthily proportioned population. Whereas now we shall have the same evil, and aggravated by freight, but without the blessings.

We have taxed our energy to point the logic of this chief argument, which, for the sake of easy recollection, may be called the "devolution" argument. For here it is that the main strength of delusion lies; since the wretched Reformer still deafens us with protesting—that it is not reasoning at all, and therefore cannot be sophistry, which he is here employing. It is "a fact," a "stubborn fact," he still yells into our ears. And it *is* so. The temptation of a lower average in foreign prices *is* a fact; though, by the way, prodigiously exaggerated: but it is a fact which melts away from the moment when you apply it to a fixed permanent advantage. It is like the old contract between Protagoras and Euathlus, which ceased to *be* a contract from the very moment when it was claimed by regular course of law. It is like (in logic it is like) the attempt to get up a subscription for a public benefactor as having been *disinterested:* from the instant he accepts of subscription, he ceases to be the man whom the subscription contemplated; he is no longer disinterested. In fact, the greatest caution is requisite in dealing with truths which are provisionally such, but lose their character as soon as they are acted upon. This caution we have applied ourselves to the statement of the argument, because it is in its own nature slippery ground; a man easily loses his footing if he does not keep both eyes vigilant; and it is here especially, where the great crowd of lax thinkers will indistinctly conceive some palliation to lurk for Lord Melbourne's too memorable pleading. But here, less than any where else, could such a palliation be found. For the reader sees—that if time, through chance and change, could at all modify the circumstances concerned, it must be for the worse. If any revolution, for instance, in Polish society, had begun to develope the capacities of wealth hitherto slumbering in that nation—if any effectual demand from within had begun to draw upon the Polish soil—such a change would but argue that the machinery of graduated devolution had prematurely come into play; and that the foreign increments, which would at any rate replace our English decrements, had already advanced by some stages. On this road, Lord Melbourne would be headed back with instant confusion. And so upon all other roads. Possible conciliation for him, with any mode of truth, or sem-

blance of truth, or merest apology for truth, that custom might endure or perplexity might privilege, cannot be suggested by the most indulgent friend of this minister. What he pleaded is not only false in fact, but it is not within the compass of possibilities that it should be other than false.

But why have we taken so much pains with a single case of hollow and fraudulent pleading? Why have we searched its doubles, through the cost of a corn-law discussion? We reply—that, as regards a corn-law discussion, even on its own account, our true corn interest is not ineligible as a topic for continual review upon nearing any great crisis in our party history; it is well to rehearse at intervals its capital merits, and perpetually to shift the lights in surveying it; so that upon a measure which is but too specious in its *prima fronte* pleas to poor men, and which is but too sure of revolving upon us at every period of public distress, men's minds may be familiarized with the sophistries of the case. A false logic, which, by a subtle ventriloquism, is made to speak through hunger and famine, whilst in fact it does *not* speak through those states of suffering, except in proportion as delusion prevails, ought to be stripped of that delusion. And such an exposure is never entirely out of place. But mean time, our immediate reason for stirring such a discussion, was simply because Lord Melbourne had himself stirred it in connexion with that last effort of desperation for retaining office by regaining popularity. He had not scrupled to hang out a final lure for popularity upon that path, which, as a man of honour, he had for ever closed against himself. As the sole available artifice for re-opening this path to a partial popularity, he had not scrupled to plead that change of circumstances, which, upon examination, turns out to be as inconceivable for the understanding as it is untrue in fact. He had thrown out his lure, he had supported it by this plea, on one of those memorable occasions which challenge the attention of Europe; viz. when a great change is seen gathering over the policy of a leading nation. Corresponding interests then begin to vibrate through the remotest links that connect us with the whole household of Europe. For the parties, that is, in effect the policy of England, cannot alter without disturbing the whole world. Curiosity is then sharpened — attention is fixed — the sense of responsibility is deepened in him who meets these extended interests, who replies to this curiosity, who sustains this attention. He speaks with a proportionable gravity. He weighs his words. He gives to us the right of trying and searching them with rigour. His authority to men's minds is that of British Premier, and his accountability to us all is commensurate with that influence. His debt of truth and sincerity is but another form of his power to persuade.

Under such a summons, under such an obligation to traffic only with truth —to rely upon the majesty of plain-dealing—we have a right to consider this last effort of Lord Melbourne for re-grasping his lasting tenure of office, the apostasy which he avowed, the utter falsehood by which he maintained it, as artifices so criminal in his station that they form a criterion for appreciating the merits of his cabinet. The fact that he consulted other interests than his own, does but the better qualify his separate and individual act to stand as the representative act of his whole cabinet.

Now, then, starting from the ideal of an intriguing government—willing to purchase popularity by indulgence to the worst of popular delusions, and to maintain office by any sacrifice of principle—pass to the appreciation, by tests the very briefest, of a cabinet such as Sir Robert Peel may be expected to form. The nation has seen how readily he retired from office in 1835, how cheerfully he resigned the cup of power when scarcely tasted, upon the first indication of any adverse forces in the main currents of the national will. The nation has seen how inexorably he refused office when shorn, in any one function or mode of access to the royal favour, of those privileges which complete the circle of control, without which a minister cannot perfectly guide that system for which he is to answer. In any case it is a manifest duty of a chief minister to consult the pleasure of his sovereign, except when it would prepare a conflict between his ministerial functions. Every body feels how painful it must have been to Sir Robert, that his first communications with his royal mistress should force

him upon an ungracious necessity, such as no queen will ever relish, and which a youthful queen of so little experience could not possibly understand. To the nation, who better appreciated the case, and felt how meritorious a sacrifice it implied of all that his heart would prompt to the stern command of his conscience—this one uncourtly resistance of the upright leader to any compromises with his rigour of principle, did more to endear and dignify the man than a whole public life will generally accomplish. For it was remembered, that Sir Robert had not been a fortunate man as regarded power. Every thing had predestined him to a long career of office in the supreme place: in ordinary times he would have been prime minister of this vast empire for the last fifteen years. The manliness of his character, so true to the national standard; the soundness as well as the moderation of his political principles; his intellectual accomplishments, his sympathy even with the fine arts, which is now becoming so appropriate a grace to the dispensers of state bounty; lastly, his princely fortune, which exempts him from all necessity of abusing the public patronage—all recommended him to the confidence of the British people. He had received a regular official training. His manners, and his propensity to a sort of Wolsey splendour in the habits of his life, fitted him for courts.* And, upon the whole, it is not once in two centuries that we see so many

* It is possible that some misinterpreters of past phenomena in our party annals, may lend themselves to the delusion prevalent amongst foreign writers on English politics, that Sir Robert, as not originally connected with the aristocracy of the land, cannot be acceptable in that quarter at least. For we have seen various Frenchmen of high rank, when treating our affairs in a philosophic spirit of enquiry, explain the whole moral of Mr Canning's career, as though it borrowed its life and meaning from the fact, that he was dissociated by accident of birth from the nobility. Now, as to Sir Robert Peel, his nearest relatives are already allied with ancient and patrician houses. But the whole hypothesis rests upon a misconception. Mr Canning was not disrespectable by his origin. His family was sufficiently good, had his temper been other than it was. He stood upon the same general level as that of Sir Robert Walpole, whose ancestors had been country gentlemen for ages; each belonged by birth, therefore, to the gentry or minor *noblesse* of the land. "In his cups," as Lord Bolingbroke used to say of Walpole, "he fancied for himself a far higher descent from crusading founders; but this was generally treated as a craze of Sir Robert's by men who were really of high blood." And yet no man ever wielded power with more personal authority than Sir Robert Walpole, after he had raised himself above patronage, and rested upon Parliamentary weight. The error about Mr Canning is this: He *was* unacceptable to some of the *haute noblesse;* but why? Not at all as a *novus homo*: such a ground of opposition could not prosper in this country at this time; but because he, being a *novus homo*, being a *parvenu*, was understood to have formed the plan of doing without the aristocracy, of dispensing with such support in an ostentatious spirit. His arrogant assumption in the House as a "creator" of political balances to Europe—["I created in South America the means of resisting," &c.]—made it generally felt that he misconceived his plan. A great orator he was in the class of artificial orators; but far from a great minister in any sense. Vanity, however, though expressing a false equilibrium of character in a British leader, might have been pardoned. But it was felt that he was an unsafe minister. He was not steadied, or pledged to the stability of our institutions, by a great property, like Sir Robert Peel. Quite as little was he steadied by Sir Robert Peel's high-toned principles. He stood upon his pretensions as a gay rhetorician; he stood upon intellectual pretensions, which can never be listened to with safety for one moment, as conferring titles to power in great empires. The very terror of revolutions is, that they open too unlimited a career to insulated talent; and Mr Canning was exactly the man that, like Neckar, would have bent before any revolution that borrowed strength from the democracy. Not meaning the phrase in an unkind sense when speaking of a man of genius, he was felt to be somewhat of an adventurer. He could be bribed—by flattery. He had also a shade of vindictive feeling as regarded the aristocracy. On the whole, it was rightly felt by men so sagacious as the Duke of Wellington, that he was capable of compromising any principle which he professed. And finally he *did* compromise them, as the price of his brief elevation.

advantages of nature and of fortune concurring to one man's elevation. Yet all these advantages, so rare and select, have been defeated by one thwarting current in popular passions. One dark cloud in the aspect of public affairs, has obscured the meridian period of Sir Robert's life — that period in which power, and the triumphs of power, are most acceptable to the feelings. A man of less principle would have accommodated himself to the prevailing disease. A man of less activity would not have felt his exclusion so keenly. Repose has its own attractions; and a man of so cultivated a mind might, perhaps, have found indemnities in a dignified leisure for all that his public career had denied him. But Sir Robert Peel possesses in peculiar strength the talent for business, which makes it distressing to abstain from public affairs. He has the gift of leading and combining parties in difficult times. And, where a reasonable ambition has once taken that direction, no distinction can be imagined more flattering to a man's hopes than that of guiding a great empire like England or France through the better half of one generation, no disappointment more acute than by any means to have missed it. Yet the nation saw Sir Robert deliberately creating for himself, by the delicacy of his public scruples, a renewed exclusion that might easily combine itself with future accidents so as to operate for life.

Here was a triumph, a power, a practical exemplification of conscientious principle, such as few men are ever summoned to exhibit. And no man could doubt the future fidelity to his principles in that man, who had himself raised the sole bar to himself in the most critical moments of his public life, which, after all, merely as a restraint upon his power of action, he might have subsequently removed by intrigues, or have disarmed by concession. But he—but this elevator of political morality—but this leader so happy and exemplary in the casuistry of his public trials, if he has been less fortunate in their personal results, would not condescend to win from favour (which must ever be doubtful in its sources) those powers which he knew to be the very constitutional arms of a minister's office; so that, wanting these means of regular influence, he must be thrown upon others not regular. In that one instance he raised a monument of caution and instruction to his successors, such as a life of political successes could not exceed in grandeur.

Since then his conduct has been in the same spirit. Majorities have followed his public movements almost as often as he stirred—either to correct an abuse, or to defeat a combination. But so far from seeking to improve these constant advantages into personal triumphs, he has actually taught his opponents to convert his forbearances into a novel order of rights in themselves. Not that he, in this estimate, has retreated from pressing majorities into a party service; but rather it seems that majorities *per se* in a large succession have no party force, meaning, or obligation. And at length we witness this result—that office opens to him in a long perspective more by the slow euthanasy of all the principles that opposed him, than as a distinct expression of any victory which he has designed. Finally, we may sum up the national sense of *his* merits, so as to take in a corresponding expression of the demerits weighing against the adverse party, by adopting for Sir Robert Peel the sort of motto in which Cicero couched his opinion of a great compatriot—"Illum non modò suis virtutibus, sed pariter alienis vitiis, magnum esse videmus, et deinceps populo universo futurum gratissimum; tam huic populo semper faventi, quàm illi alteri olim refraganti."

We pursue with pleasure the many indications, thus favouring the belief which we have expressed, of a more settled era now dawning upon us. And we are satisfied so far that we yield to no romantic illusion in believing, that, when once the *trade* of Reformer is extinguished—when the general unlimited promise of reform has ceased to be a hopeful speculation —when a *bounty* is no longer offered on that mode of deception, concurrently all systematic agitation must die away. For the tempters have no motive, and the tempted are under no fascination. And, under those circumstances, at least this great blessing will be restored to us, that no absolute loss of power—none of that enormous waste in the public energy, which La Place, the great geometri-

cian, pointed out as one of the worst results incident to all efforts at Reform, to the abortive efforts equally with the successful—can, for the next generation, force a movement of regression upon us. We shall at least benefit by the whole extent of that natural progress which Providence assigns to nations, where the folly of man does not interpose to invert our tendencies. But in reality, under such appearances, a danger might be possible in the opposite direction. Sir Robert Peel, if he were personally hostile to reform, might seem to have a great power for evil. For if any disposition to protect abuses *as* such, should in him personally happen to fall in with that inevitable torpor towards Reform which will succeed, for the next ten years, to the preternatural stimulation and excesses of the reform spirit through the last ten years—it will carry a mischief of decay into the public service, only less ruinous than the spirit of frantic change to which it has naturally succeeded. We Conservatives could as little wish to see the object of our veneration—in the wise institutions which we possess—perishing insensibly by internal decay, as perishing avowedly by external assaults. Both forms of danger we deprecate alike; and the first, if it has the advantage of acting by far slower stages, is also, on the other hand, far more insidious.

But, having mentioned La Place as an enlightened enemy of all systematic reform, and certainly as no merely theoretic enemy, since he spoke from the saddest of all experiences, the total review of his own life, we will use his testimony upon that subject generally, and upon that peculiar by-question which arises incidentally, in summing up our anticipations from a Peel government—whether it is at all likely that any excessive disgust towards the principle of Reform, co-operating with a jealousy in the same direction on the part of a great popular minister, could, in any enlightened part of Europe at this day, avail to throw the true Reform interest much into arrear. It is true that La Place was found, individually, to be a very bad secretary of state, and was even laid aside; but this arose from defect of business talents, and from too much, rather than too little, of the philosophizing spirit applied to public business. Neither must the reader allow himself to undervalue the testimony from so long an experience stretching through periods so rich in experiment, as though it were shaped to meet the tyrannical views of Napoleon; for in fact it was delivered in three most thoughtful works, of which two at least were long posterior to Waterloo. La Place, it is well known, had many times, in cases inaccessible to ordinary mathematics, found a powerful resource in the science of probabilities. The limits within which the errors of the case lay, the possibilities which bounded the expectations either way, throw a powerful light, by comparison, upon questions often previously lying in total darkness. Accordingly he applied, through the doctrine of chances, considerably improved by himself, a means of approximation, when he could not directly come into contact with the object; and he felt his way tentatively when he could not see it under the light of demonstration. Many interesting problems in the constitution of juries, as to the question of a majority or of an unanimous verdict being required, and if through a majority, by what particular numerical preponderance the verdict should avail; and many problems, again, as to the nature and tendencies observable in the ordinary decisions by vote amongst deliberative assemblies; he was able to treat more decisively by this form of mathematical approach, than simply as vague moral probabilities weighed in the varying scales of opinion. He therefore, on a general review of the Reform interest, as it might be supposed to be left at the time of his own decease, avowed it as his opinion, that in France or England, where so general an illumination existed, and where this illumination was concentrated for each country in two vast capitals, the largest in the world, and where there was a periodical parliament assembled, not liable to any intermission exceeding a few months, and thoroughly popular in its composition, no decays or torpors in the spirit of reformation could take effect. For in fact, as he urged, every act of parliament is *pro tanto* a reform, sometimes local, sometimes national. No interest can be supposed to droop, except that of systematic reform—reform pursued as a trading speculation

under a general chance of benefit; and that is—revolution. Now all revolution, even where it originated in just principles, in clamorous abuses, and in hopeful methods of correcting them, was subject, as he held, to two separate perils: the very probable peril of being utterly defeated—that is, of finally resulting in conditions of evil never contemplated by any party—and secondly, at all events of causing a prodigious waste of energies in that generation which endured them, so as often to leave it far in the rear of its own practical condition half a century before. This result, by a term borrowed from Dynamics, he expressed as a loss of living force, (*vis viva*;) which expresses happily the whole loss, both from misapplication of power to fantastic or unreal objects, and the loss, from future contingent necessities, of often treading back a long series of steps before the right road can be hit. But, in the mean time, as a general possibility, he rejected contemptuously the notion—that any fear could reasonably exist, under our circumstances of advance or those of France, lest an individual, the most popular that could arise in times when favour in this direction implies opposition in the other, should have it in his power to check the true salutary currents of the reforming principle. These, in fact, are now secured by the machinery of public life, combined with our intense reaction upon each other by the many means of accelerated communication. Sympathy, concert, organization, combination, now travel with the same velocities as thought. And the principle of motion is but too much favoured amongst Christian nations—the principle of conservation and repose too little. But we add the very words of La Place from one of those passages where he has communicated the lights of his own troubled experience:—"N'opposons point une résistance inutile et souvent dangereuse aux effets inévitables du progrès des lumières. Mais ne changeons, qu'avec une circomspection extrême, nos institutions et les usages auxquels nous sommes depuis long-tems pliés. Nous connoissons bien, par l'expérience du passé, les inconvéniens qu'ils présentent. Mais nous ignorons quelle est l'étendue des maux que leur changement peut produire. Dans cette ignorance, la théorie des probabilités prescrit d'éviter *tout* changement. Surtout il faut eviter les changemens brusques, qui dans l'ordre moral et politique, comme dans l'ordre physique, ne s'opèrent jamais sans une grande perte de force vive."

La Place was not yet aware, whilst writing this passage, of the dreadful Orleans revolution in 1830. None more confirmed his words. And it began then first to be perceived, as a regular consequence (no longer a chance consequence) of such convulsions, that bankruptcy, the general failure of mercantile confidence, and (for some obscure reason still unexplained) the universal stagnation of commercial traffic, followed in their train. The evils which react upon society from all modes of civil agitation, are a new discovery of our own days. These alone should cause us to welcome, with patriotic gratulation, the prospect of an era not likely to be clouded in that way. But whether another form of evil—whether war, upon an extended scale, is not likely to cloud the next *decennium*—is a separate question. Even in that case, it it will be happy for us if we should enjoy the presidency over our counsels of one who was formed under a school of war ministers, and whose natural qualities dispose him as much to firmness against enemies as to moderation in our internal disputes.

War, upon any scale, is a painful anticipation for those who are just escaping from a ten years' warfare with domestic enemies—enemies who were striving as earnestly in effect to pull down the civil edifice of our happiness, as ever the most barbarous of our external enemies has striven to ruin our military grandeur. One thing, however, is consolatory in this prospect: the warfare of Reform, (if otherwise it were liable to revival,) never can go on simultaneously with literal warfare upon a large European scale. The first motions of Reform had been always checked up to Waterloo, by mere pre-occupation of the public mind. Sympathy could not be won to any other subject than the war with Napoleon; and the political purist, who wrote or who prated upon Reform, was unable to gather an audience. Nobody listened to his impertinences. And it was not

until that dreadful contest had terminated beyond hope of resurrection, that English towns and villages began to find leisure for Mr Hunt, the itinerating Reformer. The English, in this case, resembled the stout Earls of Shrewsbury—those old pugnacious Talbots, of whom it was remarked, that in the fifteenth century, when their hot blood found a natural patriotic vent on the fields of France during the minority of Henry VI., no men were better sons and brothers; but no sooner was this escape for their angry feelings closed by historical changes, than they began to turn upon each other. And in the sixteenth, but especially in the seventeenth century, no households produced more deadly fraternal feuds. The strength of their vigorous natures expressed itself in their irritability.

The foreign and literal warfare, meantime, is a thousand times more desirable than the intestine warfare between the Destructionist and the Conservative. It might be well to consider our relation to all the three wars—Chinese, American, and French—which at this moment threaten us, more or less nearly, with the necessity of making costly efforts. At present we shall notice only the first.

As to this, we have a suggestion to make, which, very sure we are, will not be slighted by Sir Robert Peel. For it is both urgent in itself, and it is as likely to go unnoticed for the future as in past years. Of late years, when wandering up and down the Mediterranean, various English travellers have made a discovery with regard to Turkish and Arabic interpreters, which has long forced itself upon our minds with regard to more Oriental agents of the same contemptible order. These Turkish interpreters—being usually Mahometans themselves, sincerely impressed with the grandeur of that Ottoman nation whose realms and capitals they actually behold, whilst of Christian empires they only hear a report, and seeing an easy opening to favour from both parties—have been naturally in the habit of so colouring all Christian addresses to the Sultan's government, or to his local lieutenants, as to meet the haughty expectations of the most insolent Mussulman; and for centuries have made us all—English, French, Austrian*—speak nothing which really we *did* speak, but exactly what they conceived that it was our duty to have spoken. Some of these fraudulent wretches have been detected. They have been overheard, by those who understood Turkish, putting such monstrous self-humiliations into the mouths of Englishmen, as would often have secured to themselves summary chastisement, had they been more generally understood. And, hence, we easily comprehend those barbarous delusions in which for more than three centuries the Ottoman government has nursed itself. In this way the Turks have found it possible to reach the last stages of decay without suspecting their own condition. And it is only since the Russian armies have occupied Adrianople, that any truth has made its way into the Seraglio in the shape of a dreadful discovery. Hence we can understand how it was that Louis XIV., so mere an impersonation of ostentatious vanity, who called to a summary account many feeble states of Italy (Florence, Venice, the Pope, &c.) for affronts offered to his dignity, submitted tamely to a far greater affront fastened upon his ambassador to the Porte. Partly it was that the remoteness of the scene, and the semi-barbarous condition of the people, weakened the interest of the case; but much more because the obscurity of an oriental language hid or palliated the atrocity of the insult. That was mistaken for an Oriental rodomontade or hyperbole, which was in very truth and purpose the vilest of indignities. This most theatrical of Christian princes would have died of mortification, had he known the bitter degradations inflicted upon himself in the person of his representative.

Now all these Turkish frauds have gradually sunk to a jest, by comparison

* The Spanish kings, in every generation, from an old religious principle of bigotry, which it would have been well had we also adopted in default of more national scruples, have always refused to be represented at Constantinople by any ambassador, envoy, or agent whatsoever. He will not allow an opportunity to a "Mahometan dog" of insulting a Christian monarch.

with the corresponding frauds practised in China. In the midst of all their gloomy pride and fanaticism, the Turkish leaders, though enjoying in their historical ignorance a happy privilege of oblivion, could not utterly hide from themselves, that for the two and a half last centuries they had been successively beaten by the Spaniard, by the Pole, by the Austrian, by the Russian. But China, by the perfection of her ignorance, by the adaptation of her very maps and geography to the feeding of her conceit, and by vast remoteness from Europe, has been able to systematize a grossness of delusion quite inconceivable to western nations. In one point of their policy, brutal as is their general stupidity, they teach a lesson to ourselves which we ought to blush for requiring. If we seek to transmit any letter to their emperor, which addresses him in a tone of self respect on the part of the writers, and therefore to Chinese feeling in a tone of blasphemy, not a man can be found who will touch such a letter; far less who will take charge of it, or engage to forward it. But no sooner is the most insulting letter framed to our own sovereign from the Chinese authorities, than our childish commissioners, bowing and smirking, manifest an eagerness to express how faithfully they will "do themselves the honour" to convey this insolence into the hands of their sovereign. They give effect to the vindictive malice of this odious people, which, but for our own collusion, would be as powerless even in their own eyes as their superannuated artillery. Not much above a year ago, a letter was addressed from the Chinese authorities to our young queen, which, by some decency in the personal appeals to her majesty, (for all Oriental princes, in the very midst of their scorn for a people, consider the ruler of that people as necessarily God's vicegerent,) easily prevailed on our weak representatives to undertake its transmission. And transmitted it was. Now, the tone of that letter was worse than insolent; for insolence might have been assumed as a mask for mortification. But the tone held was that of sincere gravity—mildly expostulating with our queen as with an Arab sheik ruling over a horde of robbers, for not better restraining her marauders. The British nation were treated, and apparently in a spirit of stupid sincerity, as a nest of obscure people—able, accidentally, to tease the outlying extremities of a great nation, but of course as too insignificant to expect any more serious notice from a mighty monarch than simply the honour of a remonstrance to their ruler. Now, such a letter as this ought not to have been received. To the Chinese, that simple act of receiving it proclaimed, upon their own maxims, an acknowledgement that its assumptions were true. Instead of burning or tearing the letter in their faces, we thus accredited, ratified, consummated, their viperous malice and their folly combined.

The delusions as to facts are theirs; but we ourselves are exposed to the most serious delusions as to the Chinese meaning, by the mendacious qualities of those translations which we consent to receive from our interpreters. These interpreters, manifestly British, are more palpably falsifiers from ignorance than the Turkish from fraud. They know little enough, perhaps, of the oral Chinese; but every body knows how much more difficult is the written Chinese, which it tasks a long life to master in any reasonable proportion of characters. At all events, the translations themselves are good evidence that the translators are falsifiers. Even in our own literature, not one translation in thirty from the German, but is disfigured by the vilest ignorance of the German idiom. Under the government of Napoleon, Chenier, who was personally pensioned by the state, and was sometimes employed to translate Spanish despatches, &c., shows by mistranslations the most childish, in his printed specimens from many Spanish poets, that he was a mere incipient student of that language, at a time when he was undertaking the Spanish literature, and when he was confidentially relied on by the French government. Yet, in such a case, the mischief had limits. Many Spaniards are always to be found in Paris; and too gross an error would at once have awakened suspicion. In China, on the other hand, there is nobody on our part to make a sceptical review of the translations; and sentiments the most impossible to a Chinese mind pervade the whole documents. Thus the emperor is made to say at one time,

that the English must be made prisoners and conducted to Pekin, "*there to undergo the last penalties of the law.*" This phrase is a pure fiction of the translator's: no such idea as that of the law's supremacy, or a prisoner's death being a sacrifice to law and not to the emperor's wrath, ever entered or could enter an Oriental head—far less a Chinese head. Again, in a more recent state-paper, the emperor is made to say that one of the two nations militant must conquer, and one must die. Here the very insolence of mendacity appears in the translator. What Oriental potentate could by possibility acknowledge a deadly or a doubtful contest? What Chinese sovereign, nursed in the belief that all Europe is composed of a few petty islands in a dark corner of the world, abandoned by all respectable people, who admits into his maps no important state but Russia, and views himself as a brother of heavenly powers, would ever present to his people even the hypothesis of such a dilemma? The case begins in ignorance, and ends in mendacity. We shall never obtain one glimmer of the Chinese meaning, nor they of ours, if some remedy is not instantly applied to this grossest of all abuses.

Sir Robert Peel will as little neglect such a clamorous evil when brought under his notice, as he will neglect any other necessity of our condition. If we must have war, we are satisfied that he is exactly that minister who will the soonest restore peace, through the most unrelenting prosecution of the war. He will do his part, but we must do ours, and must not act as some politicians recently did to the Melbourne government: even to that government they placed themselves in the wrong, (which was not easy to accomplish,) by citing them to answer for having so insufficient a disposable navy, and yet denying them the funds which could produce a better. Sir Robert will justify our confidence in all things; but he must have time for establishing honest agencies in the East; he must have time for repairing the indolence of Lord Palmerston in the West; and he must have those means at his disposal for vigorous war, without which there is no sound restoration of peace.

GOOD-BYE TO THE WHIGS!

A SONG OF REJOICING.

AIR—"Dear Tom, this brown jug."

"GOOD-BYE to the Whigs—their departure's at hand"—
Is the cry o'er the length and the breadth of the land;
'Tis re-echo'd in gladness from mountain and glen,
And it sounds like a sea 'mid the dwellings of men;
All the folks that we meet are as merry as grigs,
And each parrot's repeating—"Good-bye to the Whigs!"

So intense is the joy, so resistless the rage,
That it knows no distinction of sex or of age.
All the ladies rejoice—save some bed-chamber *belles*,
And our cradles the clamour triumphantly swell;
Even men of fourscore talk of burning their wigs,
To proclaim, by a bonfire—"Good-bye to the Whigs!"

Good-bye to the trimming and treacherous crew,
Who ne'er meant what was honest, ne'er spoke what was true;
A pack of Jew-pedlars, who knavishly sold
Colour'd crystal for jewels, mosaic for gold!
Too long they've been running their rascally rigs,
But the trick is detected—Good-bye to the Whigs!

How they crouch'd to the Crown as to something divine,
Till the breath of their flattery sullied its shine;
How they play'd off the mob with each popular theme,
Till starvation and stripes put an end to the dream:
But the rich man that revels, the poor one that digs,
Now with equal delight say—"Good-bye to the Whigs!"

What a budget they broach'd in their hour of distress!
Ne'er were promises greater, performances less.
To what savings in price would their projects have led,
Half a farthing on treacle, with nothing on bread!
He who cried, "In the great name of Mahomet—figs!"
Was not half such a boaster—Good-bye to the Whigs!

When their course they began, how they snuff'd up the gale,
How they crested their neck, how they carried their tail!
Now sunk is their spirit and humbled their pride,
And the tanner of Tamworth looks out for their hide.
'Twas a shame to her Majesty's coaches and gigs
To be dragg'd by such cattle—Good-bye to the Whigs!

With the father of falsehood their league is well known,
And their friend while it lasted was kind to his own;
But the lease is now out and their glory departs,
They have shot their last bullet and hit their own hearts:
While the imps sent to fetch them are dancing their jigs,
Let us sing, in full chorus—"Good-bye to the Whigs!"

Good-bye to the Whigs! their dominion is o'er,
By force or by fraud they can rule us no more.
They may wriggle and writhe, but the struggle is vain,
And long years will roll on ere they rally again.
For in spite of some squeakings from Pat and his pigs,
THE COUNTRY has said it—"Good-bye to the Whigs!"

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HOMER AND THE HOMERIDÆ.

Homer, the general patriarch of Occidental literature, reminds us oftentimes, and powerfully, of the river Nile. If you, reader, should (as easily you may) be seated on the banks of that river in the months of February or March 1842, you may count on two luxuries for a poetic eye—first, on a lovely cloudless morning; secondly, on a gorgeous flora. For it has been remarked, that nowhere, out of tropical regions, is the vernal equipage of nature so rich, so pompously variegated, in buds, and bells, and blossoms, as precisely in this unhappy Egypt—"a house of bondage" undeniably, in all ages, to its own working population; and yet, as if to mock the misery it witnesses, the gayest of all lands in its spontaneous flora. Now, supposing yourself to be seated, together with a child or two, on some flowery carpet of the Delta; and supposing the Nile—"that ancient river"—within sight; happy infancy on the one side, the everlasting pomp of waters on the other; and the thought still intruding, that on some quarter of your position, perhaps fifty miles out of sight, stand pointing to the heavens the mysterious pyramids. These circumstances presupposed, it is inevitable that your thoughts should wander upwards to the dark fountains of origination. The pyramids, why and when did they arise? This infancy, so lovely and innocent, whence does it come, whither does it go? This creative river, what are its ultimate well-heads? That last question was viewed by antiquity as charmed against solution. It was not permitted, they fancied, to dishonour the river Nile by stealing upon his solitude in a state of weakness and childhood—

> "Nec licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre."

So said Lucan. And in those days no image that the earth suggested could so powerfully express a mysterious secresy, as the coy fountains of the Nile. At length came Abyssinian Bruce; and that superstition seemed to vanish. Yet now again the mystery has revolved upon us. You have drunk, you say, from the fountains of the Nile? Good; but, my friend, from which fountains? "Which king, Bezonian?" Understand that there is another branch of the Nile—another mighty arm, whose fountains lie in far other regions. The great letter Y, that Pythagorean marvel, is still covered with shades in one half of its bifurcation. And the darkness which, from the eldest of days, has invested Father Nile with fabulous awe, still broods over his most ancient fountains, defies our curious impertinence, and will not suffer us to behold the survivor of Memphis, and of Thebes—the hundred-gated—other than in his grandeur as a benefactor of nations.

Such thoughts, a world of meditations pointing in the same direction, settle also upon Homer. Eight-and-twenty hundred years, according to the improved views of chronology, have men drunk from the waters of

this earliest amongst poets. Himself, under one of his denominations, the son of a river [Melesigenes], or the grandson of a river [Mæonides], he has been the parent of fertilizing streams carried off derivatively into every land. Not the fountains of the Nile have been so diffusive, or so creative, as those of Homer—

——"a quo, ceu fonte perenni,
Vatum Pieriis ora rigantur aquis."

There is the same gayety of atmosphere, the same "blue rejoicing sky," the same absence of the austere and the gloomy sublime, investing the Grecian Homer as invests the Nile of the Delta. And again, if you would go upwards to the fountains of this ancient Nile, or of this ancient Homer, you would find the same mysterious repulsion. In both cases you find their fountains shyly retreating before you; and like the sacred peaks of Ararat, where the framework of Noah's ark reposes, never less surmounted than when a man fancies himself within arm's reach of their central recesses.*

A great poet appearing in early ages, and a great river, bear something of the same relation to human civility and culture. In this view, with a peculiar sublimity, the Hindoos consider a mighty fertilizing river, when bursting away with torrent rapture from its mountain cradle, and billowing onwards through two thousand miles of realms made rich by itself, as in some special meaning "the Son of God." The word Burrampooter is said to bear that sublime sense. Hence arose the profound interest about the Nile: what cause could produce its annual swelling? Even as a phenomenon *that* was awful, but much more so as a creative agency; for it was felt that Egypt, which is but the valley of the Nile, had been the mere creation of the river annually depositing its rich layers of slime. Hence arose the corresponding interest about Homer; for Greece and the Grecian Isles were in many moral respects as much the creation of Homer as Egypt of the Nile. And if, on the one hand, it is unavoidable to assume some degree of civilization before a Homer could exist, on the other, it is certain that Homer, by the picture of unity which he held aloft to the Greeks, in making them co-operate to a common enterprise against Asia, and by the intellectual pleasure which he first engrafted upon the innumerable festivals of Hellas, did more than lawgivers to propagate this early civilization, and to protect it against those barbarizing feuds or migrations which through some centuries menaced its existence.

Having, therefore, the same motive of curiosity—having the same awe, connected first, with secresy; secondly, with remoteness; and thirdly, with beneficent power, which turn our enquiries to the infant Nile, let us pursue a parallel investigation with regard to the infant Homer. How was Homer possible? how could such a poet as Homer—how could such a poem as the Iliad—arise in days so illiterate? Or rather, and first of all, *was* Homer possible? If the *Iliad* could and did arise, not as a long series of separate phenomena, but as one solitary birth of revolutionary power, how was it preserved? how passed onwards from generation to generation? how propagated over Greece during centuries, when our modern facilities for copying on paper, and the general art of reading, were too probably unknown?

We presume every man of letters to be aware, that, since the time of the great German philologer, Fred. Augustus Wolf, [for whose life and services to literature, see Wilhelm Koerte's "*Leben und Studien Friedr. Aug. Wolfs.*" 1833,] a great shock has been given to the slumbering credulity of men on these Homeric subjects; a galvanic resuscitation to the ancient scepticism on the mere possibility of an *Iliad*, such as we now have it, issuing sound and complete,

* Seven or eight Europeans—some Russian, some English—have not only taken possession of the topmost crag on Ararat by means of the broadest disc which their own persons offered, but have left flags flying, to mark out for those below, the exact station which they had reached. All to no purpose! The bigoted Armenian still replied—these are mere illusions worked by demons.

in the 10th or 11th century before Christ, from the brain of a blind man, who had not (*they say*) so much as chalk towards the scoring down of his thoughts. The doubts moved by Wolf in 1795, propagated a controversy in Germany which has subsisted down to the present time This controversy concerns Homer himself, and his first-born child the *Iliad;* for as to the *Odyssey*, sometimes reputed the child of his old age, and as to the minor poems, which never could have been ascribed to him by philosophic critics, these are universally given up—as having no more connexion with Homer personally, than any other of the many epic and cyclical poems which arose during Post-Homeric ages, in a spirit of imitation, more or less diverging from the primitive Homeric model.

Fred. Wolf raised the question soon after the time of the French Revolution. Afterwards he pursued it [1797] in his letters to Heyne. But it is remarkable that a man so powerful in scholarship, witnessing the universal fermentation he had caused, should not have responded to the general call upon himself to come forward and close the dispute with a comprehensive valuation of all that had been said, and all that yet remained to be said, upon this difficult problem. Voss, the celebrated translator of Homer into German dactylic hexameters, was naturally interested by a kind of personal stake in the controversy. He wrote to Wolf—warmly, perhaps, and in a tone almost of moral remonstrance; but without losing his temper, or forgetting the urbanity of a scholar. "I believe," said he, in his later correspondence of the year 1796, "I believe in one *Iliad*, in one *Odyssey*, and in one Homer as the sole father of both. Grant that Homer could not write his own name—and so much I will concede that your acute arguments have almost demonstrated—still to my thinking *that* only enhances the glory of the poet. The unity of this poet, and the unity of his works, are as yet to me unshaken ideas. But what then? I am no bigot in my creed, so as to close my ears against all hostile arguments. And these arguments, let me say plainly, you now owe to us all: arguments drawn from the *internal* structure of the Homeric poems. You have wounded us, Mr Wolf, in our affections: you have affronted us, Mr Wolf, in our tenderest sensibilities. But still we are just men; ready to listen, willing to bear and to forbear. Meantime the matter cannot rest here. You owe it, Mr Wolf, to the dignity of the subject, not to keep back those proofs which doubtless you possess; proofs, observe, conclusive proofs. For hitherto, permit me to say, you have merely played with the surface of the question. True, even that play has led to some important results; and for these no man is more grateful than myself. But the main battle is still in arrear."

Wolf, however, hearkened not to such appeals. He had called up spirits, by his evocation, more formidable than he looked for or could lay. Perhaps, like the goddess Eris at the wedding feast, he had merely sought to amuse himself by throwing a ball of contention amongst the literati:—a little mischief was all he contemplated, and a little learned Billingsgate. Things had taken a wider circuit. Wolf's acuteness in raising objections to all the received opinions had fallen upon a kindly soil: the public mind had reacted powerfully; for the German mind is but too naturally disposed to scepticism; and Wolf found himself at length in this dilemma—viz. that either, by writing a very inadequate sequel, he must forfeit the reputation he had acquired; or that he must prepare himself for a compass of research to which his spirits were nor equal, and to which his studies had not latterly been directed. A man of high celebrity may be willing to come forward in undress, and to throw out such casual thoughts as the occasion may prompt, provided he can preserve his *incognito;* but if he sees a vast public waiting to receive him with theatric honours, and a flourish of trumpets announcing his approach, reasonably he may shrink from facing expectations so highly raised, and may perhaps truly plead an absolute impossibility of pursuing further any question under such original sterility of materials, and after so elaborate a cultivation by other labourers.

Wolf, therefore, is not to be blamed for having declined, in its mature stages, to patronise his own question. *His own* we call it, because he first pressed its strongest points; because he first kindled it into a public feud; and because, by his matchless revisal of the Homeric text, he gave to the world,

simultaneously with his doubts, the very strongest credentials of his own right to utter doubts. And the public, during the forty-six years' interval which has succeeded to his first opening of the case, have viewed the question as so exclusively *his*—that it is generally known under the name of the Wolfian hypothesis. All this is fair and natural: that rebel who heads the mob of insurgents is rightly viewed as the father of the insurrection. Yet still, in the rigour of justice, we must not overlook the earlier conspirators. Not to speak here of more ancient sceptics, it is certain that in modern times Bentley, something more than 150 years back, with his usual divinity of eye, saw the opening for doubts. Already in the year 1689, when he was a young man fresh from college, Bentley gave utterance to several of the Wolfian scruples. And, indeed, had he done nothing more than call attention to the digamma, as applied to the text of Homer, he could not have escaped feeling and communicating these scruples. To a man who was one day speaking of some supposed *hiatus* in the *Iliad*, Bentley, from whom courtesy flowed as naturally as "milk from a male tiger," called out—"*Hiatus*, man! *Hiatus* in your throat! There is no such thing in Homer." And, when the other had timidly submitted to him such cases as μεϝα ειπων, or καλα ϝρϝα, or μελιηδεα οινον, Bentley showed him that, unless where the final syllable of the prior word happened to be *in arsi*, (as suppose in Πηληιαδεω Αχιληος,) universally the *hiatus* had not existed to the ears of Homer. And why? Because it was cured by the interposition of the digamma: "apud Homerum sæpe *videtur* hiatus esse, ubi prisca littera digamma explebat intermedium spatium." Thus μελιηδεα οινον in Homer's age was μελιηδεα Ϝοινον, (from which Æolic form is derived our modern word for *wine* in all the western and central languages of Christendom: F is V, and V is W all the world over—whence vin, wine, vino, wein, wün, and so on; all originally depending upon that Æolic letter F, which is so necessary to the metrical integrity of Homer.) Now, when once a man of Bentley's sagacity had made that step—forcing him to perceive that here had been people of old time tampering with Homer's text, (else how had the digamma dropped out of the place which once it must have occupied,) he could not but go a little further. If you see one or two of the indorsements on a bill mis-spelt, you begin to suspect general forgery. When the text of Homer had once become frozen and settled, no man could take liberties with it at the risk of being tripped up himself on its glassy surface, and landed in a lugubrious sedentary posture, to the derision of all critics, compositors, pressmen, devils, and devillets. But whilst the text was yet piping hot, or lukewarm, or in the transitional state of cooling, every man who had a private purpose to serve might impress upon its plastic wax whatever alterations he pleased, whether by direct addition or by substitution, provided only he had skill to evade any ugly seam or cicatrice. It is true he could run this adulterated Homer only on that particular road to which he happened to have access. But then, in after generations, when all the Homers were called in by authority for general collation, *his* would go up with the rest; his forgery would be accepted for a various reading, and would thus have a fair chance of coming down to posterity—which word means, at this moment, *you*, reader, and ourselves. We are posterity. Yes, even we have been humbugged by this Pagan rascal; and have doubtless drunk off much of his swipes under the firm faith that we were drinking the pure fragrant wine (the μελιηδεα Ϝοινον) of Homer.

Bentley having thus warned the public, by one general *caveat*, that tricks upon travellers might be looked for on this road, was succeeded by Wood, who, in his *Essay on the Genius of Homer*, occasionally threw up rockets in the same direction. This Essay first crept out in the year 1769, but only to the extent of seven copies; and it was not until the year 1775,* that a second edition diffused the new views freely amongst the world. The

* It is a proof, however, of the interest, even at that time, taken by Germany in English literature, as well as of the interest taken in this Homeric question, that one of the seven copies published in 1769 must have found its way to some German scholar; for already, in 1773, a German translation of Wood had been published at Frankfort.

next memorable era for this question occurred in 1788, during which year it was that Villoison published his *Iliad;* and, as part of its apparatus, he printed the famous Venetian *Scholia*, hitherto known only to inspectors of MSS. These *Scholia* gave strength to the modern doubts, by showing that many of them were but ancient doubts in a new form. Still, as the worshipful Scholiasts do not offer the pleasantest reading in the world, most of them being rather drowsy or so—truly respectable men, but somewhat apoplectic—it could not be expected that any explosion of sympathy should follow: the clouds thickened; but the man who was to draw forth the lightnings from their surcharged volumes, had not yet come forward. In the mean time, Herder, not so much by learning as by the sagacity of his genius, threw out some pregnant hints of the disputable points. And finally, in 1795, Wolf marched forth in complete mail, a sheaf of sceptical arrows rattling on his harness, all of which he pointed and feathered, giving by his learning, or by masculine sense, buoyancy to their flight, so as to carry them into every corner of literary Europe. Then began the "row"—then the steam was mounted which has never since subsided—and then opened upon Germany a career of scepticism, which from the very first promised to be contagious. It was a mode of revolutionary disease, which could not by its very nature confine itself to Homer. The religious reader has since had occasion to see, with pain, the same principles of audacious scepticism applied to books and questions far more important; but, as might be shown upon a fitting occasion, with no reason whatever for serious anxiety as to any popular effect. Meantime, for those numerous persons who do not read Latin or German with fluency, but are familiar with French, the best comprehensive view of Wolf's arguments, (as given in his Homeric *Prolegomena*, or subsequently in his *Briefe an Heyne,*) is to be found in Franceson's *Essai sur la question—Si Homère a connu l'usage de l'écriture: Berlin*, 1818.

This French work we mention, as meeting the wants of those who simply wish to know how the feud began. But, as that represents only the early stages of the entire speculation, it will be more satisfactory for all who are seriously interested in Homer, and without partisanship seek to know the plain unvarnished truth—"Is Homer a hum, and the Iliad a hoax?"—to consult the various papers on this subject which have been contributed by Nitzsch to the great *Allgemeine Encyclopædie* of modern Germany. Nitzsch's name is against him; it is intolerable to see such a thicket of consonants with but one little bit of a vowel amongst them; it is like the proportions between Falstaff's bread and his sack. However, after all, the man did not make his own name, and the name looks worse than it sounds, for it is but our own word *niche*, barbarously written. This man's essays are certainly the most full and representative pleadings which this extensive question has produced. On the other hand, they labour in excess with the prevailing vices of German speculation; viz. 1st, vague, indeterminate conception; 2ndly, total want of power to methodize or combine the parts, and indeed generally a barbarian inaptitude for composition. But, waiving our quarrel with Nitzsch and with Nitzsch's name, no work of his can be considered as generally accessible; his body is not in court, and, if it were, it talks German. So, in his chair we shall seat ourselves; and now, with one advantage over him—viz. that we shall never leave the reader to muse for an hour over our meaning—we propose to state the outline of the controversy; to report the decisions upon the several issues sent down for trial upon this complex suit; and the apparent tendencies, so far as they are yet discoverable, towards that kind of general judgment which must be delivered by the Chancery of European criticism, before this dispute will subside into repose.

The great sectional or subordinate points into which the Homeric controversy breaks up, are these:—

I. *Homer*—that is, the poet as distinct from his works.

II. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*—that is, the poems as distinct from their author.

III. The *Rhapsodoi*, or poetic chanters of Greece; these, and their predecessors or their contemporaries—the *Aoidoi*, the *Citharœdi*, the *Homeridai*.

IV. *Lycurgus.*

V. *Solon*—and the Pisistratidæ.

VI. The *Diascenastæ.*

We hardly know at what point to take up this ravelled tissue; but, by way of tracing the whole theme *ab ovo*, suppose we begin by stating the chronological bearings of the principal objects (things as well as persons) connected with the *Iliad.*

Ilium was that city of Asia Minor, whose memorable fortunes and catastrophe furnished the subject of the *Iliad.* At what period of human history may we reasonably suppose this catastrophe to have occurred? Never did a great man err so profoundly as Sir Isaac Newton on this very question, in deducing the early chronology of Greece. The semi-fabulous section of Grecian annals he crowded into so narrow a space, and he depressed the whole into such close proximity to the regular opening of history, (that is, to the Olympiads,) that we are perfectly at a loss to imagine with what sort of men, events, and epochs, Sir Isaac would have peopled that particular interval of a thousand years in Grecian chronology, which corresponds to the Scriptural interval between the patriarch Abraham and Solomon the Jewish king. This interval commences with the year 2000 before Christ, and terminates with the year 1000 before Christ. But such is the fury of Sir Isaac for depressing all events not absolutely fabulous below this latter terminus, that he has really left himself without counters to mark the progress of man, or to fill the cells of history, through a millennium of Grecian life. The whole thousand years, as respects Hellas, is a mere desert upon Sir Isaac's map of time. As one instance of Sir Isaac's modernizing propensities, we never could sufficiently marvel at his supposing the map of the heavens, including those constellations which are derived from the Argonautic enterprise, to have been completed about the very time of that enterprise; as if it were possible that a coarse clumsy hulk like the ship Argo, at which no possible Newcastle collier but would have sneezed, or that any of the men who navigated her could take a consecrated place in men's imagination, or could obtain an everlasting memorial in the starry heavens, until time, by removing gross features, and by blending all the circumstances with the solemnities of vast distance, had reconciled the feelings to a sanctity which must have been shocking, as applied to things local and familiar.

Far different from Sir Isaac's is the present chronological theory. Almost universally it is now agreed, that the siege of Troy occurred about 1300, or, at the lowest calculation, more than 1200 years before Christ. What, then, is the chronological relation of Homer to Troy? It is generally agreed, that the period of his flourishing was from two to three centuries after Troy. By some it was imagined that Homer himself had been a Trojan; and therefore contemporary with the very heroes whom he exhibits. Others, like our Jacob Bryant, have fancied that he was not merely coeval with those heroes, but actually was one of those heroes—viz. Ulysses; and that the *Odyssey* rehearses the personal adventures, the voyages, the calamities of Homer. It is our old friend the poet, but with a new face; he is now a soldier, a sailor, a king, and, in case of necessity, a very fair boxer, or "fistic artist," for the abatement of masterful beggars, "sorners," or other nuisances. But these wild fancies have found no success. All scholars have agreed in placing a deep gulf of years between Homer and the Ilium which he sang. Aristarchus fixes the era of Homer at 140 years after the Trojan war; Philochorus at 180 years; Apollodorus at 240; the Arundel Marbles at 302; and Herodotus, who places Homer about 400 years before his own time, (*i. e.* about 850 before Christ,) ought, therefore, to be interpreted as assuming 350 years at least between Homer and Troy. So that the earliest series of events connected from before and from behind with the Grecian bard, may be thus arranged:—

Years bef. Christ.

1220—Trojan expedition.

1000—Homer a young man, and contemporary with the building of the *first* temple at Jerusalem.

820—Lycurgus brings into the Peloponnesus from Crete, (or else from Ionia,) the Homeric poems, hitherto unknown upon the Grecian continent.

Up to this epoch (the epoch of

transplanting the *Iliad* from Greece insular and Greece colonial to Greece continental) the Homeric poems had been left to the custody of two schools, or professional orders, interested in the text of these poems: *how* interested, or in what way their duties connected them with Homer, we will not at this point enquire. Suffice it, that these two separate orders of men *did* confessedly exist; one being elder, perhaps, than Homer himself, or even than Troy—viz. the *Aoidoi* and *Citharœdi*. These, no doubt, had originally no more relation to Homer than to any other narrative poet; their duty of musical recitation had brought them connected with Homer, as it would have done with any other popular poet; and it was only the increasing current of Homer's predominance over all rival poets, which gradually gave such a bias and inflection to these men's professional art, as at length to suck them within the great Homeric tide: they became, but were not originally, a sort of Homeric choir and orchestra—a chapel of priests having a ministerial duty in the vast Homeric cathedral. Through them exclusively, perhaps, certainly through them chiefly, the two great objects were secured—first, that to each separate generation of men Homer was *published* with all the advantages of a musical accompaniment; secondly, that for distant generations Homer was *preserved*. We do not thus beg the question as to the existence of alphabetic writing in the days of Homer; on the contrary, we go along with Nitzsch and others in opposing Wolf upon that point. We believe that a laborious art of writing *did* exist; but with such disadvantages as to writing materials, that Homer (we are satisfied) would have fared ill as regards his chance of reaching the polished ages of Pericles, had he relied on written memorials, or upon any mode of publication less impassioned than the orchestral chanting of the *Rhapsodoi*. The other order of men dedicated to some Homeric interest, whatever that might be, were those technically known as the *Homeridæ*. The functions of these men have never been satisfactorily ascertained, or so as to discriminate them broadly and firmly from the *Citharœdi* and *Rhapsodoi*. But in two features it is evident that they differed essentially—first, that the *Homeridæ* constituted a more *local* and domestic college of Homeric ministers, confined originally to a single island, not diffused (as were the *Rhapsodoi*) over all Greece; secondly, that by their very name, which refers them back to Homer as a mere product from his influence, this class of followers is barred from pretending in the Homeric equipage, (like the *Citharœdi*,) to any independent existence, still less to any anterior existence. The musical reciters had been a general class of public ministers, gradually sequestered into the particular service of Homer; but the *Homeridæ* were, in some way or other, either by blood, or by fiction of love and veneration, Homer's direct personal representatives.

Thus far, however, though there is evidence of two separate colleges or incorporations who charged themselves with the general custody, transmission, and publication of the Homeric poems, we hear of no care applied to the periodical review of the Homeric text; we hear of no man taking pains to qualify himself for that office by collecting copies from all quarters, or by applying the supreme political authority to the conservation and the authentication of the Homeric poems. The text of no book can become an object of anxiety, until by numerous corruptions it has become an object of doubt. Lycurgus, it is true, the Spartan lawgiver, *did* apply his own authority, in a very early age, to the general purpose of importing the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. But there his office terminated. Critical skill, applied to the investigation of an author's text, was a function of the human mind as unknown in the Greece of Lycurgus as in the Germany of Tacitus, or the Tongataboo of Captain Cook. And of all places in Greece, such delicate reactions of the intellect upon its own creations were least likely to arise amongst the illiterate Dorian tribes of the Southern Peloponnesus—wretches that hugged their own barbarizing institutions as the very jewels of their birthright, and would most certainly have degenerated rapidly into African brutality, had they not been held steady, and forcibly shouldered into social progress, by the press of surrounding tribes more intellectual than themselves.

Thus continued matters through

about four centuries from Homer. And by that time we begin to feel anxious about the probable state of the Homeric text. Not that we suppose any *interregnum* in Homer's influence —not that we believe in any possible defect of links in that vast series of traditional transmitters; the integrity of that succession was guaranteed by its interwreathing itself with human pleasures, with religious ceremonies, with household and national festivals. It is not that Homer would have become apocryphal or obscure for want of public repetition; on the contrary, too constant and too fervent a repetition would have been the main source of corruptions in the text. Sympathy in the audience must always have been a primary demand with the *Rhapsodoi;* and, to perfect sympathy, it is a previous condition to be perfectly understood. Hence, when allusions were no longer intelligible or effectual, it might sometime happen that they would be dropped from the text; and when any Homeric family or city had become extinct, the temptation might be powerful for substituting the names of others who could delight the chanter by fervid gratitude for a distinction which had been merited, or could reward him with gifts for one which had not. But it is not necessary to go over the many causes in preparation, after a course of four centuries, for gradually sapping the integrity of Homer's text. Every body will agree, that it was at length high time to have some edition "by authority;" and that, had the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* received no freezing arrest in their licentious tendency towards a general interfusion of their substance with modern ideas, most certainly by the time of Alexander, *i. e.* about seven centuries from Homer, either poem would have existed only in fragments. The connecting parts between the several books would have dropped out; and all the ἀφίστειαι, or episodes dedicated to the honour of a particular hero, might, with regard to names less hallowed in the imagination of Greece, or where no representatives of the house remained, have perished utterly. It was a real providential care for the civilization of Greece, which caused the era of state editions to supersede the *ad libitum* text of the careless or the interested, just at that precise period when the rapidly rising tide of Athenian refinement would soon have swept away all the landmarks of primitive Greece, and when the altered character of the public reciters would have co-operated with the other difficulties of the case to make a true Homeric text irrecoverable. For the *Rhapsodoi* were in a regular course of degradation to the rank of mere mercenary artists, from that of sacred minstrels, who connected the past with the present, and who sang—precisely because their burthen of truth was too solemn for unimpassioned speech. This was the station they *had* occupied; but it remains in evidence against them, that they were rapidly sinking under the changes of the times—were open to bribes, and, as one consequence (whilst partly it was one cause) of this degradation, that they had ceased to command the public respect. The very same changes, and through the very same steps, and under the very same agencies, have been since exhibited to Europe in the parallel history of the minstrels. The pig-headed Ritson, in mad pursuit of that single idea which might vex Bishop Percy, made it his business, in one essay, to prove, out of the statutes at large, and out of local court records, that the minstrel, so far from being that honoured guest in the courts of princes whom the bishop had described, was, in fact, a rogue and a vagabond by act of Parliament, standing in awe of that great man, the parish beadle, and liable to be kicked out of any hundred or tithing where he should be found trespassing. But what nonsense! the minstrel was, and he was not, all that the bishop and others had affirmed. The contradiction lay in the *time;* Percy and Ritson spoke of different periods; the bishop of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries—the attorney of the sixteenth and seventeenth. Now the Grecian *Rhapsodoi* passed through corresponding stages of declension. Having ministered through many centuries to advancing civilisation, finally they themselves fell before a higher civilisation; and the particular aspect of the new civilisation, which proved fatal to *them,* was the general diffusion of reading as an art of liberal education. In the age of Pericles, every well-educated man could read; and one result from his skill, as no doubt it had also been one amongst its exciting causes,

was—that he had a fine copy at home, beautifully adorned, of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Paper and vellum, for the last six centuries B.C., (that is, from the era of the Egyptian king, Psammetichus,) were much less scarce in Greece than during the ages immediately consecutive to Homer. This fact has been elaborately proved in recent German essays.

How providential therefore,—(and with the recollection of that great part played by Greece in propagating Christianity through the previous propagation of her own literature and language, what is there in such an interference unworthy of Providence?)—how providential, that precisely in that interval of 111 years, between the year 555 B.C., the *locus* of Pisistratus, and 444, the *locus* of Pericles, whilst as yet the traditional text of Homer was retrievable, though rapidly nearing to the time when it would be strangled with weeds, and whilst as yet the arts of reading and writing had not weakened the popular devotion to Homer by dividing it amongst multiplied books; just then, in that critical isthmus of time, did two or three Athenians of rank, first Solon, next Pisistratus, and lastly (if Plato is right) Hipparchus, step forward to make a public, solemn, and *legally* operative review of the Homeric poems. They drew the old vessel into dock; laid bare its timbers; and stopped the further progress of decay. What they did more than this, and by what characteristic services each connected his name with a separate province in this memorable restoration of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*—we shall enquire further on.

One century after Pisistratus we come to Pericles; or, counting from the *locus* of each, (555 B. C., and 444 B. C.,) exactly 111 years divide them. One century after Pericles we come to Alexander the Great; or, counting from the *locus* of each, (444 B. C., and 333 B. C.,) exactly 111 years divide them. During the period of 222 years Homer had rest. Nobody was allowed to torment his text any more. And it is singular enough that this period of 222 years, during which Homer reigned in the luxury of repose, having nothing to do but to let himself be read and admired, was precisely that ringfence of years within which lies true Grecian history; for, if any man wishes to master the Grecian history, he needs not to ascend above Pisistratus, nor to come down below Alexander. Before Pisistratus all is mist and fable: after Alexander, all is dependency and servitude. And remarkable it is—that, soon after Alexander, and indirectly through changes caused by him, Homer was again held out for the pleasure of the tormentors. Among the dynasties founded by Alexander's lieutenants, was one memorably devoted to literature. The Macedonian house of the Ptolemies, when seated on the throne of Egypt, had founded the very first public library and the first learned public. Alexander died in the year 320 B. C.; and already in the year 280 B. C., (that is, not more than forty years after,) the learned Jews of Alexandria and Palestine had commenced, under the royal patronage, that translation of the Hebrew scriptures into Greek, which, from the supposed number of the translators, has obtained the name of the *Septuagint*. This was a service to posterity. But the earliest *Grecian* service to which this Alexandrian library ministers, was Homeric; and strikes us as singular, when we contrast it with the known idolatry towards Homer of that royal soldier, from whom the city itself, with all its novelties, drew its name and foundation. Had Alexander survived forty years longer, as very easily he might if he had insisted upon leaving his heeltaps at Babylon, how angry it would have made him that the very first trial of this new and powerful galvanic battery should be upon the body of the *Iliad!*

From 280 B. C. to 160 B. C., there was a constant succession of Homeric critics. The immense material found in the public library towards a direct history of Homer and his fortunes, would alone have sufficed to evoke a school of critics. But there was, besides, another invitation to Homeric criticism, more oblique, and eventually more effective. The Alexandrian library contained vast collections towards the study of the Greek language through all its dialects, and through all its chronological stages. This study led back by many avenues to Homer. A verse or a passage which hitherto had passed for genuine, and which otherwise, perhaps, yielded no internal argument for suspicion,

was now found to be veined by some phrase, dialect, terminal form, or mode of using words, that might be too modern for Homer's age, or too far removed in space from Homer's Ionian country. We moderns, from our vast superiority to the Greeks themselves in Greek metrical science, have had an extra resource laid open to us for detecting the spurious in Greek poetry; and many are the condemned passages in our modern editions of Greek books, against which no jealousy would ever have arisen amongst unmetrical scholars. Here, however, the Alexandrian critics, with all their slashing insolence, showed themselves sons of the feeble: they groped about in twilight. But, even without that resource, they contrived to riddle Homer through and through with desperate gashes. In fact, after being "treated" and "handled" by three generations of critics, Homer came forth (just as we may suppose one of Lucan's legionary soldiers, from the rencontre with the amphisbæna, the dipsas, and the water-snake of the African wilderness) one vast wound, one huge system of confluent ulcers. Often in reviewing the labours of three particularly amongst these Alexandrine scorpions, we think of the Æsopian fable, in which an old man with two wives, one aged as befitted him, and the other young, submits his head alternately to the Alexandrine revision of each. The old lady goes to work first; and upon "moral principle" she indignantly extirpates all the black hairs which could ever have inspired him with the absurd fancy of being young. Next comes the young critic: she is disgusted with age; and upon system eliminates (or, to speak with Aristarchus, "obelizes,") all the grey hairs. And thus, between the two ladies and their separate editions of the old gentleman, he, poor Homeric creature, comes forth as bald as the back of one's hand. Aristarchus might well boast that he had cured Homer of the dryrot: he *has;* and by leaving hardly one whole spar of his ancient framework. Nor can we, with our share of persimmon, comprehend what sort of abortion it is which Aristarchus would have us to accept and entertain in the room of our old original *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. To cure a man radically of the toothach, by knocking all his teeth down his throat, seems a suspicious recommendation for "dental surgery." And, with respect to the Homer of Aristarchus, it is to be considered, that besides the lines, sentences, and long passages, to which that Herod of critics affixed his *obelus* (†) or stiletto, there were entire books which he found no use in assassinating piecemeal; because it was not this line or that line into which he wished to thrust his dagger, but the whole rabble of lines—"tag, rag, and bobtail." Which reminds us of Paul Richter, who suggests to some author anxiously revising the table of his own errata—that perhaps he might think it advisable on second thoughts, to put his whole book into the list of errata; requesting of the reader kindly to erase the total work as an oversight, or general blunder, from page 1 down to the word *finis*. In such cases, as Martial observes, no plurality of cancelings or erasures will answer the critic's purpose: but, "*una* litura potest." One mighty bucket of ink thrown over the whole will do the business: but, as to obelizing, it is no better than snapping pocket-pistols in a sea fight, or throwing crackers amongst the petticoats of a female mob.

With the Alexandrine tormentors, we may say that Homer's pre-Christian martyrdom came to an end. His post-Christian sufferings have been due chiefly to the Germans, who have renewed the warfare not only of Alexandrine critics, but of the ancient *Chorizontes*. These people we have not mentioned separately, because, in fact, nothing remains of their labours, and the general spirit of their warfare may be best understood from that of modern Germany. They acquired their name of *Chorizontes* (or separators) from their principle of breaking up the *Iliad* into multiform groups of little tadpole *Iliads*; as also of splitting the one old hazy but golden Homer, that looms upon us so venerably through a mist of centuries, into a vast reverberation of little silver Homers, that twinkled up and down the world, and lived when they found it convenient.

Now, let us combine the separate points of this chronological deduction into one focus, after which we will examine apart, each for itself, the main questions which we have already

numbered as making up the elements of the controversy.

Years before Christian era.

1220—Troy.

1000—Solomon the king of Jewry, and Homer the Grecian poet.

800—Lycurgus the lawgiver, imports the *Iliad* into Sparta, and thus first introduces Homer to Continental Greece.

555—Solon the Athenian lawgiver, Pisistratus the ruler of Athens, and Hipparchus his son, do something as yet undetermined for the better ascertaining and maintaining of the original Homeric text.

444—From the text thus settled, are cited the numerous Homeric passages which we find in Plato, and all the other wits belonging to this period, the noontide of Greek literature, viz. the period of Pericles; and these passages generally coincide with our present text, so that we have no reason to doubt about our present *Iliad*, being essentially the same as that which was used and read in the family of Pisistratus.

333—This is the main year of Alexander's Persian expedition, and probably the year in which his tutor Aristotle published those notions about the tragic and epic "*unities*," which have since had so remarkable an effect upon the arrangement of the *Iliad*. In particular, the notion of "episodes," or digressional narratives, interwoven with the principal narrative, was entirely Aristotelian; and under that notion, people submitted easily to interpolations which would else have betrayed themselves for what they are.

320—Alexander the Great dies.

280 down to 160—The Alexandrian library is applied to for the searching revision of Homer; and a school of Alexandrine critics (in which school, through three consecutive generations, flourished as its leaders—Zenodotus, Aristophanes, and Aristarchus) dedicated themselves to Homer. They are usually called the Alexandrine "*grammatici*," or *littérateurs*.

After the era of 160 B. C., by which time the second Punic war had liberated Rome from her great African rival, the Grecian or eastern states of the Mediterranean began rapidly to fall under Roman conquest. Henceforwards the text of Homer suffered no further disturbance or inquisition, until it reached the little wicked generation (ourselves and our immediate fathers) which we have the honour to address. Now, let us turn from the *Iliad*, viewed in its chronological series of fortunes, to the *Iliad* viewed in itself and in its personal relations; *i. e.* in reference to its author, to its Grecian propagators or publishers, and to its reformers or restorers, its re-casters or interpolators, and its critical explorers.

A.—Homer.

About the year 1797, Messrs Pitt and Dundas laboured under the scandal of sometimes appearing drunk in the House of Commons; and on one particular evening, this impression was so strong against them, that the morning papers of the following three days fired off exactly 101 epigrams on the occasion. One was this:—

Pitt.—I cannot see the Speaker, Hal,—can *you?*

Dund.—Not see the Speaker! D—m'e, *I* see two.

Thus it has happened to Homer. Some say, "there never was such a person as Homer." "No such person as Homer! On the contrary," say others, "there were scores." This latter hypothesis has much more to plead for itself than the other. Numerous Homers were postulated with some apparent reason, by way of accounting for the numerous Homeric poems, and numerous Homeric birthplaces. One man, it was felt, never could be equal to so many claims. Ten camel-loads of poems you may see ascribed to Homer in Fabricius; and more states than seven claimed the man. These claims, it is true, would generally have vanished, if there had been the means of critically

probing them; but still there was a *primâ facie* case made out for believing in a plurality of Homers; whilst on the other hand, for denying Homer, there never was any but a verbal reason. The polytheism of the case was natural; the atheism was monstrous. Ilgen, in the preface to his edition of the Homeric Hymns, says, "Homeri nomen, si recte video, derivandum est ex ὁμου et αρω." And so, because the name (like many names) can be made to yield a fanciful emblematic meaning, Homer must be a *myth*. But in fact, Mr Ilgen has made little advance with his ὁμυ αρω. For next comes the question, what do those two little Greek words mean? Αρω is *to join, to fit*, or *adapt*—ὁμυ is *together*, or *in harmony*. But such a mere outline or schematism of an idea may be exhibited under many different constructions. One critic, for instance, understands it in the sense of dove-tailing, or metaphorical cabinet-making, as if it applied chiefly to the art of uniting words into metrical combinations. Another, Mr Ilgen himself, takes it quite differently; it describes, not the poetical composition, or any labour whatever of the poet *as* a poet, but the skill of the musical accompaniment and adaptations. By accident the poet may chance to be also the musical reciter of the poem; and in that character he may have an interest in this name of Ὁμηρος, but not as a poet. Ὁμηρειν and ὁμηρευειν, says Hesychius, mean συμφωνειν, (*to harmonize in point of sound;*) the latter of the two is used in this sense by Hesiod; and more nicely, says Mr Ilgen, it means *accinere*, to sing an accompaniment to another voice or to an instrument; and it means also *succinere*, to sing such an accompaniment in an under key, or to sing what we moderns call a *second*—*i. e.* an arrangement of notes corresponding, but subordinated to the other or leading part. So says Ilgen in mixed Latin, German, and Greek. Now, we also have our pocket theory. We maintain that ὁμυ αρω is Greek for *packing up;* and very pretty Greek, considering the hot weather. And our view of the case is this—"*Homer*" was a sort of Delphic or prophetic name given to the poet, under a knowledge of that fate which awaited him in Crete, where, if he did not pack up any trunk that has yet been discovered, he was, however, himself packed up in the portmanteau of Lycurgus. Such, at least, is the colouring which the credulous Plutarch, nine hundred years after Lycurgus, gives to the story. "Man alive!" says a German, apostrophising this thoughtless Plutarch, "Man alive! how could Lycurgus make a shipment of Homer's poems in the shape of a parcel for importation, unless there were written copies in Crete at a time when nobody could write? Or how, why, for what intelligible purpose, could he have consigned this bale to a house in the Peloponnesus, where nobody could read?" Homer, he thinks, could be imported at that period only in the shape of an orchestra, as a band of Homeric chanters. But, returning seriously to the name Ὁμηρος, we say that, were the name absolutely bursting with hieroglyphic life, this would be no proof that the man Homer, instead of writing a considerable number of octavo volumes, was (to use Mr Ilgen's uncivil language) "an abstract idea." Honest people's children are not to be treated as "abstract ideas," because their names may chance to look symbolical. Bunyan's "*Mr Ready-to-sink*" might seem suspicious; but *Mr Strong-i'th'-arm*, who would have been a desirable companion for such an exhausted gentleman, is no abstract idea at all, but a dense broad-shouldered reality in a known street of London, liable to bills, duns, and other affections of our common humanity. Suppose, therefore, that Homer, in some one of his names, really *had* borne a designation glancing at symbolical meaning, what of *that?* this should rather be looked upon as a reflex name, artificially constructed for reverberating his glory *after* it had gathered, than as any predestinating (and so far marvellous) name.

Chrysostom, that eloquent father of early Christianity, had he been baptized by such a name as golden-mouthed (*Chrysostomos*), you would have suspected for one of Mr Ilgen's "abstract ideas;" but, as it happens, we all know that he existed in the body, and that the appellation by which he is usually recognized was a name of honour conferred upon him by the public in commemoration of his eloquence. However, we will bring this point to a short issue, by drawing the reader's attention to the

following case: Any man, who has looked into the body of Greek rhetoricians, must know that in that *hebdomas idearum,* or septenary system of rhetorical forms which Hermogenes and many others illustrated, two of the seven (and the foremost two) were the qualities called *gorgotes* and *deinotes.* Now, turn to the list of early Greek rhetoricians or popular orators; and who stands first? Chronologically the first, and the *very* first, is a certain Tisias, perhaps; but he is a mere *nominis umbra.* The first who made himself known to the literature of Greece, is *Gorgias*; that Gorgias who visited Athens in the days of Socrates, (see Athenæus, for a rigorous examination of the date assigned to that visit by Plato;) the same Gorgias from whose name Plato has derived a title for one of his dialogues. Again, amongst the early Greek orators you will see *Deinarchus.* Gorgias and Deinarchus!—Who but would say, were it not that these men had flourished in the meridian light of Athenian literature—"Here we behold two ideal or symbolic orators typifying the qualities of *gorgotes* and *deinotes!*" But a stronger case still is that of Demosthenes. Were this great orator not (by comparison with Homer) a modern person, under the full blaze of history, and coeval with Alexander the Great 333 years B.C., who is there that would not pronounce him a mere allegoric man, when he understood that the name was composed of these two elements—*Demos,* the "people" in its most democratic expression, and *sthenos,* "strength;" this last word having been notoriously used by Homer [*mega sthenos Okeanoio*] to express that sort of power which makes itself known by thundering sound, "the thundering strength of the people!" or, "*the people's fulminating might!*"—who would believe that the most potent of Greek orators had actually brought with him this ominous and magnificent name, this natural patent of presidency, to the Athenian hustings? It startles us to find, lurking in any man's name, a prophecy of his after career; as, for instance, to find a Latin legend—"*And his glory shall be from the Nile,*" (*Est honor à Nilo,*) concealing itself in the name *Horatio Nelson.* But *there* the prophecy lies hidden, and cannot be extracted without a painful cork-screw process of anagram. Whereas, in *Demosthenes,* the handwriting is plain to every child: it seems witchcraft—and a man is himself alarmed at his own predestinating name. Yet for all that, with Mr Ilgen's permission, Demosthenes was not an "abstract idea." Consequently, had Homer brought his name in his waistcoat pocket to the composition of the *Iliad,* he would still not have been half as mythical in appearance as several well-authenticated men, decent people's sons, who have kicked up an undeniable dust on the Athenian hustings. Besides, *Homer* has other significant or symbolizing senses. It means a *hostage;* it means a blind man, as much as a cabinet-maker, or even as a packer of trunks. Many of these "significant names" either express accidents of birth commonly recurring — such as *Benoni,* "the child of sorrow," a name frequently given by young women in Westmoreland to any child born under circumstances of desertion, sudden death, &c., on the part of the father; or express those qualities which are always presumable, Honor, Prudence, Patience, &c., as common female names: or, if they imply any thing special, any peculiar determination of general qualities that never could have been foreseen, in that case they must be referred to an admiring posterity—that *senior* posterity which was such for Homer, but for us has long ago become a worshipful ancestry.

From the name it is a natural step to the country. All the world knows, by means of a satirical couplet, that

> "Seven cities claim'd the mighty Homer dead,
> Through which the living Homer begg'd his bread."

What were the names of these seven cities, (and islands,) we can inform the reader by means of an old Latin couplet amongst our schoolboy recollections—

> "Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodos, Argos, Athenæ,
> Orbis de patriâ certat, Homere, tuâ."

Amongst these the two first, Smyrna and Chios, have very superior pretensions. Had Homer been passed to his parish as a vagrant, or had Colophon (finding a settlement likely to be obtained by his widow) resolved upon trying the question, she would

certainly have quashed any attempt to make the family chargeable upon herself. Smyrna lies under strong suspicion; the two rivers from which Homer's immediate progenitors were named—the *Mæon* and the *Meles*—bound the plains near to Smyrna. And Wood insists much upon the perfect correspondence of the climate in that region of the Levant with each and all of Homer's atmospherical indications. We suspect Smyrna ourselves, and quite as much as Mr Wood; but still we hesitate to charge any local peculiarities upon the Smyrniote climate that could nail it in an action of damages. Gay and sunny, pellucid in air and water, we are sure that Smyrna is; in short, every thing that could be wished by the public in general, or by currant-dealers in particular. But really that any city whatever, in that genial quarter of the Mediterranean, should pretend to a sort of patent for sunshine, we must beg to have stated in a private letter "to the Marines:" us it will not suit.

Meantime these seven places are far from being all the competitors that have entered their names with the clerk of the course. Homer has been pronounced a Syrian which name in early Greece of course included the Jew; and so, after all, the *Iliad* may have issued from the synagogue. Babylon, also, dusky Babylon, has put in her claim to Homer; so has Egypt. And thus, if the poet were really derived from an Oriental race, his name (sinking the aspiration) may have been *Omar*. But those Oriental pretensions are mere bubbles, exhaling from national vanity. The place which, to our thinking, lies under the heaviest weight of suspicion as the seat of Homer's connexions, and very often of his own residence, is the island of Crete. Smyrna, we doubt not, was his birthplace. But in those summer seas, quiet as lakes, and basking in everlasting sunshine, it would be inevitable for a stirring animated mind to float up and down the Egean. "Home-keeping youths had ever homely wits," says a great poet of our own; and, we doubt not, that Homer had a yacht, in which he visited all the festivals of the Ægean Islands. Thus he acquired that learned eye which he manifests for female beauty. "Rosy-fingered," "silver-footed," "full bosomed," "ox-eyed," with a large vocabulary of similar notices, show how widely Homer had surveyed the different chambers of Grecian beauty; for it has happened through accidents of migration and consequent modifications of origin, combined with varieties of diet and customs, that the Greek Islands still differ greatly in the style of their female beauty. Now, the time for seeing the young women of a Grecian city, all congregated under the happiest circumstances of display, was in their local festivals. Many were the fair Phidiacan forms which Homer had beheld moving like goddesses through the mazes of religious choral dances. But at the islands of Ios, of Chios, and of Crete, in particular, we are satisfied that he had a standing invitation. To this hour, the Cretan life presents us with the very echo of the Homeric delineations. Take four several cases:—

I. The old Homeric superstition, for instance, which connects horses by the closest sympathy, and even by prescience, with their masters—that superstition which Virgil has borrowed from Homer in his beautiful episode of Mezentius—still lingers unbroken in Crete. Horses foresee the fates of riders who are doomed, and express their prescience by weeping in a human fashion. With this view of the horse's capacity, it is singular, that in Crete this animal by preference should be called *το αλογον*, the brute or irrational creature. But the word *ἵππος* has, by some accident, been lost in the modern Greek. As an instance both of the disparaging name, and of the ennobling superstition, take the following stanza from a Cretan ballad of 1825:—

> Ωντεν εκαβαλλικευε,
> Εκλαιε τ'αλογο του·
> Και τοτεσα το εγνωρισε
> Πως ειναι ὁ θανατος του.

"Upon which he mounted, and his horse wept: and then he saw clearly how this should bode his death."

Under the same old Cretan faith, Homer, in *Il.* xvii. 437, says—

> Δακρυα δε σφι
> Θερμα κατα βλεφαρων χαμαδις ῥεε μυρομενοιϊν
> Ἡνιοχοιο ποθῃ.

"Tears, scalding tears, trickled to the ground down the eyelids of them,

(the horses,) fretting through grief for the loss of their charioteer."

II. Another almost decisive record of Homer's familiarity with Cretan life, lies in his notice of the *agrimi*, a peculiar wild-goat, or ibex, found in no part of the Mediterranean world, whether island or mainland, except in Crete. And it is a case almost without a parallel in literature, that Homer should have sent down to all posterity, in sounding Greek, the most minute measurement of this animal's horns, which measurement corresponds with all those recently examined by English travellers, and in particular with three separate pairs of these horns brought to England about the year 1836, by Mr Pashley, the learned Mediterranean traveller of Trinity College, Cambridge. Mr Pashley has since published his travels, and from him we extract the following description of these shy but powerful animals, furnished by a Cretan mountaineer:—"The *agrimia* are so active, that they will leap *up* a perpendicular rock of ten to fourteen feet high. They spring from precipice to precipice; and bound along with such speed, that no dog would be able to keep up with them—even on better ground than that where they are found. The sportsmen must never be to windward of them, or they will perceive his approach long before he comes within musket-shot. They often carry off a ball; and, unless they fall immediately on being struck, are mostly lost to the sportsman, although they may have received a mortal wound. They are commonly found two, three, or four together; sometimes a herd of eight and even nine is seen. They are always larger than the common goat. In the winter time, they may be tracked by the sportsman in the snow. It is common for men to perish in the chase of them. They are of a reddish colour, and never black or party-coloured like the common goat. The number of prominences on each horn, indicates the years of the animal's age."

Now Homer in *Iliad*, iv. 105, on occasion of Pandarus drawing out his bow, notices it as an interesting fact, that this bow, so beautifully polished, was derived from [the horns of] a wild goat, αἰγὸς ἀγρίου; and the epithet by which he describes this wild creature is ἰξαλυ—preternaturally agile. In his Homeric manner he adds a short digressional history of the fortunate shot from a secret ambush, by which Pandarus had himself killed the creature. From this it appears that, before the invention of gunpowder, men did not think of chasing the Cretan ibex; and from the circumstantiality of the account, it is evident that some honour attached to the sportsman who had succeeded in such a capture. He closes with the measurement of the horns in this memorable line, [memorable as preserving such a fact for 3000 years]—

Του κερα εκ κεφαλης εκκαιδεκα δωρα πεφυκει.

"The horns from this creature's head measured sixteen *dora* in length." Now what is a *doron?* In the Venetian *Scholia*, some annotator had hit the truth, but had inadvertently used a wrong word. This word, an oversight, was viewed as such by Heyne, who corrected it accordingly, before any scholar had seen the animal. The *doron* is now ascertained to be a Homeric expression for a *palm*, or sixth part of a Grecian foot; and thus the extent of the horns, in that specimen which Pandarus had shot, would be two feet eight inches. Now the casual specimens sent to Cambridge by Mr Pashley, [not likely to be quite so select as that which formed a personal weapon for a man of rank,] were all two feet seven and a half inches on the outer margin, and two feet one and a half inches on the inner. And thus the accuracy of Homer's account, (which, as Heyne observes, had been greatly doubted in past ages,) was not only remarkably confirmed, but confirmed in a way which at once identifies, beyond all question, the Homeric wild-goat (αἰξ ἀγριος) with the present *agrimi* of Crete; viz. by the unrivalled size of the animal's horns, and by the unrivalled power of the animal's movements, which rendered it necessary to shoot it from an ambush, in days before the discovery of powder.

But this result becomes still more conclusive for our present purpose; viz. for identifying Homer himself as a Cretan by his habits of life, when we mention the scientific report from Mr Rothman, of Trinity College, Cambridge, on the classification and *habitat* of the animal:—"It is not the *bon-*

quetin," [of the Alps,] "to which, however, it bears considerable resemblance, but the real wild-goat, the *capra ægagrus* (Pallas,) the supposed origin of all our domestic varieties. The horns present the anterior trenchant edge characteristic of this species. The discovery of the *ægagrus* in Crete, is perhaps a fact of some zoological interest; *as it is the first well-authenticated European locality of this animal.*"

Here is about as rigorous a demonstration that the sporting adventure of Pandarus must have been a Cretan adventure, as would be required by the Queen's Bench. Whilst the spirited delineation of the capture, in which every word is emphatic, and picturesquely true to the very life of 1841, indicates pretty strongly that Homer had participated in such modes of sporting himself.

III. Another argument for the Cretan habitudes of Homer, is derived from his allusion to the Cretan tumblers—the κυβιστητῆρες—the most whimsical, perhaps, in the world; and to this hour the practice continues unaltered as in the eldest days. The description is easily understood. Two men place themselves side by side; one stands upright in his natural posture; the other stands on his head. Of course this latter would be unable to keep his feet aloft, and in the place belonging to his head, were it not that his comrade throws his arm round his ankles, so as to sustain his legs inverted in the air. Thus placed, they begin to roll forward, head over heels, and heels over head: every tumble inverts their positions; but always there is one man, after each roll, standing upright on his pins, and another whose lower extremities are presented to the clouds. And thus they go on for hours. The performance obviously requires two associates; or, if the number were increased, it must still be by pairs; and accordingly Homer describes *his* tumblers as in the dual number.

IV. A fourth, and most remarkable, among the Homeric mementos of Cretan life, is the τηλολαλια—or conversation from a distance. This it is, and must have been, which suggested to Homer his preternatural male voices—Stentor's, for instance, who spoke as loud "as other fifty men;" and that of Achilles, whom Patroclus roused up with a long pole, like a lion from his lair, to come out and roar at the Trojans; simply by which roar he scares the whole Trojan army. Now, in Crete, and from Colonel Leake, it appears, in Albania, (where we believe that Cretan emigrants have settled,) shepherds and others are found with voices so resonant, aided perhaps by the quality of a Grecian atmosphere, that they are able to challenge a person "out of sight;" and will actually conduct a ceremonious conversation (for all Cretan mountaineers are as ceremonious as the Homeric heroes) at distances which to us seem incredible. What distances? demands a litigious reader. Why, our own countrymen, modest and veracious, decline to state what they have not measured, or even had the means of computing. They content themselves with saying, that sometimes their guide, from the midst of a solitary valley, would shout aloud to the public in general—taking his chance of any strollers from that great body, though quite out of sight, chancing to be within mouth-shot. But the French are not so scrupulous. M. Zallony, in his *Voyage à l'Archipel*, &c., says, that some of the Greek islanders "ont la voix forte et animée; et deux habitans, à une distance d'une demi-lieue, même plus, peuvent très facilement s'entendre, et quelquefois s'entretenir." Now, a royal league is hard upon three English miles, and a sea league, we believe, is two and a half; so that half a league, *et même plus*, would bring us near to two miles, which seems a long interval at which to conduct a courtship. But this reminds us of an English farmer in the north, who certainly did regularly call in his son to dinner from a place two measured miles distant; and the son certainly came. How far this punctuality, however, might depend on the father's request, or on the son's watch, was best known to the interested party. In Crete meantime, and again, no doubt, from atmospheric advantages, the τηλοσκοπια, or power of descrying remote objects by the eye, is carried to an extent that seems incredible. This faculty also may be called Homeric; for Homer repeatedly alludes to it.

V. But the legends and mythology of Crete are what most detect the intercourse of Homer with that island.

A volume would be requisite for the full illustration of this truth. It will be sufficient here to remind the reader of the early civilization, long anterior to that of Greece continental, which Crete had received. That premature refinement furnishes an *à priori* argument for supposing that Homer would resort to Crete; and inversely, the elaborate Homeric use of Cretan traditional fables, furnishes an *à posteriori* argument that Homer *did* seek this island.

It is of great use towards any full Homeric investigation, that we should fix Homer's locality and trace his haunts; for locality, connected with the internal indications of the *Iliad*, is the best means of approximating to Homer's true era; as, on the other hand, Homer's era, if otherwise deduced, would assist the indications of the *Iliad* to determine his locality. And if any reader demands in a spirit of mistrust, How it is that Crete, so harassed by intestine wars from Turkish, Venetian, and recently from Egyptian tyranny, the bloodiest and most exterminating, has been able, through three thousand years, to keep up unbroken her inheritance of traditions? we reply, That the same cause has protected the Cretan usages, which (since the days of our friend Pandarus) has protected the Cretan ibex; viz. the physical conformation of the island—mountains; secret passes where one resolute band of 200 men is equal to an army; ledges of rock which a mule cannot tread with safety; crags where even infantry must break and lose their cohesion; and the blessedness of rustic poverty, which offers no temptation to the marauder. These have been the Cretan safeguards; and a brave Sfakian population, by many degrees the finest of all Grecian races in their persons and their hearts.

The main point about Homer, the man, which now remains to be settled, amongst the many that might be useful, and the few that are recoverable, is this—*could he write?* and if he could, did he use that method for fixing his thoughts and images as they arose? or did he trust to his own memory for the rough sketch, and to the chanters for publishing the revised copies?

This question, however, as it will again meet us under the head *Solon and the Pisistratidæ*, we shall defer to that section; and we shall close this personal section on Homer by one remark borrowed from Plato. The reader will have noticed that, amongst the cities pretending to Homer as a native child, stands the city of Argos. Now Plato, by way of putting a summary end to all such windy pretensions from Dorian cities, introduces in one of his dialogues a stranger who remarks, as a leading characteristic of Homer—that every where he keeps the reader moving amongst scenes, images, and usages which reflect the forms and colouring of Ionian life. This remark is important, and we shall use it in our summing up.

VANITIES IN VERSE.

BY B. SIMMONS.

I.

Holycross Abbey.*

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* * * * * * * * *

"From the high sunny headlands of Bere in the west,
To the bowers that by Shannon's blue waters are blest,
I am master unquestion'd and absolute"—said
The lord of broad Munster—King Donough the Red—
"And now, that my sceptre's no longer the sword,
In the wealthiest vale my dominions afford,
I will build me a temple of praise to that Power
Who buckler'd my breast in the battle fray hour."
He spoke—it was done—and with pomp such as glows
Round a sunrise in summer that Abbey arose.
There sculpture her miracles lavish'd around,
Until stone spoke a worship diviner than sound—
There from matins to midnight the censers were flaming,
Along the proud aisles the deep anthems were streaming,
As a thousand Cistertians incessantly raised
Hosaunas round shrines that with jewell'ry blazed;
While the palmer from Syria, and pilgrim from Spain,
Brought their offerings alike to the far-honour'd fane;
And, in time, when the wearied O'Brien laid down
At the feet of Death's Angel his cares and his crown,
Beside the high altar a canopied tomb
Shed above his remains its magnificent gloom,
And in Holycross Abbey high masses were said,
Through the lapse of long ages, for Donough the Red.

Had you stood by my side in that Abbey—dear Kate—
As November's cold evening began to descend,
Meditating and muffled—(a duplicate state
Which Hervey, and Howell-and-James recommend)—
I fancy those lips that are strangers as yet
To sadness—the Graces protect them, my pet!—
Would have done me the favour of sighing, with mine,
At the thought if King Donough could traverse the line
That divides us from death, and could really succeed
In looking about him—what lessons he'd read!
All was glory in ruins—below and above—
From the traceried turret that shelter'd the dove,
To the cloisters dim stretching in distance away,
Where the fox skulks at twilight in quest of his prey.

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* The Cistertian abbey of the Holy Cross, county Tipperary, was founded in the twelfth century by Donough Rua (the red) O'Brien, king of Limerick. It was regarded through Western Europe with peculiar veneration, and for three hundred years was favoured by the pilgrimages of noble and illustrious persons of both sexes. At the Reformation, the abbey with its dependencies was sequestrated by the crown, and was finally granted (5th Elizabeth) to Gerald, Earl of Ormond. The beautiful and extensive remains of Holycross attest to the present day its former magnificence. It is miserably engraved in Grose.

Here, soar'd the vast chancel superbly alone,
  While pillar and pinnacle moulder'd around—
There, the choir's richest fretwork in dust overthrown,
  With corbel and chapiter "cumber'd the ground."
O'er the porphyry shrine of the Founder all riven,
No lamps glimmer'd now but the cressets of heaven—
From the tombs of crusader, and abbot, and saint,
Emblazonry, scroll, and escutcheon were rent;
While usurping their banners' high places, o'er all
The Ivy—dark sneerer—suspended her pall.
With a deeper emotion your spirit would thrill,
  In beholding wherever the winter and rain
Swept the dust from the relics it cover'd—that still
  Some hand had religiously glean'd them again,
And piled on the altars and pedestal stones
Death's grisliest harvest of skeleton bones.
There mingled together lay childhood and age,
The hand of the hero and brow of the sage—
And—grave lesson to you!—I, methought, could discover
The limbs that had once been adored by a lover,
The form of some beauty, perchance, who had shone
Like a star of the evening in centuries gone;—
Perhaps some pale girl whose dark eyes of delight
May have flash'd like your own on a festival night,
When the weight of your woes wouldn't balance a feather,
And your feet, heart, and eyes are all dancing together.
Oh! light be that heart, and unclouded that glance,
And long be existence to you but a dance!

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II.

In an Album.

1.

When, in the old romantic days,
  At maiden's soft and sweet command,
The poet pour'd his silvery lays,
  And swept the harp with master-hand,
That maiden, bending o'er his lyre,
Gave gladness to its every wire;
When fail'd his spirit's bright supplies,
He drank fresh sunshine from her eyes;
Or, if he falter'd in the strain,
Her lips lent his new life again,—
And when the sweet and tender ditty
  Died in a sigh the chords along,
That loveliest lady, touch'd with pity,
  Preciously paid the poet's song.

2.

But that blest age has long been over;
Ah! woe 's the day for bard and lover!
Fair girl! how different is *my* lot,
  In these cold, dull, degenerate days;
Thy form beside me hovereth not,
  To wake my minstrel praise.
To me thy darkly glancing eyes
Are like those stars in southern skies,
Which, though they cannot shine on me,

I know are shining gloriously .—
Vainly thou bidd'st me write 'my heart
Hears not thy lip its law impart;
Nor can I, bending o'er this book,
Catch inspiration from thy look.
No, lady, no! some happier time,
When thou shalt read as I shall rhyme.

3.

Yet can I part these pages where
Young hearts, affectionate and bright,
Combine to charm thee, maiden fair!
Nor catch one ray of all their light?
A weary wayfarer am I—
A toil-worn pilgrim passing by—
Who, pausing, marks a festive throng
Cheering thy path with flowers and song;
And, while he sighs o'er vanish'd hours,
When he too bow'd in Beauty's bowers—
While Memory's cloud flings back again,
On his lone heart, its blessed rain—
Feels o'er his soft'ning spirit steal
The warmth thy gifted friends reveal—
Joins in the blessing which they breathe,
And adds one wild-flower to thy wreath.

III.

Books.

(*In a Volume of* Westall's Milton.)

In the dim room, upon the sofa lull'd—
Wild books strew'd round as thick as wild flowers cull'd—
How oft has Spenser's vast and varied lay
Changed Pain's fierce imps to Paladin and Fay?—
Or Falstaff's wit—or Milton's solemn strain,
Cheer'd this weak frame and flagging sense again?—
O books!—O blessings!—could the yellow ore
That countless sparkled in the Lydian's store,
Vie with the wealth ye lately flung round me—
That even forgetfulness of agony
With which, beneath the garden's cooling breeze,
(July's hot face still flashing through the trees,)
Slow stole the fever of Disease away;
While, bent o'er Tasso's sunbeam-written lay,
His own Armida in that Bower of Bliss
Shot to my heart a renovating kiss,
Till with Rinaldo I rush'd forth afar
Where loud on Zion burst the Red Cross War.

IV.

Ballad.

1.

Take away that fair goblet—at least for to-night,
'Till my heart is less heavy, my fancy more bright;
In the land of the Stranger I pine when I see
That memento of joys that have perish'd to me.

2.

Of the looks I last pledged o'er its luminous brim,
All are distant, and some of the brightest are dim,

And this moment the gleams of its silver appear
Like the flash of the plate on dead Revelry's bier.

3.

And back from the bier, as I sit in the gloom
In which Spring's sickly twilight envelopes the room,
Stalks that long-buried Bacchant, and circles my board
With the shadows of all I have loved and deplored.

4.

Again at the banquet we sit, but how mute!
With the grape in the chalice, the hand on the lute,
The lips of the lovely apart—but in vain
May the thirsting heart pant for their musical rain. *

5.

Take away that fair wine-cup!—I've none with me now
To laugh back the ruby that reddens its flow—
It was moulded for Hope's happy meetings with mirth,
Not for passion's pale hermit alone at his hearth.

V.

DEPARTURE.

1.

The breeze already fills the sail, on yonder distant strand,
That bears me far an exile from my own inclement land,
Whose cloudy skies possess nor balm, nor brilliance, save what lies
In lips twin-sisters with the rose, and blue beloved eyes.

2.

Dear misty hills! that soon to me shall o'er the ocean fade,
Your echoes ever in my ears exulting music made—
For with your torrents' rushing falls, and with your tempests' power,
Familiar voices blent their tones in many a festal hour.

3.

How oft, in sunnier clime afar—in summer's glowing halls—
When on the lonely stranger's head the dew of welcome falls,
His pining spirit still shall hear, 'mid Beauty's thronging daughters,
The fairy steps that glance in light by wild Glen-seskin's waters.

4.

And memory-prompted Hope shall dream, that where amid the West
The Harp's fair children lull the night with melody to rest,
Some simple strain may then recall remembrance faint of Him
Whose heart is with them in that hour across the billows dim.

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* "From thy presence showers a rain of melody."—SHELLEY.

AMBITION.

A FARCE.

Dramatis Personæ.

Mr Dobbs.
Mr William Smout.
Mr Clarendon Steady.
Mr Algernon Sidney Twist.
Mr Charles Lloyd.
Doctor Macfee.
Mrs Harvey.
Kate Harvey.
Trippet.
A Servant.

Scene—*Mrs Harvey's Parlour in London.*

Scene—*A Room in Mrs Harvey's House.*

Kate Harvey, Charles Lloyd.

Char. I can bear this no longer; this wearisome drudgery ending in nothing—this perpetual disappointment, without even the satisfaction of an occasional glimpse of hope.

Kate. Bear up against it all. Have *I* not as great an interest in your success as you have? yet you see I don't give way.

Char. No!—you women are such patient, contented creatures. There must be some secret virtue in thimbles and knitting-pins that soothes and supports one more than philosophy.

Kate. Have you ever tried?

Char. What! the thimbles?

Kate. No, philosophy. Philosophy is one of the things you scholars are always talking about, as coxcombs talk about lords and earls. You go on boasting how well you know it, what great things it will do for you—till, when the time actually comes for trying its friendship, it turns out that you never had the honour of its acquaintance.

Char. But haven't I enough to drive me wild? Prospects blighted by the stinginess of my uncle; six years of study thrown away; for though I had as much law as a dozen Lord Chancellors, how is any body to find it out when there isn't a soul in all London that will give me a brief? I wish I had been a tailor.

Kate. Thimbles again, *versus* philosophy!

Char. And now, to complete my despair, to be doomed to see this horrid being, your cousin from Birmingham, received by your mother as your future husband.—To hear——

Kate. How do you know, Mr Charles Lloyd, that my cousin is a horrid being?

Char. I'm sure of it. How can there be any doubt on the subject? I wish I had the prosecuting of the wretch for murder.

Kate. Better wait till he commits it. He may be very killing for any thing I know, or very innocent of such crimes; for I have never seen him since he was eight years old. I was then three—and now it seems he comes to us to make me an offer of his hand.

Char. Which your mother will accept.

Kate. But as it is probably intended for me, and not for the young gentleman's aunt, I suppose I shall be the person to say whether it is worth taking or not.

Char. But he is rich, I suppose, this cousin William?

Kate. That I don't know—I conclude he is.

Char. And I!—I have nothing to offer you—nothing to raise you above this degraded position your father's extravagance sank you to—this boarding-house——

Kate. Stop there!—poor you may call me, for I am poor. Boarding-house you may twit me with, for it is a boarding-house—but never talk to me of being degraded: nothing degrades that does not bring dishonour. We are active—we are honest—we support ourselves without fawning on friends. Degraded! I would not change the consciousness of doing my duty, and helping to mitigate my mother's misfortunes—no! not to be the richest lady that ever thought honest poverty a disgrace!

Char. Forgive me, Kate, in all things you are above me,—in fortitude, in sense, in goodness. But it is that very feeling of your worth that makes me afraid to lose you. Do you forgive me, Kate?

Kate. Not if you fear to lose me when I have told you a thousand times you sha'n't. Do you doubt my word, sir? My cousin, I trust, will not be so incredulous.

Char. When you tell him——

Kate. That I wish to have nothing to say to him.

Enter Mrs Harvey.

Mrs H. Well, Kate, are you all prepared? Cousin William will be here directly—sweet boy! ah, I recollect his rosy cheeks! and he's so fond of sugar-candy! He'll suck a stick of it in no time, and cry for half an hour for more.

Char. Indeed!

Mrs H. Oh dear, yes!—And such a terrible boy for climbing. He never could be taught to come up stairs like other people, but always on the outside, holding on by the—what-do-you-call-the-things?—I've such a memory!—ending in—sters.

Char. Banisters.

Mrs H. Ay, banisters, thank you, Mr Lloyd, you're always so ready—oh, he'll frighten us all till we get used to him! Pretty dear, how he will torment the cats!

Kate. The cats! mamma.

Mrs H. Oh yes!—he'll tie them together by the tail, and put walnut shells upon their feet. You must take great care, my dear, he doesn't throw you down.

Char. Throw Miss Harvey down? I should like——

Mrs H. Oh! bless ye, he's such a fellow!—I caught him once swinging her round and round at the very top of the stone staircase, and gave him a good cut over the head with one of the brooms that was providentially at the top of the landing, before he would let her go. Another time, he tried to push her into the nursery fire. You must be on your guard, Kate.

Kate. But you forget, mamma, that he was then only eight years old, and now he is three-and-twenty.

Mrs H. So much the worse! How strong he must be now! He was quite a giant then! You've no idea, Mr Lloyd, of the pleasure of having such a son-in-law. Have you now?

Char. Why, if you ask my real sentiments on the occasion, I confess I have not.

Mrs H. You were never married! you were never left a widow with an only daughter—were you now?

Char. No!

Mrs H. Ah! that accounts for it—but, dear me, I'm so forgetful; such a memory! Let his bed be got ready, Kate; get out fresh sheets, and the what do-you-call-it?—the big white thing on the top—ending in—pin?

Kate. Counterpane.

Mrs H. Thankye; yes—the counterpane—and—oh, but there he is!—I hear his knock.

Kate. I will get ready, mamma.

[*Exit.*

Mrs H. Now, Mr Lloyd, this is the happiest moment of my life. It is so kind in my rich brother in Birmingham to send his son to marry my daughter. To be sure, he has never done me any other service than that; but who knows? He meant to do this all the time perhaps, and thought it useless to embarrass me with help when my difficulties were greatest.

Char. And this young gentleman is really going to marry Kate?

Mrs H. Not a doubt of it. The girl can't be silly enough to refuse him. He's a highly educated, accomplished young gentleman; and for all he is his father's son, he travels in woollens himself.

Char. He must find it rather uncomfortable this hot weather.

Mrs H. You misunderstand me; his father is in the woollen trade, and this young gentleman travels to show samples.

Char. Oh—a bagman!

Mrs H. And drives, I understand, a most elegant gig.

Char. And this is the person you design for Kate Harvey!—(*turns away and takes a book.*)

Enter Smout.

Smout. Where's old Viviparous? How do, aunt? shouldn't have known you from Adam—Eve I should say—for the petticoats make a slight distinction. And how goes it, eh?

Mrs H. Oh, we are so glad to see you—your father—has he sent any letter?—How is he? And your sisters?

Smout. Old Cretaceous is in excellent preservation; the young Mammiferæ also; but I wish to drop a remark—never ask me about other people's healths—when they die, you'll see it in the papers—till then, conclude them happy. So, you're aunt Sarah—eh?

Mrs H. Indeed, I am; but who are all the people you have been speaking about?

Smout. Old Cretaceous and the Mammiferæ? why, the governor and the gals—they're words in Greek or

Latin, confound me if I know which, meaning father and sisters. Grey Badger found I made no progress in the dead languages, so he took me double quick home from school, and swore he would have me turn scientific; he made me join the Commercial Gentlemen's Naytral History Society of our town, and I'm the vice-president this year. That accounts for my long words. But, tell me, is cousin Kate at home?

Mrs H. Oh yes! you'll see her immediately; she's flurried, of course; and, I dare say, is striving to look her best. She's changing her gown perhaps.

Smout. She'd better draw it mild in the article of silk and satins—for I take it you're not in a tip-top way of business here; eh, Quadruminous? —I only drop the remark.

Mrs H. You're mistaken, nevy, I assure you. No house has finer company—all the best of the land! Every one of them connected with the—the what-do-you-call-it?—great people—ending in crassy?

Smout. Aristocracy, old Bivalve!—glad to hear it for the look of the thing; but, do you touch the ready? The tip-tops look uncommon well every where but at the top of a bill.

Mrs H. All rolling in money.

Smout. Let's hear—name! name!

Mrs H. First, there's my friend Mr. Chas. Lloyd; let me introduce you—my nevy, Mr Lloyd. Mr Lloyd is a barrister, rising very fast; and if his uncle—who is a lord, or a knight, or something of that kind—would come forward, he is ready to contest the county of—what do they call it?—a long word—ending in sex?

Smout. Middlesex. Happy to stick my pins under the same mahogany. Mr Lloyd—Do you smoke?

Char. Sometimes.

Smout. I've a chest of smuggled—cheap as dirt; let you have a couple of pounds a bargain—we can smoke them together, you know—eh, Carnivorous?

Char. You are obliging, sir.

Smout. Not the least—always an eye to business—sharp's the word—fifty shillings a pound. Is it a bargain?

Char. No, sir.

Smout. You'll repent it—rather ursine than otherwise. Proceed, Viviparous!

Mrs H. Then there's Dr Macfee, a Scotch physician in the highest reputation; and so fond of his profession! He bleeds poor people for nothing, whether they need it or not; and dosed his own footboy, till the lad grew so accustomed to physic that it really made him fat—a great comfort, as it was the principal food he had, poor fellow! before he came here.

Smout. I hate doctors—food farinaceous—they live upon pulse—d'ye take?

Mrs H. Next floor, downwards, we have Mr Clarendon Steady and Mr Algernon Sidney Twist.

Smout. Good! I like that fellow. His name's in his favour.

Mrs H. They are great friends; but, somehow or other, they are always quarrelling about—what is the name of them?—those things that make people snarl at each other like dogs—ending in ticks.

Smout. Ticks! the very things, as you say, to put dogs out of temper. But do you mean politics, Cartilaginous?—politics?

Mrs H. Politics—yes—I mean politics. I've such a memory! one is what they call a Conversative; though, for my part, I think Mr Steady the silentest man in the house. The other's a Liberal; though, would you believe it, nevy, he never gives the maids a single farthing?

Smout. They're ugly, perhaps.

Mrs. H. But they're both great scholars; and, I dare say, they're both perfectly right.

Smout. A nice set you seem to have, auntie. And this is all you got by marrying a gentleman—flying in the face of all your own relations, and looking down on 'em because you were a major's lady?

Mrs. H. I look down on them! oh, William, how can you say such a thing? No—they flung me off, leaving me to fight and struggle through many, many years, without holding out a hand to me, or writing except to upbraid me. I look down on *them!*

Smout. Gammon! old Cassowary! don't come the sentimental over *me.* We don't stand such larks in the travellers' room. I wish to drop a remark. Grey Badger has sent me down here with express orders to marry your daughter; so, show her up, let's have no more talk about

your boarders. You must be rather down in the world, to make such a fuss about fellows like these. I'll be bound, now, not one of them keeps a gig—or ever broke a lamp—or wrenched a knocker—or thrashed a watchman; all low, decidedly—very low!

Mrs H. I forgot to say, nevy, that there's a sick lady on the drawing-room floor.

Smout. Lift her up; you don't let your lodgers lie there, do you?

Mrs H. Where, nevy?

Smout. On the floor; you said so this moment.

Mrs. H. I mean, she occupies that suite of rooms. Pray, make little noise as you pass. She's a lady of title.

Smout. Of title? what, a real title? no sham? d—me, if I don't have a peep. Is she good-looking, aunt?

Mrs H. Lady Susannah is ill at present. I'll go and see what's become of Kate.

Smout. Do—there's a good, active old Pelican. I'll wait for her here.

[*Exit* Mrs Harvey.

Smout. What the deuce can Old Badger mean by wishing me to marry a boarding-house-keeper's daughter? She can't have any money; that's a done thing. There ain't a woman in Birmingham I couldn't have for the asking; so, I'll just let this young woman see what a chance there's thrown in her way; and, after I've given her a few hopes, I can easily tell the governor she's not the thing. But here's this chap that wants to cheapen the segars. I must send him to the right about. Would you grudge forty-five, sir?

Char. Forty-five!—what do you mean?

Smout. Shigs—forty-five shigs for the segars!—'pon my word, if you weren't a particular friend, you shouldn't have them so cheap. What do you say?

Char. I disclaim the honour of being your friend, and say decidedly—no!

Smout. Come, then, let's be honest; I like a chap that knows what's what: you shall have 'em at two sovs. They're yours. They cost me five-and-thirty, 'pon my honour, as a gentleman.

Char. As a what, sir?

Smout. As a gentleman, sir; do you say I'm not, sir? More of a gentleman than you, sir. Ho! blast me, I'm not to be insulted by the largest hippopotamus in England!

Char. Sir, I decline to buy your wares; will you take your answer like any other tradesman, and leave me alone?

Smout. No, I won't, sir. It's a devil of a thing that a gentleman can't offer an immense favour, at a great personal sacrifice, to an intimate friend, without being called names.

Char. Names!—I called no names, sir: I knew none sufficiently strong to express my astonishment and disgust; but, though I don't call impertinent fellows names, I occasionally kick them down stairs; and, by heavens, sir, it is only my respect for one person in this house, that hinders me at this moment from flinging you out of the window. [*Exit.*

Smout. That one person, I suspect, is no other than Mr William Smout, Esquire. D—me, one! two! right and left!—if it weren't for those infernal pistols, I would fight a duel, with fists, twice a-week. But Peter Crawley hasn't discovered any stop yet for a leaden bullet. It always gets under one's guard, and plays the very deuce with the bread-basket. Oh, crikey! here's a Flamingo!

Enter Kate.

Kate. I'm glad to see you, cousin William.

Smout. I daresay you are!—(She comes it rather strong just at first sight.)—So, you're the sample of goods I was sent here to look at. Well, it's a very pretty pattern, and elegant workmanship; pity the material ain't a little richer.—(She's as like our barmaid at the Bull, at Daintry, as two peas.) But you don't speak, Coleopterous!

Kate. It's pleasanter to listen when the conversation is so entertaining and complimentary as yours is.

Smout. Oh, compliments be hanged! —I wish to drop a remark: You were never at the Bull, at Daintry, were you?

Kate. Where?

Smout. Barmaid at the Bull? hanged if you ain't her reg'lar picture. She sets all the fellows crazy when she hands round the punch; and such a one to squeeze a lemon! There ain't her match in England.

Kate. I feel highly flattered.

Smout. You ought to be; for two or three of our circuit have offered to marry her, and Mr Swigsby drives her out in his double tilbury reg'lar every Sunday. He's forced to have a double tilbury—he's so fat!

Kate. Indeed!

Smout. Oh yes!—he travels in tallow—and would marry her to-morrow. Do you know how to sit a gig?

Kate. Sit a gig? I don't know what you mean.

Smout. Don't be a Dodo. Do you think there isn't as much art in sitting a gig as riding a-horseback? You don't lean forward, with your head poked nearly over the splashboard, holding on by the side-rails with your left hand, your feet drawn up under the seat, and your parasol bobbing over the horse's tail? You know how to lie back; with your feathers—ladies in gigs always wear feathers of course—waving over your bonnet; a white handkerchief in your left hand, that lies negligently in your lap; your veil thrown back—feet stretched out—pelisse tucked in—twelve mile an hour—and no mistake? That's what I call sitting a gig. Now, can you do that, Flamingo?

Kate. No—I'm sorry to say that's an accomplishment I have never practised—nor even the other you talked of, making punch, nor squeezing lemons. I'm afraid I must yield in all things to the barmaid of the Bull at Daintry.

Smout. But you could learn, Ladybird—you could learn. At one time I didn't know the difference between a camelopard and a red mullet; but before I had studied natural history three years, I could have taken the entire management of Noah's ark.

Kate. Then, in about the same space of time I may hope to be able to squeeze lemons, make punch, and sit a gig.

Smout. That is, if you have the opportunity.—(She jumps at the gig, I see: and thinks she's sure of me. Pretty Papilionaceous—'twill be a good lark to see her disappointment—a weeping butterfly! What could Grey Badger mean by throwing me away on an Empress of Morocco without a sixpence?)—Is Lady Susannah a very splash concern?

Kate. What do you mean by a splash concern, cousin? I don't quite understand——

Smout. Oh! you don't understand, don't you?—(She's as jealous as Bob Dusty's dog, that wouldn't let his chestnut mare eat any of the corn.)—Is she the real ticket? Has she a handle to her name; real brass?—or only japan?

Kate. I'm quite at a loss to comprehend your questions.

Smout. Oh, you are? Is she a real bang-up lady of rank and title?

Kate. To be sure she is. Her father is Duke of Cairngorm, a very old Scotch peerage—and connected with all the dukes and great people in the red book——

Smout. Then the business is settled. Lord! how they would stare in Birmingham at Lady Susannah Smout! My uncle the earl; my cousin the marquis; my brother-in-law the viscount. I'd go to Phil Hugginson the founder, and get a coronet on my waistcoat buttons—bright brass with a sprig round the edge—ditto painted on gig on the luggage door behind. What fun it would be to cut all them low, untitled, damned democratical kangaroos in our town! Ah!—(*rubbing his hands*)—How old is it?

Kate. What?

Smout. The peerage—the title—the——

Kate. More than three hundred years.

Smout. Gammon! Don't pitch it in quite so strong.

Kate. 'Tis true, I assure you. I have seen it in print.

Smout. What? She has carried her baptismal register about with her for three hundred years? Gad, she must recollect all about the flood. I should like to touch her up about the Ichthyosauri.

Kate. Nonsense, cousin William! You asked me how old the *title* was, and I told you. Lady Susannah herself is quite young.

Smout. Really?—Not joking?—Then, 'pon my soul, I'm the luckiest fellow in England. Could you not introduce me?

Kate. Lady Susannah is very unwell at present; but, if she gets better, she is a very kind, unaffected lady, and will be very glad to see any friend of mamma's—or mine——

Smout. Oh, that's it—is it? A friend of yours. So, you've been boasting to every body of the chance you had. By Jupiter! you have spoilt

it all. You didn't tell Lady Susannah, did you, that I was bound to you in any way?

Kate. Oh no!—thank Heaven——

Smout. Well, thank Heaven too—but it strikes me, young hummingbird, your hopes were a little too highly raised. You must bear the disappointment as well as you are able.

Kate. I will try, cousin; but such a loss is not very easily borne—heigho! [*Exit slowly, as if in grief.*

Smout. Such a loss! Ah, there's some truth in that, as you remark; but still you must submit to it all the same. Quality has always been my delight; they're so amazing genteel—such an elegant walk, with such jimmy little parasols—(*imitating*)—and bonnets stuck a top of their heads, as if they were trying to balance a pottle of strawberries—but halt: who's here? (*Enter* TRIPPET *with a bandbox.*) A reg'lar downright petticoat, and no mistake! I say, little 'un, that's a very tippy concern that 'ere pink and feathers.

Trip. Oh crikey! here's miss's lover. Oh la! yes, sir, very charming. But the gown, sir; how I do wish you could see the gown!

Smout. Out with it. I'll look at them all; gown, petticoat, stays, boddices—but, I say, how are you off for stockings?—(*as if going to look.*)

Trip. For shame, sir!—it ain't mine I'm speaking of—all these fine things belong to Lady Susannah.

Smout. You don't say so? Let me see the bonnet again. Cussed genteel, 'pon my honour; pink body, white feathers—she'll be a reg'lar high-born cockatoo. Do you know her?

Trip. She's my missus, sir.

Smout. A charming crittur I hear she is; but they're all charming, them noble ladies—and toss their heads with such an air—and speak so loud and look so bold; blow'd if they wouldn't stare a statue out of countenance if it wasn't of the best cast-iron. Here's how they look:—I'm a-sitting up in the carriage—coronet and all that on the panel—you're a-walking your horse. I fix my eyes on you the moment I see the crown of your hat—steady!—steady!—not a wink—dead on you the whole time—till the eye grows into a reg'lar burning-glass; and, if you ain't as cool as one of the cold-blooded hanimals, you'll have your whiskers singed off to a certainty.

Trip. And how do *you* look in return?

Smout. This way—(*looks impudently at Trippet*)—and move my lips, as if I was saying d—d pretty girl! It's astonishing how it takes.

Trip. Oh la! sir—you stare me out of countenance.

Smout. That's because you ain't in the peerage, my dear. A duke's daughter——

Trip. My missus is a duke's daughter, sir.

Smout. Honour bright? Then I'm a made man if I can only come to see her. You couldn't give her a card, could you?

Trip. With some patterns, sir?

Smout. Patterns? No: sink the shop! No—give her the card with my compliments, and tell her that a scientific Brummagem gentleman is anxious to have the honour of asking her ladyship how she finds herself this hot weather. *I* find it a regular broil.—(*Gives her a card.*)

Trip. Is this the card? Smout and Co., wholesale and retail——

Smout. No, no—that's the Badger's—this is the real concern: Mr William Smout, junior, V. P. C. G. S. S.

Trip. V. P. C. G. S. S. What do all those letters mean?

Smout. Ah! that's a poser. I think they look quite as well as K. G., or C. B. Don't you, Papilio?

Trip. But what do they mean, sir?

Smout. They mean V.P. Vice-President; C. G. Commercial Gentlemen's; S.S. Scientific Society. Now, are you satisfied?

Trip. Oh, quite, sir! Her ladyship, I'm sure, will be delighted to make your acquaintance.

Smout. Do you say so? Then perhaps, by way of cementing our friendship, a chaste salute—(*Offering to kiss her.*)

Trip. Paws off, Pompey!——

Smout. You won't? What an extrahordinary gal this is! If *she* were a duke's daughter—or the duke's daughter had such a pair of piercers—the happiest man in England would be William Smout, Esquire. And so amazing virtuous, too! Ah! if the maid's such a terrible Lucretia, what must the missus be? You're going, are you?

Trip. Yes, sir; you've no other commands?

Smout. Give her the card; tell her

I love her. Don't forget the scientific—it has a fine effect with the ladies, especially them that know nothing about it.

Trip. Adieu, sir!

Smout. Adieu!—there's a word for a waiting-maid! Give a good report of me to the lady; and as far as a half sov——I'm your man.—(*Exit* TRIPPET.)—Lady Susannah! what a sound that is!—Miss Kate! what a sound *that* is!—my mother-in-law the duchess! that's *one* way of having relations—my mother-in-law that keeps boarders! that's another!—Which of the two to choose?—birds of paradise to barn-door fowls!—let's have a try at the title, by all manner of means. Who's here? some of the lodgers.

Enter Mr STEADY *and* Mr TWIST. Mr T. *with a book under his arm.*

Twist. In a constitutional country like this, the voice of the nation must be heard.

Steady. Quinctilian denies it.

Twist. The people, let me tell you, Mr Steady, must have a positive control over the management of their own affairs——

Smout. Go it, my Whig cauliflower!

Steady. Lycurgus denies it.

Smout. At him again, my Tory tulip!

Twist. I say that the freedom of the country—the development of its powers—the safety of its citizens—entirely depend on the influence possessed by the people at large.

Steady. Cicero despises you.

Twist. I despise him!

Smout. Hear! hear!

Twist. The people, the only source of legitimate——

Steady. Aristotle laughs at you.

Twist. He's an impertinent fellow! I say again—Liberty! freedom! glory!

Steady. Humbug! humbug! humbug!

(*As* Mr STEADY *disappears and shuts the door,* SMOUT *takes the book from under* Mr TWIST'S *arm, and throws it at him.* Mr STEADY *opens the door, and looks indignantly at* Mr TWIST.)

Steady. How dare you, sir, throw that volume at me?

Smout. Ask him again, sir. I say it is disgraceful conduct in any gentleman to throw an immense big book like that at another gentleman's head.

Twist. I say so, too, sir. *You* threw it, sir!

Smout. I, sir? Why should I try to crack this poor gentleman's skull?

Steady. Your attempt to blame this gentleman is disgusting, sir!

Twist. What do you mean, you insolent fellow, by calling my conduct disgusting?

Steady. What do you mean, sir, by throwing a book at my head?

Smout. Has a Tory crocodile no brains? has a Whig buffalo no feeling! I'm ashamed of you. Come, gentlemen, shake hands and be friends. Say you're sorry for flinging the book—(*to* Mr TWIST.)

Twist. I never flung the book, sir!

Smout. Say you don't think his conduct disgusting!

Steady. It is *very* disgusting, sir! He or I must leave this house!

Twist. I shall not live in the same street with such a fellow!

Steady. I shall give up my room this very day. [*Exit.*

Twist. I will not sleep another night under this roof. [*Exit.*

Smout. There they go!—'Pon my soul, there would be some fun in keeping boarders if they were all such rum uns as my Conservative vulture, Mr Steady, and my Liberal hawk, Mr Twist. Here's another—the Scotch doctor—I know by his bow. Servant, sir!

Doctor. Sir, your most obedient. Here's a braw time for the ha'erst; I wad say—fine weather for the harvest, sir.

Smout. Pretty good for fevers—eh? inflammatory, scarlet, and all the others.

Doctor. I daursay ye're no far wrang; I wad say—I believe you are nearly right, sir. Thir's real birstling days, an' maun het the bluid—these hot days must heat the blood, sir; but dephlogistics and cooling adhibitions——

Smout. Oh, you're a doctor, I see! 'Gad, I hope you're not Doctor Macfee?

Doctor. 'Deed am I! What for d'ye houp I'm no?—I wad say I'm the same, sir; why do you hope I ain't?

Smout. Why, because you're a lost man; here's been a duchess sending for you every instant—just put to bed;

they expect twins, and you nowhere to be found!

Doctor. A duchess, sir?

Smout. Yes; two hundred and thirty, Grosvenor Square.

Doctor. Sir, there's nae prognostic whereby twins——

Smout. Bother! Off, man; your fortune's made for ever.

Doctor. Sir, I'm gaun this minute —sir, I'm off this instant; but I wad just inform ye that twins is a commodity——

Smout. Oh, cuss your commodity! Get into a cab——

Doctor. My ain cairitch—my own carriage, sir——

Smout. Is over the left, eh? Think of the duchess!

Doctor. Sir, sic things hae happened to me at ant'rin' times afore—such incidents, I say, have occasionally occurred to me ere this. I take my own time about them; hurry nae man's cattle. Two hundred and thirty, you said? Wull I see you here when I come back, sir? I wad say, shall I find you here on my return?

Smout. Oh, yes! good-bye—wish you success.—(*Exit Doctor.*) There's a reg'lar cormorant! Blow'd if he wouldn't have swallowed a duchess and three piccaninies all at a gulp. I was very moderate to let him off for two.

Enter Servant Girl.

Servant. A letter, sir.

Smout. So I see. Wait a minute; won't you stay for the postage?—(*Offering to kiss her.*)

Servant. 'Tis a Queen's head, sir, and nothing to pay. [*Exit.*

Smout. Thank Rowland Hill for this. That fellow has done me out of my perquisites; for it was quite the regular thing with all the barmaids along the road—a ninepenny letter; one kiss and threepence over —very good change for a shilling.—(*Reads*)—" Sir, as this is the day whereon Miss Catherine Harvey arrives at eighteen, I write this by desire of your uncle, who trusted"—my uncle who trusted!—he's the first uncle I've heard of that ever did such a thing—" who trusted to secure the happiness of that young lady and yourself, by a union in the holy bands of matrimony." Gammon! this is a got up thing to secure I, William Smout, take thee, Kate Harvey. " You are aware I was left sole depository of his intentions"—Depository! why, here's a fellow talks like a chest of drawers—" And, in accordance with his instructions, I now write to you, to urge you in the strongest terms to offer your hand to your cousin. Whichever of you refuses to fulfil the wishes of my deceased friend, will have cause to repent it. A willingness to gratify him in this respect, will not fail of its reward.—I say no more, and remain, &c. &c. " THOMAS DOBBS."

That's the senior partner in Dobbs, Dowlas, & Co.—rum old cove!—and would look very well in our museum, if he was stuffed, as a Chinese bantam. But it won't do, Mr Dobbs! I'm looking after higher game than our deceased uncle's inclinations; and, please the pigs, you'll see me a step or two up in the peerage before long. Here I've got a proclamation of bans, between self and a lady in blank, at the Fallen-Adamites conventicle, duly signed and attested by Ebenezer Pennygrab, the pastor of the congregation, so that a registrar can splice me to Lady Susannah in no time. I wonder I don't hear from her? Can that little water-wagtail have forgotten to give her my card? I think I'll go and treat myself to a new tie, and brush my mustache.—Bah! here's the old woman. [*Exit.*

Enter MRS HARVEY.

Mrs H. Nevy William—Nevy William, I say!—but he doesn't hear me—he doesn't care any more for the distress he occasions, than the old gentleman (I forget his name) that played on the fiddle all the time the city—the great city—I can't recollect it—was either burning or upset by—a—a—what d'ye call it?—ending in quake—or drowned in the deluge. A heartless, ill-natured, intolerable boy. When he was four or five years old, I used to whip him well. I wish he was five years old again!

Enter KATE.

Kate. Why—mamma, what's the matter?

Mrs H. Matter!—ruin's the matter—the whole house is emptying itself, as if this lover of yours had brought the plague with him.

Kate. What lover?—whom do you mean?—you can't mean Charles?

Mrs H. Charles!—Oh no—he's a

good-natured, agreeable young gentleman, as ever was seen! It's that great, roaring, good-for-nothing reprobate, your cousin, child. He has done something or other to make Mr Steady and Mr Twist quarrel. They have both sent for hackney coaches, and leave the house this very day. He is sure to insult the other boarders in the same way, and what's to become of us then?

Kate. Hadn't you better tell him to go away mamma?

Mrs H. Oh no, child! he comes here for a particular purpose—he will perhaps be steadier after he's married. At least, I know your poor dear father was as quiet as possible after we had been married a month. He would not have thrown a book at a gentleman's head for all the world. He was quite remarkable for his steadiness, and—and—and—something ending in lidity.

Kate. Solidity, mamma!

Mrs H. It was either so or sto—Yes! I think stolidity was the word they used to call it; but it's all the same thing, I suppose; for I never could see any difference between *so*lidity and *sto*lidity—could you?

Kate. Not much, mamma—but what is to be done with cousin William? You wouldn't wish me to accept the offer of such a strange individual's hand, so rude and ignorant?

Mrs H. Ignorant! my dear.—Oh, no! There you're very much mistaken. He knows the names of every bird that flies, and all the animals and quadrupeds that ever lived. You would think he had spent his whole time in a show of wild beasts.

Kate. You would, indeed, mamma—but why should you wish me to marry such an ornament of the menagerie?

Mrs H. Because it has always been a settled thing in the family. To be sure, I expected your uncle Samuel to leave you some money; and, indeed, he promised me he would provide for you handsomely; but I have never heard a syllable about it from any body since his death. Your other uncle, cousin William's father, has never noticed us since we became poor, though he continued determined to let his son marry you if he liked; and I took it for the first symptom of returning kindness, when he wrote me that young William would come and fulfil his contract with his cousin. It won't do to reject advances from rich relations, Kate.

Kate. Why not, mamma?—Are we not very happy as we are? Have we not contentment and affection to cheer us in all our struggles?—Oh, send this horrid, horrid man away, and let us go on as we used to do, before he came!

Mrs H. Impossible, child!—your entreaties are ill-timed, and, in our situation, altogether—something ending in posterous.

Enter Servant Girl.

Serv. A letter, ma'am. [*Exit.*

Mrs H. I don't know the hand—(*Reads*)—"Madam,—As I believe this day you arrive at eighteen"—Eighteen!—well, that's very flattering, I'm sure—"I write this by desire of my departed friend, who trusted to secure your happiness by a union in the holy bands of matrimony."—Well, I'm sure! how kind in his departed friend! to desire him to write, too, in such a friendly manner!—"You are perhaps aware that I was left sole depository of his intentions; and, in accordance with his instructions, I now write, to urge you, in the strongest terms, to accept the offer of marriage that will this day be made to you."—How odd! why, who is it, I wonder?—"Whichever of you refuses to fulfil the wishes of the deceased, will have cause to repent it. A willingness to gratify him in this respect, will not fail of its reward."—Indeed!—well this is a most curious thing!—a perfect something ending in igma—what a dear kind gentleman the deceased must have been!—"I say no more, and remain," &c. &c.

"Thomas Dobbs."

What an agitating letter!—Oh, dear! I wish I had Sal—something ending in tilly.

Kate. Sal Volatile, mamma!

Mrs H. Exactly—you've such a memory!

Kate. Nothing bad, I hope?

Mrs H. No, not very bad, child; only very surprising that we should both be married, or asked to marry, the same day.

Kate. Who?

Mrs H. There, read that, child. He's a most sensible, delightful man.

Kate. Why, mamma, the letter's to

me—Miss Catherine Harvey, at full length. Let me read it.

Mrs H. Well, I couldn't understand any body having the impudence to write such nonsense to a person of my time of life. And eighteen, too; I thought there must have been some mistake! If the man had said eight-and-twenty—but eighteen! the man must be a positive blockhead.

Kate. Oh, mamma!—this is a letter from Mr Dobbs, executor of uncle Samuel's will, strongly insisting on my marrying cousin William. It's very hard those old people's wills should hinder any one else from having a will of their own.

Mrs H. So it is, dear; but at the same time it's very natural that he should wish to provide for you so comfortably, and at so little expense to himself, by making you the wife of a rich man. It's the way most people's relations like to show their kindness, without its costing them any thing more than advice.

Enter Doctor Macfee *in a rage.*

Doctor. Madam—Mistress Harvey, whar's that hairy-faced glowerin ne'er-do-weel?—I wad say, where's that mustached, insolent scoundrel?

Mrs H. Who is it? Dear Doctor, what's the matter?

Doctor. Nane o' yer fleeching—none of your flattery, ma'am. He sent me a gowk's errand—he sent me a wild-goose chase. I won't stay in your house to be insulted by such a low, contemptible vagabond.

Mrs H. Oh, dear!—oh, dear!—more mischief—what is it, sir? Has any one offended you?

Doctor. Yes—that rapscallion of a Mr Spout.

Enter Smout.

Smout. Ha, servant, doctor! how's the duchess?

Doctor. Ye're an insolent, contemptible fellow, sir; an' if it didna degrade me to touch sic an a whalp, I wad whup ye till ye yowl'd again.

Smout. Was it twins after all? poor little dears! They're doing well, I hope?

Doctor. Haud the tongue o' ye, or I'll maybe clout yer haffets yet. Silence, I wad say, or I shall perhaps break your skull, even now!

Smout. The innocent darlings! did they squeak, doctor? You found the house, I hope—Number two hundred and thirty?

Doctor. Ye're alow my notice, sir. You're beneath my observation. It's you, madam, I blame, for admitting this disgusting barbarian into your house. To-day I leave you, madam, and for ever!

Smout. So, you won't tell me about the duchess? that's very unkind.

Doctor. No, sir. Your servant, Mrs Harvey. [*Exit.*

Smout. Quack! quack! quack!—(*Imitating a duck.*) There goes an ornithorynous platypus—neither a fox nor a goose, but a mixture of both. That fellow would do very well to sing a duet, half Scotch half English, or to be both parson and clerk. "Ye're a fule, sir," says the parson—"your a fool, sir," says the clerk. "I'll no stop a meenute," says the parson—"I sha'n't stay a minute," says the clerk. But here's some more of them—such fun!

Enter Mr Steady, *with carpet-bags, &c., from his room.*

Steady. Your servant, Mrs Harvey. I regret that you have admitted to your house such revolutionary, democratical, and unprincipled people. It contaminates me to breathe the same air—faugh! and their manners! their appearance! but what can you expect from such political principles?—farewell, ma'am. [*Exit.*

Mrs H. Farewell, sir.

Smout. That's the gentleman with the number of odd-named friends that laughed at the other old boy with the book under his arm. No wonder he got into a passion and threw the book at his eye.

Enter Twist, *with carpet-bags, &c.*

Twist. I did not, sir. I did nothing of the kind—plain reasoning and sound argument are all that *my* principles allow me. It was *you*, sir, that was guilty of such disgraceful conduct.

Smout. Me!—You blaspheming hippopotamus! How dare you say that I took any interest in your squabbles? I think the other gentleman's friends served you quite right to laugh at you—though I wish to drop a remark—You were wrong, decidedly very wrong, to throw the book.

Twist. I did not, sir!

Smout. Ah, you're sorry for it, I see; so I won't mention it. Don't do it again; there's a good fellow!

Twist. Sir, you are too paltry to be spoken to. And, as to Mr Steady, he

behaved in a most rude and unbecoming manner; but what can you expect from his politics—a Tory, sir, a rank, unredeemed Tory? Madam, I leave you—I can never remain in a house where I have been so grossly insulted. —Your servant, madam. [*Exit.*

Mrs H. Farewell, sir.

Smout. Go it! here's a lark 'Gad, I wouldn't have missed this for a sixpence! We've got a bull-frog in our museum his exact picture—blowed if I don't think they must have been twins!

Mrs H. Oh, nevy William! you've been the ruin of this house. You've only been here about an hour, and you've driven away all my best boarders.

Smout. They ain't *all* gone yet, auntie—eh? We may, perhaps, make a clean sweep of the whole of them, though not quite in the way you expect. We shall see.

Mrs H. Oh, you are not inventing any mischief against the others, are you?

Smout. No—not exactly any mischief. Only wait awhile; that's all. By-the-by, don't you keep a bully in this here establishment—a chap that pretends to be knowing in segars, and wanted me to let him have some a bargain?

Mrs H. Mr Charles Lloyd, you mean.

Smout. Some people would say he's a hyena; *I* think him a reg'lar opposum.

Kate. Here he comes.

Smout. Does he though? Then, I'll tell you what I think of him some other time. Come, auntie! [*Exeunt* Smout *and* Mrs H.

Kate. Oh, Charles, I'm so glad you're come! I have got such an odd letter.

Charles. I also have received a letter, Kate.

Kate. Indeed? from your uncle?

Charles. Yes.

Kate. What does he say?

Charles. Stingy as ever. And now he tries to show his power over me more and more, by sneering at your poverty.

Kate. He might have chosen a fitter subject for his sneers. In all other respects, I feel that I am sneer proof. Let your uncle sneer, Charles. It gives double value to his money to find that other people have none of it.

Charles. I sometimes think that George Barnwell was a most calumniated young man; a martyr in the cause of nephews in general, and nephews of scurvy old money-saving uncles in particular. What do you think this generous gentleman proposes, in answer to my prayer that he would settle some moderate income on me, to enable me to take unto myself a wife?

Kate. I can't guess; except that he refused your petition.

Charles. He encloses me a formal paper, binding himself to pay over to me, on my marriage day, exactly the same sum that I receive as a portion with my wife. Isn't it insulting?

Kate. Why don't you marry Miss What's-her-name, the banker's heiress, and ruin him?

Charles. Ah, Kate, don't talk of my marrying any body—but you!

Kate. Let me see; with me you would let him off too easily—six silver spoons; twelve plated ditto; sixteen chairs; five old carpets; a piano out of tune; a harp with nine strings; a thimble and pair of scissors.

Charles. Bright eyes, and cherry-lips, and a true heart worth all the money in the world. Ah, Kate, it was a great shame to hang George Barnwell!

Kate. But the letter, Charles—I've never shown you the letter. There!—(*Charles takes the letter*)—I never wished to be rich before; but it would be so delightful to punish the avaricious old miser by making him stand to his agreement. If I had fifty thousand pounds I would marry poor Charles, merely to spite his uncle, Well, what do you think of that?

Charles. There's certainly some secret in it, if we could manage to find it out. It's quite evident your family have all set their hearts on marrying you to the extraordinary being who has come here to-day; and I have no doubt, if you were to consent, that this old gentleman, Mr Dobbs, is instructed by your deceased uncle to come down handsomely on the occasion. But you will not consent?

Kate. You are my counsel in this case, and I shall be entirely guided by your advice.

Charles. I must have my fee, Kate, or the advice will not be thought worth having—(*kisses her*)—first brief always a double fee.

Kate. What a mercenary lawyer!

Charles. The only thing to be done is to try to throw the onus of objecting to the union on your cousin; for the letter says, "Whichever of you refuses to fulfil the wishes of my deceased friend, will have cause to repent it; a willingness to gratify him in this respect, will not fail of its reward." He seems to be a prodigious coward—I think my best plan is to go and give him very plainly to understand that, if he hesitates an instant in refusing your hand, I will horsewhip him to death.

Kate. No, no—leave the matter to me. I have devised a plan that will be surer of success—good-by, Charles—come back again in half an hour. Trippet! Trippet!

Charles. Good-by; "and all success attend upon your counsels."

[*Exit.*

Enter Trippet.

Kate. Is Lady Susannah still suffering from headach?

Trippet. Yes, Miss Kate, she will keep her chamber all day. She wished to see Doctor Macfee, and was quite surprised to hear he had left the house.

Kate. Oh, yes! some crotchet. I believe he and a gentleman who came to day did not agree.

Trippet. Your cousin, miss; the fine handsome gentleman with beautiful buttons?

Kate. The same, Trippet.

Trippet. La! Miss Kate, you must feel so very odd. Don't you, now?

Kate. No—why should I feel odd?

Trippet. Seeing your husband that is to be—ain't you all of a twitteration? a sort of flusterification, as it were?

Kate. Ah, no! but it was on this very subject I wished to talk with you—to consult you—Trippet.

Trippet. You're very obliging, Miss Kate. Is it to choose you ribbons, or to fix on a bonnet? Any thing I can do, I'm sure I shall be most happy.

Kate. No, Trippet; but I am led to believe, from some words my cousin said, that he is very anxious to be introduced to great people. He would follow their advice in every thing; and I am quite certain, if dear Lady Susannah would only have the kindness to advise him not to think of me—to hate me, to despise me, any thing, but not to marry me—he would do exactly as she wished.

Trip. But her ladyship is so unwell. She can't possibly see any body, much less such a very boisterous gentleman as your cousin.

Kate. So you can't help me, Trippet?

Trip. Not in that way, miss; but stay—couldn't *I* pass myself off for Lady Susannah? but no, he has seen me, and spoken to me, for ten minutes—he would be sure to find me out.

Kate. Not he—he's too busy thinking of himself to take notice of any body else.

Trip. Indeed, miss? (*tossing her head*)—I rather think you're mistaken; but I shall try.

Kate. Be sure you act the great lady, according to *his* idea of what a great lady should be.

Trip. Oh, I know exactly, miss; but how can I talk as if I were a duke's daughter? I never heard Lady Susannah say any thing about how she lived at home. How am I to describe a duke, Miss Kate?

Kate. He's a Scotch duke, too, remember.

Trip. Ah! I was once for about a year in the house of Mr M'Sporran, a retired tobacconist. If your cousin asks me any thing about my father the duke, I can easily describe to him the movements of Mr M'Sporran; for I suppose Scotchmen are pretty much alike, whether they are dukes or tobacconists.

Kate. Oh, thank you, Trippet! I knew you would do what you could for me. I'm so much obliged—your assistance has made me quite happy.

[*Exit.*

Trip. And will, perhaps, make *me* happy too. He ain't such a very bad-looking person either, and in married life it's an incredible comfort to be married to a fool; but I must go and dress for my new character. [*Exit.*

Enter Smout.

Smout. St!—st!—wasn't that the jolly little chamelion, Lady Susannah's maid? Such a pretty attendant as that, makes a man very independent of whether his wife is good-looking or not. Lady Susannah may be as ugly as she pleases; her rank entitles her to that. A baron's daughter should be tolerable; a viscount's may be de-

cidedly plain; an earl's may squint; a marquis's may be lame, and marked with the smallpox; but a duke's may be any thing she likes, provided she has only the kindness to be a little blind at the same time. I just wish to have an hour's talk with her, that's all! I'll make her as soft-hearted as a tipsy chambermaid, before I have spoken to her ten minutes. I've walked into my Stulzes and Hobies to dazzle her at once. And, if she's fond of rank, she can have it a bargain; for this double roller, I take it, makes me a nat'ral born esquire, and these here blue trowsers are equal to a baronetcy at least.

Kate. You here, cousin!

Smout. Yes, my little lady-bird, and very much astonished at your forwardness in wishing me to swallow the hook in such a devil of a hurry.

Kate. What hook, cousin William? I don't understand.

Smout. Why, haven't you set old Dobbs to badger me into making you Mrs William Smout, with some rigmarole story about deceased uncles, and other departed carnivori, that I care no more about than I do for a house-sparrow? Didn't you tell him to write that letter? just answer me that.

Kate. No, I did not.

Smout. Well, then—I wish to drop a remark: Old Dobbs has my full permission, if he is so inclined, to go to the devil without a moment's delay. So your plotting's of no use. Poor thing!—'Pon my soul, if I hadn't a passion for the aristocracy, there's no saying what I might do; for you're not by any means a bale of goods that would lie long on the shelf. But I won't be *forced* into any thing; so make up your mind to the disappointment, my dear, and look a little lower, will ye?—Oh, crikey, here's the clipper!

Enter TRIPPET *extravagantly dressed*—KATE *curtsies deeply*—SMOUT *takes off his hat.*

Trip. This is the gentleman, is it, that wished to be presented?—Let him come near.

Smout. Servant, my lady—precious hot weather—light muslins, I take it, must be uncommonly up.

Trip. (*Examining him through a glass.*)—Very well—very well indeed! —Let him turn round, will ye?—pretty well!—I had no idea such people grew in Birmingham. You sent me your card?

Smout. Yes, ma'am, I have an uncommon fancy to do the civil to the nobs—they're so different from what we're used to.

Trip. You flatter me, sir! Don't let us detain you, Miss Harvey.

[KATE *curtsies, and exit.*

Smout. That's a reg'lar dismiss, and no mistake! What does the bang-up ticket want to be alone with me for? Stulz can't have done the business already.

Trip. You are scientific, Mr——

Smout. Smout, my lady—Oh, very! —but only in the naturalist line. Are you fond of wild beasts, my lady?

Trip. I'm very partial to tigers. At home at the castle we had a tame tiger, that was uncommonly fond of curds and cream.

Smout. Indeed!—excuse me, ma'am —I must take a note of that. How Bob Gosset will stare!—(*Writes.*)

Trip. But your time, Mr Smout, has not been entirely wasted in scientific pursuits. You've studied life and manners?

Smout. I could read Lord Chesterfield from morning to night. He is a reg'lar rum un that same Lord Chesterfield—ain't he, ma'am?

Trip. I quite agree with you. I see your taste and judgment are inimitable.

Smout. I'm hang'd if I hain't floor'd her!—(*Aside.*) Oh, you're very polite, and no mistake!—(*Bows.*)

Trip. Not more so than you deserve—(*curtsies.*)—You've been in London most part of your life?

Smout. Very seldom, ma'am; the old Badger keeps me rather short of the tether. Old Badger's the name of my father, my lady; as close-fisted an old screw as you ever saw.

Trip. Indeed! I should have thought you had lived in the capital all your days. You might pass for a lord mayor!

Smout. I've done her!—(*Aside.*)—You've an uncommon flow of treacle from the tip of your tongue, and come it so strong in the buttering line, that I feel quite at a nonplus. That's a first price cloak you've got on, and if you bought it retail, it must have been ten guineas. It's a very jemmy concern, and sits like a glove.

Trip. You are very complimentary —(*Curtsies.*)

Smout. Don't mention it—(*Bows.*)

Trip. And very different from what I expected from Miss Harvey's description.

Smout. (*Puts his finger to his nose.*)—Sour grapes, my lady; she jumped very high, but couldn't reach me.

Trip. I don't wonder she made the attempt—heigho!

Smout. Don't you, my lady? Perhaps others stand so high, they could make a mouthful of me on their hind legs without jumping—I merely drop the remark. That's a hint, if she likes to take it—(*Aside.*)

Trip. But the happiness of another must be death and misery to poor Miss Kate.

Smout. Did you ever hear what the donkey said when he began capering among the chickens—Take care of yourselves, says the donkey; for if I step on any of you, that's *you're* lookout, not mine.

Trip. So, poor Miss Harvey is one of the thoughtless chickens?

Smout. And I'm a reg'lar-built donkey—and she has only herself to blame. Why the deuce did the girl wish me to marry her? Wasn't it very foolish, my lady?

Trip. Very foolish, perhaps; but very natural—heigho!

Smout. What's very natural, ma'am?

Trip. Nothing, sir—nothing—heigho!

Smout. Oh, she's got it to a dead certainty, and I may pop whenever I please!—(*Aside*)—It would be good fun, I think, to disappoint the little lady-bird, and the old solan her mother. Wouldn't it?

Trip. Yes, it would—ha, ha!

Smout. A famous lark—ha, ha, ha!

Trip. But how is it to be done, sir?

Smout. Why, you see—excuse me, my lady—but there's no other way of making her retire from business altogether, except for me to enter into a partnership somewhere else.

Trip. For how long?

Smout. Life, my lady—none of your breaks at seven or fourteen years. Now, I think I have a partner in my eye.

Trip. Indeed? Who is it?

Smout. A lady—a real, true, uncounterfeit lady, if she would condescend so far——

Trip. Ah! Mr Smout, you little know the feminine heart, if you talk of condescension in a matter of the kind.

Smout. She's a charming creature, and has no pride at all; and in a white bonnet and blue feathers is as well preserved a specimen of an angel as ever I saw. Do you know her now?

Trip. Ah! if it weren't for papa!

Smout. Oh, cuss the old dromedary! Leave him on the top of some of the Scotch mountains, cooling his old trotters in a kilt—that is, if he says any thing uncivil; but I bet beefsteaks and onions for four, he and I would soon become friends. How does he live?

Trip. Live? what do you mean?

Smout. How does he spend the day, that I may know whether we should hit it off together? When does he rise?

Trip. Oh, he rises—now for my old master, Mr M'Sporran—(*Aside*)—he rises at seven o'clock, and has a pint of half-and-half and a pipe.

Smout. A jolly old soul!—I like him—go on.

Trip. At nine he breakfasts—tea and toast—and sends the maid out for another pint.

Smout. The maid!—a duke!—I wish to make a remark. It strikes me a duke is not very unlike another man—say, for instance, a carpenter. Well, his lunch?

Trip. He never lunches—at one he dines, and has two pints, and then goes into the scullery to smoke his pipe.

Smout. The scullery!—you amaze me. What a set of oddities the Scotch must be!

Trip. At five, he has tea and a half pot of porter.

Smout. Go it, my jolly lad! you're a rare friend of the brewer.

Trip. And at eight he has, very often, a supper of tripe and cow-heel, and a quart of strong ale.

Smout. Ale again! He must be an unaccountable drunken old boy, this papa of yours. I wouldn't pay his beer bill for a trifle. But I think he and I would get as thick as thieves in less than no time; and therefore, dear girl—Lady Susannah, I mean—no offence——

Trip. We pardon every thing where we admire so much——

Smout. More treacle! Ah, what's the use of nonsense? Let's come to the point. From the moment I heard your name, I fell bang into it over head and ears.

Trip. Into what?

Smout. Love, my angel!—(*takes her hand and looks in her face—recognizes her*)—Why—what's all this? Blow'd if you ain't the pretty little waiting-maid! Oh, ho! you've been coming the hoax, have ye? but it won't do.

Trip. And am I then discovered! —(*Sighs.*)

Smout. That you are; so no more gammon about dukes and pints of half-and-half.

Trip. Ah, Mr Smout! think not too lowly of my sex, nor of me, since you have perceived the full extent of your conquest——

Smout. A mighty pretty conquest, to stand shilly-shallying with a lady's maid!—why, there ain't a barmaid between this and Brummagem that would have cost me half the time.

Trip. You misunderstand me, sir, (*haughtily,*) and I leave you.

Smout. No misunderstanding in the matter. You're the same little girl, ain't you, I saw here half an hour ago, with a bandbox and bonnet?

Trip. You saw me with the bonnet and bandbox, sir; and if I humbled myself to have the pleasure of seeing a gentleman I had heard so much of —but it serves me right—'Twas foolish—and I am doomed to suffer the penalty!

Smout. Humbled yourself!—you're coming it mighty grand, Trippet.

Trip. Trippet is my maid, sir—my tirewoman.

Smout. Trippet is yourself, you mean to say.

Trip. You use your victory cruelly —compassion, delicacy, gallantry, should lead you to be more merciful to the vanquished. If I disguised myself in Trippet's clothes—if I carried a bandbox into the room where I knew you were—if I broke through the rules of strict etiquette, and perhaps feminine decorum, to gratify a curiosity from which I am condemned to suffer so severely—it is right—I do not complain.—The wounds that I received as the humble Trippet, I shall know how to endure as Lady Susannah Cairngorm.

Smout. Eh!—what the devil!—you don't say so?

Trip. Farewell, sir.—One more look at that face! at that form!—one more sound of that voice!—one more touch of that hand—forgive it—it is the last!—farewell!—(*Going.*)

Smout. Here's a devil of a concern! —Why, it's Lady Susannah after all. Honour bright, are you not telling a lie? You're the real superfine article, and came to have a look at me for a bit of a lark, pretending to be your own waiting-woman? 'Pon my soul, you're a trump, you are, and I like you a hundred times better than ever!

Trip. Oh!—say it again! Did my ears deceive me? You like me? You forgive my having deceived you?

Smout. I tell you I like you all the better for it. So you took a fancy to me at first sight? First-rate Stulzes these, ain't they? see how well they fit at the knee—The coat—don't you think the back buttons a little too low down?—The waistcoat's admired wherever I wear it.

Trip. You dress like a man of fashion and science.

Smout. D'ye think so?—really now?—well, you *have* an unaccountable sly way of paying a compliment.

Kate. (*Behind the scenes.*)—William! cousin William!

Smout. Bother! there's the lady-bird.—She wants me to marry her, Lady Susannah!

Trip. Oh, (*pretending nearly to faint,*) spare my feelings!

Smout. But I *won't* marry her, so help me Bob!

Trip. You revive me.

Smout. Sharp's the word, Lady Susannah; will you have me?—no palaver.

Trip. Yes.

Smout. Immediately?

Trip. Yes.

Smout. Here's the ticket. This is a proclamation of bans; we can slip round the corner to the registrar's. He'll splice us in two minutes.

Kate. (*Behind the scenes.*)—William, cousin William!

Smout. Come, then! but stay—won't your father tell the House of Lords?

Trip. Oh, no! He's a duke in the peerage of Scotland; but in the peerage of England he is only a justice of peace.

Smout. Is that all? come along! I say, won't the young one be reg'lar flummoxed?

Trip. Flummoxed? what's that?

Smout. Flabbergasted, spifficated, when she finds I *can't* marry her! Mr William Smout regrets that a previous engagement——

Trip. They're coming!

Smout. Come! come! [*Exeunt.*

Enter KATE.

Kate. Cousin William!—I do hope Trippet has given him good advice. Here's Mr Dobbs arrived, and cousin William nowhere to be found.—(*Enter* CHARLES.)—Oh, Charles! I'm so glad to see you. Have you seen cousin William?

Char. No—but, alas! alas! Kate; I fear fortune is still against us. Mr Dobbs seems so very determined.

Kate. How often shall I have to tell you that it is I that must be determined—not Mr Dobbs?

Enter Mrs HARVEY.

Mrs H. Oh dear!—oh dear! where can that nevy of mine be gone? There's Lady Susannah calling for Trippet. I'm quite in a something ending in—dary.

Kate. Quandary, mamma.

Mrs H. Yes, thank you—quandary's the very word.

Enter Mr DOBBS.

Mr Dobbs. So you can't find Mr Smout junior, ma'am? Well, I can make use of the time till he is found in explaining matters to this young lady. Your uncle, miss, was resolved to do something for his family, and wished to be equally kind to his brother and sister; but as, at the time of his death, he was not on good terms with either of them, he determined to show his affection to their children instead of to them. He constituted me his representative in carrying these wishes into effect, and leaves his whole fortune to his nephew and niece if they marry; but cuts off without a shilling whichever of them makes an objection to the match. If you marry your cousin, I pay you over thirty thousand pounds—if you refuse to marry him when he makes you the offer, I pay the money over to him.

Kate. And if he refuses to marry *me*, sir?

Mr Dobbs. That's not a very likely case, I should say—(*taking her hand*)—but, in case he should be so foolish, I pay the money over to you.

Kate. Pray Heaven he may be guided by Trippet's counsel!

Char. He can't be ass enough for that, when merely making the offer puts him in possession of the fortune.

Kate. He's ass enough for any thing, and here he comes.

Enter SMOUT.

Mrs H. Oh! nevy William.

Kate. Oh! cousin William.

Smout. What's the go now? Has any body been a-breaking out of Newgate?

Kate. Mr Dobbs, cousin William.

Smout. The same old boy that tipt me the stave this morning! That cock won't fight, governor.

Mr D. I don't quite understand you, my young friend.

Smout. I understand *you* though, my old jackdaw, and that's pretty much the same thing, I take it. I wish to drop a remark—*That cock won't fight.* Now, do you take me?

Mr D. Sir, we are not talking either of cocks or hens, that I am aware of. We are talking, sir, of your marriage with this young lady.

Smout. Didn't I tell you so! But I say, for the third and last time, that cock won't fight.

Mr D. Who talks of fighting? who talks of cocks? I ask you a question, sir. Are you willing to take this young lady—the niece of my deceased friend—as your wedded wife? Answer me—yes or no.

Smout. She's set you up to it—has she? Well, she's rather forward of her age—but she's a day behind the market——

Mr Dobbs. Will you answer, sir—yes or no?

Smout. Then no—by all means. What the devil!—how many wives would the fellow wish one to take. Would he have a man take a seraglio?—(*Aside.*)

Mr Dobbs. I must now then turn to you. Are you, Kate or Catherine Harvey, willing to marry this person, Mr William Smout?

Cha. Say yes.

Kate. Yes.

Smout. Ha! ha! ha! How cussedly flummoxed she'll be when she knows all.

Mr Dobbs. And you refuse her hand?

Smout. To be sure I do. Gad, the old boy wants to have me up for bigamy—(*Aside.*)

Mr Dobbs. Then the remaining part of my duty is easily accomplished——

Smout. You had better mizzle, my boy, with all convenient expedition; for I expect my wife here every moment, and you must spare a bride's blushes——

Mrs H. Your wife, nevy William? Was there ever such an odd—something ending in strophe?

Smout. Yes, my wife, auntie. Don't be down-hearted—but you see it won't be in my power to marry your daughter—at least till I'm a widow. I'll call her—Lady Susannah!

Mrs H. Lady Susannah! Oh dear! —(*Sits down and covers her face.*)

Trip. Well, lovey, did you call me?

Kate. Why—Trippet?

Mrs H. Trippet? Oh, the good-for-nothing hussey!

Smout. Beg your pardon, but this is carrying the joke a little too far. Speak to them, Lady Susannah. Tell them about your father the duke——

Mrs H. The Lady Susannah! She's Trippet, and nobody else.—(*Brings Trippet forward.*)

Smout. Now come here—I wish to drop a remark. Are you Trippet, or Lady Susannah?

Trip. Neither.

Smout. Then what the deuce are you?

Trip. Mrs William Smout. But come, deary, let us leave these good folks to themselves. It ain't etiquette to see so many people immediately after one's marriage.

Smout. Go yourself. I don't budge an inch.

Trip. Oh, you won't! won't you? —you'll desert your lawful wife, will ye?—Come, I say!—(*Fiercely.*)

Smout. No, I won't——

Trip. But you *shall* come, sir, when I order you. Do you think I demeaned myself to marry a person like you, unless to have the pleasure of having him for my slave? Come, I say!

Smout. Why, what's the hurry?

Trip. Hurry? Because I wish to be gone—to forget that I have ever been any thing but a lady—wife of a scientific gentleman that keeps a gig. Who's flummoxed now, I should like to know?—flabbergasted?—spiflicated? Come!

Smout. Well, if you insist on it—(*Going*)—but blowed if I ever——

Trip. What's that you say, sir?

Smout. Nothing—nothing—devilish hard that a man can't speak——

Trip. Come, I say!

Smout. Well, I'm coming, ain't I?— [*Exeunt.*

Mr Dobbs. This extraordinary scene makes my duty still easier than before. I shall be delighted, Miss Harvey, to pay the money into any banker's you choose to name.

Kate.—(*Taking Charles's hand*)—I believe this gentleman must fix on where it had better be placed.

Mr Dobbs. Indeed!

Kate. He has loved me long and truly, sir, when I was poor and friendless; and I think that I can't do less than love him in return, now that I am rich and happy.

Cha. Thank Heaven, my cares are over!

Mr Dobbs. And my duty done.

Mrs H. And my uneasiness at an end, if our friends will honour us with their—something ending in ation.

Kate. Approbation, mamma—approbation.

Curtain falls.

ENGLAND AND HER EUROPEAN ALLIES.

At a period when a temporary check has been given to the progress of misrule at home, and England is again at liberty to assume her position among the great Conservative powers of Europe, it is not a fruitless speculation to direct attention to the present condition and interests of the Conservative party on the Continent, and to offer, for the consideration of the British aristocracy, some general remarks on the actual state of the same class in other European nations. We are not of those politicians who think that England can ever, consistently with her own best interests, pursue a line of policy which is to be always unconnected with that of other powers; we hold a policy of isolation, notwithstanding the physical impregnability of our island-home, to be an impossibility—for even though we should endeavour to abstract ourselves from the influence of foreign events, those events would affect us in spite of all our efforts; other nations would not let us alone, though we were to protest for ever our deepest admiration for the non-interference system; and our multitudinous interests—spread abroad like the feelers of a molluscous inhabitant of the deep, to take cognisance of all around it—would be made to vibrate with many an unforeseen event, which might call on the instant into fiery exertion all the efforts of the nation. In fact, we have nothing to gain and every thing to lose by a policy of isolation; in territorial extent, as far as Europe is concerned, we can hardly rank as a first-rate power—it is by our dense and industrious population, by our wide-spread colonies, and by our universal trade, that we extend our name and our influence wherever waves can beat or foot can tread; it is by our very ubiquity that we hold the high rank among nations which it has pleased Providence that we should attain. England is, and has long been, so essentially a civilizing nation—she has done so much good for mankind—she has taught men so many arts, has made for them so many discoveries, has protected them from so much evil, and, on the whole, has used her great and honourably acquired power so humanely, so nobly, that she would be wanting to herself were she to abdicate that exalted station, which, in the opinion of three-fourths of the world, she so fairly holds. England is intimately connected with every nation, and every nation is intimately connected with her; whether for good or evil, for friendship or for enmity; she has her lot in the bag with every nation under the sun; and at the present moment, her navies are afloat in the Chinese seas as well as in the Mediterranean, while her travellers and expeditionists are exploring the frozen regions of either pole. It may be a laborious task for British statesmen to have to deal with the destinies of the whole world, but it is also a high and perilous honour; it requires men of no common knowledge and ability to move the levers of our mighty empire; and the honour and credit of the nation itself are at stake every day in some portion or other of our wide-scattered possessions; but such is the state of the case—the task cannot be refused, the labour cannot be lightened—the energies of the mind must be called forth to meet the difficulties of the undertaking, and England must never be wanting in a supply of men duly qualified to serve their sovereign and their country. Away, then, with the narrow policy which would make us believe that England has only herself to care for, only herself to govern; the Ocean Queen, the mistress of the world in arts and civilizing energies, has to think and act for all mankind; she has to supply their wants, to guide their labours, to cultivate their minds, to confer an interchange of benefits on them all, and to unite them, if it were possible, in one common bond of good sense and good-will. She has to ally herself with good men wherever she finds them; she has to encourage the lovers of peaceful and upright government wherever they are to be met with; she has to set them a good example, and to imitate good conduct wherever it exists; she has, in fact, not only to be conservative at home, but she has to connect herself with all that is conservative abroad.

That an aristocracy is always a conservative body, is true in various senses; it is conservative, at all times

and in all cases, of its own rights and privileges, except when the terrors of revolution have arisen from its misconduct or factious ambition, and are sweeping away the foundations of society; in many instances, and at various periods, it is conservative of the true interests and welfare of the people, and is in fact the stay and safeguard of a nation. It is in this latter sense that the aristocracy of Great Britain has shown itself preeminently one of the most conservative bodies that Europe has ever possessed; for the nobles of our three kingdoms, while they have maintained their own privileges, and asserted their own independence, have ever been mindful of the duly regulated liberties of the people, and have guarded the sacred deposit of national honour and happiness, with a constancy and a courage that have weathered the severest political storms to which the nation has been exposed. The nobility of England have not deserted their posts, like those of France at the outbreak of the great Revolution, nor have they sunk into a state of cowardly and corrupt degeneracy, like those of Spain and Portugal, who look unmoved at the calamities of their wretched countries, and peril not their persons or their fortunes in an attempt to save them. The British aristocracy have remained a far more united and active body than that of the old Germanic Empire, or the heterogeneous aristocracies of the actual German Confederation; they are not lost in indolence and sensuality, like the nobles of Italy, nor do they form a rude untractable body, like the potentates of the Russian empire:—they are essentially the best and most energetic class of the nation; they have the truest perceptions of what constitutes the national good, and the steadiest determination to bring that good into effect; they keep up the tone and character of the community to their proper pitch; and they are the real leaders of the people in all that requires the exercise of courage, talent, and virtue. It is true that the aristocracy suffers by the political divisions of party which afflict the nation at large; but, with some minor differences removed, they have, as a body, the welfare of the whole people seriously at heart, and they devote their best powers to promote and preserve whatever tends to advance it. One of the most striking instances in which the forethought of the British nobility was displayed, and their efforts exerted with the most complete success, was in the noble stand which they made against the influence of the French Revolution, and the wide-spreading power of Napoleon; when almost all Europe had given way to the pernicious doctrines that issued forth from France, and when the crown of many a monarch had been trodden under foot by the ambitious and unsparing conqueror. Had not the British nobility themselves, under the guidance of the great man who then swayed the destinies of our country, come forward to check the career of political degeneracy at home, and to withstand the march of republican or imperial tyranny abroad, all Europe had sunk beneath the influence of France; and the honour and independence of every state which now exists in it had been utterly annihilated. It was this, the last great European act of the nobles of our land, that saved our own country and re-established the prosperity of the continent: it was this that consolidated and exalted our national power; and it was this that raised to its high and enviable post the untarnished honour of the British name.

The great act of conservatism then accomplished, should, we contend, be the mark and text for our nobles and statesmen of the present day. It is not enough to have once accomplished so great, so illustrious a work. The necessity for persevering in a similar course not only exists, but has received fresh force from recent events; and the aristocracy of England, the Conservative party of the British Empire, should be prepared to maintain their position in the foremost ranks of all that is noble and conservative in Europe, whenever it is a question of opposing the insidious progress of political degeneracy, or the open demonstrations of democratical profligacy. During the last ten years the Conservative party at home have been too much occupied in redeeming the faults that led to the check of 1830, and the subsequent years, to allow of their attention being turned, as much as was required, to Conservative interests on the Continent: the reins of power, too, had escaped from their hands. All that could be done was, by firm and honourable persistance in the good cause which had won for them the cordial support of all classes, to ad-

vance with steady steps to the position from which they had been momentarily forced. Now, however, that their efforts have been crowned with success, it behoves them to look well abroad, and to see with what friends they should ally themselves, in what course they should steer the noble vessel of the state, and what policy they should adopt with regard to our Continental neighbours. The seeds of mischief have too long been sown on soils near our own doors, and the sowers have been too much tampered with by the friends of mischief at home, not to render this a precaution and a duty of great importance; and the readiest way to prevent the calamities of a future conflagration, will be to extinguish the sparks as they show themselves near the *foci* of combustible matter, while at the same time all fuel for the flames should be carefully removed.

A review of the present political condition of the states of Europe, and of the position in which the Aristocratical and Conservative parties in each are situated, will show what should be the foreign policy of our own aristocracy and Conservatives, and in what quarter they should look for the most beneficial alliances. It cannot be denied, that the most likely source from whence danger to England and to the other states of Europe may arise, is France, in her present anomalous and unsettled condition. That country, blessed with natural gifts beyond many others in Europe, with a varied fertility of soil, and with a geographical conformation that ought to make her one of the most agricultural, and at the same time commercial, districts of the world, peopled with a peasantry who are capable of being led to more good than they have hitherto been to mischief, and are endowed with a degree of national talent and acuteness, that might bring about the most happy results, if directed to right ends,—that country seems of late to have been only a slumbering volcano, ready to launch forth its fires of devastation upon the first shock which shall break through the thin crust that covers its crater. The political faults and crimes that produced and accompanied the great Revolution, have, through the vicissitudes of the empire and the restoration, and the present period of citizen misrule, led to its foundation. The sound political organ as things are at bid public feeling, that country, is removal of the restraint, now kept by the wary despotism of a suspicious government, the nation, nominally a monarchy, is ready again to assume the form of a military republic, to whose existence war and conquest are essentially necessary. The aristocracy of France, if it has not ceased to exist, is in a dormant or rather torpid state—stripped of political power, void of moral influence, and holding its territorial possessions by the tenure of a few short lives. It has no voice in the state—for the Chamber of Peers is the most ludicrous libel on a chamber of nobles that can be imagined—and it has no hold on the affections or respect of the people. It is not an active, a leading, or protecting body, like that of England; but it shrinks beneath the rod of the citizen king, and quails before the frown of an armed people, like the meanest classes of the community. Never, in fact, since the reign of Louis XIII., has the aristocracy of France done any thing to protect the people from the sovereign or from themselves; on the contrary, it has commonly joined with the crown in oppressing them, and, like the clergy, forgot to practise those moral duties which would alone ensure respect and sympathy in the day of danger. Since the accomplishment of the Revolution of the last century, and since the second destruction of any hopes the French nobles might afterwards have formed by the successful insurrection of 1830, the practical power of the aristocracy in France has been altogether null; the nobility made no stand worthy of the name, in behalf of the unfortunate Charles X., nor have they since opposed, with any courage or activity, the swarms of political adventurers who have been preying upon the entrails of the country; they have not attempted to make any foreign alliances for the recovery of the power they ought to hold, but, on the contrary, have shown the meanest and most ridiculous jealousy of those nations to whom, and to Great Britain more especially, they were once indebted even for their lives and fortunes.* For the people they have

* The ingratitude shown towards England by the French nobility, is proverbial; and the language of the French Legitimist press, is not less hostile to Great Britain

and in all cases, of sympathy, or, at all events, evinced it by any revolution of personal wealth and comfort, they have allowed the shock of a government to come upon the lower classes unchecked by their own mediation; and they have not protested against the legal despotism, or the fiscal exactions, under which the common people in France have been groaning more and more the longer they have been blessed with a citizen-dynasty. The consequence has been, what we have said above, that they have neither gained nor retained any hold on the respect and affections of the nation; and that at the present moment their existence is almost unthought of except by the Republican party, who always look upon them as legitimate subjects for future spoliation. The nobles of France, no doubt, constitute a Conservative party of a peculiar kind; but they have no leader, nor any avowed line of policy, and are, therefore, incapable of making any effective *point d'appui* for the friends of order, in the event of a new revolution. There is another Conservative party in France, which, though much less numerous, is far more effective, and, in fact, forms the only portion of the nation upon whom the just and tranquillizing policy of the more sober states of Europe can have any influence: we mean the commercial and financial classes. The merchants, manufacturers, and bankers of France, are any thing but speculators in the English sense of the word: they are laborious, plodding, and on the whole upright worthy men, who are contented with small but sure gains: who are by no means advocates of any free-trade doctrines, and who conduct their dealings very much upon the ready money and bird-in-the-hand principle. Ever since the peace of 1814, they have been gradually but surely amassing money; and at the present moment the trading interests of France, though they will not bear a comparison for extent to those of our own country, are based on a solid foundation, that reflects great honour on those who laid it. Political power has necessarily flowed largely into their hands, for they have practically held the purse-strings of the state; and it was to them, and them only, that Louis Philippe was indebted for support when he opposed the *soi-disant* Liberal party last year, and succeeded in staying the clamour for war. The monied interests were the first, or rather the only interests in the country, that were alarmed by the headlong madness of the profligate minister who was hurrying the country on to its ruin; and it was by the cordial co-operation of the manufacturers and capitalists, that the Chamber of Deputies was enabled to pluck up a little courage, and throw Thiers and his crew out of office. The third Conservative party in France is the agricultural portion of the population, and more particularly the smaller farmers and peasants; who, like all persons engaged in similar pursuits, are inclined to be orderly and contented if tolerably well governed, and to whom war and revolution are words synonymous with misery and ruin. The peasantry of France form a solid substratum of a rude and ignorant, but not an evil-disposed race; and, under the guidance of a properly constituted aristocracy, and a truly national and paternal government, might form a source of strength and prosperity, which would elevate the country to a high degree of importance and power. The fourth party in France which assumes the title of a Conservative one, though often without any just claims, is that which comprises all the adherents and supporters of the present dynasty: a motley gang, including not only the oft transformed Liberals and Imperialists of former days—the men of a hundred adhesions to a hundred parties; but also the hungry expectants of place and power, who have been drawn from obscurity by the events of 1830, and are dependent for existence on the system which they then raised, and are now forced to support. These men are conservative of nothing but what appears to be their own immediate interest: they submit with blind optimism to the tortuous policy of the crown: they are prepared to go any lengths in departing from what they professed, eleven years ago, to be the only true principles of enlightened government, if they are only allowed to fatten on the ever-growing budget of "the cheapest and

and all that is British, than that of the Republican papers. The fact is, that a feeling of deep-rooted and insensate, because causeless, hostility to England, pervades many classes of the French people.

best of republics;" and they are ready to support with the same servility any other government that may be established on the ruins of the present one, provided that it holds out sufficient guarantees of stability and gain. The statesmen who guide the destinies of that country at the present day—a ruined set of *effête* Liberals and *ci-devant* Imperialists—have no line of policy other than what suits the views of their able and vigilant master. This policy has happily found its ends answered by maintaining friendship with England, and therefore peace is the order of the day:—but if the views of the Orleans family had been better suited by an alliance with any other European power, or if the support of any other nation would be purchased on easier terms, English friendship and English alliance would be thrown overboard, by these official followers, and the French would be encouraged to indulge, if they dared, in their national hostility against their insular neighbours. This party is neither conservative towards the people, nor conservative towards the foreign alliances of the country: it is conservative only of itself: and it cannot be counted on with any security by the aristocratical and really conservative parties of other nations.

If, on the other hand, we reflect upon what is the extent and power of the openly avowed destructive party in France—what is its activity, its perpetual ambition, its restless energy—we are compelled to confess that very few hopes of a permanent friendship with France can be entertained by England. The Republicans of the former country, and the Radicals of the latter, may indeed entertain sympathies of evil; but the people of England are not represented by the Radicals, and the really solid and respectable bulk of the British nation could never coalesce with the supporters of anarchy and tyranny on the other side of the Channel. There is no chance, until the national character of the French is altered and improved by a better system of government, of any thing like a permanent alliance existing between the two countries; and however desirous British Conservatives may be of maintaining relations of peace with their Gallic neighbours, we are convinced that the tranquillity of Europe, if it depends on such a peace alone, stands on a very uncertain and dangerous foundation. The French Government, as things are at present constituted in that country, is at best but the organ of the individual opinion of Louis Philippe; but should any fortuitous or natural circumstances remove from the throne a monarch, to whose pacific policy we owe so much, there is no doubt whatever that power will almost immediately, if not instantaneously, revert into the hands of the Radical, or Republican, or War party, and a general conflagration will be the consequence. We confess our distrust of the stability and honesty of parties in France is so extreme, that we do not think any overtures or concessions from the Conservatives, consistent with the honour of England, would ensure a single year of peace after the decease of Louis Philippe. We foresee an inevitable hurricane arising in that quarter; and we should be glad to find the Conservatives of England firmly linked in bonds of honourable friendship and good understanding with the great Conservative powers of Europe, before the wild play of the political whirlwind begins. That the consequences of a war of aggression on the part of France would be fatally disastrous to that country, and a source of additional honour and prosperity to "the Allies,"—we use an old term which may soon again be brought on the *tapis*,—is as certain as the commencement of such a war is eventually too probable. There is nothing for us to apprehend from it; but it is of essential importance, that all countries likely to be involved in a war of principle and Conservative independence, should be previously possessed of ample means to make the war as short as possible, and to exterminate the causes of the political and social nuisance. England and her Allies, in another war against France, must not act the good-natured part which the moderation and magnanimity of the great sovereigns of the Holy Alliance assigned to each at the end of the late war. They must this time take ample securities, and retain them, for the good behaviour of their troublesome neighbours, for a full century to come; and they must teach them a sound lesson of political and social good conduct, which they will have time and opportunity not only to recollect, but to practise. For all this, however, a previous understanding, and

a virtual, if not an open alliance between the friends who will hereafter have to act together, is decidedly necessary; and in every view such a combination in the cause of peace and good order, would be the best preservative either against the occurrence or against the consequences of the eventual outbreak to which we have referred.

We do not see that the aristocracy and the Conservatives of England have to expect any sympathy or alliance from those of the Iberian peninsula. Spain and Portugal are still in a state of revolution, of anarchy, of moral and of financial bankruptcy, and the nobles in either country form such disunited, spiritless bands, that any foreign friends would find it hard to co-operate with them for the regeneration of their unfortunate nations; much less could their influence be of any value or weight in an European contest. The policy of the Whigs towards those countries has been so fatal to their best interests, and has brought so much misery upon them, that the Conservatives will find it no easy task to undo some of the evil that has been effected. But now that the Radical party is in power at Madrid, with the consciousness of having been brought into that situation by the counsels and intrigues of the British legation in that capital, and the suspicious instructions issued from Downing Street, it is evident that a Conservative government would be miscalculating its own interests if it were to seek for friendship from such men as Espartero and his ministers.

We do not think that the policy of England towards Spain should be a passive one—far from it. With a nation which can so far forget its ancient renown, and even what modern honours remained to it, as Spain has done, no other than a plain straightforward determined line of conduct will succeed. The Conservatives should make up their own minds clearly as to what sort of government they consider necessary to be established in the Peninsula, for the peace and safety of Europe, and then, in concert with the great powers of the Continent, order their wishes to be carried into effect: the Don might talk a little loud at first, but a ship of war and a regiment in each of the ports of Passages, Bilboa, Corunna, Cadiz, Malaga, and Barcelona, would ensure submission within a month. The same for Portugal, if there be need;—but that country is rather the more reasonable of the two: there can be no doubt, however, that it would be a blameable neglect to give any encouragement to a set of chattering, empty-headed, unprincipled Radicals, whether they call themselves a government by the golden sands of the Tagus, or by the gravelly bed of the Manzanares. Those of the Spanish nobility who are in forced or voluntary exile, might be encouraged to return home, and protected when there: nor would it be beneath the dignity of the British aristocracy, elevated as they are above their Spanish brethren, to hold out to them such marks of friendship as might tend to revive their courage, and aid them in regaining the power they have so long lost. At present, the spirit of anarchy is predominant in the Peninsula; the power of the crown, once omnipotent, is now nearly annihilated, and the influence of the aristocracy is altogether dormant: these two great branches of public force are in need of being raised up; but, unless the helping hand comes from without, centuries may yet elapse ere Spain and Portugal shall re-attain a healthy state of political existence.

The condition of the aristocratical party in Italy is by no means analogous to that of the same party in Spain or Portugal:—no doubt the Italian nobility have not that degree of sound political strength which we could desire to witness among them; but they have infinitely more than those we have just been mentioning. Italy, broken as it is into so many small states, cannot form a great and united power, like the people of other languages in Europe—at least, it has not yet done so; but, on the other hand, the spirit of national independence, which is strong in each of these states, and the abilities of the princes who are at the head of the several governments, are likely to preserve that country from the horrors of revolution for a long period. There is a republican party at work in various parts of Italy, but its numbers are inconsiderable, and it has no leaders of importance: while, on the other hand, the nobles are untouched in their territorial possessions, the governments, without making much parade, are working in earnest at social improvement, and the commercial condition of the country in gen-

eral is so rapidly improving, that the mass of the people are, and with much reason, contented. It would be difficult to single out three small governments in Europe which are governed by more amiable sovereigns, directed by more honest and able men, or are effecting more silent and solid good, than those of Tuscany, Sardinia, and Lombardy. Naples comes next in the scale; and then Rome—poor, anile, imbecile, decrepit Rome!—and yet, weak and destitute as she is, we doubt whether her subjects are not, on the whole, as equitably governed as the magnanimous citizens of Paris, or the immaculate patriots of Madrid. The weak point of Italy is the feebleness of her moral and social virtues: what she wants is not political, but moral regeneration; and this she is slowly gaining, from the continual admixture of foreign blood pouring into her fertile plains. It will not be hastened by political convulsion, but it may be ultimately effected by dint of example, and by the continuance of that commercial prosperity which will propagate habits of more strenuous industry among her indolent populations. The nobility and the Conservative party in each state of Italy, should certainly receive the countenance and support of those in England, and the benefit would be mutual: but there is not so much need for active interference, on the part of Great Britain, in the internal politics of Italy, as in those of other countries, since, independently of the healthy vigour of the local governments, a considerable portion of the peninsula is under the direct sovereignty and protection of the most stable and conservative government on the Continent. We allude, of course, to Austria: that great power —which, though strict in its police regulations, is on the whole exceedingly mild and equitable in its dispensations of justice—is the safeguard and keystone of the Italian community. The steady sobriety of the German character has, in all ages since the tenth century, produced the effect that might be anticipated on the less rigid inhabitants of Cisalpine countries. The iron crown at Monza is a good type of the moral strength of the German ruler, as compared with the golden malleability of the Italian subject; and much as it is the fashion, (and perhaps an excusable propensity,) on the part of Italian historians, to lament the predominance of Austrian influence, it must be confessed that, for the rest of Europe, this admixture of the Germanic element with the Italian family, confers upon it a degree of strength and dignity which alone it would not possess. Austria is in reality a good friend to Italy; and, were any proof wanting of the noble use she can make of her immense power, we would appeal to the generous amnesty granted by the present Emperor, on his coronation, as one of the most magnanimous acts of authority ever performed by an European monarch. It should not be forgotten that France keeps a most covetous eye on Italy, and always counts upon that country as one of the levers by which she may work upon the rest of Europe. Last year, when things were daily approaching the point beyond which nothing but war remained, M. Thiers openly expressed his determination to commence his course of aggression by a campaign of propagandism on the southern side of the Alps—a ferocious idea, which was applauded in France as one, the realization of which was a fair object of anticipation; and there is every reason to believe that the French republican party would try to act over again the Italian campaigns of the end of the last century, whenever the opportunity occurred for their flying in the face of conservative Europe. Austria has her attention actively turned to the possibility of this event, and, with Sardinia, is ready at all times to repel such an attack; but the eyes of other nations should be open to the true state of feeling in France on this subject, and the permanent independence of Italy should be made one of the main points of European international law.

We now come naturally to the state and prospects of the aristocracy and the Conservative party in the states of the German Confederation—a motley assemblage of nations speaking so many dialects of the same mother tongue, but resembling each other in nothing so much as in their intense love for their fatherland, and their respect for constituted authority. The Germans are certainly the easiest people to be governed in the civilized world —to be governed well, that is to say; and the happy calm that prevails throughout the centre of Europe, is at once an honourable proof of the integrity of the rulers, and virtuous

honesty of their subjects. Local disputes, arising from local circumstances and from causes of a purely temporary nature, no doubt exist; but, on the whole, the Germanic states present a solid mass of sober-minded, well-conducted people, upon whom the repose of Europe may be said principally to depend. They form a decided counterpoise to the restless demoralized nations on the west and south-west, and to the rude uncultivated tribes on the east and south-east. They form the centre of gravity, round which the more volatile members of the European body revolve and agitate themselves; and it may be said that, by their very immovableness, they give consistency to the system, and unite together its discordant parts. Were it otherwise, were the Germans a set of restless *brouillons* like the French, were they no better than Russian serfs, or were they like the degenerate Spaniards, the old world would be a pandemonium, and we should be living in a state of perpetual war. The German aristocracies, like the German sovereigns, have long had the happy faculty of making themselves beloved by those who are dependent upon them; and the monarchical as well as feudal relations of the middle ages—which had a great deal more wisdom in them than we superficial moderns are generally disposed to admit—have come down to the present day in Germany less changed than in any other part of Europe. There is a natural nobleness of character in a German lord of the soil, a natural magnanimity in a German prince, and a corresponding feeling of respect and attachment on the part of the citizens and vassals, which render intercourse between the various classes of society in those countries of the most enviable description. That the Germans should have been exposed to the taunt of being slow to make political changes—to effect political progress, as the deceitful phraseology of French statesmen runs—is no cause of reproach; on the contrary, it is a legitimate subject of praise. It is a proof not only that the Germanic institutions are good in themselves, but that they suit the people by whom they are framed, and that the people are happy under them: and what else is the end of all government? We should deeply regret to see the day when the spirit of revolutionary madness should prevail on the banks of the Rhine, (which ought to flow altogether through German territories,) or on those of the Elbe and the Danube. The nobility are so firmly seated in Germany, not only in their castles, but in the hearts and affections of the people, that there is little danger of Radicalism ever making head there, as long as the upper classes do their duty as honestly as at the present moment; and in the same way the royal and princely families which hold sway over the various states, use their power with so much amenity and beneficent regard for the interests of all who are subjected to their rule, that no violent subversions of thrones are to be apprehended. It is almost superfluous, therefore, to suggest that the obvious interest of the nobility and the Conservatives of England is, to form a close alliance of amity and good understanding with their Teutonic brethren, and to make part of that solid mass of northern Conservative nations, which, if united, are able to guarantee the peace of the world. There is, however, this distinction to be made—Austria, from the magnitude of her possessions, from the station she has ever held at the head of European powers, and from the innate solidity and respectability of her social condition, is by far the first of the Germanic states in stability and in foreign influence. The nobility, too, are more numerous, more rich, and more powerful than those of any other member of the Confederation, and they constitute precisely that class of continental nobles with whom it is most desirable that the aristocracy of Great Britain should be the most closely connected. The nobles of Prussia, and of the western states of Germany, partly from internal political changes, partly from the revolts of foreign invasion, have been more subject to vicissitudes of fortune than those of Austria; and they have not the same degree of power and consideration. The laws, too, of Prussia and the eastern states are not so feudal in their form as those of Austria; and, if a secret leaning towards French ideas is to be found any where in Germany, it is among those smaller states that it is to be looked for. A most satisfactory feeling towards England pervades all classes of Germans, and especially the upper ones; so that it would be a matter of much regret if this disposition should meet with

no adequate return from those in whose favour it has been formed. The Germans appreciate the efforts made by England during the Napoleonic war; and the cordiality with which German and English soldiers have ever acted together, should be remembered as an earnest of the warm-hearted sympathy which either people should excite in the breasts of the other. The noble spirit shown by the Germans last year, when the idea of French aggression was again started in Europe; the energetic but prudent measures adopted by the various states for thwarting the designs of France; and the soul-stirring cry of "No! they shall never have the free, the German Rhine;"—all this entitles them to the warm respect and hearty good-will of the sound portion of the British public. An Anglo-Germanic alliance is worth ten times as much as a hollow friendship with France, any day in the week.

Of the smaller states in the north of Europe, there is one to which especial reparation is due from England for the unfriendly part she took against it in the affair of Antwerp—we mean Holland. Could events be made to occur over again, there is little doubt that the British people would never consent to espouse the cause of Belgium against Holland, nor to grasp at the shadowy friendship of a bastard race—neither French nor German nor Dutch, but a bad copy of all of them—instead of holding fast by the secular attachment and long tried esteem of those sturdy sailors, farmers, and traders, who, with less of the spirit of romance in their composition than any other race in Europe, can claim for themselves some of the most heroic pages of modern history. It was a great mistake to have approved of the French Revolution of 1830, but it was a still greater to have encouraged that of Belgium; and it was a crying injustice to aid France in driving back the Dutch, when they were on the point of reconquering what had been solemnly awarded to them by the voice of Europe. It is not too late to win back the friendship of Holland, especially if the upper classes in that country and in England hold out to each other that right hand of fellowship which is so natural to them both. Old connexions, old recollections, near alliances of blood, similarity of ideas and language—all dictate the policy of keeping up a good understanding with Holland. Though that country be not very aristocratic in its form of government, it possesses that really aristocratic and conservative virtue of practical good sense, and aversion to needless change, which renders a close intercourse with England most desirable for them both. Many an English noble may learn a good lesson from a Dutch merchant; and there are as few faults in the political character of our estimable neighbours and cousins as in that of any people in Europe. The Dutch, when they have been at war with us, have been honourable enemies; when at peace they have been upright, plain-spoken, good sort of friends:—to be on terms of amity with Holland, is a credit to any nation; and a Dutch endorsement to an English draft is just the kind of security which the real friends of Great Britain would be glad to accept.

There is no reason in the world why Sweden and Denmark should not only be friends with England, but very good friends too; close national relationship, near resemblance of national character, geographical position, and political interests—all are calculated to draw the ties of friendship between these countries very tight. That they are so indeed, we admit; but we would wish to see rather more intercourse kept up between the upper classes in each country. We would wish that British nobles, instead of flocking to Paris or Rome, would turn their steps rather more frequently to Copenhagen or Stockholm; and that they would consent to forget a while the Pyrenees or the Alps for a visit to the Dovrefeld, and the magnificent scenery of Norway and Sweden. The Scandinavian nations, which once made so much noise in modern Europe, are for the time being suffering a kind of political eclipse; and the rising sun of the east shines so brightly, that our eyes are dazzled, and we forget the nations on the western shores of the Baltic. They constitute, nevertheless, a powerful and valuable part of the European family; and there is no reason why in future days the fate of the old world may not again depend upon the sword of a Scandinavian prince. The people of these countries are on the whole happy and well governed; they form a sturdy and energetic race, full of patriotic affection for their native land,

and holding honourable positions both in arts and arms. Sweden, it is true, has been deeply affected by the revolutionary events of the end of the last century; and that her throne should be held by the present possessor, is a still greater anomaly than that the crown of France should be retained by the family in whose grasp it now remains. If, indeed, any danger of future revolution is to be apprehended for Sweden, it is in this very circumstance; for it is impossible that either the nobles or the people can have that intuitive respect for a monarch of yesterday, which they would have for an ancient line of native princes, and without which the tranquillity of a state is always liable to be disturbed at the death of the king for the time being. Strong though the Norwegian and Swedish nobility may be, they may not be able to keep the country quiet at the decease of Bernadotte; and they may yet have to expiate the fault they committed in caballing against the descendants of the illustrious Wasa. Denmark is more settled in this respect, and the personal virtues of the reigning family are a good guarantee for her future tranquillity. For either of these countries an intimate alliance with England must always be desirable; and we are sure that British Conservatives would do well to encourage and keep in countenance a strong conservative party in this portion of Europe.

There are two petty states in Europe, an alliance with which is of little value to Conservative England —an alliance, that is to say, of moral and political sympathies. One is Switzerland—a confederation greatly fallen off from its ancient valour and virtue; broken up into a number of impotent, factious democracies, in which the aristocratic and conservative party is without spirit and unity; while the radical portion, like the liberals of Belgium, are nothing but apes of the French. Their country is picturesque, and worthy of admiration for its physical attractions; but, in the scale of political alliances, Switzerland may be set down at zero. The other country is Greece—a state which, in the same scale, must be put below zero: it is a regular negative quantity; and, like an algebraic expression with a minus sign, will tend grievously to diminish the credit and respectability of any nation venturing to enter with it into a political function. In Greece there can hardly be said to be any parties at all: the natives are without any political knowledge that can entitle them to form an European opinion; they must organize themselves into a respectable community before their alliance can be worth having. In the mean time, until they have paid their debts, and mended their manners, they may consider themselves lucky to have fallen into the hands of an honourable man like his Bavarian majesty, and to have an amiable prince at their head like King Otho. Greeks ought not to be encouraged in the respectable establishment of John Bull and Co.; they had better apply at the *Café de la République*, on the other side of the Channel.

The last, but not the least, of the European powers to which we intend to advert, (for Turkey is still so Oriental, if not Asiatic, as hardly to come within our scope,) is the great colossus of Russia. It is of no use for British statesmen to divert their attention from a close consideration of the present and future condition of that mighty nation; it is of no use either to underrate or to overrate its strength and resources. Russia possesses a good territorial moiety of this quarter of the globe, besides a fair third of Asia, and part of America; and, whatever may be her relative position in times to come, she is certainly at the present day second only to Great Britain in foreign influence. We are not of those who view the unwieldy mass of "all the Russias" with undue alarm; we have no apprehension of her playing the old dramas of the Assyrian, the Persian, the Macedonian, the Roman, or the Tartaric empires over again; we do not believe such an event to be now possible according to the destinies of Providence; on the contrary, we confess that we expect an internal disruption of this immense power, rather than any future extensive aggrandizement. Had the size of the Russian empire been caused by the subjugation of civilized nations, there might be some cause for apprehension; but this has taken place on a very small scale—Poland and Finland being the only instances. Turkey has indeed lost provinces to her more warlike neighbour; but those provinces could hardly be called

civilized; and Russian aggrandizement has taken place more in the Asiatic and American continents than in that of Europe. Long before the population of her territories can come to be formidable to those of her western neighbours, the whole course of Asiatic politics may be changed, and Russia may find herself reduced to more moderate limits, without any diminution of real strength. As it is, however, the empire of the Czars is one of great power; governed with consummate skill and ability; rapidly progressing in trade, arts, and manufactures; with the people happy, and, on the whole, well governed; with the nobility at once numerous, rich, and territorially powerful; and with a princely family at its head, which cannot be surpassed, in public or private virtues, by any reigning house in the world.

The weight of the Russian sceptre, sword, and caduceus, must be felt in all questions of general European politics; and it would be blindness on the part of Great Britain not to act with perfect openness and fixity of purpose with regard to her great and not unworthy rival. It is not our intention to go into the endless question of English policy towards Russia—a subject upon which volumes may be written when the proper data have been collected—a thing as yet not done; we shall content ourselves with observing, as a general principle of international right and public equity, that Russia has every right, without being therefore accused of inordinate ambition, to follow out the great destinies which Providence seems to be opening for her, and to develop those resources which are the natural consequences of her territorial and numerical size. That Russia is great, and will become still greater, are facts against which it is useless to argue; it is rather for England to see how such circumstances may be made conducive to her own welfare, and how she may improve events which she cannot oppose. The most obvious policy is one of peace and of fair commercial competition, which, if persevered in with uprightness and candid liberality, will not fail to produce corresponding results on the part of Russia. Whereas a policy of perpetual jealousy and hostility can only retard the progress of either nation, and may ultimately bring worse calamities on their heads than the fancied evils they wish to avoid. Our present concern is with the nobles of Russia, and with their imperial master. The aristocracy in the Muscovite dominions forms such distinct classes, and they are so essentially the acting, influential part of the nation, that an alliance with Russia means an alliance with the nobles of that country. The upper classes of the nobility are too well and too generally known, both in England and all over the continent, to need any eulogium in their favour—the lower classes of the nobility may be comparatively deficient in refinement, but they have the sterling good qualities of sincerity and open-hearted frankness, which make them desirable friends. The Russian aristocracy of all ranks are too much interested in the improvement of their nation, not to be conservative in the full sense of the word, both at home and abroad—their main fault is that of ambition, which is apt to split them into cabals, and to make them dangerous to the monarch; with this single exception, however, they possess most of the qualifications that render their alliance and their amity things to be coveted. They have all such large stakes in the suppression of radicalism, wherever it is to be met with, at home or abroad, that their interests on this point are identical with those of our own nobility; and if the connexions which already exist between these classes should continue to increase in intimacy for a few years to come, the world would gain greatly in the guarantees of general peace which it would thence derive. As far as strictly European politics are concerned, we know of no obstacle to the cultivation of mutual friendship between the Conservative party, both in our own country and in the dominions of the Czar. His imperial majesty is in himself a host on the side of whatever cause he leans to; and in his public capacity as a monarch, has conducted himself with so much enlightened humanity and justice, that his alliance is a great honour to whatever people possesses it. Notwithstanding the exaggerated and false accounts of the Polish insurrection, in spite of the oft-repeated and never-fulfilled predictions of treachery and desire of aggrandizement towards Turkey, it cannot be denied that the Emperor

Nicholas has swayed the sceptre of his ancestors with a mild dignity, and a certain moderation as well as firmness of purpose, which do him the greatest credit both as a sovereign and politician. He has advanced the prosperity of his subjects in the most remarkable manner—he has promoted their internal comforts and welfare, without injuring those of their neighbours—he has quelled a formidable insurrection in Poland, with fewer acts of severity than any similar revolt of equal extent and duration ever before produced; and he has observed the stipulations of public treaties with a scrupulousness and delicacy that cannot be too highly appreciated. The mildness and purity of his public character will be instantly perceived by whoever will take the trouble of comparing him with Napoleon, or with Louis XIV.—the two characters most in vogue with his political enemies; and the manner in which Russia has conducted herself, under his special guidance, during the recent settlement of the Turco-Egyptian question, is a striking instance of public honour and moderation.

The domestic simplicity and unambitious good sense of the Emperor's heart, have been twice shown in the matrimonial alliances he has formed for his children. An ambitious monarch would have acted far otherwise; but a good and affectionate father would have done like the Emperor. It must be confessed, however, that two purely love-matches, and those, too, rather romantic ones, are altogether anomalies, not merely in royal, but even in noble families of the present day. We place our own Royal Lady and Sovereign, as bound both by affection and duty, at the head of the ladies whose brows are girt with diadems; but of the male monarchs of Europe, we know of none who can claim a higher station in the respect of the world than the Emperor Nicholas. For these and for other obvious reasons, resulting from the relative positions of England and Russia, we confess ourselves anxious to see a good understanding kept up between the friends and supporters of order and proper government in each country; being convinced that it is better for both to be honourable and sincere friends, rather than concealed and insidious enemies; and believing that there is still plenty of room in the world for both peoples to pursue their own legitimate lines of conduct, without thwarting or running foul of each other. The advantages of a good understanding with such a power are obvious—the results of a blind rivalry and hostility are altogether problematical.

On terminating this review of the policy of the Aristocracy and the Conservatives of Great Britain, with regard to the nobles and the friends of order on the Continent of Europe, we cannot avoid repeating, that the present juncture of affairs is one of great importance for putting things on a proper footing with regard to our foreign relations. The faults and mistakes of the last ten years have to be corrected, and a better course of policy chalked out for the future. The quarters in which our real friends in Europe lie should be well examined, and those friends should be properly cultivated and encouraged; the allies of pseudo-liberalism and disorganization should no longer be tampered with, but should be sent to the right-about—while the supporters of order and good national conduct should be sought out, and attached to us. The nobles and the Conservatives of England have now the destinies of the country in their own hands: they have the opportunity of raising her credit among other nations to the high pitch it had attained before they left office eleven years back; and it only depends upon them whether the Conservative interests of Europe should be formed into a strong and dignified combination for good, which may overawe the promoters of disorder, to whatever people they belong, and may give a sufficient security for a long continuance of peace to the civilized world. We have the fullest confidence in the nobles and the Conservatives of our land, and we have no fear but that they will both know and do their duty. This is what England expects.

BRIGHTON.

No. I.

"LAUDES BRIGHTONENSES.—Ex veteribus recentioribusque collectæ, notas, illustrationes, versiculosque quosdam supplevit auctor celeb. Maximus Ignotus."

TESTIMONIA.

"Brighton—la plus belle ville d'Angleterre."—LE MARECHAL MACDONALD.

"Oculus Angliæ, olim piscatorum tuguria, nunc imperatorum palatia, Brightonia pulcherrima."—LIV. *Histor.* lib. v.

Παρὰ θιν' πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης
Βρίτωνη, μεγάλη, χρυσέη.—HOM. *Iliad*, xii.

"Ah, ville charmante! l'Angleterre avait du bien de quoi se vanter. Chérie par les orages, sans être orageuse; ah, des sejours le plus delicieux! Brighton n'a pas la necessité de cacher la petitesse des moyens par l'importance de l'objet, le grand secret de toute la politique."—VOLTAIRE. *Lettres de Ferney.*

"When a man is tired of doing nothing in that dim, dingy, and in every sense detestable collection of foolish men and women, bad politics, and rank fumes, London; I know nothing better, than to leave the whole abomination behind at once, and go down to Brighton. My Lord Oxford has a villa on the West Cliff, where I write this, and where they have built a line of palaces, that throws Versailles, with all its rampant nonsense of gods and goddesses, cupids in lead, and nymphs in bronze, (as black and impudent as the life of Louis Baboon himself,) into eclipse. The sea is *our* sheet of water, a storm is *our jet-d'eau*, worth ten millions of the silly waterpipes and snivelling dragons of Marli; we have breezes unpolluted by the pestilent air of courts; and we can eat, drink, and sleep unsickened by odious and stupid etiquette. I talk to the fishermen, buy my own fish—know a smuggler by sight; breakfast on crabs and French brandy, both worth all the slops of tea that ever were made in St James'; and, in short, live like a citizen of nature."—SWIFT'S *Letters to Arbuthnot.*

BRIGHTON IN SUNSHINE.

"The air was mild, the wind was calm,
The surge was smooth, the dew was balm."—SCOTT.

THOUGH it makes me hysterie
To write panegyric
Whenever the subject's a trite one;
By Apollo's command
I take harp in hand,
To sing the enchantments of Brighton.

If you're sick of the earth,
Take a twelve-shilling berth
On the roof of the "fast coach," the Triton:
In five hours and a half
You shall dance, sing, and laugh,
In this Mahomet's paradise—Brighton.

Let them talk of the Alps,
They should hide their white scalps;
The Apennines only can blight one.
Rome, Naples, and Greece
Are not worth pence a-piece,
Compared with the esplanade—Brighton.

You'll have all kinds of sport.
To begin with the Court;—
The Queen will come down to invite one.
Since the Whigs are knock'd up,
We shall dance, dine, and sup,
And Victoria be Empress of Brighton.

Though we've lost the hussars,
(Through Lord Cardigan's jars,)
We've a regiment, though not a light one.

The Royal Dragoons,
Who trimm'd Nap's pantaloons;
I wish they had brought him to Brighton.

When their kettle-drums rattle,
I thirst for a battle,
Though now I'm too gouty to fight one.
To add to their glories,
Though *Greys*, they're brave Tories—
The heroes of Belgium and Brighton.

On Tuesdays their band
On the pier takes its stand,
And plays waltzes enough to delight one.
Their horns and trombones
Would soften the stones;
They have won all the beauties of Brighton.

Then the theatre-royal,
Which used to annoy all,
('Twas so dingy,) is now turn'd a white one,
With a new set of actors,
(Not old malefactors,)
Come down to bewitch us in Brighton.

Its heroine here
Makes ten thousand a-year,
All soul, (though her body's no slight one;)
She plays Oliver Twist
So touching and *triste*,
That she wets all the *mouchoirs* in Brighton.

It has three melodrames
With three castles in flames.
They say that Lord Melbourne will write one,
(Having nothing to do;)
Which Syd. Smith will review.
The Parnassus of England is Brighton.

We've the "Great Northern Wizard,"
(Old Nick in a vizard,)
A fiend, though a very polite one.
He'll take watch, purse, and locket,
Your eye from its socket,
Or your head from your shoulders, in Brighton.

We've a lady rope-dancer,
(A deuce of a prancer,)
With form, as with foot, made to smite one;
And a monkey, whose fist,
Condescends to be kiss'd
By all the blue-stockings in Brighton.

Then Ma'amselle *Mouton's* * ices
Have such charming devices,
Your teeth are all longing to bite one.
And if ever cream-tarts
Made havoc of hearts,
Your case is a lost one in Brighton.

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* The celebrated *patissière* on the Cliff.

We have crowds of "sweet preachers,"
Such potent beseechers,
Your pocket-book should be a tight one.
Our charity girls
Are such roses and pearls!
In short, we're all angels in Brighton.

They may puff "Le grand Paris,"
Pekin, Tipperary:
Round the world you'll find figures that fright one;
But the globe has none such,
French, Spanish, or Dutch,
As the ringleted beauties of Brighton.

If they say that it rains,
Or gives rheumatic pains,
Tis a libel. (I'd like to indict one.)
All the world's in surprise
When *any one* dies
(Unless he prefers it)—at Brighton.

If you'd get rid of Hyp.
Never go on board ship,
(You'll find my advice is the right one.)
All the quizzes of earth
Will seem brought for your mirth,
As you walk on the esplanade—Brighton.

ARION.

No. II.

BRIGHTON IN STORM.

"Where the bee sucks,
There lurk I,
In the cowslip's bell I lie,
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer merrily."—SHAKSPEARE.

BOSWELLIANA.

I and my illustrious friend have just returned from a visit to Brighton. My mind felt expanded by the magnitude of his. We put up at the Albion, and had an excellent dinner. My illustrious friend chuckled.

JOHNSON.—"This, sir, is worth living for. The human palate was not meant to lie fallow, any more than the human mind." He rolled himself about in evident exultation at the mighty thought. I immediately wrote it down.

BOSWELL.—"But, sir, is it your opinion that lobster sauce was intended to accompany turbot, by an original designation of nature?" He looked at me, as I thought, with unusual ferocity.

JOHN.—"And why not, sir?" he thundered. Then relapsing into a smile, he said, "Curries and other condiments may be the effects of civilization; we do not find them in a natural form. The skill of the cook there finishes the conception of the philosopher. What has occupied the meditation of the closet, is completed by the dexterity of the kitchen.—But lobsters, sir"——

Here he frowned again, I dreaded a storm, and handed him a bottle of Brighton sauce. It had the effect of restoring his good-humour.

JOHN.—"Lobsters, sir, are not to be spoken of with the haughtiness of arrogant science; or with the pertness of flippant conjecture. They are a work of nature, not a composition of art. Now, this Brighton sauce *is* a composition of art; and on such a subject, *you*, sir, may say what you please. You are adequate to its discussion."

He seemed pleased with the thought, and laughed heartily. I proposed a glass of wine.

JOHN.—" Yes, sir, wine is the liquor of oblivion ; it will enable me to forget *you*. Sir, you are superficial. Superficiality consists, not in the possession of space, but in the want of depth ; not in the expansion of substance, but the shallowness of material. It is a negative idea."

I was delighted with his eloquence. But I ventured an attempt to change the subject.

BOS.—" Sir, I have heard in Scotland"—The lion was instantly roused. Shaking his brows majestically, he looked at me.

JOHN.—" Sir, What can *you* have heard in Scotland? Sir, it requires some sense even to hear. To be sure," he added with a solemn laugh, " a man may be like an editor's box ; formed to receive all the anonymous trash that fools or knaves pour into it ; or he may be a moral poor-box, open to all the spurious coin of public credulity ; or he may be like a pawnbroker's shop, meant only to retain the cast-off remnants of other men's property. But he may be no more fit to discuss the merits or demerits of a country, than a crow is fit to discuss the merits or demerits of London, because it may have perched accidentally upon St Paul's. Sir, adhere to the Brighton sauce. Men are never ridiculous but when they aspire. No one objects to the ass for chewing the thistle."

BOS.—" Well, sir, you do not deny that this syllabub has merit?"

JOHN.—" No, Sir! It *has* merit. *That* you may discuss. But leave the substantialities of the table to others. Avoid pride. 'By that sin fell the angels.' "

BOS.—" But, sir, the prospect from the window is beautiful."

JOHN.—" Sir, it *is* beautiful. Nature is always beautiful. Brighton will be always beautiful, because the folly of man cannot spoil its beauty. Wealth may be lavish, or taste may be perverse.—The fantasies of monarchs may be commemorated in barbaric piles of stone, or the speculations of builders may encumber the soil with vandalism in brick ; but they cannot build porticoes in the depths of the channel, nor whitewash the green immensity of its waves." —Come, Sir, I am tired of you. Let us walk upon the shore.

" When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?"—MACBETH.

So, this is your summer
To meet a new-corner!
The sky's black enough to benight one.
From Mondays to Mondays,
(*Above all*, on Sundays,)
It pours down its deluge on Brighton.

If I walk on the cliff
From the sea comes a whiff,
That whirls off my hat, though a tight one ;
If I stroll through the streets,
Every soul that one meets
Looks like a drown'd weasel, in Brighton.

If I stir in the day
I'm half-buried in clay,
And, 'twixt sand, salt, and chalk, I'm a white one ;
If I slip out at night,
Not a glimpse of gas-light
The tempests will suffer, in Brighton.

If I ride on the Downs
A hurricane frowns—
I'm off, 'tis quite useless to fight one ;
On one of those days
I fairly miss'd stays,
And came by the life-boat to Brighton.

For my dreams of gay gambols,
My waterside rambles,
Serenades, promenades, to delight one;
With an old telescope
In my window I mope,
From sunrise to sunset in Brighton.

Then, as for the shows,
I see none but wet clothes,
Umbrellas, and faces that fright one;
Fat squires with lean daughters,
By salts and spa waters
All come to be plump'd up in Brighton.

Pray, what's the Pavilion?
An elephant's pillion,
A bungalow, (that name's the right one,)
So ashamed to be seen
That it's hid from the Steine—
It looks like the Bedlam of Brighton.

For concerts and balls
We have nothing but squalls,
Not even a raffle to bite one;
Our songs are all psalms,
Our feasts are all qualms,
Our mirth is all mourning, at Brighton.

We've a Theatre-Royal,
(I'll live and die loyal,
But the Queen's-arms don't seem to invite one;)
The strides of the age
Are too long for the stage,
So it limps in the background, in Brighton.

Just a month I've come down,
In my folly, from town,
(My purse is already a light one;)
I've had four weeks of storm;
I shall vote for reform,
At least, in the weather at Brighton.

If you long for a dance
You must steam off for France,
(The police here would soon put to flight one;)
And a law will soon pass,
To restrict to one glass
The lovers of claret in Brighton.

My books are a novel,
My house is a hovel,
Lath and plaster ne'er built such a slight one;
My very soul sinks,
As I catch through the chinks
Every blast from the Channel, in Brighton.

I tried a love-letter,
But it grew so much wetter
I lost all the spirit to write one;
My heart's wash'd away
In the shower and the spray,
I'd turn shrimp in a fortnight in Brighton.

Could I catch but a storm
In a "tangible form,"
I promise you I'd soon indict one,
For stealing my pence:
It could make no defence,
And I'd gain my first lawsuit, in Brighton.

I *can't* wear a cork jacket,
I'm sick in a packet;
I'd hang myself, (lawfully might one.)
I can't clamber in clogs
O'er those chalk-colour'd bogs,
Thy delectable promenades, Brighton!

I'm resolved to refuse
All the cards of the *blues*,
(The ferocious, the fond, the polite one.)
I can't hand, reef, or steer,
So I've no business here.
I'm no grampus—so farewell to Brighton!

No finish for me
By a *felo-de-se*.
But since sky, sea, and land join to spite one;
Blow high or blow low,
On Monday I go—
Farewell, thou huge shower-bath, Brighton!

ARION.

THREE NIGHTS IN BERLIN.

NIGHT THE FIRST. 1443.

IT was Christmas eve of the year 1443, and the night had set in black and starless; the hour was growing late, and within the walls of Berlin few persons were stirring, and few lights visible, excepting the meagre and vacillating flame of the lamps which here and there twinkled through the old-fashioned casements of the houses in the Dom-platz. In the monastery of the Black Friars, however, commonly called the Domkloster, the refectory was brilliantly illuminated. The windows also of the Dom-church, which communicated on one side with the monastery, and on the other with the electoral palace, by means of an oaken gallery, reflected a red light, which seemed to proceed from the direction of the altar. Dark figures of monks were passing to and fro in the gallery, and it was evident that something unusual was going on within the monastery; but what, it was impossible to learn, for the ponderous iron-bound doors remained shut and strongly barred.

The cold was bitter, and the snow crackled under the feet of the elector's guards, as they paced up and down before the palace windows. Their heavy steel armour was covered with large cloaks of a thick woollen stuff, while hoods of the same material protected their heads from the icy chillness of the casque.

"What can the black brotherhood be about to-night?" said one of the soldiers. "There is as much stir in their old barrack as in a hive at swarming time."

"God knows what they are doing: perhaps getting ready their high altar for the midnight mass. They always celebrate Christmas with great pomp and bravery."

"I would advise them to be cautious, and not make too much show with their mummery. The elector has not forgotten their doings last year, when the insolent Berliners thought proper to mutiny because they were compelled to taskwork at the building of the castle. On that

occasion the dingy crows that have their nest up yonder, gave away great store of beef and beer to the rascally insurgents, as though they wished to encourage them in their rebellion against our good sovereign; but his grace so squeezed their overgrown paunches with his iron teeth, that methinks they would hardly like to play the same game a second time."

"I would gladly know why his grace the elector is called Frederick with the Iron Teeth? His teeth are like those of other men; I marked them well a few days back at a hunting breakfast at Angermunde."

"It is easy to see that you have not been long in the body guard. Frederick's iron teeth that you talk about are no other than ourselves—his men-at-arms, covered with steel from crown to sole. They *do* tell a tale that, when the elector was a child of thirteen or fourteen, he one day, at the house of his Polish bride Hedwige, tore a nail from the wall with his teeth; but, unless I had witnessed that feat myself, I should be very loth to believe it."

"Hush! look there! who are those coming from the main street, and hastening towards the monastery? Go and see what yon two fellows are about."

The elder of the life-guardsmen passed round the church, and concealing himself behind a projection of the wall, was enabled, unobserved, to watch the movements of the newcomers. The men were apparently masons, judging from their leathern aprons and the tools they had in their hands. They carried between them a trough filled with mortar.

When they arrived at the gate of the monastery, one of the men struck three blows with the heavy iron knocker, and speedily a wicket protected by a thick grating was opened.

"Is it you, Meister Grampe?" enquired the lay brother who acted as porter.

"Certainly, it is me: am I too late?"

"Not so; but the reverend father abbot has already demanded twice if every thing was ready in the vaults."

"There is but little left to do; the main work was done last night."

The masons were admitted; the heavy door slammed to after them; the bolts shot, and all became once more silent as the grave.

The life-guardsman returned to his post; but before he had finished relating to his comrade the incident he had just witnessed, a corporal came up to him and said,

"Matthew Storkow, the margrave of Anspach has sent for you. You are relieved from guard."

Storkow was conducted by the corporal to a room in the palace, and there found the margrave Albert, who bade the soldier follow him.

The monks of the Domkloster were assembled in their sanctuary, each of them with a white scapulary over his black habit, and a long slender taper in his hand. Kneeling on the steps of the altar, and covered with the penitential dress of the order, was a young monk whose intellectual and noble features betokened a mind of the highest order, while the proud bearing of his whole person contrasted strangely with a habit which could be worn by no other than a criminal.

The simple but imposing *miserere* resounded solemnly under the lofty arch of the dome, which assumed more colossal dimensions when seen by the pale and quivering light of the wax tapers. After the abbot, who officiated in stole and cingulum, had offered up certain prayers, which the brotherhood accompanied by devout signs of the cross, mass was said, and then the monks arranged themselves two by two, and prepared to leave the church. At their head walked the abbot, attended by two choristers chanting responses to the litanies of the saints; then came the young monk, whose hands, bound with a rope of willow bark, were concealed by the ample sleeves of his robe. The last of the monks had traversed the gallery which led to their cloister, and the porter, who had respectfully held open the refectory door, was about to close it, when his purpose was frustrated by the arrival of two men of lofty stature, who brought up the rear of the procession. They were both muffled in ample cloaks, and had hoods thrown over their heads; but the heavy ringing step of the one betrayed the man-at-arms, whilst from below the mantle of the other the point of a long sword might be seen protruding.

"In God's name and his saints, noble sirs, what would ye! and who may ye be that thus intrude into our pious monastery during the hours of

prayer? Return to the place whence you came, for here you cannot enter."

"By no means; we would see what passes here this night. If the work is good we would fain assist."

The porter made a movement as though to run after the procession, but was immediately clutched in the iron grasp of one of the strangers.

"Remain here, good brother porter, or thou wilt compel me so to damage thy jawbone with my gauntlet, as to condemn thee to a perpetual fast."

The two men, guided by the chanting of the monks, strodo hastily after the procession, which they overtook as it had descended a narrow winding staircase, and was entering a large vault whose high arched roof and damp mouldering walls were lighted up by pinewood torches. At the lower end of this subterranean room was a niche in the wall, beside which were standing a mason and his apprentice, ready with stones and mortar to close up the fourth side of the narrow cell, so soon as it should have received the wretched tenant for whom it had been prepared.

The mournful sound of the *miserere* ceased, the monks placed themselves in a semicircle round the niche, and the abbot had begun to give the last benediction, when one of the strangers stepped forward and confronted him.

"What means all this, Sir Abbot," demanded he in a tone of menace, "and whom are ye about to wall up in yonder upright coffin?"

"Who dares to interrupt us in the performance of our official duties? Hola! Brother Guardian! Find out who these strangers are, and what their purpose."

"'Tis needless trouble, Sir Abbot. My name is Albert. I am margrave of Anspach and surnamed Achilles, because it is my wont to give rough answers to unauthorized questions. His grace the Elector Frederick has sent me hither to bid you set at liberty the monk Anselmus, and to tell you that you have no longer jurisdiction over him. Obey him you must, or be prepared to feel the gripe of his iron teeth. No murmurs! but release your prisoner."

"Be not so quick and sudden in your wrath, most noble margrave," replied the crafty abbot. "This impenitent sinner has been deliberately judged and condemned by a sacred tribunal. Bear me company to my cell, and you shall see the evidence of his crimes."

"'Tis useless!" interrupted the margrave, "I know it all. He gives too good example of a holy life, and makes his brother monks blush for their iniquities and their ignorance."

"But ye know not, Sir Margrave," hastily rejoined the abbot, "that he is a rebel to the authority of the church, and a disbeliever in the canon law. Has he not studied, too, those dangerous and forbidden tongues, the Greek and Hebrew? Did we not discover in his cell the works of that arch-heretic and blasphemer John Huss; and, worse than all, a Latin version of that perilous and forbidden book called the New Testament, which abounds so much in poisonous heresies that but little of it can be safely read in the churches?"

At these words the young monk, throwing off by a strong effort the languor caused by compulsory fasting and long confinement, turned upon his accuser—

"What have I said," he began in impassioned and thrilling tones, "that was not founded on the words of scripture, and prompted by a just horror at the growing corruptions of this most unholy brotherhood? Well you know, Sir Abbot! that I am no rebel to the church, but a scholar seeking the truth, and ever ready to give a reason for the faith within me. If I have said or done evil, prove me guilty before the noble margrave; but if I have spoken truth, why am I condemned to a death too horrible for the worst of criminals?"

"Enough!" exclaimed the margrave. Stepping suddenly forward he seized the captive by the arm, and bidding the tall guardsman cover his retreat, hastened up the narrow staircase with his prize.

"Sacrilege! sacrilege!" exclaimed the enraged abbot, and the monks rushed forward to the rescue; but Storkow, who had firmly planted himself on the lowest step, made such good use of his steel-covered fists, that he kept his assailants at bay until he thought the two fugitives had made good their retreat, and then succeeded in effecting his own escape.

Unhappily for the many who suffered for conscience' sake, there was

no appeal in those days of superstition from the spiritual and temporal power so unsparingly exercised by the Pope and his subordinates, the immense priesthood of all classes throughout Europe. The high rank and great personal energies of the iron-fanged Elector, and his cousin the Margrave, sufficed for their own protection, but were powerless in behalf of the persecuted Anselmus. His patrons therefore, foreknowing the plots and perils he would be exposed to in Germany, advised him to change his name, to substitute the helmet for the cowl, and to depart without loss of time for Sweden, where he soon after arrived with recommendations of such potency as to procure him immediate rank in the Swedish military service. Determined to assert his Christian liberty, and convinced of the guilt and folly of monastic vows, he renounced them for ever, and married a Swedish lady of rank and merit. His descendants distinguished themselves in arms under the heroic Gustavus Adolphus, and their posterity still maintain an honourable place in the aristocracy of Sweden.

NIGHT THE SECOND. 1813.

On the bitter night of the 19th of February 1813, a French soldier, on sentry without the gates of Berlin, was cursing the service as well as the chattering of his teeth would allow him. The sky was overcast, and the north wind whistled with unwonted violence through the bushes and scanty trees scattered over the plain of Koepenick. Anon it would come with a bang against the walls, carrying away heavy masses of thatch from the house-tops, with as much ease as if they had been so many dry leaves.

A patrol had just made the round of the advanced posts, and was returning to the Cottbusser gate, after having cautioned each sentry to keep a bright look-out,—"for," added they, "those infernal Cossacks of Tschernicheff are encamped in the woods between Brietz and Reichsdorf, and come prowling close up to the walls." The recruits, of whom the French garrison of Berlin was then almost entirely composed, had pictured to themselves a Cossack as a most formidable animal. All the wonderful histories that those of their fellow-soldiers who had had the good luck to return from the Russian expedition had related to them, had been magnified by that inexperience and want of confidence in themselves, natural to very young soldiers; and, at this moment, the belief in the invincibility of the "grande nation" was at rather a low ebb even in the minds of the French themselves.

On the night in question, the sentry, in spite of the usual precaution of filling his shoes with horse dung, was nevertheless half-frozen; and the cold raw weather of northern Germany seemed to him doubly hard to bear, when he thought of the bright sun and balmy nights he had enjoyed in his native plains of Languedoc. From time to time his thoughts ran on the exploits he would be compelled to achieve when confronted with the Cossacks. Altogether, his reflections were any thing but agreeable. The wind was so violent that the patrol had ceased making its rounds; the poor recruit, as far as his sight could penetrate through the darkness of the night, could discern nothing but the monotonous line of the city walls, and behind him in the distance a dull light from the Todtengasse, or the feeble twinkling of the lamp of some laborious and late-working mechanic.

Suddenly he heard a noise resembling the trotting of a horse, and which rapidly approached him. It was doubtless a plough horse, for, from the sound, it was evidently unshod.

At intervals the animal stopped, as if to give his rider time to distinguish his road. At length a shapeless form became visible through the gloom.

"*Qui vive?*"

The challenge remained unanswered. Probably the howling of the wind had prevented the horseman from hearing it.

"*Qui vive? Sacré million de diables!*"

The oath was hardly out of the Frenchman's mouth, when he felt a sharp pain in the shoulder, and in an instant was lying on the ground, prostrated by a severe lance thrust.

"*Molt tschi proklatin Franzuss!*" growled a guttural voice, which issued

from the centre of a tremendous bush of beard. And, quick as lightning, the horseman jumped from his prodigiously high saddle; and, bending over the unfortunate wretch, plucked the iron from his wound with much more promptitude than precaution.

The Frenchman thought his last hour was come; muttering a short prayer, in which he recommended to heaven his soul, as yet free from the sin of blood-guiltiness, he made up his mind to be devoured by a cannibal.

The Cossack, for a Cossack it was, lifted up the wounded man, and, far from doing him any further injury, prepared to amuse himself with examining his haversack, wherein he found a variety of articles, with which the Languedocian's careful mother had stored it before her son's departure.

With all the adroitness and impertinence of an experienced valet-de-chambre, the Cossack lifted the kit from the trembling shoulders which bore it, and after muttering several times—"*Charascho! otschen-charascho! jei bogu!*" he, without loss of time, unbuckled the sack, and began to rummage amongst the Frenchman's personal property.

Meantime, the horse had been left entirely at liberty to walk away by whatever road he liked; but the poor beast, who appeared worn out with fatigue, and whose hide, plastered with mud, was lacerated by the briers and brambles, showed no disposition to move. It was difficult to understand how so sorry a jade was able to carry on its back, day and night, and usually at full gallop, a sort of pyramid, composed of a vast number of rugs and blankets, on the top of which was placed a heavy saddle, and over all a Cossack, of colossal dimensions.

A ray of hope flashed across the mind of the young Frenchman, "What if I were to jump on that beast," said he to himself, "and try to reach the nearest guardhouse? When at home, I was always riding about; surely I shall be able to stick on that wretched animal, which appears as gentle as a lamb. Besides, if I try and fail, I can't be worse off than I am; so here goes!"

And, with one bound, the light-infantry man was seated on the back of the Tartar steed; and, applying his heels to its sides, to his inexpressible delight the animal set off at full gallop. Tormented by the fear of pursuit, the fugitive could not help throwing an uneasy glance over his shoulder to ascertain the movements of the Cossack; but, to his no small astonishment, his spoiler was still busily occupied with the haversack. Re-assured by this sight, the Frenchman guided his steed in the direction of the Cottbusser gate; already he was within hail of the guard, when he heard behind him a shrill whistle.

The horse pricked up his ears.

The whistle was repeated.

The horse stopped, as though he had been nailed to the ground.

For the third time the same prolonged and piercing sound was heard; and the Cossack charger, turning sharply round, began to retrace his steps with the fleetness of a deer.

In vain did the unlucky recruit strain at the bridle, and use his utmost strength to master the Tartar horse, which clove the air like a javelin; the now active and vigorous courser, with nostrils dilated, head low, and mane floating in the wind, scarcely seemed to touch the ground; whilst the cold raw air froze the blood of the rider, who was, moreover, nearly blinded by the fragments of congealed mud which his horse's hoofs threw up.

When the Frenchman reappeared before the Cossack, who was still busy with the spoils of his captive, the horse caressed his master, and the master embraced his horse with as much tenderness as a lover and mistress of civilized Europe might be expected to show on meeting after a long separation. This affectionate greeting over, the Cossack with infinite phlegm detached the leathern sling from his lance, pulled the prisoner off his horse, and regaled his shoulders with a sound flagellation.

He was interrupted in this occupation by the sound of approaching footsteps. In an instant the Northman made fast a slip-knot round the waist of the French warrior, and springing on his horse, fixed the other end of the cord to a ring in his saddle. Then, with his lance at the guard, the point on a level with, and a little in advance of his horse's ears, his body bent forward in the direction of the persons who were approaching, the Cossack waited, motionless, and in the attitude

of a wolf about to spring upon his prey.

"What a horrible night!" observed one of the men of a patrol, whose blue uniforms and large triangular hats, decorated with black plumes, showed them to belong to the burgher guard of Berlin.

"*Wott Prussaki!*" quietly observed the Cossack, and he brought his lance to the carry.

"Holy Jesus! Corporal Schulze, here is a Cossack!"

"That would be an adventure"—

"We shall all have our throats cut!"

The effect of this last supposition was electric: never, upon the parade ground, had *Right about face!* been performed with such military precision and promptitude. But before the national guards had taken three steps in the direction of the city, the Cossack was before them, and in a low but distinct voice he said—

"*Nicht!* Prussians friends with Russians; French not friends, death to the French! *Capout Naplion! Capout!*"

"Ah! Heaven be praised, most excellent Cossack! The Prussians *are* friends of the Russians, and good friends too. For the love of God, take care with that long lance, you may do some one a mischief!"

"*Nix wottki? nix schnapps?*" asked the man with the beard, grinning what he intended as a friendly smile.

"My wife filled my dram-bottle just before I came out; shall I make him a present of it, Mr Schulze? I beg pardon, I mean Corporal Schulze."

"Yes, yes, hand over your gourd to the worthy Cossack, there are no Frenchmen here to see you.

In an instant they were the best friends in the world. The Cossack gulped down immense draughts of the potato brandy with as much ease and as little grimacing as though it had been spring water; then stroking his beard in token of satisfaction, he informed the Prussians, partly by signs and partly in his strange gibberish, that he belonged to a detachment of the Cossacks under Tschernicheff, then not far from the gates, and which he had left with the intention of making some prisoners; that he had caught a Frenchman, whom he had bound, and was going to kill in order to get rid of the incumbrance. Finally, he added that he intended to take a few more *Franzuskuss* before rejoining his troop.

While this conference was going on, the imagination of the French soldier was filled with the dread of a frightful and immediate death. But when he saw the Cossack turn towards him, brandishing his lance, he threw himself at the feet of the corporal of the citizen guard, and in a voice rendered shrill by terror, exclaimed—

"Save me! worthy gentlemen, save me! for the love of God, save me!"

"That is how they all are!" said Schulze; "you call upon us for mercy now, and perhaps this very day you have been ill-treating the man who lodges you, because you did not fancy what he gave you for dinner."

"He is a mere boy," interposed another of the party, "and has scarcely had time to do much harm to any body. We cannot allow him to be massacred in cold blood before our eyes."

And the compassionate burghers commenced a negotiation with the Cossack, accompanying it with the gift of a Prussian thaler, which seemed to make a great impression on this friend of every thing Prussian.

The only difficulty now was, how to get rid of the prisoner without being seen; but the Cossack soon arranged that. He crept quietly up to the walls, dragging the French soldier after him by his cord, and then whistled gently, a signal which was immediately replied to in the same manner from the other side. A few Russian words soon brought to the top of the rampart some bearded faces, with eyes wide open with curiosity. The prisoner was obliged to stand up on the horse, to seize a rope that was thrown to him, and to allow himself to be thus hoisted to the other side of the walls.

"*Charascho!*" muttered the Cossack. Then turning to the Prussians, he enquired where he could find another Frenchman, whom he might transfix with his lance as a compensation for the generous sacrifice he had just made.

The armed citizens willingly explained to him the position of the French pickets, as well as of several country houses in which troops were

quartered; they then took leave of their new friend, but lingered a little to see what he was going to do.

"A musket shot!" exclaimed one.

"Some French sentry must have fired at the brave Cossack," said another.

A frightful cry of murder, and a malediction in French were heard, followed by the trot of a horse, which became fainter and fainter till it died away in the distance.

The cry—"To arms!" was now given at the Cottbusser gate; the alarm spread from post to post; the drums beat to turn out the troops; crowds of people filled the streets, and here and there a few scattering shots were fired.

The various patrols of national guards, foreseeing the fatal collision that was likely to take place, began to return at double quick time to the Spittelmarkt, whence they had taken their departure some time before to watch over the tranquillity of the town; for ever since the first Cossacks had shown themselves before the gates of Berlin, the people had not for a moment ceased to throng the streets in a fever of excitement and expectation. At every corner stood groups of persons discussing the state of things, and predicting, with joyful hearts, their speedy and entire deliverance. French patrols, in heavy marching order, were passing and repassing in the streets—the artillery was rattling on the Schlossplatz and in the public gardens; whilst the gendarmes of the French governor of Berlin were galloping in every direction, their horses white with foam, and sending up clouds of steam into the cold night air.

As the soldiers passed the various groups, they cried to them: "To your homes, *coquins de Berlinois!*" and the burgher guard added their injunctions to this brutally expressed command.

The patrol that had just seen one of their unwelcome guests handed over the walls in so unceremonious a manner, now arrived by the Gunstrasse, where a large body of citizens were collected, heartily wishing a speedy departure to their oppressors. In conformity with the orders he had received, the corporal addressed this throng, whose conversation was loud and animated.

"Go home to your houses!" said he; "the commandant has sworn to set fire to Berlin if you appear in the streets during the night. Tranquillity is the first duty of the citizen."

"May the devil fly away with you and your tranquillity!" hastily replied a lusty blacksmith; "it is that cursed word that has stuck these infernal leeches on the neck of us Berliners. We have had enough, and too much quiet already, and are weary of quailing and quaking before these cursed Frenchmen. If that bad Prussian, the former governor of Berlin, had never uttered those stupid words, 'Tranquillity is the first duty of the citizen:' who knows if we should ever have seen French spoons dipped into our platters?"

"He is in the right," cried a bystander. "It is turbulence and not tranquillity that is the citizen's duty now-a-days; nor ought we to remain with folded arms, whilst our deliverers are skirmishing at our very gates."

"No doubt of it," continued a third. "The Cossacks are almost in our streets: several thousands have been seen in the fields of Koepenick, and it is they who fired many of the shots heard to-night."

"There is no denying that," struck in Corporal Schulze; "we of the city guard have seen—the Lord knows how many! They were as big as houses, and had beards like the father of all he-goats!"

"And are we to remain quiet while such things are going on? Whoever is a good Prussian, and loves his king, let him prove it to-night, by helping the Cossacks to exterminate these Frenchmen like a pack of wolves, as they are."

"We will! we will!" cried a hundred voices.

"And as for you, gentlemen of the blue uniform, if you are good citizens, you will strip off your coats and cocked hats, and come with us."

There was no need to repeat the exhortation; and the mob, augmented by the men of the patrol, hastened towards the palace.

But when they arrived before the Hotel de Cologne, they found a French battalion bivouacking there, and artillerymen with lighted matches standing beside their guns. This circumstance changed their route, and they proceeded along the river side, and by St Peter's Platz, where was

stationed a park of artillery, intended to furnish ammunition to the troops encamped before the palace and in the public gardens.

At Friedrich's Gracht, and in the Unterwasser-Strasse, they found ammunition and forage waggons, and treasure carts loaded and ready to march. The artillerymen had taken the horses, and had gone to the arsenal and powder-mills to bring away the cannon and ammunition lying at those places; and the waggons were deserted, with the exception of one man placed before each of them.

At sight of these formidable preparations, the mob halted to deliberate on what they had to do. In vain did the sentries endeavour to make them retire, by an abundant distribution of blows from the but-ends of their muskets. They did not fire, for they half dreaded the fury of a populace which had been so long ill-treated, and was at length awakening from its fatal inaction. The hum of the multitude soon assumed a formidable character, and suddenly some of the most determined seized an ammunition waggon full of cartridges, and threw it into the water amidst loud acclamations. "Hurra! hurra! Now for the others! To the water with them all! Down with these vampires who have so long preyed upon our life's blood!"

The *mêlée* was about to commence, when the drums from the palace were heard passing before the Werder mills.

"Double quick! Forward! Charge!" cried a loud voice in French, and immediately afterwards the measured step of a large body of infantry was heard.

"Fellow citizens, this is getting serious!" exclaimed the blacksmith leader, "we must retire: to-morrow will be a new day."

The multitude dispersed on all sides like chaff before the wind; and when the infantry arrived at the spot where the ammunition waggon had met with a watery grave, not a single Prussian was to be seen.

The captain commanding the detachment was furious, and asked the sentry what was the matter, and who had thrown the tumbril into the river.

The soldiers on guard, ashamed of not having been able to prevent what had taken place, replied that it was the Cossacks.

"What do you mean? the Cossacks! Where are they, then?"

"*Mon capitaine*, there were two or three hundred of them; but they disappeared as soon as they heard the drums."

"Coming events cast their shadows before;" and this shadowy fiction of the French sentry was soon realized by the daring irruption of small parties of Cossacks, who galloped through different gates into the heart of the city. On the 20th of February, fifty of these headlong warriors dashed by the French guard, and rode straight to the Alexander's Platz. There dividing, they galloped through various quarters of Berlin, and several of them were killed while taking part in a sharp skirmish which occurred between the enraged people and the garrison cavalry at the Sluice Bridge. The rising spirit of the Berliners, and the daring attacks of the Cossacks, warned the French commandant that it was time to retreat. He pushed his preparations for departure with increased energy, and on the following 3d of March the French troops finally evacuated the Prussian capital.

NIGHT THE THIRD. 1833.

A few years ago I was summoned to Stuttgardt by an uncle, whose health, long since declining, now gave tokens of a speedy dissolution. The old man had taken a fancy to see me before he died; and although the distance was great, and my affection for a person I had rarely seen could not be very strong, I did not think it advisable to risk the loss of a round number of thalers, for which I knew I was down in his will, and I accordingly made my preparations for the journey. I was engaged to spend the night before my departure with a friend who was then accomplishing his year's service, and who happened to be on guard at the Target-house, a post universally disliked on account of its dulness and solitary position in the midst of the forest. My friend had entreated me to go and help him to

kill the time, and I had promised to devote the last night I was to pass in Berlin to assisting him in so justifiable an assassination.

It was a beautiful September evening when I passed through the Cottbus gate, and took a path across the fields leading to the wood. The moon was at the full, and threw her soft light over the surrounding objects. After a pleasant walk through verdant and sweet-smelling meadows, and along the picturesque glades of the forest, whence the moonlight was nearly excluded by the dense and overarching foliage, I arrived at my friend's guardhouse.

"Who goes there?" cried, in answer to my summons, a hoarse voice, which sounded as if it had some difficulty in forcing a passage from under an abundant mustache. The grating of a bolt was heard, and the door flew open.

"Welcome, Sir Laggard!" cried my friend; "I had nearly given up the hope of seeing you. Now you are come, however, tell me what you think of the den in which you are to pass the night."

The appearance of the place was certainly not attractive. A very small room was rendered still smaller by being encumbered with benches, stools, musket-racks, and targets, all piled one upon the other, and leaving in the centre a clear space of little more than five feet square. The walls, which were of planks, had a thousand cracks and crevices through which the night wind whistled and sang; whilst at each passing gust the rudely constructed door shook upon its rusty hinges, and the small diamond-shaped panes of the solitary window rattled in their leaden framework.

This uncomfortable and truly Prussian guard-room had for occupants, besides my friend, a corporal and a soldier, both Neuchatelois, who were amusing themselves with a greasy pack of cards by the light of a lantern, the sides of which, instead of glass, were composed of tin plates pierced with innumerable holes. Each of these worthies had a pipe in his mouth, and was puffing forth huge volumes of smoke of that nauseous odour peculiar to the coarse tobacco of the Ukraine. Fortunately, I was provided with some excellent Havanna cigars, and my friend and I immediately armed ourselves with a couple, as a defence against the pestilent fumes exhaled by the two Helvetians.

The charm of unreserved conversation had already caused us to forget the badness of our quarters, when a gentle tap was heard at the door.

"Curse the duty!" cried the corporal; "who's there?"

There was a murmur of voices outside; and when the door was opened, the light of the lantern glanced on the polished barrels of several muskets. A man wrapped in a military cloak stepped forward, and addressed the non-commissioned officer, "You are the corporal of the guard?"

"I am, sir; what is your pleasure?"

"Leave one of your men here, and follow us with the other."

"I must first know who you are, and by what right you order me to leave my post."

"I am commissary of police."

And so saying, the new-comer threw back his cloak, displaying by the action the scarlet collar of his coat, and took from his pocket a silver medal, after a glance at which the corporal ordered my friend to put on his knapsack, take his musket, and follow him. I accompanied them, and nobody seemed to pay any attention to my presence.

The party consisted of four gendarmes, a few soldiers, sundry police agents, and a Jew, who apparently served as guide. We moved on in silence till we came near the house of the forest keeper, situated at the entrance to the wood. Here our arrival was saluted by the furious barking of several dogs.

"It must be owned," said the commissary in a low tone of voice, "that the keeper has splendid dogs; but I much fear their barking will scare the game we are in quest of."

He knocked at the door, and, after one or two repetitions of the summons, the forester appeared at the window, rubbing his eyes, and apparently roused from his first sleep.

"What do you want so late, gentlemen?" asked he.

"It is I, my dear Brumer! . . . Come down directly, and bring your two assistants with you; but, above all, silence your dogs. We are going to smoke out the vermin you have been so long complaining of."

The forester imposed silence on his four-footed inmates, then dressed him-

self and came down-stairs, all which operations being performed with true German deliberation, occasioned us a halt of half an hour. At length we set off again across the forest, the wind howling drearily through the old fir-trees, and at intervals bearing to our ears the mournful cry of the screech-owl. At certain spots the keeper, who was walking at the head of the party, addressed a few words in a low tone to the commissary of police.

At length we halted again, and scarcely had we done so when eleven o'clock chimed from the church towers of Berlin. Unable to restrain my curiosity any longer, I asked one of the police agents who was walking beside me, what was the meaning of these mysterious perambulations.

As I ought to have expected, my question appeared strange, and greatly surprised the man to whom it was addressed. After an instant's reflection, however, he seemed to guess that it was by accident I had joined the party, and he made no scruple to answer my question.

"It is the custom in Prussia," said he, "once every year at the same hour, and on the same night, for the police of each district, town, and village, to make a simultaneous movement for the apprehension of malefactors and vagabonds. Letters fixing the night, and sealed by the minister of police, are sent beforehand to all the authorities of the kingdom, with orders only to open them upon a certain day."

Such was the kind of *battue* (somewhat similar to the measures taken with respect to the French conscripts in Napoleon's time) that was to take place this night. In every part of the Prussian territory, the police were on the alert, and the division to which I had accidentally attached myself, had its scene of action assigned to it in the neighbourhood of the royal residence.

After waiting about a quarter of an hour, several persons arrived bringing reports to the commissary, who, after perusing them, led the way to a vast corn-field, situated on the skirts of the forest. The field was surrounded, lanterns produced, and by their light we distinguished a track where the corn was trampled down as though some one had passed through it. Following this trail, we before long saw something moving in the thickest part of the wheat; the commissary pounced on it with all the eagerness of a bird of prey, and dragged out a man, whose wild scared look denoted his surprise at his sudden capture.

"What are you doing here, you scoundrel? 'Twas only the day before yesterday you were let out of prison, and you have already got back to your old ways!"

"God forbid, Mr Commissary! I am perfectly innocent; but you always suspect me without cause."

"Where did you pick up that bundle that you have got under your coat?"

"I found it, sir; I can assure you I found it. You think, perhaps, I stole it? Oh! Mr Commissary, you are always thinking harm of me."

"Well!" said the commissary, turning from his prisoner, "where the master is there will be the scholar. Hunt about, gendarmes; his nephew, Caroty Scopa, cannot be far off."

The conjecture was well founded; for, five minutes afterwards, a gawky red-haired youth was brought in, who stared at the commissary with unparalleled effrontery.

"We shall find nothing more here to-night," said the latter; "I know my men. Our friend here does not like many companions; he prefers to live and rob alone."

"Somebody must have been setting you against me, Mr Commissary; but I assure you I am innocent."

"Forward!" cried our leader, and we filed along the skirt of the forest in the direction of Reichsdorf. As we passed near a thicket, the elder of the two robbers gave so shrill a whistle that I was fain to stop my ears.

"Silence! you rascal!" cried the commissary. "I am sure," continued he, "that was intended as a signal to some accomplice. Our night's work is spoiled. Utter another such sound at your peril."

"One is not allowed to whistle even?"

"Silence!"

We reached Reichsdorf, and after posting sentries round the village, a party of gendarmes entered it, taking with them the chief of the robbers, who with much difficulty was at length prevailed upon to lead the way

to a farm-house, which, as well as its out-buildings, was immediately surrounded. The farmer was awakened, and requested to open a barn, which he did; but it would be impossible to describe the astonishment of the worthy peasant, when he saw routed out from under the hay, six fellows rejoicing in the possession of most cut-throat physiognomies.

Another detachment of gendarmes soon afterwards arrived from Treptow, bringing with them nine or ten individuals, whom it would have been any thing but agreeable to meet on a dark night in a lonely country.

The commissary now started off in the direction of Brietz, accompanied by the soldiers, the forest keeper, and police agents; the gendarmes who had just arrived were left in charge of the prisoners. For my part, I began to have enough of rambling about, and I determined to remain and see what was going to be done with the captives. The night air had chilled me, however; and I began to look about the village in search of a *schnapps* of rum or brandy, to restore the circulation of my blood.

"Hallo, comrade! whither away?" cried a gruff voice as I left the party; "your road and ours lie together, I believe." And as I turned to see who it was that thus apostrophized me, a gendarme grasped me by the collar.

"Allow me to observe to you, worthy gendarme, that I do not belong to the party of gentlemen you have charge of; it is merely as an amateur that I accompanied the commissary to-night."

"Indeed! and you think that excuse will go down? It won't do, my fine fellow; so no more talk, but fall in with the rest of them."

And, at the same time, I felt a hard substance brought in contact with the small of my back, which mature reflection caused me to recognize as being the but-end of a musket. What was to be done? My friend had gone to Brietz with the commissary; nobody in the neighbourhood knew me, or could testify to my respectability. I put as good a face on the matter as I could, and, trying to look as if I were delighted at the adventure, I marched off with the gendarmes and the robbers.

At length we arrived before the Cottbus gate, upon the very meadows which I had crossed a few hours previously. The moon was still shining brightly; but I would have preferred the light of a blazing wood fire, or even of the tin lantern at the Target-house. The very fragrance of the dew-covered hedge-flowers, appeared to me far less agreeable than the close tobacco-scented atmosphere of the guard-room.

After a full hour's march, we entered the gloomy gateway of the prison.

I was installed in cell No. 13, and there I remained till the following day, when I was taken before the president of the council of police, who, after hearing my explanation, ordered me to be set at liberty. "You will remember, however," added he, as I was leaving the court, "that your presence at the capture of several criminals, renders it necessary you should attend their trials as witness to the truth of our official reports. Do not neglect this, or you will make yourself liable to a heavy fine and imprisonment, which I shall be compelled to inflict."

The trials lasted a fortnight, and, on the fifteenth day, as I was about to set off for Stuttgardt, a letter reached me, announcing my uncle's death. The old gentleman had been so vexed at my non-arrival, that, forty-eight hours before he died, he had cancelled my legacy.

Ever since this incident, the sight of a gendarme is as disagreeable to me as it can possibly be to Caroty Scopa himself.

THE WORLD OF LONDON.

Part VI.

The intensity of the competitive principle of London life occupied our attention in the concluding paragraphs of our last number, and one or two illustrations of the energy and spirit with which the struggle of man against man is here carried on, were given. If, however, we were to take the trouble to illustrate the all-pervading power of commercial, professional, or fashionable rivalry in London, we should fill from beginning to ending the closely printed pages of *Maga*, and save our brother contributors the trouble of putting pen to paper, for this month at least.

In short, whichever way you turn, you find man wrestling with man in the hand-to-hand struggle for existence: you have a vessel ever full, into which pours from above successive drops of human existence, while a continual stream is forced over the sides, and a perpetual change, immigrative and emigrative, continuously goes on, leaving the capacious reservoir—ever receiving, ever discharging, and ever full.

The rivalry of quack doctors is not more ludicrous than that of contending tradesmen, who, having no established name or permanent connexion, are driven desperately to adopt the only other means of obtaining notice, namely, puffing. Take, for an illustration, the memorable affair of the four-and-ninepenny hat shops, or emporiums of that much worn and economical description of *tile*, called gossamer. There appeared, about the commencement of the age of gossamers, vast numbers of shops for the sale of that light and elegant article, the four-and-ninepenny hat. Four-and-ninepence for a hat!—why, 'tis cheaper than going bareheaded. Four-and-ninepence!—who would wear a shocking hat? The reader will not fail to mark the supereminent depth and astuteness of the London trader in gossamers in affixing to his manufacture the economical figures of four-and-nine—close as the sum is related to the royal family—almost a crown—the odd threepence makes all the difference. Five shillings, a provincial hat-maker would have put upon the article without ceremony: he would call it a *fair* price, and probably so it might be: it would, moreover, be a round sum, a simple multiple, a fixed coin, an easy figure: but your London tradesman knows a trick worth two of that, and the reduction of the odd threepence, if you take pains to analyse it, is not only a masterly stroke of commercial genius, but is based upon the most accurate and profound knowledge of human nature, —that knowledge, namely, which is derived, not from communion with books, but from the daily investigation, for the purposes of self-interest, of the passions, prejudices, likings and aversions of men. It would take a volume to illustrate fully the principle exemplified in the price put on a gossamer hat, and the illustration would be worth a volume, because the principle of a *tentative* price, as we may call it, regulates altogether the profits of the retailer in London, with the exception of those old-established and respectable houses, which have no need to do more than to dispose of to their customers, at the best price, the best article. "Five shillings for a hat," says the knowing London trader; "it looks cheap enough to be sure, but it won't do: five shillings is a crown, and there is but another crown in half a sovereign: besides, it is a sum gone, and nothing out of it: no, no, make it four-and-nine; give threepence change out of the five shillings, and though your customer spend said threepence immediately after in beer, he will be satisfied he has got a bargain, and wear his new gossamer 'with a difference.'" We might enforce this doctrine of a tentative price, if we chose to enter into the philosophy of retail trading, by a thousand illustrations: for example, a neighbourhood shall have purchased for centuries at the Magpie and Stump, or Cat and Bagpipes, beer at threepence-halfpenny per pot, with perfect satisfaction; when, lo and behold! a new house is licensed, which comes out with foaming stout at threepence *farthing*: the consequence of this revolu-

tion is, that those who formerly drank a pint of beer at threepence-halfpenny, now, for cheapness, consume a quart at threepence farthing, and those who did not drink beer at all, because of the halfpenny, now imbibe it pleasantly on the strength of the farthing: the Magpie and Stump together, or the Cat and Bagpipes, are obliged to shut up, while the proprietor of the new establishment, having secured his monopoly, repays himself the loss by giving his customers worse beer than ever.

In every article of dress, and indeed every thing else, the tentative price is the bait to catch gudgeons: the ticket in the windows hooks the flat-fish not by the jaws, but by the eye, which does the business equally well. When you enter the shop, to be sure, you discover, if you are not an ass, that the ticketed article is not only not worth the price ticketed, but to you, probably, not worth the ticket itself: however, you are now hooked, and in the landing net—that is to say, in the shop, and if some of the assistant anglers do not somehow or other get their digits into your gills, you must be a more seasoned bit of timber than we take you for!

There is a moral to be drawn from these cheap shops, ticket shops, bankrupt's stock shops, "great sacrifice" shops, burnt out shops, and the like, which we might descant upon at great length, and probably to some advantage. We have been long convinced, however, in our own persons, that no absurdity is greater than that of wisdom teaching by precept; by far the best way for our young and inexperienced readers is, to deal at the cheap shops until they discover how shocking dear they are, when, your life for ours, they will, without referring to the book of Proverbs for an authority, pass by them to the natural end of their shop-hunting lives.

To return, however, to our illustration of the cheap hat shops. Among the multiplicity of candidates for the dispensation of hats to the uncovered multitude, two more especially attracted public notice, by the marked and daring originality of their movements towards a flourishing business.

While others, treading in the beaten track, announced themselves as the "Original Gossamers," the "Real Original Gossamers," or the "Old Original Four-and-nines," the two establishments in question had themselves painted, like true Britons, one staring colour from bottom to top, not omitting roofs, chimney-pots, and gables.

One was the "Real Original Royal Sky-blue," the other the "Old Original Imperial Pea-green," gossamer warehouse: the former was patronized by the Royal Families of England and France; the latter, by the reigning despots of Austria and Russia. The proprietor of the "Real Original" had served twenty-five years with the first inventor of the redoubted gossamer hats; he of the opposite establishment had "visited the Continent," in his laudable exertions to bring this manufacture to the utmost pitch of perfection; in which, he took care to assure his customers and the public, he had fully and completely succeeded.

From bepraising themselves, the rival gossamers got, by an easy and natural transition, to abusing each other; the most palpable libels were printed and circulated, on both sides, through all parts of the metropolis. So obscured were the walls with enormous pea-green placards and sky-blue bills, inviting customers to be covered at the respective warehouses, that you could not distinguish whether the structure of the wall was brick, stone, or timber: vehicles, in the shape of hats, painted the colour of their establishments, jostled each other in the public streets, to the imminent danger of the lieges. If you purchased at the "Real Original Royal Sky-blue," you were regaled, gratis, with a torrent of Billingsgate, showered upon the establishment of the "Old Original Imperial Pea-green;" nor was the proprietor of the latter at all sparing in returning the compliments of his rival, with more than the legal rate of interest.

Talk of the feuds of the Feudalists! the wars of the Capulets and Montagues, Guelphs and Ghibellines, Campbells and Macgregors, were all boys' play compared with the contests of the rival kings of gossamer. The feud, which at first had been amusing, now became quite a nuisance, and the whole neighbourhood, adopting the words of poor Mercutio, were fain to cry out, "A plague o' both your houses!"

However, what was that to Sky-blue and Pea-green? The humbug was clever, and crowds of customers, pouring into the rival establishments, sufficiently attested its success. The best of the joke was, however, not discovered until long after, when upon some occasion it came out, that, in fact and in truth, the "Old Original Imperial Pea-green," and the "Real Original Royal Sky-blue," *were one and the same establishment, the property of one and the same owner!*

In another remarkable instance of the civilized ferocity of rivalry, universal throughout London, a tradesman made it the ambition of his life to ruin another in the same line, by opening an establishment in every respect precisely similar, and endeavouring by every possible trick, device, and lie, to destroy the identity of the shop of his rival, and to merge it in his own. The case became, at length, the subject of judicial enquiry, and in the course of evidence was elicited the fact, that, after all other attempts to appropriate to himself the fruits of the industry, good conduct, and perseverance of his victim, this unscrupulous personage actually set up, in large letters over his shop, the *name* of the party he wished to destroy, and justified himself by stating that he had given his infant son the name of his rival as a Christian name, (it ought to be remembered the worthy father was an Israelite!) and taken the baby into partnership!

This, however, was too much, even for the phlegmatic temper of the law, and the enterprising Mordecai was amerced in damages and costs, for his impudent attempt at piracy.

Another amusing instance of the intensity of rivalry in trade, was that of the ever-memorable and never-to-be-forgotten contests of the genuine and spurious Dirty Dicks.

The neighbourhood of the India House and Leadenhall Street will understand perfectly to whom we allude; but for general readers a more particular account of this portentous event may be necessary.

Passing along the right side of Leadenhall Street, on your way to Whitechapel, you will observe a pot and pan shop of the olden time, filled with copper kettles, gridirons, and every variety of culinary implement. In the window may be observed a remarkable portrait of a very ugly man with a very dirty face: this is the original shop, that the original portrait, of the original Dirty Dick.

Dirty Dick was a sort of Jemmy Wood in hardware. From low beginnings, or rather from no beginnings at all, he contrived to scrape together, by intense industry and perseverance, one of the first, if not the very first, retail businesses in London. Nothing was good that did not come from Dirty Dick: all Dick's iron was Swedish, all his brass Corinthian! And although the old file was as great a savage in his way as Abernethy the surgeon, every body dealt with him, and would deal nowhere else, probably for that very reason.

Prosperous as was Dirty Dick, however, he was not permitted to remain on the sunny side of life. When in the fair way of converting his brass into gold, and just when he began to think of washing his face and retiring from business, the vision of a shop precisely similar to his own in every outward attribute, exactly opposite his door, struck his astonished view; but judge his amazement and despair when at the door appeared a man with a face at least as ugly, and much dirtier than his own, who, stepping across the way, put into his hands a staring bill, announcing himself as the "Real Original Dirty Dick," and informing a discerning public that all others were spurious!

The little blackguard boys who were accustomed to infest the emporium of the genuine Dirty Dick, and who were as good to him as a thousand advertisements, were now cruelly seduced away by his dirtier rival. Customers were perplexed and confounded; and as the business of a customer is to lay out his money to the best advantage, the public soon transferred their business to the dirtiest face. In vain the undoubted original Dirty Dick protested and paragraphed—in vain he applied his oil-rubber, and polished his face and hands up to the blackness of Erebus: impudence, novelty, and the carelessness of the public carried the day, and the spurious Dirty Dick transferred the business of his rival to his own side of the way.

Turn which way you will, piracy is the order of the day—so easy and pleasant to human nature is it to steal!

Where every thing, even art, and very often science, is a trade, it will readily be conceived that shopkeepers are not the only pirates, or that the expedients of petty rivalry are confined to the category of Dirty Dicks. No, by St George! but quite the contrary. The Dirty Dicks of science, literature, art, politics, theology, fashion, far outnumber the Dirty Dicks of trade: the town is full of dirty doctors, dirty authors, dirty physiologists, dirty publishers, and hordes of similar vagabonds, who go about feeding on dead or living brains, and the whole employment of whose nasty existence is filching, forestalling, or begging an idea, to be put forward as the natural product of their own unfurnished skulls, or to be traded upon for their paltry, selfish purposes!

If a man, for example, conceive an original work, and, in conjunction with some enterprizing and respectable publisher, give it to the world, every abominable lane of Fleet Street pours forth its penny imitation, or rather reprint, with clerical errors enough to keep the thieves who utter the forgery from the Court of Chancery.

If an eminent physiologist, for example, make a discovery in his particular department of science, before the ink wherewith he communicates his discovery is well dry, at least a dozen of wretched translators, compilers, or abridgers, are upon his back, proving that each and every one of them made the same discovery years ago, and that modesty alone prevented them from recording their prior claim. If an ingenious man get a patent for some valuable application of science, or modification of mechanic powers to purposes of the arts, a thief is ready on the instant to make some alteration, merely nominal, but sufficient to keep his iniquity from the fangs of the law, and to appropriate to himself the fruits of another's labour; if an invention, on the contrary, is generously given to the public, and unprotected by patent, rival borrowers take all the profit, and government leaves the inventor to the honour of the invention that yields him nothing. There is nothing, not even an idea, in the possession of a modest, unpretending man of genius, as most men of genius unfortunately are, which the thieves of London are not ever on the watch to steal, except his virtues, if he have any—these the literary, professional, and scientific prigs are too knowing to have any thing to do with, being well aware that in London articles of that description are rather slow of sale. The cause of this universal thievery is obvious in a great, luxurious, and satiated city like London: originality, which is but another name for novelty, will bring any price; and as originality is one of the rarest attributes vouchsafed to the mind of man, the only alternative is for the entire rookery to pounce upon and pluck a man of original genius the moment he appears; to create is difficult, to most impossible—to man to steal, is level with the meanest capacity.

Hence, scientific and literary periodicals, the reader will not fail to observe, abound with controversies of the right of discovery, resulting from the thefts of these purloiners of ideas, to whom nature has given, in lieu of brains, a compensating thickness of skull, impenetrable to any other conviction than that of the knotty end of a cudgel—the only argument that should ever be resorted to with this numerous and irritating species of vermin.

To proceed, the overflowing of London life, the surplus multitude, the pushed-off population, meets you at every turn, and affords you the most striking instances of the tenacity with which men cling to London, as to life. Enter the parlour of any respectable tavern in the evening, you will there find men of capital and respectability out of business, finding, probably, that competition is too strong to enable them to struggle against men of larger means than themselves, or that the times are bad, or business on the decline; yet, although the world is open to these men, and though in some one or other of our colonies a fortune might readily be made upon their capital, or, at all events, an ample subsistence secured, yet you see they will rather lead the miserable lives of frequenters of a coffee-room, hugging their pipes and pots, than consent to quit London. Indeed, few quit London without regret; the fortunate and happy look back with fond remembrance upon the scenes of their happiness and good fortune; the unfortunate know no place where they can with the same ease avert that

worst and most debasing consequence of misfortune, the affected pity and sincere contempt of friends; the ambitious man looks on London as his proper sphere, and regards leaving it in the light of going into exile; the man of business considers his quitting London a confession of his incapacity to make his way there; the man of pleasure can discover no other place where the prying eyes of his semi-idle neighbours are not upon him; all men, too, look to London as the great lottery in which there are so many prizes, and each is willing to flatter himself that one day or other one of the prizes may fall to his share: there is, in short, a strange unreasoning fascination about the place, which is the root and origin of the excessive competition we have been at the pains shortly to illustrate by the preceding examples. Among the lower walks of life, the intensity of the competitive principle is as apparent as in the higher; every house of call has its room full of poor hungry expectants of toil; every "rookery" has its swarms of unemployed creatures, wandering about looking for work, and supported by the charity of those one degree less helpless than themselves.

But it is when we descend to the professions that competition becomes most desperate, and produces most fatal results; we say *descend* to the professions, for what is a profession *(per se)* in the competition of London life, but a passport to poverty, and probably starvation? Contemplate the myriads at the bar, or coming to the bar; in the church, or coming to the church; studying the profession of physic, or already dubbed M.D.; regard the redundant swarm of educated young men and women, we beg pardon, young *gentlemen* and *ladies*, tenderly brought up to the fashionable employment of doing nothing, doubly helpless and imbecile from the very refinement of mind superior education is calculated to produce.

This class abounds in London, and a more unfortunate set of wretches do not exist—the newspapers show us emphatically what they come to at last. Take the following hap-hazard from the *Times*:—

"One Shilling an Hour.—Morning Governess.—A lady, daily engaged in tuition, has her morning hours at present unoccupied, and wishes to devote them to a private family. Her course of instruction comprises *history, geography, with the use of the globes, writing, arithmetic, French, Italian, music, dancing, flower-painting*. The *highest* references can be afforded. *Single* lessons given in any of the above studies.—Address, postpaid, to B. B., at Mr T. Goodhugh's, fancy stationer, 72, Lamb's Conduit Street, Foundling."

God help thee, poor thing, thine is indeed a melancholy lot! Yet such as it is, thine is the lot of thousands. Let us pause a moment—let imagination have the rein—yet why, when we know the truth?—Here you have an orphan daughter of a gentleman, bred up in elegant retirement, whose accomplishments formed her employment and her parents' pride; they are dead, and in the wilderness of London she pines alone at some mercenary boarding-house—her music and her sweet voice are the equivalent for her bitter crust, and her beauty, faded though it be, the attraction of the inmates; but she is penniless, and her occupation is never hinted at without a sneer; the bright days of what ought to be to her a joyous youth pass away in the packhorse drudgery of tuition, at a shilling an hour: she will give, ay, even a single lesson—poor miserable girl—a shilling is an object to her, and for this shilling she is prepared (the Lord look down upon her!) to afford the "highest references!" This, ye shabby-genteel families—ye accomplishment perfectionizers—ye useful knowledge-mongers, this is the fate that awaits your daughters at last. Instead of making a decent provision for your miserable offspring, you give them an education, as you call it, unnatural wretches that you are, and a *shilling an hour* repays your unhappy daughter for this proficiency in your odious flower-painting—your inveterate piano-forte strumming—your profane geography, and your impious use of the globes!

Oh! for an hour of Jack Cade, to hang the lot of ye, with your pens and ink-horns about your necks!

Take up the *Times* again:—

"To Gentlemen of Education.—Wanted, in an Academy in the healthiest part of Lincolnshire, a gentleman to undertake the whole care and superintendence of the senior classes under the Principal. The course of instruction comprises Greek, Latin, French, Italian, with the usual

University preparatory course, and it will be desirable that candidates should be graduates of Cambridge or Oxford.

"As the situation will be permanent, salary will altogether depend upon the exertions made.

"None need apply who cannot recommend one or two pupils. The strictest moral character absolutely necessary. Apply by letter, post-paid," &c.

The hard-hearted impudence of these advertisements passes without notice, because, in a country where thousands of educated persons cannot get work at wages, tens of thousands will be ready and willing to work without; and, indeed, the advertising columns of the public journals afford examples every day of persons who are ready to pay to be allowed to work for nothing. It is true, that artisans and labouring men are not yet come to this pretty pass: nobody thinks of employing a bricklayer or carpenter, and giving him no other remuneration for his services than the credit of the job; yet this is the course adopted, wherever practicable, with persons of education in the world of London.

The young physician, going about in a suit of unliquidated sables, and paying twice as much as he is worth for a foot square of a hall door in a genteel neighbourhood, whereon his name is engraven in letters of brass, is glad to go round doffing his hat and bending his back to a hundred or more guinea subscribers to some fifth-rate dispensary, soliciting, as if life and death depended upon it, the "sweet voices" of a set whose brains are most probably in their breeches pockets, and whose vulgar insolence is the only attribute that does not smell of the shop: by these, or less or more of them, this man of medicine is huffed and scuffed about, because he solicits the distinguished honour of attending their pauper *protegés* for nothing.

The young lawyer, in like manner, is bilked of his fees by a rascally attorney, who thinks he does wonders by giving the young man a chance of distinguishing himself: the fellow would be ashamed not to pay his chimney-sweeper, but will feel no scruple in withholding the hire of the other gentleman who may be obliged to put his head into much dirtier concerns.

The poor clergyman about town is rejoiced at the opportunity of preaching, out of the season, a half-guinea sermon for some wealthy incumbent, who goes off with his family every autumn to one or other of the watering-places: the condition of wretches engaged in tuition we are already familiar with; while literary history, ancient and modern, is but a litany of the miseries of men whose subsistence depends upon the precarious and exhausting produce of the brain.

The cause of this depreciation of intellectual labour is obvious—overproduction: while first-rate men of business are far from common, while respectable artisans are hardly to be had, the doctors, lawyers, parsons, tutors, and literary persons of all denominations devour one another, and their wages fall to nothing accordingly.

The plague of schoolmasters is upon the land: hands are out of fashion, and nobody will condescend to work but with their heads: the example of the Clerk of Chatham has been lost on this perverse generation, and every man's child now comes into the world with an inkhorn round his neck, a quire of foolscap under his arm, and a pen behind his ear: he must be a lawyer, forsooth, as if the world was only a larger Court of Chancery, and all mankind were at loggerheads therein: or a doctor, or some pernicious animal of that sort. The daughters are to be what they call accomplished, which means, in English, to be able to do nothing useful; and the upshot of the infatuation will be, that in a little time we shall have neither butchers, nor bakers, nor tinkers, nor tailors, nor sempstresses, nor cooks: the living will devour the living, and the dead bury the dead. As it is, every third man you meet is sure to be one of those worse than useless creatures called professional gentlemen; and *who* now-a-days, I should like to know, is acquainted with any young lady who could tell you how long a leg of mutton will take in boiling, or who understands any earthly thing save flower-painting, arithmetic, geography, or the (curse them!) use of the globes?

* * * * *

If any imagine that we are at the trouble to indite these papers for the purpose of mere amusement, or to raise an evanescent laugh, they mistake us altogether, and we desire no more of their acquaintance. We have a higher object in view; and if we oc-

casionally indulge in innocent jocularity, it is that we may carry our young and inexperienced readers more pleasantly to the moral of our history. We are old in the ways of London life, and would be a Mentor to many a young Telemachus, if they will only listen to us. We ask the young man, who thinks education—mere education—will carry him through the world of London, to consider, before he transplants himself hither, whether he is about to fix himself in a congenial soil: we tell him, and that not ignorantly, that in this world of brick and mortar, his education will only render him more susceptible of the universal contempt, dislike, and distrust that will be sure to meet him at every turn:—

"Nil habet paupertas in se durior ipso,
Quàm quod facit homines ridiculos;"

but poverty does not only make men ridiculous in London, but hateful; it is looked upon in the light of an unnatural crime, and the brutal myrmidons of the law, and the dull Dogberries of the police offices, delight in subjecting destitution to ignominy. We tell the unfriended young man of talent who meditates the miseries of a London life, that, be he as well principled as he may, there is one crime he will be sure to commit—the crime of poverty—than which, in the calendar, none is more relentlessly pursued in London; it was capital at one time to be destitute; and if the police magistrate had the making as well as the administering of the laws, destitution would be capital again. Avaunt, poor wretch! you have no business here; nobody can make any thing of your flesh, nor will the tanners give a farthing a pound for your skin: your teeth, probably not having been much in use, may be worth a guinea to the dentists; or, if you happen to be a governess with a good head of hair, a Jew will give you at the rate of three shillings a pound for it. Avaunt, I say! what are you worth to a rascally tradesman, a skinflint lodging-house keeper, or a huxtering Jew? *who* can cheat, or cozen, or swindle you out of that which you have not, good-for-nothing varlet that you are! If, famishing with hunger, you refresh yourself by gazing at a cook-shop, you are ordered to "move on:" if, by prayers and entreaties, you obtain permission to sleep under a hay-rick, or by the side of a brick-kiln, the patrol seizes you *vi et armis*, and drags you to the lock-up, a charge being entered against you of "found destitute." In the morning you are brought to the bar with a horde of other vagabonds, and probably sent to the treadmill for fourteen days; or, if you choose to inform the magistrate that you are a poor scholar, His Worship, after looking round the court with an air of salaried stupidity, and enquiring of the officers, whether you are "known to the office," or whether the present is your first "*offence*," will probably, in his great mercy, let you off with a severe admonition, not again to be guilty of the horrid crime of sleeping in the open air.

But you will not listen to reason; you are a man of talent, your grandmother says so, and the albums of a dozen young ladies in your neighbourhood attest the fact; your foolish old father says, that "learning is better than houses or land," and you are jackass enough to believe him; you have got on your tongue's end a cuckoo cry of "knowledge is power," and off you go to London to give yourself the lie.

Surely you bring your pigs to a fine market; as soon should we expect to see the trembling aspen rise to maturity on the naked peaks of the Himalayas, or to stumble upon the modest violet in the desert plains of central Africa, as to see the unprofessional man of education and talent rise to any thing above the miserable chance of the precarious subsistence of the passing day. Suppose you came to London with a poem, like Thomson, or like Johnson with a tragedy in your pocket: why then, you will want a pair of shoes like the one, or a dinner like the other; and probably, as all your conceit will not lead you to measure your intellect with such men, you will ere long find it advisable either to turn your attention to some useful occupation, or else go to New Zealand, Australia, or the devil.

That scholarship may serve a man in some recognized avocation, we do not scruple to admit, (although we believe that if he have pushing and tact, or perseverance and common sense, with a dash of impudent self-conceit, he will get on much better without it;) but then it will only serve him as subsidiary to something the world stands in need of, and, because it so stands in need of, is ready and willing to pay

for and to honour; but so sure as a picture, however well finished, is a bare and naked looking affair if not provided with a frame, so sure is scholarship, especially in London, a miserable chattel if not set in the golden round of some lucrative profession. Need I refer you to the *Calamities of Authors* for the certain fate that awaits you if you turn your energies to the trade of literature? for a trade you must make it, if you would live? If, in fine, you are a scholar, that is to say, a poor scholar, go from door to door among the cabins of Ireland, where you will be received with universal sympathy and respect, and have the best seat and the mealiest potato; or travel, as Goldsmith did, from university to university on the Continent, where the measure of a man is not altogether taken from his breeches pocket; but of all curses, avoid the cursed indignity you will meet with in London, where the ruffianism of insolent and vulgar wealth knows no restraint, no decency, no shame; and where every cad with a pocketful of silver, is more respectable than you while his pocket is full. London is a trading place, and whatever you are, if you come to London to live, you must be a trader; therefore, if you have the true nobility of genius, stay away, and let the muck-worms of town insult one brave spirit the less.

Another marked and decided characteristic of London life, and which must not be passed over without observation, is that of the minute

DIVISION OF LABOUR

observable in the multitudinous avocations of the metropolitan population. This will naturally follow as a corollary from the magnitude of the place; but it may safely be averred that the division of labour in London is out of all proportion greater than in other metropolitan cities, either in the Old World or the New. Where else will you hear of a fellow realizing a competency as a waterman of a hackney-coach stand; or of the sweeper of a crossing leaving a legacy of five hundred pounds to the daughter of an alderman; or of a ballad-singer making, by the sale of his chants, at a halfpenny each, somewhere about a pound a-day, which is by no means unusual, and occurred repeatedly within our recollection, the last two memorable cases being those of the execution of Courvoisier the murderer, and the self-suspension of the unlucky American Samuel Scott?

Nothing evinces more fully the immensity of the resources of our metropolitan world than the fact, that an able-bodied man can support himself, and it may be a large family, by the sale of an article which in the country would be of no value whatever. Take for example, the trade in periwinkles: tons of these shell-fish are imported weekly from the north, where children gather them by pailsful; they are sold by the bushel to the retailers, who boil them with salt, and hawk them in public and private houses, and every where about the streets: one fellow in particular, who frequents the neighbourhood of the Row, and has a peculiar musical cry, is supposed to have something considerable in the savings' bank, by help of his voice and his periwinkles.

Another fellow will make a good thing of the sale of shrimps. We recollect conversing with a person of this class, one Sunday afternoon, at one of the suburban houses of entertainment resorted to by citizens: the day happened to be wet, and the company not very numerous; the shrimp retailer, however, assured us, that in the event of the evening brightening up, he would be sure to take twenty-five to thirty shillings before night by the sale of his commodity!

The Duke of Wellington was right, at least as far as London is concerned, when he said, that no place in the world afforded a nearer approach to a certainty of an humble man gaining a respectable living, or, if he pleased to deny himself the ordinary enjoyments of his station, of accumulating wealth. In no place that we know of is the amount of human misery so small in proportion to the population; in no place that we have yet visited are resources so abundant in proportion to the population; and in no place do the generality of those who have some ostensible useful employment, and who have not the curse of the schoolmaster upon their backs, live so comfortably and well.

In trades, the minute division of labour is wonderful—such as you observe nowhere else. In other places you will have tailors, for instance; but in London alone will you have top-coat makers, waistcoat fitters, and

trouser cutters, living by pursuing one particular branch, and one only, of their avocations, and making fortunes by attending to that alone.

In no other place will you see a woman keep a respectable house over her head, employing sundry assistants in cutting carrots, turnips, and parsnips into fantastic figures for decorating the dishes of the wealthy, and having a professional brass-plate upon her door with the high-sounding title, "CULINARY ARTISTIC DECORATOR!"

The result of this minute division of labour, in itself the result of the requirements of the place, leads, it may be easily imagined, to stimulate every branch of science, manufacture, and art, to the highest possible pitch of perfection.

Hence, the London trade-mark is a guarantee of superior quality; the London article has every where a superior price; and, notwithstanding the immense number of rivals engaged in every department, one or two in each line, most generally but one, make a name for themselves in business—which is only another word for making a fortune.

"What's in a name?" may be asked in the world of Shakspeare, but the answer there recorded will by no means be apt in the world of London. In trading, professional, and public life, name is fame. Where there is no time or means of making minute enquiries, a name stands for character, and expresses responsibility; a name is security, and commands respect: a Baring, a Rothschild, a Masterman, a Wigram, a Goldshmidt, ring like silver in one's ears; and every one belonging to them, or to their houses, from the powdered confidential clerk, with his bent attitude of earnest attention and his quiet smile, down to the housekeeper or gate-keeper, plume themselves upon partaking of their principal's respectability. The names of Burghardt, Nugee, and Stulz idealize a coat; and even reflected, as we see them in every corner of town, in gold glass letters—as, "SNIP, ten years cutter at STULZ'S;" "SELVAGE AND TWIST, from BURGHARDT'S;" or "GOOSE AND CABBAGE, late foremen to NUGEE"—compel us to bow, despite ourselves, before the might and power, even of a tailor's name.

Tea is no tea, if not Twining's; turtle merely the scrapings of a broth-pot, if not Birch's, or the London Tavern; twin turbots will not taste alike unless Grove purveys them; who will sit on a saddle if not of Laurie—or handle a whip, if not by Swaine? Lincoln for a hat, Hoby (if he chooses) for a boot, Manton for a gun, Moore for a rifle, Nock for pistols, Tilbury and Clarke for a cab! But if we go on in this way, we will be suspected of having a private arrangement with these top-sawyers of their respective trades, and of touching a handsome per-centage on the profits to accrue from an amateur advertisement!

Every way you take it, whatever you are or wish to be, nothing great can be achieved without a great name in London. In every line there are one or more great names, whose names alone will carry all before them, and whose business you could not, even by the grossest neglect, for a very considerable time destroy; as nobody would believe, until they experienced the contrary, that a house of long-established character would forfeit its extensive and profitable business by carelessness or neglect.

Nor, indeed, is it in the nature of things that they should do so; for houses once established under a well-known and respectable name are so many estates, and are capable of bringing, without difficulty or trouble, the exact number of years' purchase they are worth in the market.

The medical practitioner who has got a name, when he wishes to retire from the profession, can transfer his patients, for an adequate consideration, like so many flocks of sheep; the attorney can dispose of his interest in the causes of his clients to another of his profession. From the banker of Lombard Street to the street-sweeper at the corner, every business is regarded as a property, and bought and sold like any other real estate.

As an illustration of the value of establishments with a name, we may take a well-known tavern near Threadneedle Street. The late proprietor, on his death-bed, disposed of his property in this lucrative concern in such a way, that each of his children, according to seniority, should be the possessor of the place, until he or she should have realized, in the ordinary course of business, the sum of fifteen thousand pounds, when the next in succession was to assume the reins of

government, and so on; the reversion to the entire being vested in the eldest son, when the provision for the younger children was complete.

Some idea of the business done at this place may be formed from a knowledge of the fact, that *three* years were found sufficient to complete the provisions for each child, showing a clear profit in the business of the establishment of five thousand pounds a-year.

We have not merely an aristocracy of rank and money in London, but we have an aristocracy of trade, whose honours and revenues descend from generation to generation by the strictest entail, and whose title to this enjoyment, like that of the nobility of rank, is derived from the exertions or good fortune of some distinguished ancestor, who still lives in the respectability and credit his praiseworthy industry has long ago created for his heirs.

From the intensity of competition, and the absolute necessity of getting a name in whatever avocation or profession, arises the extraordinary efforts made to attract public notice; a few remarks, therefore, on

THE ART OF ADVERTISING,

as at present practised in the world of London, may be acceptable. Our remarks, the judicious reader will have long since perceived, are intended to be less historical than observant; the scope and purport of these papers is the delineation of what is, rather than the relation of what has been. The history of advertising, had we leisure to pursue it, would form an amusing enquiry; the rude attempts to attract publicity in the earlier epochs of our commercial struggles, when our merchants and retailers resorted to bazars or markets, as the orientals do at this day, and when the bellman went about to announce, in *vivâ voce* advertisements, the merits of some newly arrived cargo of merchandize. The quaint phraseology of the announcements in the public prints, when their columns were first opened to the service of the trader, are highly entertaining, showing what an important affair an advertisement was considered in those days.

In our own day, however, things are altered; there is but one way of attaining business, by publicity; but one way of gaining publicity, by advertisement; the newspaper is the fly-wheel by which the motive power of commercial enterprize is sustained, and money is the steam by which the advertising is kept going. Advertising has been an art, at least since the days of Puff—"Professor of the art of panegyric, at your service or any body else's." Puff first reduced the chaotic elements to order, and gave to advertising the dignity of an art.

"PUFF. Mystery! Sir, I will take upon me to say the matter was never scientifically treated, nor reduced to rule before.

"SNEER. Reduced to rule?

"PUFF. O lud, sir! you are very ignorant, I am afraid. Yes, sir, puffing is of various sorts; the principal are, the puff direct—the puff preliminary—the puff collateral—the puff collusive—and the puff oblique, or puff by implication. These all assume, as circumstances require, the various forms of—Letter to the Editor—Occasional Anecdote—Impartial Critique—Observation from Correspondent—or Advertisement from the Party."

Such was the condition of this noble art sixty years since, and although even then in its nonage, its importance, especially to the George Robinses of the day, may be estimated from the eloquent, and no less eloquent than just panegyric of the professor.

"Even the auctioneers now—the auctioneers I say, though the rogues have lately got some credit for their language—not an article of the merit theirs! No, sir; 'twas I first enriched their style,—'twas I first taught them to crowd their advertisements with panegyrical superlatives, each epithet rising above the other, like bidders in their own auction-rooms! From *me* they learned to inlay their phraseology with variegated chips of exotic metaphor; by me, too, their inventive faculties were called forth. Yes, sir, by *me* they were instructed to clothe ideal walks with gratuitous fruit—to insinuate obsequious rivulets into visionary groves—to teach courteous shrubs to nod their approbation of the grateful soil; or, on emergencies, to raise upstart oaks where there had never been an acorn; to create a delightful vicinage without the assistance of a neighbour, or fix the temple of Hygeia in the fens of Lincolnshire!"

Who, looking upon the advertising

columns of the *Morning Herald* or the *Post*, will not confess the force of the great authority of the immortal Mr Puff, in the auctioneering announcements of our day?

The newspaper is, of course, the grand medium of publicity; your *Times*, your *Post*, and your *Herald*, are to London what your gossips are to the country; they will drop in upon you about breakfast time, and, in addition to putting you in possession of the news of the day, like other d—d good-natured friends, they will put you in the very best way of getting rid of your money. They inform you where every thing you do or do not want may be had, if you believe them, cheapest and best; and even if you are not disposed to purchase what you do not want, the odds are ten to one the flattering announcements you see in the papers will infect you with the itch of spending. Are you of the vagabond order, and infected with the peculiarly English vice of gadding, what a Paradise of locomotion does not the *Times* open to your astonished view! Northward to Hull, you are invited to travel for four shillings, being at the rate of the fourth of a farthing a mile; southward to Havre, you are carried from Southampton for half the money, to be returned if you are not landed before the opposition boat arrives; every where you can go for something, and somewhere, thanks to the intensity of competition, you can always go for nothing.

Are you a man of fortune and influence? How many claimants are there for the honour of your vote and interest, from the post of director of the India-House, down to that of physician to a dispensary or matron of an asylum. How many THANKS may not the exercise of your interest in behalf of some person desirous of a permanent mercantile appointment, or situation under government, obtain; how confidential the communications, and how inviolable the secresy that will be observed! Are you a capitalist? How easily, by simply communicating with X, Y, Z, Peel's Coffee-house, Fleet Street, may you not have possession of the whole or part of the most wonderful discovery that ever the world wondered at, of vast utility and "universal application!" Are you in want of employment? You may be settled to your heart's content, completely taken in and done for, by addressing a line to the "Metropolitan Swindling Commercial and General Agency Company," who will take your last guinea without remorse, leaving you otherwise exactly as they found you. Do you desire a house, chambers, lodgings, furnished or unfurnished, board and lodging, partial board, breakfast and bed, dinner and bed, tea and bed, or supper and bed? the only fear is, that out of the number of titillating announcements submitted to your view, you will never be able to make a selection, but will remain a sort of wandering Jew to the end of your natural life. Do you meditate matrimony? A dozen at least of the very lowest houses in the trade desire your custom, with the most disinterested earnestness, and not only this, but each will give you, *gratis*, his advice as to what you will require, and the dangers you run by purchasing at any other house than his own. He will furnish you, moreover, *gratis*, with a catalogue of articles, marked upon the principle to which we alluded in our observations on the rival hat-manufacturers, namely, that of a tentative or *ad captandum* price; when you come to purchase, you will discover that you should not make calculations of expenditure upon the strength of the tradesman's catalogue, as he will either refuse to let you have the articles at the price marked, or will take care to give you such as will be of no use whatever.

It may be assumed, as a general rule of all advertising shops, that the cheapness so prominently put forward in their advertisements, is merely a ground-bait to draw gudgeons to the place; when there, a more tempting and expensive article is placed under their nose, and they will be sure to snap at it. Are you in want of domestics? Cast your eye over the two hundred and fifty praiseworthy individuals, all with unexceptionable characters from their last places, soliciting the honour of being allowed to enter your service; contrast with the multitude of these three-and-sixpenny announcements, the one or two "*wanted* a cook," or "*wanted* a housemaid," in another part of this paper, and you have an additional illustration of competition in London. It is not very long since the public was made merry at the expense of a sober citi-

zen in Fenchurch Street, who, having lost his better half, advertised for a respectable widow to take charge of his establishment; the consequence was, that so great a multitude of respectable widows assembled before the worthy citizen's door in search of the situation, that the police were compelled to interfere for the preservation of the public peace!

Nothing is so well established as the fact, that advertising will do any thing. No imposition is so glaring, no quackery so apparent, no humbug so gross and palpable, which may not be turned by an enterprizing fellow to account, through the medium of the newspapers. Not only do the trades, but the professions, use this mighty letter of introduction: your lawyer puffs his book, and the physician his treatise, as you imagine, but the fact and truth is, the learned gentlemen are advertising themselves: the sale of the book is not the object, but the sale of the *man*.

As an illustration of the extraordinary power of advertising in effecting an object, we may take the memorable case of a late London Assurance Company, well known to Sir Peter Laurie and the public. This infamous concern was got up by a servant out of place, aided by one or two other desperate men "upon town." By some means or other, forging references in all probability, the adventurers gained possession of a good house in a highly respectable neighbourhood; the bait offered that many-headed gull the public, was some considerable abatement of the usual premium of similar establishments, which it was easy for those to offer who never intended to pay. The light artillery of the newspapers did the rest. Indifferent as the public may be to a few announcements in the public prints, the reiteration of advertisements is ever sure to succeed; and succeed it did in this particular instance so well, that the miscreants, after plundering unfortunate creatures to the tune of some eighty or a hundred thousand pounds, decamped beyond the reach of the law, and are now laughing at the simplicity of their victims.

It is upon the newspapers that the various tribes of quacks in medicine depend for their subsistence; what they offer for sale, though it be the genuine *elixir* of the alchymists, or dirt pills, does not matter a jackstraw; the point is, how much can they afford to spend in advertising. Advertising is like law—the longest purse wins all.

Of old, the advertising gentry were content simply to announce that they were ready to offer such and such articles for sale on reasonable terms; but that straight-forward mode of introducing their wares would now-a-days no more attract the public ear than the report of a pop-gun in a thunderstorm: if you mean to do business, you must try something startling; the *puff portentous* is an invention later than the days of the *Critic*.

Suppose you have a quack medicine, or any other poisonous compound to let off, you dash at the public thus:—

"Brocket Hall.—We have the pleasure to announce that Lord Melbourne, accompanied by Lord John Russell, Viscount Palmerston, Mr T. B. Macauley, (*late* of Windsor Castle,) and the other ex-Cabinet Ministers, arrived at the above splendid seat last Wednesday, to concert measures for the carrying on the opposition for the next ten years. It is *quite true*, as reported, that each of the justly celebrated personages there assembled, carried down with him several hundred dozens Snooks's Eternal Smash Specific for Diseases of the Chest, as also a large quantity of the Cordial Balm of Botheration, and Internal Disease Pill! Beware of counterfeits."

Or you may try another dodge, thus:—"War, War, War!!!—Keshen has been cut in several halves, not a doubt of it, by the celestial Emperor Twang-ti. Chusan has been abandoned, and the war which has just ended, is again about to begin. Elliot, &c., has, with immense difficulty, smuggled several chests of tea by proclamation, which enables the British Sloe and Blackthorn Leaf, and real Sawdust Coffee Company, to offer the public the boon of three farthings per pound (light weight) reduction on the sloe, and five farthings on blackthorn leaf (Souchong flavour.) Copy the address."

The *puff philosophical* is immensely in vogue, owing, probably, to the schoolmaster being abroad; we will suppose the article to be puffed a new fashioned gridiron, a hydraulic spi-

toon, waterproof castor, or easy-chair, it is all the same, care being taken to head the advertisement with an appropriate quotation; if Latin, Greek, or Hebrew, all the better, as it will astonish the more the less it is understood, ignorance (with great respect to Edmund Burke) being grandmother, at least, to the sublime.

"ALERE FLAMMAM.

"The mysterious law of the radiation of caloric equally on all sides as the squares of the distances, as discovered by that distinguished chemist Doctor Black, and lately confirmed by Dalton, has given rise to a surprizing application of science to manufactures, in the invention of the camulated or grooved gridiron by Squid, of King William Street, Strand. This sublime discovery preserves all the cellular tissue and adipose substance, and precludes altogether the incandescence of the carbonaceous material used in culinary combustion, so deleterious to the accurate frizzlefication of the graminivorous muscular fibre. Be sure to remember to ask for Squid's grids."

A very taking puff may run thus:—"BY AUTHORITY.—The highest price for old bones, rags, and marine stores, at the sign of the Jolly Young Nigger, Gravel Lane, Shadwell."

To this is usually added the gratuitous advice, "You can't do better;" and advertisements of this class should appear in the *Morning Advertiser*.—"STOP," is a capital heading, but rather worn out. "STOP THIEF" is better, because every body thinks he will be sure to catch him, and so read. For any puff in life you cannot have a better beginning than "A THOUSAND POUNDS REWARD;" but it will be judicious not to forget to omit, "Don't you wish you may get it?"

If you want money, which is most likely, we have no objection to tell you how we do the trick ourselves when hard-up, although the judicious may blame us for letting the cat out of the bag; yet if it happen to serve a poor devil author at a pinch, we shall consider ourselves, as the writers of prefaces say, amply repaid.

Instead, therefore, of addressing your advertisements to "THE CHARITABLE AND HUMANE," or to "THE BENEVOLENT" classes, that I need hardly inform you only exist as the phantoms of diseased imaginations, and omitting the old hackneyed cant, "TO THOSE WHOM PROVIDENCE HAS BLESSED WITH AFFLUENCE," or "CHRISTIAN HEARTS," or such stuff, from which no reader of a newspaper will fail to turn with loathing and disgust, take human nature on its blind side, and make your advertisement tickle your fellow Jews on the soft part of the head.

You must fix it thus:—"A HUNDRED AND FIFTY PER CENT FOR YOUR MONEY.—The above may be secured without difficulty or exertion, free of the slightest risk, by any gentleman or lady possessed of a little capital.—None but principals will be treated with, and the most inviolable secresy will be observed.—Apply," (be sure to have a correct address, or all is over with you.)—How you are to manage, on receipt of an answer to your advertisement, I shall take care to inform you at my leisure.

THE OLD RULE OF DRINKING.

FROM THE GREEK OF EUBULUS.

A MAN of sense three cups may take:
The first (if good)—his thirst to slake;
The second—to his favourite fair;
The third—to bid good-night to care.
The wise will then turn into bed—
The fool will swallow white and red.
He fills a fourth—well, let that pass,
Wine makes your ass the more an ass.
The fifth—will fill his mouth with prattle;
The sixth—will bring him into battle;
The seventh—will bring him knock-down blows,
Torn shirt, black eyes, and batter'd nose;
The eighth—will show him in the street,
A quadruped, on hands and feet;
The ninth—will see him kick'd and mobb'd,
By watchmen seized, by watchmen robb'd;
The tenth—By Jove, the bottle's empty!
There's not a single drop to tempt ye!
So, since the jovial night has past,
He makes the mire his bed at last!

ARION.

THE MODERN RULE OF DRINKING.

A man of sense may take three glasses:
The first for self; the next the lasses;
The third to finish. But *no* fourth—
Unless to friends, east, west, south, north.
A fifth—if one is given to rhyme,
Wine wings him to the true sublime;
A sixth, 'tis scarcely worth the mention,
A bard *must* sharpen his invention.
And if your muse is at a stand,
A seventh is like a magic wand;
It sweeps you o'er Parnassus' top;
An eighth—*perhaps* 'tis time to stop;
And yet, by Helicon divine,
What bard would libel number nine?
A tenth, with joy in every pore,
Pray, why not finish the half score?
There stands the mighty Magnum sparkling,
While all the world is round us darkling.
Eleven—one *must* stop at length—
Poh! wine is spirit, wit, and strength.
Twelve—better still—no man can cozen
Life's troubles under the round dozen.
Hang counting, when one's health's in question,
Good wine is good for the digestion.
Here, bumpers! None but men of Gotham
Would stop before they reach'd the bottom.

ARION.

CONTEMPORARY SPANISH LITERATURE.

A TRIAL SCENE.

"Bring in the prisoner!"

The court had been filled for some time; the oval table in the Grand Saloon covered with black cloth; the contributors ranged round it, according to seniority; and Mr North, sitting in a lofty arm-chair, prepared to dispense justice—the crutch being just visible within reach of his Rhadamanthine hand. A space was left at the foot of the table for the accused and his counsel, and expectation was raised to the highest pitch, when the macer again went to the door and shouted, "Bring in the prisoner!" In a few minutes, he walked rather jauntily into the room—a dark, foreign-looking individual, smelling strongly of paper cigars, with one or two of the beads of a rosary hanging out of his waistcoat pocket. When the usual preliminaries had been gone through, he answered in a loud voice, when the clerk of the arraigns asked his name, "Don Eugenio de Ochoa." The prosecutor then rose and said, "My lord, I beg that the indictment may be read." The clerk accordingly read as follows:—"Whereas it is humbly meant and complained to us, by our right trusty Hannibal Smith, contritributor to our Magazine, upon Don Eugenio de Ochoa, that, by the laws of this and every well-governed realm, the wickedly and ridiculously writing or editing stupid books—the puffing the same into sale by advertisements in newspapers and other vehicles of public delusion, representing the same to be clever and entertaining, whereas they are in reality dull and disgusting—more particularly, pretending, in the said books and writings, to give a view of the literature of a great and distinguished nation with which we are in alliance and amity, thereby bringing the literature of the said nation into ridicule and contempt; as also the charging for the said books and writings a sum altogether beyond their value, thereby wasting the substance of our loving lieges, and hurtful to our (half-) crowns and dignity—are all and each, or one or other of them, crimes of a heinous nature, and severely punishable; yet true it is and of verity, that the said Don Eugenio de Ochoa is guilty, actor, art and part, of all and each, or one or other of the said crimes, aggravated as aforesaid; in so far as, some time in the year eighteen hundred and forty, at or within the city of Paris, he did edit and publish two volumes of a goodly size, and very insinuating paper and type, bearing the following title, videlicet—'Apuntes para una Bibliotheca de Escritores Españoles Contemporaneos, en Prosa y Versa'—signifying, in our vernacular—"Specimens of Contemporary Spanish Writers, in Prose and Verse"—and other works; and did wilfully and maliciously affix or prefix to each of the specimens a laudatory notice of the contemporary writer thereof, the same being in many instances totally undeserved, and calculated to lead to wrong ideas of the merits of the said contemporary authors—all which, or part thereof, being found proven, by the verdict of an assize, before our right trusty and right well-beloved cousin and counsellor Christopher North, to be holden by him in the Grand Saloon of Number Forty-five, the said Don Eugenio de Ochoa ought to be punished with the heaviest end of the crutch, to deter others from committing the like crimes in all time coming." The accuser then resumed his speech—

"The character of a nation is formed by its history, its manners, its religion, and the peculiarities of its soil and climate; and the same elements which form a national character form also a national literature. If this be true, there never was a country so favourably situated for the production of a first-rate literature as the prisoner's native land. The incidents of Spanish history are wilder than those of romance. The great struggle for independence kept her energies alive for eight hundred years. Her spirit was never relaxed by long periods of repose. The cymbals of the Moor answered, undaunted, the trumpet of the Christian. Fire-eyed warriors, in white flowing draperies, with flashing scymitar, careered, on the steeds of the desert, through the

rich plains and beside the magnificent rivers of Spain. An architecture arose, rich, varied; romantic. Arts were cultivated, science was promoted. But the cross steadily gained ground. Closer and closer the followers of the Prophet were driven back upon each other. Unity was seen to be strength. The Catalan felt himself as much a *Spaniard* as the Castilian. Spain became one mighty kingdom, and—vanquished at last, though not dishonoured—long files of Moslem warriors issued sorrowfully from the noble towers of Granada, and left a land which they had ruled as masters, and would not submit to inhabit as subjects, perhaps as slaves. There had been episodes of love and gallantry between the Moorish maidens and the Christian knights—the minstrelsy of the Alhambra was borrowed by the court of Castile. There had been courteous intercourse between the contending chiefs—the splendour and gorgeousness of the Paynim gave a love of show and magnificence to the descendants of the Goth. The people in humbler ranks of life had made friendships and even alliances with each other; and when the exiles took their way to the sea-coast, the triumph was chiefly confined to the priests, who saw in the destruction of the Mahommedan power, a means of raising their own. But the Moors left more enduring traces behind them than their towers and palaces. The population had Moorish features—wild flashing eyes, and swarthy brows; there was blood in their veins that boiled with the heat of African suns. Proud, brave, and chivalrous, there is no nobler object than a Spanish gentleman of the days of Ferdinand and Isabella. People at that time began to dream of new worlds that lay beyond the sea—lands interminable in extent—boundless in riches. They were annexed to the crown of Spain. A French king was a prisoner in Madrid. The prince of Spain was consort of the queen of England. A Spaniard, though the subject, was also the countryman of the first potentate in the world; and yet, my lord, it is not many years since a learned but dry work was published by Condé on the 'Dominion of the Arabs in Spain.' The history of Charles the Fifth, and of America, was written by a Scotchman; the Moorish Ballads were collected and annotated by a German, (Depping;) and it was left for two Americans to publish lives of Christopher Columbus and Ferdinand and Isabella. But a literature, my lord, is not entirely composed of history; and we may therefore, in as far as that noblest branch of it is concerned, receive blandly the confessions of a compatriot of the prisoner, (Lampillas,) who gave to his work the modest and appropriate name of 'Ensayo Historico-*apologetico* de la Literatura Española.' The religion of Spain would seem at first sight no less adapted to foster a national literature than her history, if we did not reflect, that wherever the Roman Catholic power has been undisputed, it has repressed every effort of the human mind. Where its dogmas are questioned, literature revives. But it is impossible for even the Inquisition to banish the effect of the next cause, the domestic manners, from the literature of a country; and what manners, I would ask, are so enchanting—so fitted to give life to description—to furnish incidents for narrative—as those of the sunny and luxurious south? Are the dark-eyed girls of Cadiz to furnish no aid to literature any more than if they were Hottentots? Why, the very mantilla itself, that graceful heritage from the harem of the Almoravides, is enough to enrich play-writers and novelists for ever with plots and stratagems. The masks, still or till lately worn, were another inexhaustible mine of adventures and discoveries; and the whole spirit of Spanish society is so exciting to the imagination, by its extraordinary mixture of more than European freedom with the remnants of something very much resembling Asiatic seclusion, that dull and unendowed with even a fragment of a soul must be the *escritores contemporaneos*, if they do not grow bright and delightful under its influence. Have we forgotten how the same circumstances worked upon Cervantes—on Lope—on Calderon—on almost all the dramatists, whose plots, absurdly misplaced in rigorous and prosaic England, have been the stock material of our stage from Dryden down to the last farce? Read the little stories introduced in that greatest of Epic Poems, the life of the incomparable knight and thorough gentleman, Don Quixote de la Mancha, and you will

see what scope there is for writers who have sense and talent enough—it does not need genius—to transfer to their pages the very incidents that are happening every day before their eyes. And now, my Lord North—omitting history, in which they are deficient; omitting religion, in which they are perhaps superabundant, considering its quality; and directing our attention only to what is more properly called literature—what do we find in these two large volumes, pretending to represent the present intellect of Spain, but miserable trash, without the stamp of nationality about it at all—with not even a scene at a bull-fight—but looking marvellously as if it had been written in the Palais Royal, in feeble imitation of some imitator of the French *litterateurs*. The first volume contains extracts from the works of four-and-twenty authors, all in a row. The first is from an archbishop, the last is from a duke; so that the contributors are from nearly the same exalted stations in life as your own. But I am proud to say, my lord, that none of us would or could have written—nor would you have inserted—nor would the printer have printed—nor the printer's devil have carried—any composition resembling those of the most illustrious lord, Don Felix Amat, archbishop of Palmira, and the most excellent lord, the Duke de Frias; and yet, my lord, if you reflect on the laboriousness of such an extensive and populous diocess, you will be surprised that his ecclesiastical grace has had time to write any thing, except perhaps homilies, like the latter compositions of his right reverend brother the Archbishop of Granada. However, let us pass the grandees, who seem both to be most excellent men, though rather of the hum-drum order, and go at once to some writer on subjects more interesting than the church history of the prelate, or the congratulatory sonnet of the duke, and open the volume at the extracts from Campo Alange—a story called Pamplona y Elizondo"——

Here the prisoner's counsel rose:—"My lord, I object to that story being read. I confess it is very poor—not much better than Yes and No."

"My learned friend pleads guilty—am I to understand—to the whole charge?"

"No, no."

"Well, then, I omit Campo Alange, and proceed to the most excellent lord, Don Thomas José Gonzalez Carvajal."

Prisoner's counsel:—"I shall not defend that wretched writer of canticles and psalms."

"I go, then, to Don Josè de Espronceda—his poem on the subject of Pelayo"——

"I give him up! I give up all the poetasters!"

"What, then, do you defend?"

"The dramatists, and the greater number of the writers in prose."

"My learned friend, my lord, will do, of course, as he pleases, when it is his turn to speak. In the mean time, I will not insult your judgment by believing that you will hesitate a moment in finding the prisoner guilty of the offences libelled, especially when even the ingenuity of my learned friend can find no excuse for the extracts I have alluded to, and pleads guilty in the case of every one of the poetasters. What will your lordship say, when I tell you that there is scarcely one of those 'contemporary authors' who does not consider himself a poet. You find 'Sonnets to the Moon,' and 'Odes on the deaths of beautiful ladies,' and such small-beer, appended to the prose contributions of almost all—and if I can satisfy your lordship that the individuals whom my learned friend will probably call forward in his defence, were the inditers of the aforesaid odes and sonnets, I trust you will allow them to neutralize any small degree of merit in the prose which the acumen of my learned friend may enable him to find out. But it is not merely the extracts from other authors to which I wish to call your attention. The preliminary notices by the prisoner himself add inconceivably to the stupidity, and therefore the wickedness of the book, and bring him, if I mistake not, within the letter of the law, beyond all hope of pardon or escape. Listen, my lord, to the critical and historical editor of the *Literature of Spain*:—'The death of the Earl of Essex, Robert D'Evereux, has been the subject of various tragedies, both English and French. Of the latter, we may particularly notice one by La Calprenède, which was acted in 1638; and one by Peter Corneille, brother of the great poet of that name, which was published in

1678. It has also been the argument of a multitude of novels; but as these, no less than the tragedies, are founded on a supposed love between the Earl and Elizabeth of England, they all offend equally against nature and historical truth; for when Elizabeth began to show her favour to Essex, she had attained the respectable age of fifty-eight.' Now for the accuracy of this stickler for nature and historical truth:—'The cause of her favour was sufficiently singular. The old queen was walking one day in the park of one of her palaces, and came to a puddle in which she must have dirtied her feet, if the Earl of Essex had not spread his gold-embroidered cloak over it, by way of a carpet—a stroke of gallantry so exotic and unexampled, that it gained him great approbation; though a tinker of Lavapies, or a gipsy of Triana, would scarcely gain a smile for a similar complaisance—the one from his Dolly and the other from his trull. But in truth, the gallant who, in this Spain of ours, places his cloak on the ground, runs generally no greater risk than that of getting it a little dirty, while in cloudy England the results of a similar politeness might be a good deal more disastrous.'"

"I object to the reading of that passage, my lord; it is in a different work altogether, and not in the volumes named in the libel."

"My lord, the accusation is, that the prisoner has published specimens, &c., 'and other works.' I rest, my lord, on 'the other works.'"

"Then, my lord, I throw into the other scale Lope de Vega, Calderon, Moratin, and the Romanceros—for all these he has published; and I apprehend I can claim the merit of those illustrious writers, if we are to be arraigned for the defects of any other volumes of the series. My lord, I took it for granted that the issue was joined on the two volumes of the 'Contemporary Writers.'"

"My lord," continued the prosecutor, "to save further trouble, I withdraw my accusation, so far as the other volumes are concerned, for the present; and restrict my remarks to the 'Specimens,' or even, if it be agreeable to my learned friend, to the first volume of them."

"I agree to that arrangement."

"Well then, my lord, I contend that, in the first volume, there is a mass of dulness enough for half-a-dozen; that there are no distinctive features by which to recognize it as Spanish literature, more than any other literature—and that in ushering such a collection of common-places and platitudes into the world, the prisoner has been guilty of a high crime; that he has brought his nation into contempt, and himself—if I succeed in getting you to agitate the crutch—into a pretty considerable scrape. My lord, is it to be believed, that while the whole Peninsula is yet ringing with the shouts of the victims of Badajos and Salamanca, and the last echoes of the retreating Frenchmen shrieking for mercy have scarcely died away from the banks of the Bidassoa, there is not, throughout the volume mention made of Wellington or the English?—throughout the whole volume I have only seen one direct allusion to the tight little Island, and that is in an ode on the battle of Trafalgar."

"I give up the poetasters"——

"My learned brother will excuse me. The author of the ode is considered a first-rate poet, and there are some lines in the poem which are exceedingly good."

"I claim the benefit of that admission."

"With this observation tacked to it, that they make the rest of the performance more stupid and dull; and that the goodness I granted is not positive goodness, but relative merely to the rest of the lines."

"The words were, 'there are some lines in the poem which are exceedingly good.'—My lord, it will not do to fritter away that concession."

"The lines *are* good then—for a Spaniard on such a subject as Trafalgar. Let us hear how he speaks of"——

"My lord, I am content to receive the verdict of my learned friend on *some* of the lines; granting, if he is so inclined, that the others are not so good."

"Execrable!—What can be worse than addresses to Clio, and Mars, and Bellona?—

'Harsh-voiced Bellona's iron cry
Raises each warrior's courage high.
Who feels not his proud heart with valour glow,
When on all sides, before his eyes,
Torrents of blood on torrents rise,
And stain the sea with quick continuous flow?

'The air grows iron! every breath
Turns to an instrument of Death,
Who rises—a gaunt spectre—'mid the sea,
And with a grisly smile looks on,
While slaughter's dreadful work is done
In execution of his fell decree!'

"But, besides Bellona, there are the daughters of Apollo, and Olympus, and the Titans, and Etna, and Vesuvius, and a lion, and an eagle, and Neptune;—persons and things which are evidently of no manner of use, as I believe I may safely affirm that not one of them was alluded to in Collingwood's Despatch. The name of Nelson, with a feeling of delicacy borrowed perhaps from a somewhat imperfect performance of the tragedy of Hamlet, is not once mentioned in the whole poem.

'Suffice it that their slaughter'd chief
Cover'd with thicker clouds of grief
The sunless Thames's miserable shore,
Which sees you, mark'd with glorious scars,
Reserve your power for happier wars,
And burn your conquering troops on Albion's coast to pour.'

"These, my lord, are some of the lines, and not by any means the worst of this poem; the prose I have already proved to be contemptible."

"No, no—not proven—only asserted."

"Yes, I have!—At all events, I defy any one to lay his hand on his heart and say, that this volume deserves any thing but the utmost rigour of the law; for it is a libel on a brave and cultivated nation, to give it forth to the world as containing any thing like a correct specimen of the current literature of Spain. That is my case."

After a few minutes' pause, the counsel for the prisoner rose and said—"My lord, I shall not follow my learned friend in his disquisition on the origin of national characters or national literatures; it will be sufficient for me to maintain that the volume against which he has directed his malice and bitterness, does not by any means answer his description. There are things in it not quite equal to Walter Scott; there are also things in it sinning against good taste, and such as would be scouted if appearing in an English dress; but my learned friend forgets that the prisoner undertook only to give specimens of the literature as it *is*, not as it ought to be. If the literature is sterile, or puerile, or stiff, or uninteresting, is it the fault of the editor? My learned friend ought to prove that there is a great quantity of good literature in Spain, and that the prisoner has wilfully and maliciously passed it over, and presented to us a selection of miserable trash, falsely pretending that it was the best he could discover. Has my learned friend done this? If the four-and-twenty authors in this volume are so utterly bad, where are there any better? But I deny that the volume is altogether bad. The writers are accused of two great deficiencies: a want of nationality in the scenes they represent—fault being found with them that they are not painters of *Spanish* manners; and that they are dull and unromantic, in spite of the advantages of their previous history and their present domestic habits. The dark-eyed girls of Cadiz, the Morisco harems, and other very questionable topics in my learned friend's address, I leave to be dealt with by the New Police, or the Society for the Discouragement of Vice. Will you have the kindness to listen to a long extract, which, curiously enough, answers both of those objections, as it is not an uninteresting portrait of Spanish life, and shows a patriotic pride in the glory of great men?"——

The Two Artists, by Don José Bermudez de Castro. A Story.

In a dirty and obscure lane in Seville, is a house which has been so added to and taken from, and altered from top to bottom, that the poor mason, who considered himself a splendid architect when he laid the first stone of it many years before 1616, when our narrative begins, would not be able to recognize it. At that time, it consisted of two stories—if indeed a sort of chamber, with earthen floor and low ceiling is deserving of the name—to which the access was by a very steep flight of steps. With this attic, or garret, our business lies; but merely to satisfy the curiosity of our readers—who might, perhaps, be distracted from our tale by an anxiety to know what the rest of the house was like—we shall mention that it consisted, besides the sitting-room down stairs, of a large square court, a small

kitchen at one side of it, and a very humble stable at the other. Its one stall was empty at the time; and this, we hope, is all the information that can be required. The apartment, or rather the garret, we speak of, had two windows—one towards the street, and the other backward to the court we have mentioned. When the head recovered its perpendicular, after stooping to scramble up the narrow stair, and effecting an entrance through the sort of trap-door which gave admission to the chamber, a number of boards and canvasses, all primed and pumiced and ready for painting, became perceptible, arranged in a manner which showed that he who had the disposition of them, had no particular regard for symmetry or ornament; for they stood in all manner of inclinations, some upside down, some jutting out from a corner, and all very carelessly balanced, inclining more to one side than another, according as the nail on which they struggled for equilibrium was near or not to the middle of the frame. Some drawings, landscapes sparkling with spirit and imagination, accompanied the boards and canvasses, and rivalled them in order and regularity. Two or three shelves, suspended on one of the walls by four strong cords, bent beneath the weight of fifteen or twenty volumes of poetry and scholastic philosophy; and along with them *The Proportions of the Human Body*, by Albert Durer, the *Anatomy* of Bexalio, the *Perspective* of Daniel Barbaro, Euclid's *Geometry*, and other books of mathematics and drawing. Besides these, there was a collection of sketches, studies of men, extravaganzas, rural scenes, much injured and blotted—as might be seen by some of them which had fallen down, and lay scattered about on the floor. There were also seen, on the oak chair and two benches which formed the principal furniture of the apartment, some other rolled-up papers, a cap, trowsers somewhat tattered, a collar tolerably clean, and a silken doublet, which hung down from the arm chair, bathing one of the sleeves in a wide-mouthed jar, whose thick and oily water was at that moment employed in steeping four or five brushes and pencils. A marble slab for grinding colours, and the pestle still stained with white lead, lay on the table of walnut wood. A large easel, with a canvass on it, occupied the middle of the room, with a fine light on it from the northern window on the left. This window, scientifically covered with linen and stained paper, gave a narrow opening, through which the light was thrown on the face of a strong and ruddy young rascal, who, in the most grotesque attitude, showed two rows of teeth, broad, white, and sharpened no doubt by the hard bread of Telera, forcing himself into the most open and extravagant laughter, with such truth and reality, that the most solemn-faced spectator must have sympathized with his mirth. But, as if for the sake of contrast, the owner of the apartment seemed to have no share in the enjoyment. A young man, apparently eighteen or twenty years of age, of grave and taciturn physiognomy, with dark complexion, and bright yet solemn eyes, stood in front of the easel—the pallet in one hand, the brush in the other—copying apparently the extravagant and feigned laughter of the model. It seemed as if he was not altogether pleased with his work; for his contracted brow, compressed lips, and rapid movements, showed very evidently that he was vexed and disappointed. Once or twice he drew back a step or two, to look at his performance, glancing rapidly from the model to his drawing, then he touched—obliterated—touched again—retired a little—and compared it with the original once more, and the result of this examination was an angry exclamation, "I vow to—," but here he checked himself as a good man ought, recollecting to *whom* he was about to vow—"God help me!" he said at last, "who can possibly imitate these tints?" And, in spite of his self-command, after a strong effort to master his rage, he fairly gave way to it; he raised his hand and drew the brush right across the picture, mixing the colours in all the hues of the rainbow; and not content with this effort, he flung down pallet and brushes, and struck it such a blow with his fist, that he made a hole right through it and exclaimed—without any further check on his language—"In the name of God! what is the use of colours that can't paint a man?" He threw himself in despair on the oaken chair, on the top of papers and his silken doublet, and resting his head on his hand, fell into a deep fit

of musing—the depression of a genius who sees heaven and cannot ascend to it! The lad who had stood as a model showed no astonishment on the occasion, but closed his lips when he saw his employer was doing nothing, and seating himself on the floor, took from the pocket of his dirty and tattered jacket a lump of coarse brown bread, and began to eat it with such impetuosity, that it was evident he had for some time been longing to begin. When he had finished his breakfast or dinner—whichever it was—enjoying it to the very last, he ventured to cast a timid glance on his employer; but he continued immovable in the same posture as before. After long waiting, when he perceived that evening began to draw on, the boy slipped out of the room, without the painter taking any notice of his movements. And so he sat, depressed and thoughtful; only showing by certain convulsive twitches that he was awake. Once only he raised his head, and, after looking all round, struck himself on the brow, and covered his eyes once more. Hours passed on—he ate nothing—night came; he had no sleep; and it was only at daylight on the following morning, that he thought of leaving the room—still depressed, but more with an expression of grief than of the despair which had characterized his looks at first. He seized his cap, with its bare and ragged plume, and his long cloak. By an almost involuntary movement, he gave a gayer twist to his scarcely-formed mustache, and with evident marks of past suffering in his sunken eyes and sallow cheek, he descended the stair; and after devoutly sprinkling himself with holy water, he sallied forth into the street.

II.

He was a good Christian, and a Christian of the sixteenth century—since the seventeenth was then only begun—and his first care accordingly was to betake himself to the neighbouring church. There he heard mass, and, after some further time, was just leaving the church, when a hand lightly touched him on the shoulder, and a well-known voice said, "Good morning, Master Diego."

The person who thus addressed him was a man of a little more than sixty years of age, tall, well-made, and of a graceful carriage; swarthy in complexion, but with the remains of good looks; lively dark eyes—the eyes of genius, which spoke of war and art; with the ardour of a soldier and the enthusiasm of an artist. The mouth was small, and reduced to a very slender complement of teeth; but the body was erect, and the presence dignified. He wore a long cloak of black camlet, old and threadbare; the doublet was of the same, embroidered and elegantly slashed, but not in better condition than its companion. He wore nether garments befitting his gentle condition, with gay-coloured ribands, a long and well-appointed sword, a cap borne with a soldier-like air on one side of his head—all giving token at a single glance of poverty and privation, but clean, and brushed with the most scrupulous nicety.

It was a strange sight, the meeting of those two men; one entering life, the other about to leave it—the one filled with hopes, the other with recollections—and both struggling with fortune, and each looking at the other with eyes that spoke a glowing mind, a brilliant imagination, a soul which enthusiasm gnawed as the file does steel. Ah! whoever saw them would not have confounded them with the common herd; and would have said, "There is great good or great evil in those two men—a heaven or a hell. Suicide or glory will be the fate of one and the other." Alas! the other *had* undergone a thousand combats with a hard and implacable destiny. True, too true! The old man was a mighty poet, but unknown, or at most only valued by a few artists of talent, who at that time were the only persons capable of appreciating his wondrous powers. Our young painter knew him, loved and respected him, as a profound philosopher, good scholar, and brave soldier; he knew his verses by heart, and the young wits of Seville repeated his sonnets with enthusiasm. He seemed struck with the appearance of his friend. "This paleness," he said, "these sunken eyes—young man, you must not throw away a life that might be so glorious; you must not waste your heart in"——

"'Tis nought," said the young painter, "but one night of sleeplessness and misery."——He seized the arm of his friend, and sighed convulsively.

"Aha!—first love?" said the old

man, in a tone of interest. "But no," he added; "I see other fires than those of love burn in these eyes; no, no, it cannot be. Boy! tell me what has befallen you?"

"What has befallen me!—the loss of fame—the melting of my wings—a fall!"

"You have tried something too high? You have not hit the moment of inspiration?"

"I have not been able to get beyond a certain point; and there to stick—to be confounded with the common crew—ah!"

"No, boy, you weren't born to be undistinguished; no—lift up your head—lift it up, I say, and think of fame!

"Fame!—yes, I have dreamt of fame; and it is to you I owe those dreams that now drive me to despair. I wished either to live admired, or die; no half-and-half existence, wallowing in clay; but now, how can I rise above it?"

"If I had but your touch and your pencil," said the old man, "with my imagination!"—His glance grew bright with poetry and enthusiasm.—"You know not the treasure you possess," he added; "work! and I ensure you fame!"

"'Tis all in vain," said the young man, with apparent indifference. "It has lost its charm for me. I should be worn out in the struggle before I burst through the cloud." He was silent for a moment. "But *you* also," he said, "have had your dreams of glory; you have written your odes and comedies—and what has it all come to? Is your glory shown in this cloak—in this doublet?"

"True," replied the old man, with a sigh. "True, I am poor, forgotten, weak, and persecuted. Such have been the fruits of all my labours. Fame—the ungrateful mistress!—I have courted, caressed, worshipped; and what is my reward? O God!" He bent his head for a moment. "I am poor, it is true," he continued, "poor, but honourable. And the dreams of love and happiness—the characters I have created as if I were a god, with all their virtues, their thoughts, their passions, good and bad—those imaginary beings whom I love as if they were my children—those works that are my daughters—those moments of illusion and enjoyment—those thoughts, free, wild, and unconstrained—those ideal worlds I live in—tell me, are these no compensation for the sufferings and misfortunes of life? Who can take them from me? What are the enjoyments and pleasures of a *man* compared to the felicity of a god?"

The deep wrinkles had left his brow, his eyes burned with the double light of youth and enthusiasm; his proudly elevated head, his majestic glance, which seemed to threaten the earth with the sceptre of heaven—no, he was not a man—he was a genius—a god—and, more than that, he was a poet, glowing with the ardour of inspiration!

The young painter felt himself subdued by the eagle eye and fascinating eloquence of the old man. He cast down his eyes, ashamed of his weakness, and when his friend said to him, "Let us go to your room—come!" he allowed himself to be led along without saying a word.

III.

The studio was in the same state in which we left it. Two men climbed up to it, who might have appeared to be father and son.

"Where is the canvass?" said the old man.

"There!" said the painter, and raised it from the ground, dirty, and soiled, and blotted.

"What a shame!—there is no excuse for you. You were not pleased with your work, weren't you? Then, in heaven's name, what *would* you be pleased with? You have destroyed a miracle of art. What expression!—this cheek is positively laughing—well coloured, admirably designed, and most delicately touched. This half-shade is the only blemish on the picture; why do you darken it, and work it up so highly?"

"That's the very thing," answered the painter quickly; "that's the cause of my misery. I saw this darkened tint play round the lip of the model, and lose itself imperceptibly. I saw it. I thought I might get it into my picture."—He added, sorrowfully,—"Is it not enough to drive me to despair?"

"No—take courage, friend; paint on, and raise yourself above the crowd. Follow your own genius; avoid imitation."

"What can I do? What is left me to discover? Hasn't Titian already

mastered the art of colouring with wonderful power and sweetness? Then comes Correggio with his exquisite taste and inimitable grace—his enchanting colours, his roundness, his relief, and his Virgins. What, then, do you make of my imagination, that you talk of? Isn't there Raphael with his grace, his expression, his fancy without end? Why was I born so late? What can I do *now?*"

"Imitate nature. All have altered it, some to improve it, others to degrade it; paint you it as it is—with its beauty—with the majesty imprinted on it by the hand of God—with its defects—with its strong lights and shades—exactly as it is; diminish nothing—add nothing; trust to these and to your own imagination; your pencil will do the rest. And after that—when you have found the fame you now dream of—do not buoy yourself up with hopes of happiness. No; if you hesitate—if you dread envy and persecution—if you shrink, or are afraid to make your choice between happiness and fame—you are not born for a painter. Break your pencil!"

"No!" cried the painter, worked into enthusiasm by the old man's words,—"No—I hesitate not! Let fame come! Give me but immortality, and I fear neither evils nor misfortunes. Let them come!—I despise them." He raised his head proudly, and looked as if his voice had had a power to make them come when he did call on them.

"As I expected—as I wished to see you, my son!" said the old man, greatly moved. "You are worthy of the gift intrusted to you by heaven. Ah! if I had been but master of your pencil—of your enchanting art—the world would have spoken of me, and I should have been less unhappy. Look at this brow—are not a thousand miseries engraved on it? I live in a world which cannot comprehend me. I was wretched. My spirit chafed within me, because I could not throw it into marble or on canvass—but I was poor, and I became a soldier. My soul needed an opening, or I must have died. Military ardour is exciting to youth—it promised me laurels and glory without end. I was a soldier," he said, with a proud but melancholy smile, "and I swear to you I was not a bad one. But God saw fit to close that avenue against me. Look!"—and he showed the painter marks of scars, and a wound that maimed him—"look, I was forced to give up the sword! But I could write; my pen remained to me; and with it I painted scenes with colours equal to yours—designs as correct—scenes of life, and very difficult."

"And beautiful scenes they are!" exclaimed the painter, in a tone of admiration.

"But you have not seen my masterpiece"—continued the old man—"see, 'tis here, next my bosom—and shall be buried along with me. They fancied it was a libel; they persecuted me for it beforehand; but I like it all the more for the misfortunes it has caused me."

He took from his breast a very thick roll of manuscript, crumpled and dirty, and began to show its contents to the painter. A web of rich tracery—broidered with exquisite scenes—full of extravagances, follies admirably mixed up with deepest wisdom, and profoundest common sense with ridiculous love adventures; and, alternating with them, scenes of purity and tenderness with episodes that awoke the sweetest smiles, or melted into tears. Life itself, with all its joys and woes, its pains and pleasures, was presented on that wondrous tapestry, which displayed on it an existence, fantastic though true, and sublime amidst all the grotesqueness by which it was distinguished.

The painter, in the entrancement of the moment, forgot his desperation, his depression, and even his enthusiasm, and went on listening when the reader's voice had ceased.

"Now, then"—said the old man, more flattered by the enraptured looks of the painter than the applauses of a multitude—"now, then, paint!"

"Ah! what can I paint after what I have heard?—That terrible half shade!"

"Paint unsophisticated nature, without alteration, and you will be original. The world will praise you. That shade, so blotched and heavy"—he added thoughtfully—"ah, I see! I will tell you how you may get over it, if you will promise to do as I bid you."

"I promise," said the young man—and he opened the window, prepared the pallet, put a new canvass on

the easel, took his paints and brushes, and placed himself all ready to begin; but only then it occurred to him to ask what he was to paint.

The old man was prepared for his question. "That old water-carrier in the leather jerkin."

The painter hesitated.

"Nay, man, paint me him as he is—with those weatherbeaten features and hardened looks—with all his roughness, to the life. Place him on the canvass unchanged, rude and uncultivated as he is, and I will worship you as a creator."

In a moment the young painter seized the idea. The soldier took from his purse a few pieces of copper—his whole allowance for the day—and gave them to the rapacious Andrew, the model of the former day; and on a signal he disappeared, and brought the water-carrier back with him in triumph. That individual placed himself before the painter without saying a word. Absorbed in his subject, the young man could only thank the soldier with a smile. But what did it need more? The smile was understood.

Both were silent. Heavens! how the brush flew over the canvass! how the colours started forth in every variety of light and shade! And thus it went on hour after hour, till he had been six hours at work. The nearer he drew to a conclusion, the more attentive and interested grew the soldier. What truth in every touch!—every angle preserved!—the colours so real, the leathery texture of that swarthy cheek so perfect! How the hard hands and sunburnt hide grew alive again on the canvass!

Even Andrew entered into the feeling of the picture, and placed himself before the water-carrier as if receiving a jar—and in a moment the painter adopted the thought of the clever little rascal, who pretended a look of innocence all the time. Hours flew by: the work advanced—only interrupted by an exclamation, now and then, from the enthusiastic soldier, "Good! good! couldn't be better," and so forth.

The work was indeed nearly finished—the artist smiled; but suddenly his brow contracted—"That cursed half-shade again!" he cried; "'tis always there!" And he seized the brush, and was about to paint it out; but the soldier rushed between.

"Let me, I say!" exclaimed the painter—"Don't hinder me now, when I am full of the subject."

"I won't. You sha'n't add a stroke. Remember your oath!"

"I heed not an oath when immortality depends on a touch. Let me go!" he said, striving to reach the canvas.

"You shall kill me first," replied the soldier, resisting him with a strength not to be expected from his wounded body and advanced time of life.

"Let me go, sir!" cried the painter, clenching his teeth. "Let me finish the best thing I ever did!"

"Don't you see you are going to ruin it, insensate man! Rest your wearied eyesight for a while."

But the young man still struggled; and after some time, when he succeeded in getting to his easel, and stood before the picture, the half-shade, the difficulty, the blemish of his work, had disappeared. The picture was perfect—it was a masterpiece! The soldier smiled.

"Was I not right?" he said. "Did I not tell you that the shade you saw arose only from your eyes being fatigued by looking on the work so long? I begged you to rest your eyes—you have done so: what fault do you now find with it? Touch it no more—what it might gain in finish it would lose in power and expression. Look at your work! Was I not right in promising you fame? Persevere, and you will fill the whole world with your glory!"

And the young man, with a smile of gratitude and satisfaction—with a cheek glowing with pride and pleasure—with a hand trembling with agitation and happiness—placed at the foot of the picture—VELASQUEZ, PINXIT.

"You will be immortal, Diego Velasquez de Silva!" said the old man.

Velasquez then threw his arms round him, and weeping with joy said—"And you also, MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA! What you read to me will be immortal!"

When the reading of the story was concluded, the counsel for the defence resumed his speech. "I rejoice, my lord, that I have been able to meet my learned friend's objection with an extract like the one we have now heard; for you will have the goodness

to remember that the contents of this volume were declared not only to be bad in themselves, but bad in a particular way—by not being national. Why, my lord, the very defects of the story now produced, are national in the highest degree. The ravings about enthusiasm—the flights of what, in plain English, appear, I confess, not very unlike bombast—are peculiarly Spanish on that very account. And, my lord, that brings me unavoidably to comment on the observations of my learned friend with regard to a national literature. I have promised not to follow him in his attempt to discover its genealogy, further than to agree with him, that it is produced in a great measure by the causes he specifies — history, religion, manners, and geographical position. But you will allow me, my lord, to impress on your lordship and the jury, that national taste is also produced by the same causes—and therefore that we are perhaps not proper judges of the Spanish literary merit of this volume, not having it in our power to enter fully into the Spanish literary taste. The idylls of Sicily turn heroic ballads on the banks of the Tweed. Theocritus described the loves of shepherds and their nymphs; *we*, my lord, have Chevy Chase and Robin Hood. But I should not like to submit the merits of our finest minstrelsy to the tender mercies of the editor of the Syracusan *Quarterly Review*,—nor would you be so well able to judge of the Bucolics of the ancient poet as if you had lived all your days in a snug *cottage ornée* in the vale of Enna. To qualify us to look with proper criticism on the tale you have just heard, or any of the other contents of this volume, you should hear it with Spanish ears—you should read them with Spanish eyes. Of its qualities as a story—of the manner in which the incidents follow each other, and the gradual development of the *denouément*, we are as well qualified to judge as a hidalgo of Castile; but the rest, my lord, we must take on credit. The language that may appear florid, the actions that may appear absurd, the euthusymuzy that may appear to us misplaced and childish, may, according to the national standard of taste and criticism, be all perfect and unimpeachable. It will be well, therefore, to bear in mind, that Voltaire thought Shakspeare a savage—as undoubtedly he is, compared to the wits of Louis the Fourteenth, with their silver buckles, and velvet breeches, and bagwigs; and to the burly John-Bullism of Samuel Johnson, the great Corneille must have appeared a most pitiful poetaster. But, my lord, we must entertain wider and loftier notions of literary excellence. We must not, indeed, allow it to consist in its nationality; but still less are we to leave out of view the national taste according to which it was written. You will see, from these few observations, that I do not consider the cause of the prisoner in the slightest degree damaged by the concessions I made in the case of many of the extracts referred to by my learned friend. My lord, in an English dress they are insufferable—in English eyes they are poor and spiritless; but at the same time I by no means admit that in Spanish words they are insufferable, or that they are poor and spiritless in Spanish eyes. Let a jury of Spaniards be empannelled to pass judgment on the powerful and eloquent speech of my learned friend—they would condemn it at once as utterly weak and contemptible, filled with rancour and spite, and arising rather from a regret at having spent three or four guineas, than from any virtuous care for the literature of Spain. In this they would perhaps not be wrong"——

Here the accuser sprang up in great excitement—"My lord, I claim a right of comment on that most ungentlemanly observation."

"I at once retract it, if my learned friend take it so seriously to heart; but, my lord, I consider that the illustration was a just one. The merits of this volume are very unfairly tested by the figure the extracts make, even in the best translation. Don Quixote himself, in order to be appreciated, must be read in the original; and if the enjoyment to us foreigners is quadrupled by reading it in the Spanish language, how doubly delightful must it be when perused with Spanish eyes — Spanish knowledge of life—Spanish turn of mind—and Spanish literary judgment! The little *historiette*—but I hate French words, my lord, and prefer calling it the little anecdote—at page 127, seems a favourable specimen of light writing, if

we make the allowances for it I have claimed on behalf of all foreign literature whatever. It is illustrative of a state of manners different from our own, and is written in a different style from ours; but at the same time I am ready to avouch that even in English it is not a bad story, but infinitely superior to the most noble contributions of the most fashionable and aristocratic of the annuals."——

A Nose! by Don Manuel Breton de los Herreros.

"May I presume, lady, to sit beside you?"

"Delighted!—I feel flattered by your preferring my society among the many beauties that make the ball so brilliant. You know me perhaps?"

"Not now—and indeed it is possible my answer might be the same if you removed your mask. But what does it matter? To-night we may begin to know each other—and be as intimate as you please. The friendships commenced at a masquerade are by no means the worst."

"Sometimes they deceive one terribly."

"That can't be denied. I have met with sad disappointments myself."

"And been the cause of them?"

"No—'tis not very easy for a man to assume a false character when he shows himself in all places—even in a carnival ball, with his face unmasked."

"Indeed! Perhaps you have no cause to hide it—and that can't be said of every one."

"Thanks, gentle lady—you know me then?"

"Yes—by sight. They tell me you are a poet. Will you write me a sonnet?"

"Oh, certainly! I make it a rule never to refuse a lady. But I must first know your name."

"Call me any thing, Phillis, Laura, Filena—any name that you think poetical. 'Tis better not to tell you my true one. You may choose one to your liking."

"But without at least seeing the face whose beauties I am to immortalize—without knowing the sweet object of my inspiration"——

"Does a poet say this? What do you gentlemen of Parnassus, who live in the illimitable regions of the fancy, want with the real presence of the object of your admiration? For my part, I have so little confidence in my face, and so much in your imagination, that I must retain my mask."

"'Tis true that we poets—since you include me in the number—feast our *minds* in the realms of imagination, but we cannot support ourselves with these illusory viands. And, in regard to pleasure, I profess myself one of the most prosaic of men."

"But what pleasure can you expect in seeing my face?"

"The pleasure of admiring it—if it is beautiful, as I presume it is, of adoring it"——

"Adoration is constantly on your lips. You poets ought to be banished from every Christian and well-ordered community."

"And why, my dear?"

"If you say what you really think, as impious idolaters; if you do not, as impostors. You did well in coming without a domino. Poets don't require them, in order to deceive. They are never without a mask."

"If that be true, I am delighted to plead guilty to an accusation that makes me so much resemble the softer sex."

"Are women then so false?"

"Yes, fair mask, you can't deny that they are guilty; but, at the same time, I confess that the want of confidence, and the tyranny of us men, are the causes of your insincerity; and that your very deceptions are excusable, as they arise entirely from a wish to please us. But is it possible that I am not to see your face?"

"Impossible! 'The wish to please you' induces me to preserve my mask."

"Your conversation enchants me; and every word increases my desire to know you."

"Must you *absolutely* see the face, to enable you to suppose it beautiful? Have you not called me already 'the sweet object of your inspiration?' Believe me, your interest and mine, in this matter, are opposed to each other. While I remain concealed, I am sure of hearing flattering speeches, to which, perhaps, I am not always accustomed. If the guardian mask were lifted, adieu to illusion. Stiff politeness and sober seriousness would take the place of the compliments, the pretty speeches, and the atten-

tion, which, though they do not altogether turn my head, keep me at least pleased and satisfied."

"This modesty is a convincing proof, with me, of your numberless charms."

"Yes—but if I have no other charms; I am at least modest—or rather sincere" ——

"Even if I could confound you with the common run of women, I could believe you on the present occasion. The carnival is nothing more nor less than the reverse side of the medal of life; and doubtless the ladies, sheltered by their false faces, which at first sight would appear to aid them in deceiving, speak more truly than when without a mask. They have so few opportunities of speaking the whole truth with impunity. Bnt you!—you are beautiful! I'll swear it! By dint of long experience, I have acquired the art of judging through the thickest mask. The game can't escape me. I have an exquisite nose.—(As I pronounced the word, I perceived a sudden start in my companion, of surprise, or perhaps displeasure. I thought she had not been pleased with such a vulgar phrase, and I apologized for not having expressed myself in more elegant language; but she smiled, and, pressing my hand, gave me to understand that she pardoned the *lapsus linguæ*, and I went on.)—There is only one reason why I should regret your unmasking."

"And that, I pray?"

"That I should not then be able to speak to you as to a mask. Wouldn't it be miserable to give up this charming familiarity, and the intimacy allowable in a carnival ball? We speak now with as little restraint as friends, or brothers, or married people, or lovers."

"If I were to be so indiscreet as to unmask myself, you would jump up in a hurry, and hardly find time to utter a cold and rapid, 'Your servant, madam,' before you left me."

"How can you teaze me so? Do you think me capable of such unpoliteness? Suppose, even for a moment, you were ugly—will your mask carry away with it the charms of your conversation? your bewitching voice? your captivating affability? your exquisite grace? How *could* a woman be ugly with such attractions? If your face is uglier than a Gorgon's I'll forgive it."

"Look to what you say. Are you more indulgent than other men? Have you less self-love? With your most sensible sex ugliness is the greatest crime a woman can be guilty of."

"Either I am of a different kind, or you calumniate other men, fair mask. Away with that envelopment, envious of my happiness! and you will see that my attentions, instead of diminishing, will grow still more tender; and do not fancy that my promise is a bold one—for where can the ugliness be with which you threaten to astound me? Don't I see the perfect elegance of your shape? Don't I hold your beautiful hand in mine? Hasn't your small and faultless foot made me madly in love with it? Doesn't the palpitation of that bosom reveal to me a thousand charms? Don't the arrows of those dark Moorish eyes strike me at every glance? Those coal-black tresses, that contrast so finely with the marble whiteness of the neck—whose are all these if they are not yours? And have I watched so inattentively the motions of your head, that the smile of your ripe red lips has escaped me?"

"And yet, with all these advantages which you prize so highly, I assure you I am a monster, and you will be horrified if I unmask."

"No, no—it is impossible—your shape, your features"——

"Have you seen them *all?*"

"I may say so—the nose indeed is the only"—here she interrupted me with a laugh—"you laugh—is it a Roman?"—

"Or a Carthagenian for any thing I know. You had better not trouble yourself to decide."

"No, no—it is impossible that a nose out of keeping perhaps with the other features can destroy the effect of so many beauties; and moreover I undertake all the consequences of the request I make you. With that mouth, with those eyes, with that faultless form, you may be either all nose or no nose."

"Imprudent man!"

"Come, unmask! let the sun rise on me! though 'tis now two o'clock in the morning."

"Rash man!"

"Must I fall on my knees to ask you? Will you make me the laughing-stock of the ball?"

"Enough! you desire it. Well, then, you are about to see me without my

mask. Alas, women are so weak!—but at least it shall not be my hands that throw open Pandora's box. Receive from your own the punishment of your foolish curiosity!"

"Is that all? Oh glory! oh fortune! Envy me ye mortals—give me the lyre, oh Muses!—at this moment I am Pindar!—I am Tyrtæus!"——

"At this moment you are a fool."

"What a nuisance!—I can't untie the mask—I shall cut it—ah, here it is—most beaut"——

I could not get out another syllable. Such was my surprise, my disappointment, my horror! What a nose! what a nose! what a nose! I could not have believed nature capable of producing such a pleonasm, such an amplification, such a hyperbole. The sonnet of Quevedo—

"There was a man once tied to a great nose,'

would be poor and inefficient in describing it. It was not a human nose—it was a beet-root—a scymitar—a knife-case — an Egyptian pyramid. Great heavens! and they say our country is reformed! Why, then, do they submit to such gigantic abuses? If every thing is condemned that interferes with the slow and progressive advance of our institutions—if every thing is out of place—every thing *exagerado*—why isn't there a law against the exaggeration of the human nose? In the midst of the horror caused by this terrible change of scene, I wished to disengage myself from my overnosed companion, if possible, without being rude. I made incredible efforts to utter a few complimentary phrases. It was impossible! If at that moment I had had a looking-glass before me, I should most undoubtedly have seen the countenance of a fool.

To my great relief, the lady, who had doubtless learned to reconcile herself to her deformity and its results, laughed very heartily, either at my attempts or at herself. This gave me an opportunity of hurrying off under pretence of accosting a friend, and, without venturing another look, I took leave of her with a short and dry "Your servant, madam."

Shame gave wings to my feet; rage blinded me—I wanted room to escape. I stumbled among furniture and people, and should have fled home without waiting for the carriage, or remembering my cloak, if my disappointment had not excited in me a hunger as tremendous as the nose beneath the shadow of which my happiness had withered away. I flew to the refection room——took possession of a table, seized a carte, and ordered what could be got ready soonest. I devoured, not with appetite, with rage, four different dishes, and they were just bringing me the fifth, when behold! there sat down in front of me the same masked lady—or rather the same masked nose—which had horrified me a few minutes before. My first impulse was to fly, but the malicious ogress detained me, saying with most diabolical sweetness—

"What! aren't you going to invite me to supper?"

I looked puzzled and foolish—and the Nose laughed; but, unluckily for me, the gentleman at her side did not join in the laughter, or I might have vented my rage on *him*.

"Madam"——

"I sha'n't put you to much expense—one glass of Roman punch, and nothing more."

Her easy assurance piqued me, and I determined to revenge myself with a little raillery. "I shall be delighted, fair lady, to obey you; but I am afraid your nose will slightly interfere with the functions of your mouth. If you don't remove your mask, I don't see how"——

"Of course, I can't drink with it on. I shall take it off."

"How? what do you say? Then"——

But while I spoke, she laid her hand on her nose—and pulled it off!!

Wretch that I was! it was a false one—it was of pasteboard—and there was her own true nose before me, as handsome and perfect as the other features!

How shall I describe my shame, my despair, at seeing such a lovely creature, and remembering the folly, the rudeness, the iniquity of my behaviour! I would have asked a thousand pardons—I would have lamented my error—I would have kissed the dust under her feet; but she took the arm of her companion, and looking at me haughtily and severely, disappeared, saying with chilling coldness—"Your servant, sir."

"My learned friend will surely not deny that this is an incident in a state of manners purely Spanish, and perhaps as characteristic as a bull-fight. If, in some passages, it appears odd to our English ears, let us not throw on

the author a blame, if any there be, which belongs not to him but to his country. It is also to be remarked that unless in cognate tongues, such as German and English, or Spanish and Italian, there are idiomatic expressions for which a translator can find no parallel. 'Your servant, sir,' with which the indignant lady punishes the impoliteness of the astonished narrator of the adventure, is the nearest approach—slightly vulgar and cockneyish as it is—to the original, *beso â usted la mano*—'I kiss your hand.' But with these two specimens I close my client's defence—your lordship will know how to dispense justice, unbiassed by any consideration. If you think the heaviness, and—shall I confess it?—the stupidity of some portion of the volume, are not redeemed by the merits of the rest—by the playfulness, for instance, of the dramatic extracts from the same Breton de los Herreros (whose *Ella es El*, or 'She's the Man,' is worthy of a separate translation) from Burgos, and Don José de Castro, my client must submit as best he can to the inevitable blow. But I pray you to observe, that a judgment against him is a verdict against Spanish literature altogether—for he has made the best selection he could find; and if you will look back at the efforts of Spanish authors, in what has been boasted of as a palmier literary epoch than the present—if you will remember the wearisome drivellings of the writers of the Select Novels, such as *The Lady of Cintra, written without the letter U, by a wit of this capital;—The Two Suns of Toledo, written without the letter A, by Isidoro de Robbes, native of Madrid*—when you compare these, and many others of the same style, with the very worst of the extracts in this volume, I feel certain you will acquit my client of wilfully and maliciously intending to bring his country into contempt; but will rather praise him for his efforts to show that his countrymen have risen—not quite so high to be sure as Cervantes, or Mendoza, or the long list of their illustrious dramatists, but infinitely above the low and miserable mediocrity of their pen-wielding predecessors for the last hundred years."

The trial had now lasted a long time, and at the conclusion of the defendant's speech, the prosecutor having waived his right of reply, his lordship, it was expected, would proceed with the summing up. But on his being addressed by counsel to this effect, he maintained an imperturbable silence, and it was only after the failure of repeated attempts, that it was discovered he was sound asleep—no efforts to wake him were successful, and the jury were powerfully addressed by both counsel, till one of the macers good-naturedly pointed out that they had followed his lordship's example, and were one and all of them in a state of the profoundest repose. At first the accused was suspected of having wilfully cast them all into a state of somnambulism, but the sleep seemed too placid and undisturbed to arise from any but natural causes. The accuser plumed himself on this result as completely proving his charges of utter stupidity and want of interest brought against the prisoner—as, if the extracts had been lively or entertaining, they would have kept the listeners awake. The counsel for the defence, on the other hand, contended that the result was a proof of the innocence of his client; for how would it have been possible to sleep if one tittle of the heinous accusations contained in the arraignment had been proved in the slightest degree? He was turning round to congratulate Don Eugenio de Ochoa on his triumphant acquittal, when he perceived the hand of the slumbering judge mechanically moving towards the crutch. It was evidently under the influence of a dream, not of the most agreeable nature, that this demonstration was made; and in order to avoid any unfortunate results, it was agreed between the contending counsel, who were luckily the only persons in court with their eyes open, that the prisoner should be allowed to slip quietly out of the saloon, and that his trial should be renewed on some future occasion.

TOMKINS'S LETTER TO JENKINS.

ON THE MANCHESTER CONFERENCE AND THE CORN LAWS.

DEAR JENKINS,—'Tis long since I wrote you a letter,
For which there are reasons—some bad and some better;
But I feel myself forced to unbosom my cares,
By the present position of public affairs.
The Ministry, Jenkins, were not worth a thought,
But the measures that lately before us were brought
Demand on some points this familiar address,
Independent of what I may write for the press.
For a pamphlet would pay, whether lumb'ring or limber,
With the title of "Tomkins on treacle and timber."

The event of the day is our great Convocation,
To express the Dissenting desires of the nation;
And ne'er since the Ark, if the truth be confess'd,
Entertain'd every species of beast in her breast,
Have there met such distinctions of horn and of hoof,
Such a motley menagerie, under one roof.
We had Presbyter, Papist, Socinian, and Quaker,
Quite unable to join in a prayer to their Maker,
Yet as Christian divines here assembled together,
To inflame discontent, and to wish for bad weather.
What an atmosphere hover'd all over the place,
Showing equal abundance of grease and of grace!
What an odour of sanctity rose on the breeze,
Intermix'd here and there with that strong smell of cheese,
Which we friends of free trade often strangely exhale,
From our last night's debate over Cheshire and ale!
The whole thing was imposing—at least Heaven knows
There were plenty among us who tried to impose.

By the bye, our friend Stiggins was found every day
At the Temperance Tavern well moistening his clay;
And few wonder'd to see how he stagger'd along,
When the flesh was so weak and the *spirit* so strong.

I had almost omitted the Chartist dispute,
Which had very near pluck'd up our plans by the root.
But 'tis now quite arranged for our next celebration,
That we throw the door open and waive revelation:
So that Socialist, Southcotist, Gipsy, and Jew,
With each sect and division of Turk and Hindoo;
Indeed all who believe in a god—or a goddess,
Be it mere naked REASON, all neck and no boddice—
Shall be suffer'd to spout, and invited to vote,
Without any distinction of creed or of coat.
It is thought that as yet it would scarcely be civil
To have such as confess to adoring the devil,
Though some hundreds were here, who, without any gammon,
Make scarcely a secret of worshipping Mammon.

The harangues of our speakers were well worth attending,
And the pictures they painted were truly heart-rending.
Stiggins told us of many a family-board,
Where of old he was oft entertain'd like a lord;
But, though one of the few whom they still kept a place for,
He now found the dinners not worth saying grace for.

Rich Church-going folks might be pleased with their fate,
But Dissenters were all in a pitiful state.
It would really have melted the ribs of a rock,
Thus to hear the good shepherd bemoaning his flock;
Never hinting (to construe his words by the letter)
That he wish'd the sheep fatten'd to fleece them the better.

In the course of discussion one point was made clear:
That if corn became cheaper 'twould not be so dear.
Perhaps nothing else was conclusively proved,
But from that proposition we cannot be moved.

Yet stay! we demonstrated also, I'm sure,
That in this cursed country some persons are poor;
And that, if both your cash and your credit are fled,
There are few who will sell you beans, bacon, or bread.

Here perhaps you exclaim, "Why we knew this before,
And your friends have done nothing unless they do more!"
But Jenkins, my jewel, just mark what will follow,
Though here we'll tread soft, for our ground 's getting hollow:—

Suppose that A. B. has a shilling a-day,
Which in bread and in beer goes a very short way:
Now, if bread become cheap, then his profit is plain,
Assuming, of course, that his shilling remain;
For no doubt if his shilling to sixpence should fall,
Why his gain on the bread might be nothing at all.

But *assume*, first of all, that these infamous laws,
Of a high price of corn are entirely the cause;
Then *assume*, too, our wages and work still the same,
And I'll bet ten to one on our winning the game.

But to this, though quite right, I have one small objection;
It don't go far enough in the proper direction.
My plan, my dear Jenkins, cuts many miles deeper:
Pass an act to make EVERY THING *just one-half cheaper*.
Then you'll see, when the new golden age is begun,
That the poor man at once has his two loaves for one;
While, instead of the gig that has long been my care,
I shall trundle along in my phæton and pair,
And, Ten-Tumbler TOMKINS my nickname no more,
I shall shine as the hero that swallows his *score*.

Here again I assume amid changes so pleasant,
My commission, and *credere*, still as at present;
Yet the question comes back, our ideas to jumble,
Will *our pay* be as high when all other things tumble?

In our Corn-Law discussions, a strange sort of puzzle
Has lately been meeting us right in the muzzle.
"You may injure the landowner, farmer, and reaper,
"But your bread will be never a halfpenny cheaper!"
These opponents admit all our rules of free-trade,
Nay, they summon Ricardo and Smith to their aid.
"But at present," they say, "with so slight a demand,
"Foreign wheat only grows on the best of the land:
"Take away the high duties, and then in a trice
"Poorer soils come in play, and that raises the price."

I reply—that supposing the prices to rise,
We'll export manufactures to meet our supplies;

Thus at home and abroad we shall deal the same way,
Giving cotton for corn—with one difference you'll say,
That our farmers *must* buy from us—foreigners *may*.

How the balance may stand when we square our accounts—
Of our losses and gains the respective amounts—
If, in search of a market, 'tis prudent to roam
After poor Polish serfs, when we've Yeomen at home—
Whether, beating about at Odessa for barter,
We shall ever catch any thing else than a Tartar—
What would happen some day if on every wheat cargo
The Czar or the Sultan should lay an embargo—
Are points which at present I leave undiscuss'd,
But which every free-trader will take upon trust.

Thus, Jenkins, you see, we've the best of it still,
Let logicians and landholders say what they will.
Then how shall we speak of the government scheme,
This hoax, this imposture, delusion, and dream!
Which has done near as much as M'Culloch himself
To assign us a place on obscurity's shelf.
With their eight shilling duty paid year after year,
It was plain that our bread would be shockingly dear.
Then the change was mix'd up with a plan of finance,
Where its fraud and its folly were seen at a glance.
But the thing that has fatally clench'd it and closed it,
Is the damaging name of the men that proposed it.
I for one never hoped to come speed in a trip,
With such Jonahs on board fit to sink the best ship.
No description can tell the sad mess that they've made,
They have ruin'd Reform—they have ruin'd Free-trade—
They have ruin'd the business of Rag, Tag, & Co.,
And in search of new principals Tomkins must go!
Such a hatred and rage at the wretches I feel,
That to-morrow I send my adhesion to Peel:
Though I grudge that rank Tories, and rude country bumpkins,
Should gain such a supporter as,

Yours,

ISAAC TOMKINS.

MANCHESTER, 10*th Sept.* 1841.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

June, 1839.—I HAD long wished to see something more of the Spanish coast than was to be seen in novels and newspapers. The arrival of a friend who had long felt the same wish decided me; and on a fine morning in the finest month of the year, we sent our *valises* on board the Peninsular steamer, and were rushing down the Thames, with wind and tide in our favour, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour.

I think it is Basil Hall, who, in one of his amusing miscellanies, denies the general Jeremiad about the unhappiness of leaving home, and affirms that all the unhappiness is in returning. This may be very well for a professional rover; but I admit that there is something of comfort in the feeling, that we are leaving all the discomforts of time, circumstance, and routine, a thousand miles behind—about to see new faces, new scenes, and new things; to have nothing in the world to do but to be amused; to go through the working population of kingdoms and continents in all the ease of perfect idleness; to feel one's self perfectly free from any one of the cares that knit the brows of the millions round us: and thus to float on, citizens of the world, without caring a straw about the werld; and thus see all that we like, abandon all that we dislike—and, at the mere expenditure of the purse, finish our career like visitants from another globe, dropped from the Dog-star, or returning to the Georgium Sidus!

Our steamer made good way; and after gazing at the navigation of the river, certainly the most interesting since the days of Carthage, and throwing Tyre and Sidon into the shade—without the slightest difficulty, passing huge ships going to and coming from quarters of the globe, for naming which a man would once have been tried for his life, and burned for a wizard—ships from Australia, from Lima, from Labrador, from the Antarctic; from every wild and wonderful corner of the earth—the grand conjuration of that greatest of all wizards, the Englishman's pocket, to fill him with all the good things of pole and line;—we found ourselves, in the glow of a summer sunset—and earth or sea has nothing lovelier than the last hours of the day on the coast of England!—smoothly rushing down Channel.

I give no description of our fellow-voyagers, further than to say, that they were of the usual order. Two invalid ladies attending an invalid girl, and all going to try the benefit of warm air in the South of Spain. They were evidently opulent from their attendance, and from the especial ceremony with which they were treated by the officials of the cabin. A military man, a *demi-solde* of the unlucky "Legion," going, in the "forlorn hope" of making the Spanish Government remember their services. Some mercantile men; some nondescripts; and one or two Spaniards, who, I apprehend, had been in London on some diplomatic mission—and who, like all unfledged diplomatists, were perpetually examining their despatch-boxes, knitting their brows into the most solemn repulsion, and, wrapt up in their cloaks, and conversing in whispers, as if they were afraid that their secrets would leak out by the slightest collision, walked clear of every body!

The night was, like the day, remarkably serene—a thing of good omen for the voyage. I have gone to sea on a Friday, and escaped, as may be seen! I have sailed with a fleet under convoy, and have not been run down; I have crossed the Atlantic with a general officer and his suite, and have not been obliged to quarrel with him when on board, nor fight a duel with his aides-de-camp on shore; I have sailed for twenty-four hours with a clergyman in the cabin—and even once went from Dover to Calais with the steerage crowded with French abbés—without encountering a gale! Yet I never left the land on what is termed a bad day, that I did not find the badness predominate through the voyage. So, give me sunshine and sea-room!

Not that I expected to reach Cadiz without some intimations that we had left terra firma. We had the Bay of Biscay to pass; and the eternal roll of the Atlantic there, is made to re-

mind every navigator, even the most practised, that if he has not a soul he has a stomach. But on this point I say no more. I leave the philosophy of the case to ladies' maids and travelling physicians.

The stars are always brilliant at sea. They seem washed in the sea-water, and, compared with the smoke-tinged stars of London, much the cleaner for the operation!

Their only antagonist is the moon. There was no moon. She was young, and, like young ladies, had gone early to bed! The stars then made their appearance — like the fashionable world, in full brilliancy from ten to twelve o'clock! I sat admiring them as they successively came, until one; then felt that I was mortal—began to doze on deck, and finished in my cabin.

The morning rose with the brightness of the day before, the air fresh with a kind of living freshness which is never felt on land. The shore was some miles off; just far enough from the eye to look like the colours of a vast picture—the forms indistinct, the hues alone visible. As we swept along, with great rapidity but with perfect smoothness, the shore seemed to roll round us like a revolving panorama. Nothing could be more *enjoyable* than all this; we ate like lions of the desert—we drank, in the hot, yet charming hours of the day, like harts at the water-brooks. The young invalid came on the deck, and was evidently the better for the experiment; the mercantile personages, from whom I never expected to gain much intelligence, talked of the great personages of the Stock Exchange; and even the Spanish diplomatists might have grown communicative, and helped the amusement of the hour, but for their cigars; a detestable appendage to foreign lips and lungs, and which I shall never cease to anathematize so long as I see it made a substitute for thought, civility, and conversation. Difficult is it to know why tobacco was ever grown; I can partially comprehend its use to the savage of the American forest, with hunger in his heart and ague in his bones. I may make some excuse for it in the soldier, forced to keep himself awake, or half awake, during the tedious night, and gnawed alike with emptyness and *ennui*. But from every other hand and mouth, I should wring it by the severest wrath of law. If I were a regent or a rajah for a month, or a week, I should exterminate the plant, and decimate the smokers. No spruce apprentice should purchase a cigar, under pain of having his ringlets cut off; no exquisite should light one, under penalty of being sent to the house of correction, and clothed in the prison costume. In short, no pretender to fashion should be suffered to pretend any more, but should serve his country, instead of poisoning its atmosphere, and work his passage to Sydney, instead of performing the coxcomb in Bond Street. I should make a cigar-war, and would deserve a triumph for my patriotism.

Night.—The Bay of Biscay is keeping its promise. As we were sitting round the tea-table, I felt a sudden heave, fortunately started up at the instant, and thus escaped the discharge of the whole tea-urn into my lap. The heaving increased — the steward ran in to save his very handsome set of French porcelain, and the party broke up in consternation. I went on deck.

The evening was threatening. A summer storm was evidently coming on, and it looked by no means a satisfactory night. Of the steamer I had no fear—her 300 horse-power might tear her through any gale; and, from her brisk rising to the surge, she actually seemed to enjoy it. I should conceive, that if she had been seen from the proper point of view, tossing the spray from her beams, bounding and darting along; if, for instance, a ballooning party, conducted by the gallant Mr Green, had passed over her, a couple of miles high in the empyrean, they would have taken her for a dolphin in full play. The wind was from the west, but it was the very reverse of a zephyr; it was a succession of short, but strong gusts, rushing from huge bloated and bulging clouds, rolled along the horizon. I thought of the bags which the northern witches used to sell to the sea kings.

"I'll give thee a wind."
"Thou art kind."

Portable storms, marked for exportation, like portable gas for ball-rooms and tavern dinners.

The sun was plunging down among them like an immense bomb; a streak of red light following it from the

zenith to finish the resemblance. All above was cloud—all between us and the horizon was a war of rough waves, rapidly rising into heavy billows. I saw that the captain had put on his dreadnought—the seamen were pulling their shovel-hats over their brows. Serious signs these. The next symptom consisted of lashing every thing that could be lashed to the deck, and a general recommendation to the passengers to go down. With this we complied; and in the cabin we found the same process going on. The steward and his assistants were tying, packing, and gathering up every thing moveable. The symptoms of our mode of passing the next twenty-four hours were any thing but *couleur de rose*. But—as nothing can be more disconsolate than sitting still, with half a hundred disconsolate faces round you, or waiting for bulletins from the steward as to your chance of ever breakfasting again—after a half-hour in this floating purgatory I returned to the deck.

The night had fully kept the promise of the evening. The wind, though, as the sailors of the watch pronounced it, "not much of a gale," was quite wild enough for me; it swept in sharp, short gusts, which threatened to sweep every thing on deck into the ocean. Still we bounded along; and as we rushed by bluff promontories and pale ridges of cliff, touched by a light which came from I know not what—for there was no moon, and the stars were fairly washed out of the sky—I could not help congratulating myself on the march of machinery; for if we had been in a sailing vessel, we must have gone plump on shore. In this contemplation I spent a couple of as uneasy hours as I ever remember; gaining no other fruit of being drenched, bruised, and chilled, for the night was as cold as December, than the conviction that the philosopher was wrong who told us, that having companions in trouble lightens affliction. If universal suffering could have consoled me, I should have been remarkably comfortable; for the cabins, from stem to stern, were one general groan; every possible kind of distress, despair, and agony was in full operation under my feet; and as I glanced down the skylight, and saw steward, stewardess, waiters, and the whole train of supernumerary awkwardness, hurrying back and forward among wretches, prostrate, struggling, rising, falling, exclaiming, and yelling, ideas came into my mind of scenes not to be mentioned to "ears polite," but from which I think that Michael Angelo himself might have taken a few images. I now have no doubt, that, before he painted the Sistine Chapel, he must have been at sea in a crowded packet, with a south-wester blowing right on the Adriatic shore.

But, beyond all question, the voyager down the Thames knows nothing of steam. He may be delighted with the pace of fifteen miles an hour, skimming along between banks of pasture and showy villas; but he knows nothing of steam in its grandeur. He should see it in its struggle against the tempest—whirling along in the Bay of Biscay in the teeth of a south-easter, tearing its way through surges that seem almost solid, and pouring out its long line of fiery vapour against a sky as dark as Erebus. It is then a magnificent sight—a great power controlling what, for thousands of years, has been pronounced beyond all control, and still greater in its prospects. A substantial promise of progressive influence over the comforts and necessities of the human race; bringing the remote nigh, making the difficult accessible, equalizing the advantages of every region, by elevating the scale of them all, and having for its especial object that intercourse of man which is in itself the supreme instrument of civilization.

While I was gazing down at the operations of the engine-room, I heard a sudden cry on deck. All was dark as a dungeon; but I could just discern a something darker still, a huge shapeless mass which seemed hanging upon our poop. In another moment I felt a tremendous concussion; we had come into contact with a large ship—a fortunate and instantaneous turn of the helm had alone saved us from running headlong into each other, when the only question would have been, which of us must go down first. As it was, however, all was confusion, with a good deal of rough remonstrance on both sides. We had nearly lost the only thing that we showed above board—our funnel. Our antagonist had lost ropes, a yard, and half a mast. If we had now

been favoured with half an hour's calm, we were angry enough to have gone to war with hard words and handspikes; but the tempest would suffer no roaring there but its own: we were torn asunder by a surge that rose nearly half-mast high; reminded that we had other things to do than waste our time in quarrel; and swept suddenly asunder, never to meet again, I presume, on the face of the terrestrial globe.

Land.—To return to my cabin was impossible after such a crash; I therefore continued to walk the deck. All inclination to enjoy "tired nature's sweet restorer," had been shaken out of me. At length a grey, feeble light made the waves a little more visible. Dawn soon came, and the steamer rushed up direct to a precipice of black rock, against which the ocean was dashing with savage fury. But, after a few minutes of dexterous navigation, we plunged in through a chasm of the huge gloomy wall, while the smoke hung following in a long line, like the thread pushed through the eye of a needle. The comparison may not be sublime, but it is true. The steamer once inserted into the orifice, the rest followed with graphic fidelity.

Vigo lay on the shore before us. Here, in other, and more helpless times, we should have stayed a week, to heal the bruises of our ship and ourselves, amuse our idleness, and ascertain the witcheries of the population. "*Mais à present, nous avons changé tout cela.*" Steam suffers none of the lazy follies of our ancestors. Always rapid itself, it is the cause of speed in every thing else. The world will live two centuries in one, by its hurrying propensities. The captain gave us but an hour. We had scarcely time to drink our coffee, when we were on board again. But there was not much lost to either eye, ear, or smell, by this haste. It is enough to say, that fish, oil, and garlic, were among the least formidable components of the fume that surrounded us on all sides. The olfactory organs of the Peninsula must be formed on a construction wholly their own. I envy them not. I rushed up the ship's side to escape; and would have been refreshed by inhaling bilge water.

Oporto.—In the evening we were off the bar; the tempest had gone down. Every thing in the south resembles the temper of the people: mad with rage when an Englishman would only be angry; unspeakably serene when he would only be quiet. The sea had sunk, within the twelve hours, to the smoothness of a swan's neck, or a lady's, perhaps the more suitable similitude. The rocks before us were clothed with purple, shifting in some places to a golden yellow; the sun, the greatest of all painters, was lavishing his brush upon every stone, shell, weed, crag, and tree. I never had seen such profusion of colours before. The wind was soft as a whisper—by and by there was no wind at all. But what care we, in the middle of the nineteenth century, for trifles like those? The quandary which twenty years ago would have kept lovers from their brides, statesmen from their councils, even merchants from their counting-houses, or, to complete the climax, an Englishman from his whim, was now simplicity itself. Instead of lingering on the face of ocean until a propitious gust should come to bear us up the narrow and tortuous entrance, we dashed in, like the eagle to her nest, and in five minutes were in the centre of ships at anchor, lofty and picturesque buildings; fine elevations of ground covered with gardens; and were surrounded by a brown multitude chattering, smoking, and grimacing, by the ten thousand. Yet of the pretty and curious city itself, I shall give no description, for I have none to give. I saw it only in one twilight, and left it behind me in another. We ran up the river at full steam; landed like troops running to an assault, rushed to the hotel, dined at full speed, flew to the opera, saw "*'L Italiana in Algeri*" tolerably performed, and were delighted with the dancing of a *prima dansatrice*, just arrived from Milan, handsome enough to have played the mother of Cupid, and they said, privately married to an archduke, after having broke hearts and banks without number. The Signora Angelica Sismondi was certainly a very fine specimen of the country of the Muses and Graces; with her flashing glances and flying feet, she was prodigiously applauded: the ballet was *Cupid* and *Psyche*, and she was the heroine; Venus now being *passée* in the world, and by no

means regarded as sufficiently charming for the captivations of a *première danseuse.*

We had scarcely supped, and, I believe, had not slept at all, when the order came for our return to the ship. It was obeyed in all haste; for if time and tide, according to the old maxim, waits for no man, steam precipitates time and tide themselves. We had entered Oporto merely to deposit the letter-bag, and the morning saw us on the glistening waters, flying past blue hills, yellow sand, and rugged sea-beaten trees, to the south, with the rock of Lisbon in sight at sundown.

Lisbon.—A league off at sea we were surrounded by the shore boats; stout barges manned by bold bronze-visaged fellows, half naked, and stunning us with a jargon of sea language. But times are changed since they had all passengers at their mercy, and a ship struggling with a contrary wind might toss for a week in the mouth of the Tagus. Among the wonders of steam, it has wrought the wonder of making the boatmen moderate, every where—it would be going too far to say honest, for a more thorough set of extortioners never existed than the whole race who interpose between the packet and the landing place, in every port of Christendom. However, the steamer has nearly put down this plunder. We were no longer at the mercy of those brown-faced collectors on the seas; our commerce with them was confined to the purchase of fruits; and we dashed on, leaving them behind in the condition of a highwayman who sees a traveller escape at full gallop from his clutches.

The entrance to Lisbon has been panegyrized by all the writers of tours. I shall therefore leave it to those who are fond of telling what all the world knows. But the transition from the solitary ocean to a crowded port—from the monotony of sky and sea to the sight of hills covered with houses, let them be what houses they may; and from the sight of the lonely sailor on his watch, or even the bustle of a ship's crew, to the measureless multitude of every grotesque dress, visage, shape, and occupation, in a great foreign capital—is sufficient to account for some of the extravagance which colours all descriptions of Lisbon.

We dashed merrily along; swept by Belem, which to my glance resembled more an old Turkish fort than any thing Christian, and looked a very respectable ruin; wound our way through a crowded anchorage, passed under the broadsides of half-a-dozen ships of war, English, French, and native, and rejoicingly at last found ourselves in a hotel.

The *locale* of Lisbon would make any city picturesque, for the declivities of the ground ranges the streets like the galleries in a theatre. This, at a distance, has a stately effect. It is almost oriental, or like the fantastic scenery of a fairy melo-drama. But the entrance into the reality of things quiets the imagination prodigiously. Dinginess, dilapidation, and dirt, are the three presiding genii of the Portuguese capital. But let not the Portuguese hang down their heads; it is much the same in every other capital of continental Europe. It is only a little more palpable here. In fact, nobody seems to think about it, and in all probability, nothing short of an insurrection would reward any attempt, on the part of government, to put brooms into the hands of the people of Lisbon.

We went to the opera. It happened to be a gala night, for on this day was born, not king or queen, but Saint Somebody, whose name figures high among the five hundred spiritual protectors of Portugal. The theatre was therefore fully lighted up. In general, its few chandeliers give it the strongest resemblance to a large family vault: on the present occasion it glittered sufficiently. The king and queen were present in their box, surrounded in the adjoining boxes by a crowd of chamberlains and aides-de-camp, all as showy as epaulettes and embroidery could make them. The opera itself was one of Rossini's, and well performed. The art of fiddling never fails; dancers swarm over the Continent, and whatever becomes of constitutions, no court of Europe will ever undergo the ultimate calamity of being without an opera.

I had the honour of an introduction to the box of a noble family, who, having emigrated in the general flight to the Brazils, had thus seen much of the world. They were very polite, and to them I owed my knowledge of many of the dark-visaged chevaliers

whom I saw round the royal persons. But piquant as some of the anecdotes were, I make it a rule to betray no secrets, and I accordingly wiped out "all the written traces of my brain" appertaining to the private histories of the circle. Let us come to public affairs.

"You have no theatre in England?" said the head of the family, a grave man covered with orders.

"Pardon me; we have several in London."

"It must have been lately, then, for I have never heard any of our diplomats mention them.

"No! we have had them until the people grew tired of them, or they of the people. I left them with open doors; whether they will not be shut for life before my return in the next month, it is beyond my power to tell. But some of them were dying already, and all were in a remarkably delicate condition.

"Ha! how has this catastrophe happened? It could not have occurred in Portugal. Was it by a revolt, an *émeute*, a decree of the Church?"

"Pardon me; it was by an Act of Parliament."

"Astonishing!"

"By no means. Liberalism insisted on it that theatres were a monopoly, and that all monopoly was slavery. It demanded that every man should have a right to build a theatre; and that every theatre should have a right to play and pillage what it liked. The system was popular. Theatres sprung up in all corners like mushrooms; the good actors were scattered; the bad actors multiplied; the good authors were pilfered, and wrote no more; the bad authors had the field to themselves, and they sowed it with weeds."

"So your national stage is like a child with too many nurses?"

"It is a patient doctored to death. The most refined necessity of civilization has been given to the care of the rabble; and, like all things in the hands of the rabble, has sunk to their level. It now teems with the adventures of thieves and travelling tinkers, the heroism of housebreakers, and the purity of"——

"Well, when the wheel comes

—

never come round. It has
e mire, beyond all extrication. It is stuck fast, and will remain so until it rots. So much for liberalism."

"Ah, *horreur!* Do you know that it has got so far among us, that a decree of the Council of State yesterday has ordered a yard of lace the less to be worn on every coat of the nobility?"

So melancholy an evidence of the march of mind put an end to my declamation; and I returned to supper at the Count's splendid mansion, more cured of spleen than ever.

Lisbon has some noble squares, and even some fine streets. I here first discovered the value of earthquakes, as one does of pestilences in Turkey. Nothing is in vain. In England, for instance, where they knock down an unsightly building when it stands in the way of the public; where they repair what is reparable, and build when building is required—they have no earthquakes. But in the south, nothing of this kind would ever be done by man—so it is done by nature. The earthquake sweeps away a street, a square, half a city—a space is thus cleared which would never have been thrown open by pickaxe and spade; and the lazy necessities of the populace are then at liberty to finish the operation.

At the close of the second day, I received notice that our vessel was about to start again. I was instantly on board; and, with a burst of smoke enough to have suffocated half the crowd that lined the shore, we took our departure. The aspect of the city, as we shot down the river, was striking. Lights sparkled from the loftier ranges of building. Scanty as is the lighting of a Portuguese street, their lines were discoverable by the illumination above; and as we made way, and left the city behind, we saw from time to time, by the burst of light from gardens, either some spot of suburban festivity, or the *fête* of some noble owner lavishing its splendours on the sky and the wave. At length light and sound died away together, and we swept on, swift and lonely, with no companion but the moon.

Seville.—As my time was limited, and a pilot-boat came running alongside of us off the mouth of the Guadalquivir, I thought that this opportunity of seeing the most Spanish of

Spanish cities was not to be lost. I threw my portmanteau on board accordingly, and steered for the shore. The Guadalquivir is now navigated by a steam-boat which comes from Cadiz, freighted with fish, draperies, and washerwomen, and carries back monks in return.

Our party was sufficiently festive. We had half-a-dozen guitar players on board; a travelling Italian with dancing dogs; a *primo tenore*, with his wife—a handsome, and by no means timid daughter of the muses; and some officers of the royal regiment of Alcantara, who paid unremitting homage to her charms. We had a dance on the deck when the sun had sunk low enough to admit of our enjoying the open air, without being burned to the ground. The senora did us the honour to sing a *seguidilla*. A few bottles of tolerable sherry, brought on deck by the captain, reconciled us all to the casualties of a world of change; and when we arrived at the city at last, there was a general exclamation of surprise at the shortness of the voyage.

The Guadalquivir, in winter, is a broad and powerful stream; in summer it is, like all the rivers of an absorbing soil and a fiery climate, considerably diminished in volume. Still it continues a formidable current to the country boats, which can make their way only by towing. Steam, however, puts an end to all perplexities of the old school, and we skimmed along, leaving the national fleet of Seville to follow at its leisure. The banks of the river have but a small share of beauty in the earlier part of the ascent—they are flat, marshy, and uncultivated; but about half way to the city they improve. The olive begins to cover the rising grounds with its grey foliage; fields of Indian corn, a remarkably beautiful vegetation, spread like sheets of emerald to the horizon; further on, fields of the tornato, and gardens thicken in the landscape, until, within a few leagues of the gates, we see the luxuriance of Andalusia.

Seville is a noble city, but a city of priests. Every thing bears the stamp of a powerful and pervading church. Even the people have a look of professional gravity—with some very palpable exceptions, I own, but still the general impression is ecclesiastical. Bells are chiming from morning till night; devotees are pacing from one shrine to another; the women cast their fine eyes on the ground with a double portion of prudery, if this be not the more consummate coquetry; the monk seems in his element;—in short, it is impossible to doubt that this city is the paradise of the priesthood. Even the very watchman, who in any other part of Spain would cry "sereno," (a fine night,) in Seville cries, "Ave Maria purissima!"

One of my first visits was to the cathedral, a magnificent building, and decorated with all the marbles, gilding, statues, and pictures which southern devotion lavishes on its temples. I here had a short dialogue with a monk, who volunteered, with great courtesy of manner, to show the stranger the wonders of the edifice.

As I was striding along the spacious and stately aisle, to see the monument of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of that still greater name, Columbus, I accidentally stopped to glance at some singularly grotesque sculptures on the wall, above the tomb of some saint whose name I had never heard before. I asked his title. My cicerone was instantly on the alert. He had evidently read the heretic in my smile.

"You see there," said he, "the advantage of our style of adorning our churches. In other religions, you may enter the churches of a whole city, and know no more of Christianity from them than if you were in a mosque."

"Undoubtedly, reverend father, if Christianity is to be learned only from walls."

"No, no; I do not mean that. But when the impression has been made from the altar and the pulpit, it is then reinforced by the walls."

"Yet, reverend father, is there not some possibility that the two impressions may clash—that you may think more of the image than of the idea; or that, for instance, in the superb pictures of the Madonna before us at this moment, you may forget the merits of the saint in the beauty of the woman?"

"Yes; but *we* are fortified, and we know the history. It is therefore impossible that we can regard the Queen of Heaven as a mere woman, however beautiful."

"There, then, is the whole point of the question. The natural effect of the picture is, to draw down to earth

the imagination which your object is to raise to heaven. The handsomer the picture, it is only the more human: thus the more perfect the work of art is before you, the less you think of any thing else; and you are absorbed in the charms of mere flesh and blood, while your purpose is spirituality alone."

"Well; are pictures and statues, then, of no use whatever? You have them of your family, of your friends, and of memorable men."

"But the object there is not to reinforce the merits, but to retain the recollection. We feel an interest in the features of those whom we loved on earth, because we know them to be the features. We value the bust or the portrait of the great man, because we know it, from either recollection or authority, to be the true resemblance. Let them be imaginary, and we lose all value for them, except, perhaps, as works of art,—the whole value which can possibly belong to the pictures and statues of virgins and saints, dead ages ago, without any possibility of our discovering a resemblance."

"At all events, our history pieces give the events of Scripture to the eye."

"They may; but those events are better given in the Scripture itself. The great object of Scripture is doctrine. This is wholly lost in painting or sculpture. Events are but subsidiary, and even those are humiliated by the most powerful effort of the pencil. What great painter could ever satisfy the mind with the countenance of the Messiah? What could Raphael, or Rubens, make of the greatest event of Scripture or human history—the Crucifixion?"

"You see what Velasquez has made of it?"

(A magnificent picture, by the prince of Spanish painters, hung opposite to the spot where we were standing.)

"He has made a noble group, undoubtedly; but I see only man, after all. Painting has done its utmost; but it cannot give the mystery, the supernatural grandeur, or the spiritual feeling. And thus it fails in the only object for which such a scene ought to be shaped to the eye."

"But we know the history already, and the picture gives it additional force."

"No; it degrades the history. Where the event is expressly declared to be full of the highest conceptions that can exalt the mind of man, and involving the most boundless results, the picture gives, and can give, no more than the forms of three human beings dying in agony—and the agony before us, I admit, is most powerfully delineated; but if we would recognize the real greatness of the scene, we must turn from the picture, and fill our thoughts with the narrative."

"Still, Senor Ingles, if those things are unnecessary for intelligent persons, like him whom I have the honour of addressing, (I bowed to the compliment,) you will acknowledge that they are of use to the common people?"

"They amuse them."

"But they instruct them. For instance, if a stranger goes into one of the churches of your Protestant country, it is impossible for him to know of what religion are the people."

"If he goes into one of our churches at the time of their worship, he will be under no doubt on the subject. If he goes into one of them at other times, I admit that he will not have the indulgence of criticising paintings, even as you and I, reverend father, are doing at this moment. A church cannot be exalted by being turned into a picture gallery."

"No, no; you mistake me, Senor Ingles. Our pictures are not to amuse the eye, but to edify the heart. For example, when our people hear the miracles and sufferings of the saints read from the altar, they look upon these fine works of the arts, and feel the full impression of the truth."

"Pardon me; the eye and the mind cannot be fully employed together. The gaze round the walls of a church, crowded with the splendid labours of the pencil or the chisel, must be a gaze of curiosity, until it become a gaze of indolence. The eye will wander, and the mind wander along with it. The finer the works of art the more absorbing will be the look, until your church is only a picture gallery, and your worshippers only idlers the more or less idle, and connoisseurs the more or less skilled in the merits of form and colouring."

"Then you would not have any statues or pictures in churches? You would throw away all the influence which external things have on the mind?"

"Reverend father, you are a fair

arguer, and deserve a fair answer. You will not put me in the Inquisition. I cannot see the advantage of either. A church is not a palace. In the palace, we may open our eyes and enjoy the world. In the church, we should shut them, and forget the world. The only temple constructed by Divine command, and by that command made most magnificent, had neither picture nor statue. The Divine prohibition was strong against all attempts to reinforce the impression of Deity by human skill. Music, gold, embroidery were all allowed; but nothing that could form an image to the eye. Yet, the Jew was by nature as susceptible as the Spaniard or the Italian. But he was guarded by the highest of all authorities against a practice which might, in one instance, betray him into substituting the form before his eye for the impression that ought to be before his mind, and in the other, might enfeeble the dignity of supernatural transactions into the commonplace of things of the hour."

"Well then," said my cicerone, fighting to the last, "have all past ages been in the wrong, all our wise men been fools, and all our vast expenditures of time and money been thrown away? What are we to do with our pictures?"

"Sell them, and whitewash your walls." This was too much for his philosophy. The good father lifted up his hands and eyes. But our conversation changed. We talked of Queen Christina's beauty, General Espartero's epaulettes; and the grand *fiesta*, for which a whole legion of carpenters were fitting up benches in the area of the cathedral.

But before he attended me to the door, I desired to see the monument of the greatest man of Spanish annals; Columbus.

"Let me first show you the monument of the greatest sovereigns." He led me to the spot where the remains of Ferdinand and Isabella repose under a mass of marble. The spirit of scepticism was on me to-day, and I could not help thwarting a little the panegyric in which he wrapped the memory of the last conquerors of the Moors.

"Yet, Senor Padre, would it not have been just as well if they had left the infidels where they found them? Their conquest only stripped the land of a million of remarkably industrious, remarkably ingenious, and remarkably brave people, to fill their place with a population of idlers; deprived Spain of a race, foremost in the civilization of their day; and threw the kingdom into a state of poverty in all that relates to the arts and manufactures, from which it has never recovered.

"Yes, but what are manufactures to the faith? We freed Spain from incorrigible infidels."

"Yes, reverend father; but, instead of plundering and banishing them, would it not have been better to have made the experiment of converting them?"

We now stood before the monument of Columbus, if monument that is to be called which is nothing more than a simple slab of stone, with the words:

"A Castilla y Leon
Nuevo mondo dio Colon."

"To Castile and Leon, Colon (the Spanish name of the great navigator,) gave a new world." Here I thought that the national taste for pomp might have exhibited a little of its display. And yet, though nothing but the most extraordinary negligence could have suffered Columbus to be forgotten, where such lavish expenditure was wasted on princes and saints of equally doubtful reputation, it was perhaps better as it was, than that the most illustrious man of his age should be heaped over with the monsters in which sepulchral sculpture takes such strange delight. The form of a hero and a sage would have been ill placed among heathen gods and goddesses, emblems of fate and fortune; or some still more extravagant figures of the native legend. The name of Columbus is enough for his glory; though its neglect, in the midst of prodigal ornament loading the memories of the obscure, is a stigma on Spain. The remains of this memorable man, however, are not buried here. After a variety of removals, in which they voyaged almost as much as he had done in his lifetime, they were laid in the cathedral of the Havannah. The priests ought, at least, to have canonized him. He would have done honour to the national calendar.

In Spain they turn day into night, or rather they turn our northern twelve hours into two days. They rise early, and go to sleep in the middle of the day. At noon all life stops, in

the south, nearly as much as if it were midnight over the land. Towards sunset all rise again, and begin a new existence, which lasts till actual midnight, and sometimes later. A short sleep then hushes the dancing, talking, and guitaring world, and the day of life begins again.

Yet this style has its advantages. In the first place, it is remarkably picturesque. All the contrivances here are for diminishing the excessive temperature, and enabling people to breathe with the thermometer at 100 in the shade! In all the better order of establishments, the construction is Moorish. An outer gate leading to a court; apartments opening into this court; a gallery above, round which range the sleeping-rooms; a fountain playing in the centre of a marble pavement, and delightfully cooling the air; seats placed round the fountain for the family, on which they work, talk, or lounge, during the hours between the siesta and the very simple meal. The open court itself suggests a striking species of decoration. A canvass roof drawn over it converts it into a noble saloon. The canvass, sometimes dyed of various colours, and sometimes painted, gives the most pleasing resemblance of a palatial cieling, or a sky, and that sky crowded with winged genii, floating cupids, angels reposing on purple clouds, or nymphs enjoying sport or slumber among rivers and gardens in regions above the world. The pillars of the court are not unfrequently hung with paintings,—tapestry is suspended from the gallery above—rich furniture, embroidered chairs and sofas, are placed along the cool marble floor, which itself is often very beautifully wrought and coloured; and the whole, when the family happen to receive visitors, and, of course, are in full costume, is among the most graceful and novel exhibitions that can be seen in Europe. It is to be observed, however, that all this is borrowed from the infidel; that nothing of the kind is to be found in Italy, hot as its summer is; and that, if Spain had not been for 500 years in the possession of a colony whom the Spaniard pronounces barbarians, Seville would never have enjoyed the simplest, yet prettiest contrivance in the world, for breathing fresh air in a climate that would try the temperament of a salamander. Of course, when night falls, and lights come, the saloon is prettier still. Seen through the gate, I know nothing which gives more the idea of a fairy scene, or rather of those glittering Arabian *fêtes* which figure in the "Thousand and One Nights," when the traveller, after wandering in the desert, or toiling his dreary way among the prison-like streets of Bagdad, suddenly comes in sight of some palace-saloon, where "Izoah, the dulcimer player, was witching the souls of Haroun Alraschid and the fair Sherene." I admit that all are not like this; but the style, the general elegance, and the general impression, are singularly attractive to a northern eye.

On the whole, life in the south makes one moralize on the question, whether the Englishman does not take too much trouble to be happy; whether, in fact, he does not make a grand mistake by the road. How the majority of the Spanish families contrive to exist, I must acknowledge to be altogether beyond my comprehension. They have comparatively no commerce, no manufactures, no mines, none of the customary English resources for competence. The women are like the lilies of the field—they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet no one seems to want any thing. They dress well, often exquisitely; they live in a round of society; there are more balls, more evening parties, more of the gayeties of life, in a single Spanish city, than in all England from north to south. Among the men, the professions produce scarcely a subsistence. The army is the chief resource; yet the pay of the army scarcely supplies the uniform. The estates of the gentry are generally small. The church, though well endowed, can provide for but a few of the younger population; and yet there is *nothing* of that cloudy brow which one meets so constantly in England. It is true, that in the domestic life of the Spaniard there is but little ostentation; that, with the exception of the highest rank, dinners are never given to strangers; that a "banquet," such as exhibits itself so frequently on the tables even of the obscure among us, with its turtle and venison, its claret and champagne, would startle even the grandee; and that the necessaries of life are cheap in the south—still the contrast is so complete, that I feel un-

able to solve the problem. The Spaniard is certainly the happier of the two. However his day be spent, his evening is cheerful. He meets pleasant people in the spirit of pleasantness; instead of moping over a solitary fire, or making the last hours of the day only a repetition of the labours of the former, he changes the scene altogether, takes his way to the house of some of those numerous families who throw open their doors for the evening, enjoys music, if young joins the dance, if more mature shares the conversation, if older still looks on, and is amused by seeing the youth, beauty, and animation of the rising age. In England, we have tried the *converzasione*, but it has not succeeded in brightening the face of society. The reason is, that it has been too rarely adopted. It must be general to be effective. Englishmen must be content with simplicity of life before they can submit themselves to a system in which a cup of coffee is the limit of social luxury. Then they will, perhaps, comprehend the mystery which in Spain makes happiness.

After one of those pleasant evenings, I took a reluctant leave of "Sevilla la Santissima," and with an eye long fixed on its domes and towers, silvered by a harvest moon, I glided down the Guadalquivir.

As I proposed to visit Cadiz, on my way to Gibraltar, I waited at the mouth of the river for the steam-boat; but in the mean time met a party from the garrison, who were on their way to visit the vineyards which supply the world with sherry.

Xeres.—It was impossible to be so near the birthplace of our favourite wine, without paying it a visit. My arrangements were soon made, and we set off for the vineyards. The road, like every other by-way in Spain, for we soon struck off the *Camino Real*, was nearly in the same condition in which it had been left by the deluge. Yet, it had the additional evil of being a mass of dust, which half-choked our horses and ourselves. At length, after being literally roasted as much as it was possible for a human being to be roasted without actual burning alive, a gush of fresh air blew aside the white and smoke-looking cloud, and we found ourselves on the edge of the handsome valley in which Xeres lies. The scene would have been valuable to a painter, for it was calm and quiet, yet rich and diversified. Mountains are to be seen every where in Spain, and the hills of Xeres are lovely elevations, clothed and dressed in all glowing colours; the vine taking the chief place. The inn in Xeres is of a more lively order than one generally meets in Spanish travel; and heat, dust, and weariness, might have reconciled us to much worse treatment in bed and board.

Our next day's movement was to one of the principal vineyards, where we found the whole process of the preparations, at least, for the wine harvest, in full operation; the height of the season being in October, but the gathering going on partially for a month before, and a month after.

We were accompanied over the vineyard by a countryman of our own, a gentlemanlike and very obliging personage. The finest sherry is made of a heavy, brownish grape, not very palateable, and altogether inferior to all its family as a table-fruit. Trade, somehow or other, seems to have a natural propensity to teach tricks; and it seems that the grave Spaniard has his little secrets in abundance in the vintage. Perhaps pure wine scarcely ever finds its way into any market in Europe. Too much sun, or too little, greatly affects the produce of the vine, yet the quantity of fluid is always the same; and if ten times more were called for by the well-paying thirst of England, there cannot be a doubt that the vines would be called on for the increased supply, and the vintners would do their duty accordingly: not a bottle the less would exist. So much for the sympathies of trade.

I say nothing of the process by which this charming beverage is prepared for so many lips of the lovely and the sage. It is proverbially dangerous to look too closely into any of the preparations for the tastes of man on the continent. It may be enough to say, that the second pressing of the grape in the tubs is named *aqua pies*, (feet-water.) The juice is then put into casks, with the bung open, till March; about May, it is put into other casks, to undergo a gentler fermentation; about October, it is changed a third time. Early, next year, it is shifted once more, and then

if the taste be not satisfactory, it is *brandied.*

The Amantillado borrows its name from the Cordovan mantilla, a rich wine, rare, and in great repute with those who are able to buy it. The Amantillado is a kind of accidental produce. No grower is sure that his grapes will give him Amantillado until he sees it sparkling in his cask. It seems made to perplex the gravity of the Don, and as effectually answers the purpose after it comes on the table as before. But there are sherries of a higher rank still, which are scarcely ever brought even to England, rich-bodied wines, which, by age, grow actually too strong for drinking, and command a remarkable price. The reason, however, of their retention at home is, their value in making their inferior fellows fit to go abroad. The rich, in this instance, benevolently assists the poor. The full-flavoured wine gives a share of its excellence to the meagre; and a quart of this nectar communicates life to a hogshead of humbler name. In England, on the few occasions when it has appeared, which were only when it emerged from the general breaking up of some dead epicure's cellar, it has been sold at six guineas the bottle.

But Xeres does honour to the vine by her vaults; yet the name is unsuitable. The *bodegas* are not vaults, but wine palaces, vast buildings, in which the wines live above ground. The visitor is not marched, as among us, through a dim, damp, heavy-smelling catacomb, lighted by a few funereal lamps; but he boldly marches through noble streets, of which the inhabitants are pipes of sherry. You see them enjoying the light of day, and preparing to set out to see the world. Every avenue, too, has its patron saint; and the calendar gravely furnishes names to the miles of casks which are preparing to wash the throats, and stimulate the social hours of heretics all over the globe. But this deviation changed my final route. It was easier now to get to the garrison than to Cadiz, and I determined to strike across the country.

Gibraltar.—I left Xeres early in the morning, and, in company with an officer of the Spanish staff, commenced my journey for Gibraltar. The road was mountainous for the first few leagues, and probably bore a very sufficient resemblance to its opposite, Barbary, whose mountains soon began to loom out from mists which I at first inadvertently took for snow; however, a few touches of the sun melted them, and tipped the pinnacles with gold. My companion, on the way, pointed out the plain where the Arabs crushed the Gothic dynasty,—a blow from which King Roderic never recovered, though, in the general opinion, he is still alive, and wandering about the country waiting the favourable moment to renew the engagement and fight his way to the throne again. It is rather curious to find two nations who hate each other so patriotically as the Spaniards and Portuguese, making up their minds to be fools on the same point, and to be both looking for fugitive kings, Roderic and Sebastian. It is to be hoped that they will appear: they are sure to be received with equal acclamation.

Yet it must be owned, that the Portuguese belief is the more consistent of the two; for Sebastian left no relic of himself, while Roderic's head was cut off and sent by his victor salted to the caliph. This, however, does not prevent the belief in his existence; and, in Spain, it certainly has no right to prevent any thing of the kind,—a country in which so many teeth and toe-nails of dead men work so many miracles, may well admit the possibility of walking to a throne in Madrid, after having been sent pickled in a box to Morocco. There is no imaginable reason that what has happened hundreds of times to nuns and friars, may not, once in the world, be allowed to a king.

Travelling in Spain is rather a delicate affair since the war. And though Andalusia has not figured remarkably in heroism, it is sufficiently abundant in highway robbery. As we were passing a ravine, two or three lazy-looking fellows started to their feet; and, as we put spurs to our horses, seemed rather disappointed at our having passed them without paying a toll. But one ruffian, nimbler than the other, made a rush at my bridle. I had no weapon but a stout English whip; and, if a Spanish hide is capable of feeling its application, I administered a lesson which he must have remembered long. He fell off, after this discipline, and we rode forward.

But another ruffian had by this time got to the top of a rising ground, and was evidently making signals.

"Adelante," said my companion, "in half-an-hour, with hard riding, we may be in Medina Sidonia."

"Forward, then," was my answer.

But the path grew more precipitous, the wood thicker, and my only wonder began to be, that, if we were to be waylaid at all, the business was not begun already. A turning of the road showed us our situation more exactly. On a hill on the horizon lay Medina Sidonia, where we meant to take up our quarters for the night. But, within a dozen yards of the spot where we were, stood a group of as thorough-looking ruffians as ever sacked a traveller. We were totally unarmed, and resistance must be ridiculous against knives and muskets, for every one of them had a weapon. Yet they were evidently rather cautious of coming to close quarters, probably from seeing at once that I was English, and having a peculiar dread of the infallible pistols, which every Englishman is supposed, in Spain, to carry, from his cradle! But, as my friend was the better linguist of the two, I sent him forward to parley. His bargaining was unsuccessful; the fellows, after saying that they were officers of the customs, then guerillas, and finally admitting that they were banditti, gave in their *ultimatum*, which was no less than that we should give them our horses, money, in short, every thing but our lives, and this not unlikely to be thrown into the bargain if necessary. The conditions were summarily rejected, and we prepared to make a dash through them, while they were grouped together for negotiation. This was, I own, a desperate measure, and would have probably finished in our necks being broken down some precipice, or our being shot; for practice has made them first-rate marksmen. A few uneasy minutes followed. But suddenly I saw the whole set start away, and scatter among the rocks in all directions. Now was our time. I called out to ride boldly; clapped in the spurs, and reached the head of the road. There the problem was solved. A patrol of cavalry was slowly moving up to the pass; and the first shot would have doubtless brought them into it. Some scout had seen their advance; and the banditti postponed the adventure to a more convenient season.

We now climbed, with light hearts, but weary horses, up the long, rugged, stony hill, on whose brow the city hangs, seemingly ready to slip down like an avalanche.

The Moors must have been a remarkably different race from the present lords of the soil. The Spaniard never builds any thing except a cathedral, and even that he has given up for a couple of centuries. But the Moor was an indefatigable layer of stone upon stone. No man ever had the bump of edification, the organ of brick and mortar, more prominently developed in his *os frontis*. Palace, temple, tomb, tower, all were alike to him; valley, plain, and hill-pass has his vestiges: he was constantly employed in leaving memorials of his taste, his toil, his genius, and his wealth, of which the Spaniard was to be the residuary legatee. I again say, how unlucky for Europe was the transfer which sent this indefatigable artist and artizan to scorch in the deserts of Tunis, to which, by a curious fatality, almost the whole of the Spanish Moors took their unhappy way, and put in his place the laziest and most self-satisfied serf on the surface of the globe!

My fellow-traveller was an Italian, who had taken service in the Spanish engineers, and had seen the last years of the "War of Glory," as he called the Wellington war in the Peninsula. What is uppermost in one's mind will naturally flow over, and, as I had no fear of hurting the nationality of my intelligent companion, I spoke rather freely of the indolence of the people. The subject was natural enough, when we were riding over vast districts of the most obvious fertility, but which seemed totally abandoned to nature.

"I have lived long enough among Spaniards," said he, "to know that they are to be judged of only by circumstances. They have extraordinary sensibilities to enjoyment, and those make all men fond of ease. But they have also extraordinary faculties, and those have only to find their natural encouragement, to astonish Europe."

We were interrupted by a clang of

drums, from a party who, headed by a priest carrying an image, formed a long procession along the plain. They were going to a chapel of one of the saints, on the mountain-pass of the La Trocha, then some miles in front. The party were in their holiday clothes, and both men and women looked peculiarly showy.

"See that maza," (youth,) said the Italian; "and see whether any other peasant of Europe dresses with more variety, yet more taste!"

The case was one in point; for the young man to whom he pointed glittered in all the colours of the rainbow, yet without any peculiar gaudiness. His head was covered with a light-blue Andalusian cap, thrown on one side, with an air of rakishness; his jacket was of purple velvet, with lines of filigree silver buttons; he wore a crimson sash; his breeches were of green velvet, embroidered down the sides; his stockings were a pale pink, and his half-boots fawn colour! And all this was upon a slight and well-proportioned figure, with a dark but very expressive physiognomy. Altogether, he looked perfectly like one of the figures in a ballet at the Opera. And he was only one of many as showily dressed, but with all varieties of colour in their costume.

"That fellow looks like a fop," said the officer, "and yet he is not one—he dresses in conformity to his own taste. And with all this love for show, he will walk you twenty leagues a-day, or run them by the side of your horse, if you please. An onion, a piece of bread, and a cup of water, will feed him for four-and-twenty hours. If he finds officers to lead him, he will fight like a good soldier; though undoubtedly, if he finds his officers slack in the front, there is no man quicker in finding his way to the rear. All depends on circumstances."

"Then you think that the Spaniards have a card to play yet in the great game of nations?"

"I cannot say that; but this I say, that if a Spanish monarch shall ever know how to play the game, nature has provided him with an excellent hand. Let me tell you what once happened to myself:—

"On the occupation of Madrid by Wellington, I had been sent from Cadiz with despatches, announcing the concentration of the French armies, for the purpose of overwhelming the force under General Hill, left in possession of the capital. I still remember those times, with a high degree of self-congratulation at even the small share which my services had in them. But I was delighted at the appearance of the British troops. I had seen the finest armies of the Continent—the Prussian, Austrian, and even the French, under the eye of Napoleon himself; but I have never seen troops which gave me so much the conception of the thorough soldier as yours. The men on parade, neither stiff nor lounging; on the march, steady; and in manœuvring, at once rapid and regular. As for our own soldiers, they were without pay—of course in rags, and of course careless and undisciplined; though this I will contend for them, that, when properly commanded, they are brave. My orders were to return to Cadiz as soon as possible. Following the troops for some leagues on their route towards Portugal, I turned off, and made the best of my way to Andalusia. This was but a short excursion, however; for a party of Soult's hussars, ranging the country for forage, gave chase to me—my horse was brought down by a shot, and I was made prisoner, along with the dragoon who attended me. On being brought to the colonel of the hussars, I received the startling intelligence, that my uniform was not to protect me; that, as an Italian born, I was a subject of the Emperor; and that, on my arrival at head-quarters, I must make up my mind to be shot. I knew remonstrance to be useless, and therefore made none. In a few hours after my capture, I was accordingly sent forward to Soult. If he had been on the spot, I suppose my fate would have been settled at once, by bullet; but by the time I arrived at what had been his position, the general had gone in pursuit of the retreating force, and I was ordered to follow him. On setting out, I found that my dragoon, in the confusion of the time, had been overlooked, and contrived to make his escape; but, with six hussars in charge of me, all hope of that kind was idle in my instance, and we went on till nightfall. We had just reached the entrance of one of the little villages where my escort had intended to put up for the night, when a shot whistled past me,

and struck the hussar who led my horse by the bridle. He fell. I took advantage of the moment, and rode for my life. I should probably have distanced my pursuers, had my way been over clear ground; but some of the French baggage had broken down in the street, and, just at the instant when I thought myself on the point of getting into the open country, I came at full speed, in the dark, against an overturned ammunition-waggon, which brought my horse headlong to the ground. The hussars now came up, and I was their prisoner again. But the accident changed their plan of quarters; for, finding that the French had completely passed through the village, and the inhabitants exhibiting the usual Spanish wrath at the sight of the troops of Napoleon, the corporal in command resolved not to trust himself and his prisoner to the chances of a rescue before morn. We were moved forward, to make our bivouac under the first thicket; but after a league or two, a peasant, whom we found, as he told us, hurrying to bring a priest to a dying man on the road, offered to conduct us to a *fouda*, where 'we might be sure of forage for our horses, straw for our beds, and a good omelet and jug of wine for our supper.'

"The hussars at once agreed that this was better than the bivouac, and we followed the guide. The house was about a league further, and it was midnight when we reached it, as the road was remarkably intricate, and the soldiers were often obliged to dismount and lead their horses. In fact, we were all nearly asleep. The intolerable heat of the day, and the length of the journey, had made us willing to accept of much worse accommodations than we found. But the *fouda* seemed to have been just deserted. The arrival of a French detachment at that house, or at any, was certainly not calculated to quiet the minds of the people; and the family, on hearing our horses' feet, had probably fled to the neighbouring cork-wood.

"But our guide wanted no assistance, he did the honours of the empty inn with remarkable activity, cooked our omelet, found out the cellar, spread our table and attended it, as if he had been all his life a waiter. The hussars enjoyed the wine, and drank like thirsty soldiers. As I saw jug after jug swallowed down, I began to think of escape, and once glided towards the door. But discipline had not been altogether forgotten, for there I saw one of the party under arms, standing as sentinel, with the horses tied up beside him. Finding this attempt desperate, I sat down at the table, called for more wine, and proposed a song. The peasant had a guitar which hung on the wall put into his hand, and he was ordered to exert his talent on pain of death. He played and sung, after some protestation, and did both tolerably. The corporal then exhibited his own taste, in a camp ditty, which produced roars of laughter from his comrades. I was spared, as they said that I might wish to keep my voice for the "*juge*" tomorrow. At length, when wine and song had carried us far towards morning, the corporal proposed that we should all go to rest. The peasant, on this, proposed a bumper to "the good cause," and bringing a large measure on the table, he filled a goblet for each, and handed it round. As I put out my hand to receive the one intended for me, he stumbled, and the floor received the whole. At this moment, the thought struck me, that I had seen the face before, but it was so begrimed with dirt, and altogether so dark, that I was unable to form any precise recollection of the features. The bumper, however, was so highly approved of, that our waiter was despatched to the cellar for a fresh supply. As he lingered longer than usual, murmurs began to rise, and the hussars being now sufficiently drunk to dislike any unnecessary trouble, I was ordered to bring him before them. I obeyed, as it seemed to offer me another chance. But, as I left the room, I saw by the light from its lamp, the flash of steel outside a window in the passage. I went out on tiptoe, and saw our peasant standing over the dead body of the sentinel; the Frenchman had been stabbed to the heart, and fallen without a groan. As I looked on with surprise, and perhaps with some degree of horror, he whispered to me, 'Say nothing.—I must serve the other scoundrels in the same manner.' He looked into the room, and I followed. Whether I deserved credit for my reluctance to see blood unneces-

sarily shed, I shall not say; for, if ever troops deserved retaliation, the French light troops deserved it from the Spanish peasantry. At all events, when he was on the point of plunging his knife in the heart of the man next him, I caught his arm, and pointed out to him, that they were all asleep. 'So much the better,' was the answer. However, I persuaded him at last to leave this part of the business undone. In fact, they were in such a total lethargy, that we might have hanged the whole without any resistance.

"He had found some narcotic mixture in the house, with which he had drugged their last bumper, as a preparative for cutting their throats; and his well-contrived stumble had saved me from sharing the dose. He now proceeded to make quick work with their pockets, and rifled them of every *sous*—stripped them of arms and ammunition, and, tying them to the tables with the mules' halters, packed his plunder, swords, and accoutrements, on their horses, and, mounting, we set off. The moon had by this time gone down, and we had some difficulty in managing our caravan; but we were in high spirits, and I felt perfectly the difference between galloping over a Spanish heath, and walking to a parade to be shot. We crossed the country, as far as possible from the track of troops, met no further obstacle, and by daylight fell in with a patrol of the Spanish army, to whom we mentioned the state in which we had left the Frenchmen, and whom, doubtless, they made prisoners. I mention this adventure, merely as one among hundreds or thousands. They were perpetually occurring. But I mention it, chiefly as an instance of the adroitness and the gallantry which are in the Spaniard, and which can come out on an emergency—though he is too apt to wait for the emergency."

"But what induced the man to hazard himself? Was it mere love of adventure, or national hatred of the invader? Of course, he could have known nothing of you?"

"Why, it would be difficult to say which; perhaps all had their share. But he knew me well. And this strikes me as the most remarkable evidence of the indefatigable spirit of the people. You may remember my saying, that a dragoon had been made prisoner along with me. The peasant was that dragoon. On hearing that I was to be treated as a deserter, he set himself at work to prevent, at least, that catastrophe. He immediately made his escape, a matter sufficiently easy in the confusion of a general movement. Exchanging his uniform for a disguise, he followed me along the road; but the shot which had knocked down the hussar at my side, was not his—it was a piece of spontaneous service—a sort of national tribute paid to the French on many an occasion, and always with goodwill. He had intended some little attempt for my release, in case of our halting in the village, but the corporal's vigilance disappointed him; he had, then, only to throw himself on the route; a by-road brought him in front of us, and he operated as I have told you. I offered to obtain promotion for him, but he had made so much money by his night's work, that he left the army shortly after."

"And you lost sight of him? A fellow of that class might have made a showy officer."

"And he has made one. He soon joined the Guerillas, commanded a thousand men, harassed the enemy's convoys till their garrisons in the north were almost starved; and then taking service with Mina, to whom he was brigadier, now wears a coat covered with orders, which he has deserved rather better than most of those who have got them. I lately saw him at Madrid, and if commands are to go by merit, I know no man likelier to rise to still higher distinction."

La Rocha.—The country from Xeres to the front of a hilly range which trends towards the ocean, contains chiefly a plain; desolate, as every plain without population must look; but singularly luxuriant, as the Spanish sun, wherever it meets with moisture, makes every spot of this fine country. The La Rocha is a cleft of the hills, very rugged, very toilsome, and is beautiful as any thing that I have met even among the Pyrenees.

On reaching the summit, the view fixed me for a while in speechless admiration. The evening was fine; the air perfectly calm, though at this great height; and the sun in the full glory of his setting. At my foot lay Algeziras, beyond this the Bay of Gibraltar, smooth as a sheet of lapis lazuli,

and looking remarkably like it; and beyond this again, sitting, with the evening gold covering it from crown to base, the mighty fortress itself, backed by the mountains of Granada, and the blue of the Mediterranean horizon. Association is, after all, the great charm even of the noblest features of natural beauty. Thus, the loveliness of the American landscape, or the grandeur of the mountain valleys of Southern Africa, is universally spoken of as wearying the eye. They have no associations with the past, they awaken no ideas but of external beauty. But when the stranger stands on the brow of the La Trocha, all around him is historic. To the Englishman, Gibraltar itself is history; not merely an English possession, but a scene of illustrious English remembrances, a trophy of the perseverance, the power, and the valour of England, fixed in the most conspicuous position of the earth; the centre of Europe. But the plain at my feet was the scene of the most romantic wars of the most romantic period of history, the middle ages; and the surrounding mountains had all once been the seats of the Spanish Moor. Even now there are few of those pinnacles which have not the remnant of a Moorish village, fortress, or city, glittering at an extraordinary elevation.

One I recollect, which gave me much the same idea of human habitancy one might have by living in the ball of St Paul's, except that the village was a little larger, and, perhaps, three times loftier. In all other matters it was nearly the same; in the sunshine it looked almost as golden, and I have no doubt it must have been reached by ladders quite as tiresome, endless, and perpendicular. Every one of these towers, doubtless, once had its mosque, its flag of scarlet and purple, its sentinels on the walls, its trumpets ringing for fight or foray, and its veiled beauties gazing on the troops of showy unbelievers galloping down the rocks to bring back plunder for their fair fingers. But Ferdinand and Isabella put an end to this drama. The age of common-place came in, the age of romance went out. Impalement, the Zenana, and the turban were no more. Five hundred years ago I should have heard a concert of Imaums. It would have sounded wonderfully well in the stillness of the evening. But the only substitutes for the sonorous clang from the minarets, was the sound of the sheep-bell, and an occasional reverberation of musket or pistol, which told us that the Spaniards still kept their hands in practice, let the purpose be what it might.

At the foot of the mountain range which lay between us and the sea, I had two quarrels; one with the fellow who had hitherto acted as our guide, and the other with a mad bull. The guide was the much more unmanageable of the two. The bull was one of those which are kept for the exhibitions at Cadiz, and are suffered to run wild, for the express purpose of making the fiercer display of their horns and hoofs in the ring. As we were riding peaceably along, a whole herd of those very formidable animals took offence at us, and galloped on our track, bellowing furiously. We had no resource but to gallop before them, which we did for some distance. But we found ourselves out-generaled. A huge bull, probably the monarch of the herd, who had seen our flight, stationed himself in a narrow path, where we were fairly cut off. We drew up, and then, though he did not advance upon us, he showed every determination to keep his post. The herd had fortunately halted, or, I think, we must have been trampled to pieces. In this dilemma, my friend the engineer showed the advantage of science. Dismounting, and giving the bridle of his horse into my charge, he crept on his hands and knees into the thicket, and gathering some fragments of rock on his way, commenced from his ambush a furious discharge on the enemy's flank. The bull, at first surprised, no sooner ascertained the position of his assailant, than he bounded into the thicket, crushing the branches before him, and evidently determined to make short work with the engineer. But this left the path open, and through it I flew, halting on the opposite skirts of the jungle for my friend, whom I soon saw extricating himself, at the expense of scratched face and hands, while the bull was left roaring, and fighting his way long after. Woe be to the cavaliero who was to face him when he could bring his horns into play!

Gibraltar.—The view of the fortress from the land side is unrivalled as a place of strength. Ehrenbreit-

stein, the boast of the Rhine, is a toy to it—and bears the same kind of resemblance which a model bears to a mountain. Gibraltar is more than a fortress, it is a fortified mountain; it is more still, it is a port, a city, a colony, and the gate of the Mediterranean. There is not the slightest exaggeration in saying that it possesses all those characters; and combining them, it is palpably the most remarkable position in the world. Yet there are bustling writers and party declaimers who would bid us give up Gibraltar, calculate how many pounds it costs yearly, and regarding the possession of pounds as the grand object of society, and the saving of farthings as the prime evidence of ministerial talent, discuss the abandonment of Gibraltar. But is national character nothing? the evidence that England is a great power in Europe, worth nothing? the means of sustaining her influence among the powers of Europe, Asia, and even of Africa, nothing? Or are not such things the surest protection even of the pounds themselves?—would not the same beggarly impolicy disband our fleets and armies, and prohibit all means of defence, until those who coveted our pounds were ready to march to our plunder?

Late years have made a great change in Gibraltar. General Don's governorship was much employed in adding to its comforts, and its beauty. Plantations now cover portions of the mountains, which were once sterile; and the efforts to secure salubrity and cleanliness have been considerably successful. But Gibraltar, in the hot months, is *dreadfully* hot; and, when the Levanter blows, the spirit sinks within one. No language can describe the utter exhaustion of mind and body during this Spanish Sirocco. All this reconciles one even to the damp day and cloudy sky of England. There, if we have but little of the blue ether, and dazzling beauty of the summer sun, moon, and stars, of the south, we are at least safe from the scorching and sickening blast that seems rushing from a furnace, and seems even more suffocating by night than by day; there we have no terrors of the mosquito, of the regular autumnal fever, or of every boat that comes from the eastward, lest it should carry a cargo of the plague. Azure skies are lovely things, but they may be purchased too dear when they risk the comforts and the security of existence.

A tour of the fortifications is the regular routine of all travellers; and nothing can be more stupendous than their display. The galleries looking down on the isthmus, are fully equal to any work of ancient Rome for greatness of conception and indefatigable labour. All is the work of giants, but all in this quarter is thrown away. No assault will ever be made on this side of Gibraltar.

In one of my rides round the rock, I was accompanied by a German major, who was going out to give military instruction to the Sultan's troops. He was a person of remarkable information on general topics, and thus far I was inclined to trust to his knowledge of soldiership. As we looked down from the heights on the bustling town below, the troops on parade, the batteries, the huge mole, and the whole admirable and active scene of British life and power, he struck me by saying that Gibraltar, as a fortress, reminded him of some of the German castles, impregnable five hundred years ago, but which now could not stand an attack for twenty-four hours. My nationality was up in arms, and I reminded him, that not more than half a century had passed since it had baffled the force of both France and Spain.

"True," said he, "and if the same efforts were made in the same manner, it would baffle them again. What could be more absurd than the whole plan? A few ships were sent to fire on your batteries, with the object of tiring out your gunners; or seeing which party would be tired first. They threw in their shot against your rocks, while they were exposed to the discharge of all your batteries; they had not a tenth of the guns which could be brought to bear upon them; and by the necessity of the case they were torn to pieces."

"But what else could have been done? The batteries must have been first silenced."

"No: all the firing in Europe could not silence those batteries; and if they did, the business was still to be begun. The true and the only tactique would be to secure a landing for troops. If the ships fired at all, it should be only to knock down a frag-

ment of your walls sufficient to let the troops land; or to employ the batteries, and take off their fire from the troops on their landing."

"But the attempt to take it by a regular siege would expose the assailants to the British fleet in their rear."

"A strong fleet of the enemy covering the attempt, might secure the besiegers; but the whole would probably be tried by *coup-de-main*. It might take forty or fifty thousand men to make success probable. But if such a force could once land, and avail themselves of a breach in the walls, made by the concentrated fire of their ships, the contest might be more than doubtful."

"But recollect the bravery of British troops."

"I am fully aware of it. I have fought at Ligny and Waterloo. They are a heroic army—the only force on earth whom I might call an army of grenadiers; but recollect what the garrison of Gibraltar would have to do. Supposing them to amount to 6000 men, they would have to defend some miles of fortification—to defend a breach into which an overwhelming fire from the ships' batteries was pouring, until the moment when the troops mounted it. They would have to keep down a miscellaneous population, probably bribed; they would have a town in their rear full of combustible merchandise, and which a few shells would set in a blaze. And if the enemy broke in on any quarter of this great circuit, your troops must fight them from street to street, and from road to road, with increasing numbers constantly against them; and no citadel, nor any place of strength whatever inside the walls, to rally upon."

"I still think that no force of Europe will ever venture upon it."

"Certainly none, while England is wise enough to retain the command of the sea. The attempt would require fifty sail of the line, and fifty thousand men. But it will be made in the first great war of Europe. You have only to be prepared; strengthen your ramparts, plant them with heavier guns, make internal defences, build a citadel, and, on the first alarm of war, quadruple your garrison.'

THE CRISIS OF MODERN SPECULATION.

The great endeavour of philosophy, in all ages, has been to explain the nature of the connexion which subsists between the mind of man and the external universe: but it is to speculation of a very late date, that we owe the only approach that has been made to a satisfactory solution of this problem. In the following remarks on the state of modern speculation, we shall attempt to unfold this explanation; for it forms, we think, the very pith of the highest philosophy of recent times.

It will be seen that the question is resolved, not so much by having any positive answer given to it, as by being itself made to assume a totally new aspect. We shall find, upon reflection, that it is not what, at first sight, and on a superficial view, we imagined it to be. A change will come over the whole spirit of the question. Facts will arise, forcing it into a new form, even in spite of our efforts to keep it in its old shape. The very understanding of it will alter it from what it was. It will not be annihilated—it will not be violently supplanted—but it will be gradually transformed; and this transformation will be seen to arise out of the very nature of thought—out of the very exercise of reason upon the question. It will be granted, that before a question can become a question, it must first of all be conceived. Therefore, before the question respecting the intercourse between mind and matter can be asked, it must be thought. Now, the whole drift of our coming argument, is to show that this question, in the very thinking of it, necessarily passes into a new question. And then, perhaps, the difficulty of answering this new question will be found to be not very great.

This consideration may, perhaps, conciliate forbearance at the outset of our enquiry at least. Any objections levelled against the question as it now stands, would evidently be prema-

ture. For the present question is but the mask of another question; and unless it be known what that other question is, why should its shell be thrown aside as an unprofitable husk? Reader! spare the chrysalis for the sake of the living butterfly which perhaps may yet spring from its folds. The transformation we are going to attempt to describe, forms the most vital crisis in the whole history of speculation.

It must be kept in mind that our perception of an external universe is a phenomenon of a profounder and more vital character than is generally supposed. Besides having perceptions, the mind, it is said, is modified in a hundred other ways—by desires, passions, and emotions; and these, it is thought, contribute to form its reality, just as much as the perception of outward things does. But this is a mistake. Perception—the perception of an external universe—is the groundwork and condition of all other mental phenomena. It is the basis of the reality of mind. It is this reality itself. Through it, mind is what it is—and without it, mind could not be conceived to exist. Since, therefore, perception is the very life of man, when we use the word *mind* in this discussion we shall understand thereby, the percipient being, or the perceiver. The word *mind* and the word *percipient* we shall consider convertible terms.

The earliest, and, in France and this country, the still dominant philosophy, explains the connexion between mind and matter, by means of the relation of cause and effect. Outward things present to the senses, are the causes of our perceptions—our perceptions are the effects of their proximity. The presence of an external body, says Dr Brown, an organic change immediately consequent on its presence, and a mental affection:—these, according to him, form three terms of a sequence, the statement of which is thought sufficiently to explain the phenomenon of perception, and to illustrate the intercourse which takes place between ourselves and outward objects.

This doctrine is obviously founded on a distinction laid down, between objects as they are in themselves, and objects as they are in our perceptions of them—in other words, between real objects and our perceptions of objects. For, unless we made a discrimination between these two classes, we could have no ground for saying that the former were the causes of the latter.

Now, when any distinction is established, the tendency of the understanding is to render it as definite, complete, and absolute as it admits of being made. And, with regard to the present distinction, the understanding was certainly not idle. It took especial pains to render this distinction real and precise; and, by doing so, it prepared a building-ground for the various philosophical fabrics that were to follow for many generations. It taught, that the object in itself must be considered something which stood quite aloof from our perception of it—that our perception of the object must be considered something of which the real object formed no part. Had it been otherwise, the understanding would have pronounced the discrimination illogical, and consequently null and void.

It was this procedure of the understanding, with respect to the above-mentioned distinction, which led to the universal adoption of a representative theory of perception. We are far from thinking that any of its authors adopted or promulgated this doctrine under that gross form of it against which Dr Reid and other philosophers have directed their shafts—under the form, namely, which holds, that outward things are represented by little images in the mind. Unquestionably, that view is a gross exaggeration of the real opinion. All that philosophers meant was—that we had perceptions of objects, and that these perceptions were not the objects themselves. Yet even this, the least exceptionable form of the theory that can be maintained, was found sufficient to subvert the foundations of all human certainty.

Here, then, it was, that doubts and difficulties began to break in upon philosophical inquiry. It was at this juncture that the schism between common sense and philosophy, which has not yet terminated, began. People had hitherto believed that they possessed an immediate or intuitive knowledge of an external universe: but now philosophers assured them that no such immediate knowledge was possible. All that man could immediately know, was either the object

itself, *or* his perception of it. It could not be both of these *in one,* for this explanation of perception was founded on the admitted assumption, that these two were distinct, and were to be kept distinct. Now, it could not be the object itself, for man knows the object only by knowing that he perceives it—in other words, by knowing his own perception of it; and the object and his perception being different, he could know the former only through his knowledge of the latter. Hence, knowing it through this vicarious phenomenon—namely, his own perception of it—he could only know it mediately; and therefore it was merely his own perceptions of an external universe, and not an external universe itself, that he was immediately cognizant of.

The immediate knowledge of an external universe being disproved, its reality was straightway called in question. For the existence of that which is not known immediately, or as it is in itself, requires to be established by an inference of reason. Instead, therefore, of asking, how is the intercourse carried on between man's mind and the external world? the question came to be this: Is there any real external world at all?

Three several systems undertook to answer this question. Hypothetical Realism, which defended the reality of the universe. Idealism, which denied its reality. And Scepticism, which maintained, that if there were an external universe, it must be something very different from what it appears to us to be.

Hypothetical Realism was the orthodox creed, and became a great favourite with philosophers. It admitted that an outward world could not be immediately known; that we could be immediately and directly cognizant of nothing but our own subjective states—in other words, of nothing but our perceptions of this outward world; but, at the same time, it held that it must be postulated as a ground whereby to account for these impressions. This system was designed to reconcile common sense with philosophy; but it certainly had not the desired effect. The convictions of common sense repudiated the decrees of so hollow a philosophy. The belief which this system aimed at creating, was not the belief in which common sense rejoiced. To the man who thought and felt with the mass, the universe was no hypothesis—no inference of reason—but a direct reality which he had immediately before him. His perception of the universe—that is, the universe as he was cognizant of it in perception—was, he felt convinced, the very universe as it was in itself.

Idealism did not care to conciliate common sense; but it maintained, that if we must have recourse to an hypothesis to explain the origin of our perceptions, it would be a simpler one to say, that they arose in conformity with the original laws of our constitution—or simply because it was the will of our Creator that they should arise in the way they do. Thus, a real external world, called into existence by hypothetical Realism, (no other Realism was at present possible,) merely to account for our perceptions, was easily dispensed with as a very unnecessary encumbrance.

Scepticism assumed various modifications; but the chief guise in which it sought to outrage the convictions of mankind was, by first admitting the reality of an external world, and then by proving that this world could not correspond with our perceptions of it. Because, in producing these perceptions, its effects were, of necessity, modified by the nature of the percipient principle on which it operated: and hence our perceptions being the joint result of external nature and our own nature, they could not possibly be true and faithful representatives of the former alone. They could not but convey a false and perverted information. Thus man's primary convictions, which taught him that the universe *was* what it appeared to be, were placed in direct opposition to the conclusions of his reason, which now informed him that it must be something very different from what he took it for.

Thus, in consequence of one fatal and fundamental oversight, the earlier philosophy was involved in inextricable perplexities, in its efforts to unravel the mysteries of perception. But we are now approaching times in which this oversight was retrieved, and in which, under the scrutiny of genuine speculation, the whole character and bearings of the question became altered. Its old features were obliterated; and out of the crucible of

thought it came forth in a new form—a form which carries its solution on its very front. How has this change been brought about?

We have remarked, that all preceding systems were founded on a distinction laid down between objects themselves, and our perceptions of objects. And we have been thus particular in stating this principle, and in enumerating a few of its consequences, because it is by the discovery of a law directly opposed to it, that the great thinkers of modern times have revolutionized the whole of philosophy, and escaped the calamitous conclusions into which former systems were precipitated. In the olden days of speculation, this distinction was rendered real and absolute by the logical understanding. The objective and the subjective of human knowledge (*i.e.* the reality and our perception of it) were permanently severed from one another; and while all philosophers were disputing as to the mode in which these two could again intelligibly coalesce, not one of them thought of questioning the validity of the original distinction—the truth of the alleged and admitted separation. Not one of them dreamt of asking, whether is was possible for human thought really to make and maintain this discrimination. It was reserved for the genius of modern thought to disprove the distinction in question, or at least to qualify it most materially by the introduction of a directly antagonist principle. By a more rigorous observation of facts, modern enquirers have been led to discover the radical identity of the subjective and the objective of human consciousness, and the impossibility of thinking them asunder. In our present enquiry, we shall restrict ourselves to the consideration of the great change which the question regarding man's intercourse with the external world has undergone, in consequence of this discovery—but its consequences are incalculable, and we know not where they are to end.

In attempting, then, to interpret the spirit of this new philosophy, we commence by remarking, that the distinction which lay at the foundation of all the older philosophies is not to be rejected and set aside altogether. Unless we made some sort of discrimination between our perceptions and outward objects, no consciousness or knowledge would be possible. This principle is one of the laws of human thought—one of the first conditions of intelligence. But we allow it only a relative validity. It gives us but one half of the truth. We deny that it is an absolute, final, and permanent distinction; and we shall show that, if by one law of intelligence we constantly separate the subject and the object, so, by another law we as constantly blend them into one. If by one principle of our nature we are continually forced to make this separation, we are just as continually forced, by another principle of our nature, to repair it. It is this latter principle which is now to engage our research. But here we must have recourse to facts and illustrations; for it is only by the aid of these that we can hope to move in an intelligible course through so abstruse an investigation.

We shall illustrate our point by first appealing to the sense of sight. Light or colour is the proper object of this perception. That which is called, in the technical language of philosophy, *the objective*, is the light—that which is called, in the same phraseology, *the subjective*, is the seeing. We shall frequently make use of these words in the sense thus indicated. Now, admitting, in a certain sense, this discrimination between the objective and subjective in the case of vision, we shall make it our business to show that it undoes itself, by *each* of these terms or extremes necessarily becoming, when thought, *both* the subjective and the objective in one.

Let us begin with the consideration of the objective—light. It is very easy to *say* that light is not seeing. But, good reader, we imagine you will be considerably puzzled to *think* light without allowing the thought of seeing to enter into the thinking of it. Just try to do so. Think of light without thinking of seeing; think the pure object without permitting any part of your subjective nature to be blended with it in that thought. Attempt to conjure up the thought of light, without conjuring up along with it in indissoluble union the thought of seeing. Attempt this in every possible way,—then reflect for a moment; and as sure as you are a living and percipient being, you will find that, in all your efforts to think of light, you invariably

begin and end in thinking of *the seeing* of light. You think of light by and through the thought of seeing, and you can think of it in no other way. By no exertion of the mind can you separate these two. They are not two, but one. The objective light, therefore, when thought, ceases to be purely objective; it becomes both subjective and objective—both light and seeing in one. And the same truth holds good with regard to all lighted or coloured objects, such as trees, houses, &c.; we can think of these only by thinking of our seeing of them.

But you will perhaps say, that, by leaving the sunshine, and going into a dark room, you are able to effect an actual and practical separation between these two things—light and seeing. By taking this step, you put an end to your perception; but you do not put an end, you say, to the real objective light which excited it. The perception has vanished, but the light remains—a permanent existence outside of your dark chamber. Now, here we must beware of dogmatizing—that is, of speaking either affirmatively or negatively about any thing, without first of all having thought about it. Before we can be entitled to speak of what *is*, we must ascertain what we *can think*. When, therefore, you talk of light as an outward permanent existence, we neither affirm nor deny it to be so. We give no opinion at all upon the matter. All that we request and expect of both of us is, that we shall think it before we talk of it. But we shall find, that the moment we think this outward permanent existence, we are forced, by the most stringent law of our intelligence, to think sight along with it; and it is only by thinking these two in inseparable unity, that light can become a conceivability at all, or a comprehensible thought.

Perhaps you will here remind us, that light exists in many inaccessible regions, where it is neither seen, nor was ever thought of as seen. It may be so; we do not deny it. But we answer, that, before this light can be spoken of, it must be thought; and that it cannot be thought, unless it be thought of *as seen*—unless we think an ideal spectator of it; in other words, unless a subjective be inseparably added unto it. Perhaps, again, in order to show that the objective may be conceived as existing apart from the subjective, you will quote the lines of the poet—

> "Full many a flower is born to *blush unseen*,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

We reply, that it may be very true that many a flower is born so to do. We rather admit the fact. But we maintain, that in order to speak of the fact, you must think of it; and in order to think of the fact, you must think of the flower; and in order to think of the flower, and of its blushing unseen, you must think of the seeing of the flower, and of the seeing of its blushing. All of which shows, that here, as in every other supposable case, it is impossible to think the objective without thinking the subjective, as its inseparable concomitant—which is the only point we are at present endeavouring to establish.

It will not do to say, that this light *may be* something which *may* exist, outwardly, and independently of all perception of it—though, in consequence of the limitation of our faculties, it may not be possible for us to conceive how, or in what way, its existence is maintained. Reader! put no faith in those who preach to you about the limited nature of the human faculties, and of the things which lie beyond their bounds. For one instance in which this kind of modesty keeps people right in speculative matters, there are a thousand in which it puts them wrong; and the present case is one of those in which it endeavours to prevail upon us to practise a gross imposition upon ourselves. For this light, which is modestly talked of as something which lies, or may lie, altogether out of the sphere of the subjective, will be found, upon reflection, to be conceived only by thinking back, and blending inseparably with it, the very subjective (*i. e.* the seeing) from which it had been supposed possible for thought to divorce it.

Precisely the same thing holds good in the case of sound and hearing. Sound is here the objective, and hearing the subjective; but the objective cannot be conceived, unless we comprehend both the subjective and it in one and the same conception. It is true that sounds may occur, (thunder, for instance, in lofty regions of the

sky,) which are never heard; but we maintain, that in thinking such sounds, we necessarily think the hearing of them; in other words, we think that we *would have* heard them, had we been near enough to the spot where they occurred—which is exactly the same thing as imagining ourselves, or some other percipient being, present at that spot. We establish an ideal union between them and hearing. In respect to thought, they are as nothing unless thought of *as heard.* Thus only do we, or can we, conceive them. Whenever, therefore, the objective is here thought of, the same ideal and indissoluble union ensues between it and the subjective, which we endeavoured to show took place between light and vision, whenever the objective of that perception was thought of.

The consideration of these two senses, sight and hearing, with their appropriate objects, light and sound, sufficiently explain and illustrate our point. For what holds good with regard to them holds equally good with regard to all our other perceptions. The moment the objective part of any one of them is thought, we are immediately constrained by a law of our nature which we cannot transgress, to conceive as one with it the subjective part of the perception. We think objective weight only by thinking the feeling of weight. We think hardness, solidity, and resistance, in one and the same thought with touch or some subjective effort. But it would be tedious to multiply illustrations; and our doing so would keep us back too long from the important conclusion towards which we are hastening. Every illustration, however, that we could instance, would only help to establish more and more firmly the great truth —that no species or form of the objective, throughout the wide universe, can be conceived of at all, unless we blend with it in one thought its appropriate subjective—that every objective, when construed to the intellect, is found to have a subjective clinging to it, and forming one with it, even when pursued in imagination unto the uttermost boundaries of creation.

Having seen, then, that the objective (the sum of which is the whole external universe) necessarily becomes, when thought, both the objective and subjective in one; we now turn to the other side of the question, and we ask whether the subjective (the sum of which is the whole mind of man) does not also necessarily convert itself, when conceived, into the subjective and the objective in one. For the establishment of this point in the affirmative is necessary for the completion of our premises. But we have no fears about the result; for certainly a simple reference made by any one to his own consciousness, will satisfy him that—as he could not think of light without thinking of seeing, or of sound without thinking of hearing—so now he cannot conceive seeing without conceiving light, or hearing without conceiving sound. Starting with light and sound, we found that these, the objective parts of perception, became, when construed to thought, both subjective and objective in one; so now, starting with seeing and hearing, we find that each of these, the subjective parts of perception, become both subjective and objective when conceived. For, let us make the attempt as often as we will, we shall find, that it is impossible to think of seeing without thinking of light, or of hearing without thinking of sound. Vision is thought through the thought of light, and hearing through the thought of sound—and they can be thought in no other manner—and these two are conceived not as two but as one.

But is there no such thing as a faculty of seeing, and a faculty of hearing, which can be thought independently of light and sound? By thinking of these faculties are we not enabled to think of hearing and seeing, without thinking of sound and light? A great deal, certainly, has been said and written about such faculties; but they are mere metaphysical chimeras of a most deceptive character, and it is high time that they should be blotted from the pages of speculation. If, in talking of these faculties, we merely meant to say that man is *able* to see and hear, we should find no fault with them. But they impose upon us, by deceiving us into the notion that we can think what it is not possible for us to think, namely perceptions without their objects—vision without light, and hearing without sound. Consider, for example, what is meant by the faculty of hearing. There is meant by it—is there not?—a power or capacity of hearing, which remains dormant and inert until excited by the presence

of sound; and which, while existing in that state, can be conceived without any conception being formed of its object. But, in thinking this faculty, are we not obliged to think it as something which *would be* excited by sound, if sound were present to arouse it; and in order to think of what is embodied in the words, "would be excited by sound," are we not constrained to think sound itself, and to think it in the very same moment, and in the very same thought, in which we think the faculty that apprehends it? In other words, in order to think the faculty, are we not forced to have recourse to the notion of the very object which we professed to have left out of our account in framing our conception of the faculty? Most assuredly, the faculty and the object exist in an ideal unity, which cannot be dissolved by any exertion of thought.

Again—perhaps you will maintain that the faculty of hearing may be thought of as something which exists *anterior* to the existence or application of sound; and that, being thought of as such, it must be conceived, independently of all conception of its object—sound being *ex hypothesi*, not yet *in rerum natura*. But let any one attempt to frame a conception of such an existence, and he will discover that it is possible for him to do so only by thinking back in union with that existence—the very sound, which he pretended was not yet in thought or in being. Therefore, in this and every other case in which we commence by thinking the subjective of any perception, we necessarily blend with it the objective of that perception in one indivisible thought. It is both of these together, which form a conceivability. Each of them, singly, is but half a thought—or, in other words, is no thought at all; is an abstraction, which may be uttered, but which certainly cannot be conceived.

We have now completed the construction of our premises. One or two condensed sentences will show the reader the exact position in which we stand. Our intercourse with the external universe was the given whole with which we had to deal. The older philosophies divided this given whole into the external universe on the one hand, and our perceptions of it on the other; but they were never able to show how these two, the objective and the subjective could again be understood to coalesce. Like magicians, with but half the powers of sorcery, they had spoken the dissolving spell which severed man's mind from the universe; but they were unable to articulate the binding word which again might bring them into union. It was reserved for the speculation of a later day to utter this word. And this it did by admitting *in limine*, the distinction; but, at the same time, by showing that *each* of the divided members again resolves itself into *both* the factors, into which the original whole was separated: and that in this way the distinction undoes itself—while the subjective and the objective, each of them becoming both of them in one thought, are thus restored to their original indissoluble unity. An illustration will make this plain. In treating of mind and matter, and their connexion, the old philosophy is like a chemistry which resolves a neutral salt into an acid and an alkali, and is then unable to show how these two separate existences may be brought together. The new philosophy is like a chemistry which admits, at the outset, the analysis of the former chemistry, but which then shows that the acid is again *both* an acid and an alkali *in one;* and that the alkali is again *both* an alkali and an acid *in one:* in other words, that instead of having, as we supposed, a separate acid, and a separate alkali, under our hand, we have merely two neutral salts instead of one. The new philosophy then shows, that the question respecting perception answers itself in this way—that there is no occasion for thought, to explain how that may be united into one, which no effort of thought is able to put asunder into two.

By appealing to the facts of our intelligence, then, we have found that whenever we try to think what we heretofore imagined to be the purely objective part of any perception, we are forced, by an invincible law of our nature, to think the subjective part of the perception along with it; and to think these two not as two, but as constituting one thought. And we have also found that, whenever we try to think what we heretofore imagined to be the purely subjective part

of any perception, we are forced, by the same law of our nature, to think the objective part of the perception along with it; and to think these two, not as two, but as constituting one thought. Therefore the objective, which hitherto, through a delusion of thought, had been considered as that which excluded the subjective from its sphere, was found to embrace and comprehend the subjective, and to be nothing and inconceivable without it; while the subjective, which hitherto, through the same delusion of thought, had been considered as that which excluded the objective from its sphere, was found to embrace and comprehend the objective, and to be nothing and inconceivable without it. We have now reached the very *acme* of our speculation, and shall proceed to point out the very singular change which this discovery brings about, with regard to the question with which we commenced these remarks—the question concerning the intercourse between man and the external universe.

What was hitherto considered the objective, was the whole external universe; and what was hitherto considered the subjective, was the whole percipient power—or, in other words, the whole mind of man. But we have found that this objective, or the whole external universe, cannot become a thought at all, unless we blend and identify with it the subjective, or the whole mind of man. And we have also found that this subjective, or the whole mind of man, cannot become a thought at all, unless we blend and identify with it the objective, or the whole external universe. So that—instead of the question as it originally stood, What is the nature of the connexion which subsists between the mind of man *and* the external world?—in other words, between the subjective and the objective of perception? the question becomes this—and into this form it is forced by the laws of the very thought which thinks it—What is the nature of the connexion which subsists between the mind of man *plus* the external universe, on the one hand, AND the mind of man *plus* the external universe, on the other? Or differently expressed, What is the connexion between mind-and-matter (in one), and mind-and-matter (in one)? Or differently still, What is the connexion between the subjective subject-object and the objective subject-object?

This latter, then, is the question really asked. This is the form into which the original question is changed, by the very laws and nature of thought. We used no violence with the question—we made no effort to displace it—that we might bring forward the new question in its room: we merely thought it, and this is the shape which it necessarily assumed. In this new form the question is still the same as the one originally asked; the same—and yet how different!

But though this is the question really asked, it is not the one which the asker really wished or expected to get an answer to. No—what he wished to get explained, was the nature of the connexion between what was heretofore considered the subjective, and what was heretofore considered the objective part of perception. Now, touching this point, the following is the only explanation which it is possible to give him. Unless we are able to think two things *as two* and separated from each other, it is vain and unreasonable to ask how they can become one. Unless we are able to hold the subjective and the objective apart in thought, we cannot be in a position to enquire into the nature of their connexion. But we have shown that it is not possible for us, by any effort of thought, to hold the subjective and the objective apart; that the moment the subjective is thought, it becomes both the subjective and the objective in one; and that the moment the objective is thought, it becomes both the subjective and the objective in one; and that, however often we may repeat the attempt to separate them, the result is invariably the same:—each of the terms, mistakenly supposed to be but a member of one whole, is again found to be itself that very whole. Therefore, we see, that it is impossible for us to get ourselves into a position, from which we might enquire into the nature of the connexion between mind and matter, because it is not possible for thought to construe, intelligibly to itself, the ideal disconnexion, which must necessarily be pre-supposed as preceding such an enquiry. It must not be supposed, however, that this inability to separate the subject and

object of perception, argues any weakness on the part of human thought. Here reason merely obeys her own laws; and the just conclusion is, that these two are not really two, but are, in truth, fundamentally and originally one.

Let us add, too, that when we use the words "connexion between," we imply that there are two things to be connected. But here there are not two things, but only one. Let us again have recourse to our old illustration of the neutral salt. Our hypothesis (for the purpose of explaining the present question) is with regard to this substance, that its analysis, repeated as often as it may be, invariably gives us,—not an alkali *and* an acid, but what turns out to be an acid-alkali, (an indivisible unit,) when we examine what we imagined to be the pure acid; and also what turns out to be an acid-alkali, (an indivisible unit,) when we examine what we imagined to be the pure alkali: so that, supposing we should enquire into the connexion between the acid and the alkali, the question would either be, what is the connexion between an acid-alkali on the one hand, and an acid-alkali on the other?—in other words, what is the connexion between two neutral salts?—or it would be this absurd one, what is the connexion *between one* thing—the indivisible acid-alkali? In the same way, with respect to the question in hand. There is not a subjective *and* objective before us, but there is what we find to be an indivisible subjective-objective, when we commence by regarding what we imagined to be the pure subjective; and there is what we find to be an indivisible subjective-objective also, when we commence by regarding what we imagined to be the pure objective: so that the question respecting the nature of the connexion between the subjective and the objective comes to be either this—what is the nature of the connexion between two subjective-objectives? (but that is not the question to which an answer was wished)—or else this, what is the nature of the connexion *between one* thing—one thing which no effort of thought can construe as really two? Surely no one but an Irishman would think of asking, or expecting an answer to, such a question.

Now, with regard to the question in its new shape, it is obvious that it requires no answer; and that no answer given to it would be explanatory of any real difficulty. For, as in chemistry, no purpose would be gained; no new truth would be evolved by our explaining the connexion between two neutral salts, except an observed increase of bulk in one neutral salt; so in explaining the connexion between two subject-objects, (*i. e.* between mind-and-matter *and* mind-and-matter,) no new truth would be elicited, no difficulty whatever would be solved —the *quantum* before us would be merely increased. Some allowance must be made for the imperfection of the above illustration, but we think that it may serve to indicate our meaning. The true state of the case however, is, that there are not really two subject-objects before us, but only one, viewed under two different aspects. The subject-object viewed subjectively, is the whole mind of man—not without an external universe along with it, but with an external universe necessarily given in the very giving—in the very conception of that mind. In this case, all external nature is *our* nature—is the necessary integration of man. The subject-object viewed objectively, is the whole external universe—not without mind along with it, but with mind necessarily given in the very giving—in the very conception of that external universe. In this case, *our* nature is external nature—is the necessary integration of the universe. Beginning with the subjective subject-object, (mind,) we find that its very central and intelligible essence is to have an external world as one with it: beginning with the objective subject-object, (the external world,) we find that its very central and intelligible essence, is to have a mind as one with it. He who can maintain his equilibrium between these two opposite views, without falling over either into the one, (which conducts to idealism,) or into the other, (which conducts to materialism,) possesses the gift of genuine speculative insight.

One important result of this view of the question is, that it demolishes for ever that explanation of perception which is founded on the relation of cause and effect. Because it has been shown that the cause, that is the object, cannot be conceived at all, unless the effect, that is the perception,

be already conceived in inseparable union with it. Therefore, when we say that the object is the cause of our perception, we merely say that that which, when thought, becomes one with our perception, is the cause of our perception. In other words, we are guilty of the glaring *petitio principii* of maintaining, that our perceptions of objects are the causes of our perceptions of objects.

Another important result of the new philosophy, is the finishing stroke which it gives to the old systems of dogmatic Realism and dogmatic Idealism. The former of these maintains, that an outward world exists, independent of our perceptions of it. The latter maintains, that no such world exists, and that we are cognizant *merely* of our own perceptions. But this new doctrine shows, that these systems are investigating a problem which cannot possibly be answered, either in the affirmative or the negative; not on account of the limited nature of the human faculties, but because the question itself is an irrational and unintelligible one. For if we say, with dogmatic Realism, that an outward world does exist independent of our perception of it, this implies that we are able to separate, in thought, external objects and our perceptions of them. But such a separation we have shown to be impossible and inconceivable. And if, on the other hand, we say with dogmatic Idealism, that an outward world does *not* exist independent of our perceptions of it, and that we are conscious *only* of these perceptions—this involves us in exactly the same perplexity. Because, to think that there is no outward independent world, is nothing more than to think an outward independent world *away*—but to think an independent world *away*, we must first of all think it—but to think an outward independent world at all, is to be able to make the distinction which we have shown it is impossible for us to make—the distinction, namely, between objects and our perceptions of them. Therefore, this question touching the reality or non-reality of an external world cannot be answered; not because it is unanswerable, but because it is unaskable.

We now take leave of a subject which we not only have not exhausted, but into the body and soul of which we do not pretend to have entered. We have confined our discussion to the settlement of the preliminaries of one great question. We think, however, that we have indicated the true foundations upon which modern philosophy must build—that we have described the vital crisis in which speculative thought is at present labouring, while old things are passing away, and all things are becoming new. This form of the truth is frail and perishable, and will quickly be forgotten; but the truth itself which it embodies, is permanent as the soul of man, and will endure for ever. We hope, in conclusion, that some allowance will be made for this sincere, though perhaps feeble, endeavour to catch the dawning rays which are now heralding the sunrise of a new era of science—the era of genuine speculation.

PROSPECTS UNDER THE PEEL MINISTRY.

The period is still distant at which the history of the Reform Bill can be properly written: when its causes can be fully traced, and its consequences calculated: when the motives and merits of the conflicting parties that supported and opposed it can be finally tested and determined: when it can be seen on a calm review of events whether, at some particular crisis, a different move on the part of its opponents could have saved the constitution from so great a change; or whether, at any turn of the game, another result was possible, or would have been desirable.

Whatever may be the ultimate issue of its operation, we see no likelihood that we shall ever repent the course that the Conservative party generally pursued as the opponents of reform. That measure, whether right or wrong, came upon us in so questionable a shape, that we were bound to cross its path and arrest its progress. Unless convinced of its necessity and salutary tendency, we were called upon by our allegiance to the constitution not merely to withhold our approbation from it, but to offer it the most resolute resistance. If it was the determined and deliberate will of the nation that it should be carried, the opposition of any political party, however powerful, would not avert it. But such opposition, proceeding from the active Conservative influences of the community, was sure to be eminently beneficial, though unattended with success, and even though actuated by undue suspicions and over-anxious fears. No country can possess a sound or solid constitutional structure, in which great organic changes can be brought about without strenuous resistance and a violent convulsion. By such formidable and doubtful conflicts the minds of men are deeply and extensively impressed with the serious and solemn nature of all revolutionary movements: they are deterred from attempting them without an adequate inducement and a reasonable prospect of success; they are induced to desist from them whenever the substantial objects are attained for which they have been resorted to; and they are warned against reviving the struggle when once it has terminated, whether in favour of the one party or of the other. In this way the permanent stability of government is secured, and those alike who promoted and deprecated the change, subside into a mutual and not unfriendly acquiescence in the final issue and adjustment of the strife.

An approbation of our former course, in resisting the Reform Bill to the utmost of our power, is thus not only perfectly consistent, but essentially connected with our present equally firm determination to abide by its principles. Our resistance to it was partly prompted, and certainly rendered more energetic, by the conviction that such a change once effected was irrevocable; and the change having now taken place, we feel it our duty, equally as good subjects and as honourable men, to render to the constitution of our country, as thus modified, the same submissive and pious reverence that we acknowledge to have been due to it in its previous form, and when its structure was more conformable to our predilections or prejudices.

In like manner, our sentiments as to the duty we had to discharge in resisting the Reform Bill, are nowise at variance with esteem and respect for those who proposed or promoted it. Allowable varieties of constitutional views, a different reading of the signs of the times, a more sanguine estimate of human or national character, a more sensitive appreciation of existing evils, these diversities of feeling or opinion might induce many men to advocate a measure of reform, who, in all the essential elements of constitutional doctrine and principles, agreed and sympathized with those who condemned it. The parties who took different sides on the reform question were each perhaps in some degree composed of heterogeneous ingredients. The reform party was eminently liable to that observation. It included within its limits, as experience has since shown, the most opposite and most discordant divisions of opinion. Its materials only waited the removal of the pressure arising from the immediate struggle, to fly off in diverging directions, or to turn against each other in a fiercer and more protracted conflict

than that in which they were for the time engaged against their common opponents.

The name, then, of Reformer is in itself little or nothing. It may carry praise, or it may import censure. All depends on the motives, views, and ulterior prospects with which Reform was sought. It would seem that in that measure, as in a magic mirror, those who consulted it in a confiding spirit were enabled to see the particular object of their own thoughts and desires. Some beheld in it, with a wild and wicked exultation, a picture of revolution and democracy—the subversion of nobility and primogeniture—the annihilation or humiliation of the throne—and a re-distribution of property and patrimonial rights. Others, perhaps, discovered in the prospect no such violent overthrow of ancient things, but a great and pleasing alteration of them—a silent subjection of the aristocracies of birth and money to the overwhelming influence of learning, or rather of letters—an ascendancy of the pen or the tongue—a stylocracy, or a glossocracy—when resistless eloquence, whether oral or written, should wield a stronger and a more stable *démocratie* than ever fulmined over Greece or Latium—when essayists, and novelists, and lecturers, should become legislators and rulers,—when a well-turned period, a glittering image, or a liberal aphorism, were to control the caprice of the populace, and tame the pride of the patrician. Others, again, with a candid and constitutional eye, yet coloured with youthful hopes or long-cherished expectations, beheld in the coming change only an improved and more symmetrical arrangement of existing powers and principles, under which anomalies should be corrected and exclusions removed—when the real excellence of the constitution should not be disfigured by glaring inconsistencies, or discredited by galling distinctions—but in which also there should still be provided both a free utterance for the voice of wisdom and virtue, and an ample check on turbulence and disaffection. In a fourth division of the multifarious bands that bore the name of Reformers, a different set of feelings predominated. The crafty and contracted vision of these men, incapable of reaching any large range of effects, whether for good or for evil, was fixed entirely on selfish and personal objects, and discovered in the Reform Bill only the means of perpetuating or prolonging the political power of the peculiar circle of family alliances whom they called their party.

In now determining to which of these sections of Reformers individuals or classes must have belonged, we have no other criterion than what is furnished by their subsequent conduct. In the page of recent history, however, we can already read much that will enlighten us in the prosecution of this important enquiry.

Among the earnest supporters of the Reform Bill, two individuals now stand conspicuous as having supplied us, in the past events of several momentous years, with a full assurance that in their minds that measure was seen and desired, as one of safe amelioration merely, and not as a movement of revolution, or a means of personal aggrandizement. Sir James Graham and Lord Stanley proclaimed at an early period the constitutional principles that actuated them; and their whole career, up to the present hour, has tended to prove their sincerity, and to reward their fortitude. Within two years after the passing of that measure, to the success of which they had so greatly contributed, they quitted office, on the first indication of a principle affecting the maintenance of a religious establishment, and endangering the continuance of British influence in Ireland. They took this step at a time when their leader, Lord Grey, was still in power, and when the Reform party were yet in possession of a decided preponderance in Parliament. But the disruption of party connexions which thus took place did not throw them headlong into a rash alliance with former opponents. The accession of Sir Robert Peel to ministerial power, in 1834, afforded a proof of their caution and independence, which at the time operated painfully and injuriously on the Conservative cause, but which will now, we doubt not, exhibit a tenfold increase of personal cordiality and public confidence. The refusal of office on that occasion by those distinguished persons was probably as necessary for the general good as it was natural in their individual position. No high-minded nation is easily

reconciled to hasty coalitions. It knows the strength and importance of party ties, and it does not love to see them rashly severed and trodden under foot. Still less is it pleased with such a sight, when there is room for suspecting that the motive is in any degree a selfish or a sordid one. It was proper that Peel, on his first appointment as Minister, should offer to Graham and Stanley a place in his cabinet, in order to show that he respected their character, and had no disagreement with their opinions. It was perhaps equally necessary that they should decline his offer, in order to show that office was not their object, and that they were only willing to repose confidence in a new associate after a full trial and thorough approval of his principles.

These men, and such as these, are now well entitled to claim credit before the most Conservative tribunal, for the constitutional spirit in which they promoted the Reform Bill. They are well entitled to adduce their own views and character, not only as a moral vindication of the integrity of their conduct, but as a rational argument in favour of its prudence. They knew, what no one else could then know so thoroughly, the purposes they contemplated, the point where they were resolved to stop, the exertions and the sacrifices which they were prepared to make in order to guide the new constitution in a safe path, and guard it against further innovation. It cannot be doubted that the innocuous or beneficial operation of the Reform Bill, depends greatly on influences which Reformers alone could fully estimate, and in particular, upon the extent to which many who desired reform detested revolution, and were prepared, when the change was effected, to do every thing in their power to confine it within its due limits, and even to feel a peculiar and personal responsibility in discouraging all further attempts to tamper with the constitution.

This, we take it, is in reality, the history of the Reform Bill, so far as it has hitherto gone. Many of its supporters are now the most strenuous opponents of further change—many of the constituencies, for example those of counties, which in their unreformed state were its loudest advocates, are now, after it has passed, the least revolutionary in the empire. All this is most creditable to the good sense and moderation of the English character, to the strong and kindly intertexture of different interests and influences in her social condition; and to the equity and mildness with which the older ascendencies must have exercised their sway. The result is, that in the ninth year of a reformed representation, we see the leading opponent of reform placed by the popular choice at the head of public affairs. We see him further supported in office by those, who, on that great constitutional question, achieved so signal a victory over the very man to whose superior fitness as a statesman they now yield an easy and undoubted precedence.

Very different has been the conduct and career of that portion of the Whig party who have pursued an opposite path from Graham and Stanley. If we could identify the Whigs of 1841 with the Whigs of 1832, the change would present a more striking picture of the instability of human greatness than any that the modern history of this country has yet exhibited, and would infer a graver imputation on the constancy of the national character than we could wish to see justified. But the assumption that is necessary for these views, is wholly unfounded. Not even in its personal composition can the Melbourne Cabinet be considered the same with that of Earl Grey; and in all that regards either power or principle, it affords a startling contrast to it. The respect which the nation paid to the Grey Ministry, could never be claimed by their successors, any more than the terror which we feel for the living lion, is fit to be transferred to his skin and tail, when assumed by an unworthy wearer; or than the reverence inspired by a great man is due to his lackey when dressed in his cast clothes.

On the passing of the Reform Bill, it ought to have been regarded by the Whigs as a plain point, both of policy and principle, to discountenance the advocates of further reform. The hazard of the experiment which the constitution had undergone; the suspicion to which they were already subjected by the revolutionary character of some of their reforming associates, the danger that the measure which they had passed would be destroyed or discredited by a misdirection of its influ-

ence, or a misapprehension of its object; these and similar considerations should have made them peculiarly solicitous to disconnect themselves with the democratic party, and to preserve and extend their alliance with the moderate portion of the community. A vain struggle between the two tendencies was kept up for a time, but ultimately, and particularly under the second Melbourne administration, all pretence of Conservative policy was abandoned—the most disreputable and disaffected men were patronized and promoted—the most dangerous and destructive changes in the constitution were made open questions, and indefinite hopes were held out, that, some time or other, almost any concession whatever might be expected from their facility, or extorted from their fears.

We do not say that the Melbourne cabinet were men of revolutionary principles. The mischief for us and the misfortune for themselves was, that they were men of no principles at all; not disposed to do more harm than there was any occasion for, but ready to hazard every thing that would promote their party or personal objects. Their conduct has sufficiently shown what these men meant by reform. They regarded and wished for it, neither as revolution nor as preservation, but as a juggle and trick by which they might transfer power from their opponents to themselves. They preferred pursuing subsequently a Destructive rather than a Conservative policy, not because they wished to destroy the constitution or to strengthen democracy, but because they feared to be absorbed in the greater weight and influence of the Conservative party, and thought that by aiding the movement they had a chance of a place at its head. Acting on the same principle, they have since exhausted every resource, and tried every stratagem by which they could prolong their power, and they are now out of place only because it was utterly impossible that they could continue to retain what they ought long ago to have relinquished.

It was necessary for the country, or at least it may now be for its benefit, that this remnant of the Whig faction should so long have held office. There has thus been a practical illustration of what has long been alleged, and what has sometimes been proved before, but which needed to be proved again for the instruction of a new and unsuspecting generation. The events of the last five years have unequivocally shown that personal ascendency is the only political principle of that portion of the Whig party who arrogate the name as their exclusive and inalienable property.

In a Whig ministry, if we believed their ancient professions, we should have expected a steady adherence to the principles of the Protestant religion, and we have seen the most abject truckling to the vilest organ of political popery;—we should have relied on their eager desire to purify the popular representation, and we have found them perseveringly bent on protecting an admitted system of fraud and falsehood, and throwing every obstacle in the way of its exposure and reformation;—we should have looked for a cautious and reluctant exercise of the royal prerogative and influence, when placed at their disposal, and we have encountered the most unsparing and unscrupulous abuse of both;—we should have anticipated that in their proceedings they would be animated by a submissive respect for the views of Parliament, and they have exhibited the most systematic disregard of its expressed opinions, and retained the government in the face of more majorities against them than any other Cabinet on record. They have accordingly closed their career with the honourable distinction of being the only British Ministry that ever had a vote of no-confidence carried against them in a Parliament of their former supporters, or that ever were driven from power by an address to the Crown after a dissolution of their own advising.

Among many enormities of the Melbourne Ministry, the following have, perhaps, afforded the strongest proofs of their want of principle:—1. Their proposal and abandonment of the appropriation clause; 2, their bedchamber intrigue; 3, their resistance to the improvement of the Irish system of registration; 4, their final budget, and the measures connected with it.

On each of these matters an instructive chapter might be written; but most of them have on other occasions been sufficiently commented upon. The budget, however, and the financial or commercial propositions

which accompanied it, cannot, in our opinion, be too fully or frequently exposed, in reference to the period and circumstances in which they were brought forward.

The principles of what is called free trade, the views of Mr Huskisson and other economists on the subject of commercial restrictions, are not questions of yesterday. They have for many years been the subject of discussion in this country on innumerable occasions, and in an endless variety of shapes. They have lately been put forward by the Whig Ministry and their adherents as matters, not merely affecting the general welfare of the country, but involving the most important considerations of a moral nature, and urged upon our attention by the most sacred duties of humanity and religion. Of the corn-laws in particular, we have been given to understand in the royal speech of 1841, that they aggravate the natural fluctuations of supply—that they embarrass trade, derange the currency, and, by their operation, diminish the comfort and increase the privations of the great body of the community. On another opportunity, we were told by Lord John Russell that the same laws frustrate the benevolent designs of providence, by defrauding us of that distribution of favourable seasons which enables one country to supply, by its unusual abundance, the accidental deficiency of another. And if we are not mistaken, another minister, or organ of the late ministry, expressed surprise how any one could say the Lord's Prayer, and yet support the corn-laws as they exist.

We do not now enter on the question whether these views are correct or not. Assume them for a moment to be so, and then see how they affect the character of the late ministry. They seem to us, when considered in connexion with their public conduct, to convict them in the clearest manner, either of great want of capacity, or still greater want of principle.

The late ministry are to be regarded, either as having recently adopted these opinions, or as having long entertained them.

If they have recently adopted the opinions thus avowed, their conduct and bearing should have been very different from what we have witnessed. They should have confessed their continued and culpable blindness to such important truths; they should have dealt charitably and tolerantly with those who still retained the errors which they have so lately renounced; and they should have been anxious, both for their own justification, and for the promotion of truth, to analyse and exhibit the facts or arguments which led to so sudden and complete a conversion. None of these indications of a change of conviction have characterised their general demeanour. In one case only has a revolution of opinion been avowed; and in that case nothing has been stated to explain it. In all the other examples the ministerial language and deportment have been those of men who have all along entertained the sentiments which they now express, who have never had a doubt of their soundness and urgency, and who have long maintained a faithful though fruitless struggle for those free-trade principles to which they are now exhibiting a disinterested and a glorious martyrdom.

If it be held, however, that the late ministry, as a body, had for years entertained the opinions which they have now announced, what are we to think of their patriotism or principle? The Melbourne Ministry, as a separate party, held office, or possessed an ascendency in the House of Commons for upwards of seven years, and never, until the last stage of their existence, was a whisper heard of that which has now been so loudly proclaimed. Year after year rolled on; one royal speech succeeded another, without any indication of those opinions which were at last made the great battle-cry in their dying struggle. With whatever intensity the doctrines of free trade and anti-monopoly were burning within their breasts, no trace of their existence in that region was ever externally visible until the final and fatal explosion which we have recently witnessed. How painfully they must have submitted to the imputation of frustrating the designs of Providence—how often they must have said the Lord's Prayer with a consciousness of guilt, and how strongly they must have been tempted to omit entirely those devotions which they could not comfortably perform, are matters which themselves alone can reveal. In the mean time, it cannot be pretended that opportunities were wanting for avowing such prin-

ciples, or that other measures of paramount importance were stopping the way. These laws, which so seriously tend to affect the national supply of food, to derange the currency, to embarrass trade, and to increase privation, were surely objects of more immediate interest, than the assertion of an abstract appropriation principle, brought forward, as it appeared, only to be abandoned, and referable to a possible surplus, of which the earliest conceivable advent was at the distance of half a century. Repeated considerations of the poor laws, tending as these did to limit, whether rightly or not, the comforts of the wretched, might have suggested, as some counterpoise to their pressure, the modification of other odious enactments by which the privations of the same class were already rendered unduly severe. The occurrence, whether unavoidable or not, of warlike outbreaks abroad, and the extraordinary expenses of military expeditions and establishments in various quarters of the globe, might have recommended, at the very moment when they arose, the natural resource which would arise from a removal of restrictions, which, by injuring all our commercial and patrimonial interests, diminished our general ability to bear the necessary burdens of taxation. Even the "penny postage," involving as it did a great defalcation of revenue, was surely less urgent than the "big loaf," pregnant at once with individual comfort and with public profit.

But the sins of the Melbourne Ministry on this head were not those of omission only.

> "Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
> But why did you kick me down stairs?"

Committees of enquiry on the operation of the corn-laws were repeatedly refused, their supporters branded with the stigma of insanity, and all proposals of free trade treated with coolness and contempt. Only a year before the change, Mr Ewart's motion on the sugar duties was strenuously resisted; and so little had the evils of a restricted trade been felt or confessed, that Manchester members, and presidents of Chambers of Commerce, were unwarily coaxed and courted into uttering the most flattering echoes of her Majesty's speeches to Parliament, and pronouncing the most high-flown eulogiums upon the prosperity of the country under a Whig government—with an effect the most ludicrously damaging to all the arguments of free-traders. At what precise turn of the tables the change of opinion or policy was effected, need not be enquired. But certain it is, that the late Ministry not only did not support, but actually resisted to the utmost of their power, every proposal for altering the corn-laws, or removing the restrictions on foreign trade that have lately been under discussion, until a period when all their other chances of retaining office had vanished, when all power of promoting any measures whatever had passed from their hands; and when, from the previous prostitution of their names and influence, their very advocacy of such measures was prejudicial to the success of them.

Considerations such as these produced throughout the country a just and general aversion both to Ministers and to their measures. What has often been said in jest of all politicians, came to be popularly believed in earnest of the Melbourne Cabinet—that adhesion to place for the sake of its emoluments, was their ruling or only principle; and those who took a more candid, and we have no doubt, a more correct view of their conduct, were satisfied, that though their object might be less sordid, it was equally selfish; and that they had resolved, at every sacrifice of public advantage or personal dignity, to maintain the ascendency of their own party and the exclusion of their opponents. From whatever motive it arose, their tenacity of office placed them in a highly disadvantageous contrast with the Conservative party, who had, in many ways, evinced their superiority to such objects. Men who, like Graham and Stanley, had refused office when offered to them by Sir Robert Peel; and Peel himself, who had rejected it so recently when within his reach, rather than accept it upon conditions inconsistent with public principle, even on a minor question, were necessarily regarded by the English nation as immeasurably better deserving of confidence than those with whom they were placed in competition.

The Melbourne Ministry, and their adherents, have urged, in very pitiable accents, one plea for their reten-

tion of office, one ground of complaint against their removal from it, to which we can allow very little weight. They speak of the great services which they have performed in times past, of the important measures which they have carried in the course of their career. They go back to the Reform Bill, the Slave Emancipation Bill, and other Liberal changes, for which they allege the nation to be their debtors, and they hint at their country's ingratitude in now dismissing the authors of so many public benefits. We both deny the facts upon which this plea is rested, and we demur to its sufficiency. Assuming the beneficial character of many of the measures referred to, we cannot allow the Melbourne Ministry to claim the merit of them, as we conceive that Lord Grey's cabinet is by no means to be identified, and is in some points to be strongly contrasted, with its degenerate descendants. We know of little that the Melbourne Ministry have accomplished on which any party can look with gratitude, and nothing, certainly, that can counterbalance the mischief that they have done, and the good that they have omitted to do. But we further dispute, that past services of the most signal and beneficial kind, are any reason for continuing in office the men who performed them. For such services the proper reward is the tribute of gratitude itself—a place in the annals of the country—or at the utmost, a retiring pension. But men who may at one time have served their country ever so much, are not, on such a ground, entitled to retain that official position which is only due to present and prospective efficiency. The veteran charger who may have borne us to victory through the smoke of battle, is well entitled, in his old age, to his paddock and his shed, but he cannot be permitted, with dim eyes and stumbling feet, to insist on still mingling in active service. Much less can the past achievements of a superannuated steed form a ground for employing, in honourable exertion, an ignoble and impotent hybrid, who boasts to be descended from him, but in whose composition the character of some lazy and long-eared mother is more conspicuously predominant.

We have dwelt so long on the circumstances connected with the fall of the late Ministry, as they appear to us to afford the most auspicious omens of the prosperous continuance of those by whom they have been displaced. The sources of strength possessed by Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues seem to be large and various.

1. The new Ministry will be strong in the weakness of their opponents. The present prostration of the Whig party bears a direct proportion to the length of time for which they had shamelessly clung to office. They have exhausted any stamina which they ever possessed. They have postponed the remedies that might have restored their constitution, until the case was incurable. They remained in place, until they had multiplied precedents against themselves, on points of prerogative, expenditure, inefficiency, and corrupt abuse of power and patronage, which must forever shut their mouths as an opposition, whatever may be the fancied irregularities of any other government. Their extreme measures have thinned their ranks, by alienating their most respectable supporters, and their want of dignity and decision has deprived them of any control over the adherents that remain with them. On the Opposition benches we shall now witness all the inefficacy of anarchy, or the worse weakness of a constitutional party abasing themselves to the utmost depths of democratic violence, to regain a position in which they formerly proved themselves the servile flatterers of the crown, and the treacherous oppressors of the people.

2. The new Ministry will be strong in their own extensive influence and established character. The Cabinet that has just been formed, while it includes the greatest individual names of the age, exhibits a wider connection with the most powerful political and personal sources of authority than any that has been formed for a long period. Its various members represent in a remarkable degree the best portions of *all the administrations* that have governed this country for the last half century, with the single exception of that recent administration of which the expiring effluvia are at this moment so painfully present to the national nostrils. The names of Wellington and Peel, of Graham and Stanley, of Ripon, of Canning, and of Liverpool, are, even

in their very sounds, indications of a powerful coalition of the most persuasive influences, and give a firm assurance of a comprehensive sympathy and support among those whose approbation is best worth possessing.

3. The new Ministry will be strong in the very variety of interests and of original opinions which it embraces. Amidst a distinguished display of hereditary aristocracy, there is in its composition a large infusion of that rank and station which recent personal merit has succeeded in achieving. The Prime Minister of England refers his position in no distant degree to individual industry and enterprize; yet we see him willingly selected, and worthily installed, as a fit champion of opinions which involve the just influence of that order with which he has no primary connection, but of which, ere the close of his career, he is in all probability himself destined to be an illustrious ornament. Of that anticipated promotion, however, we may in passing be permitted to embody an anxious wish under a playful alteration and adaptation of two lines of Horace:—

> Serus in cœlum subeas, diuque
> Lætus intersis populo Quirini.*

Wellington, though of noble blood, owes his individual honours to his sword and his services; and the present occupant of the woolsack may, with remarkable propriety, be cited as an example of the elevation which can be won by the virtues of the gown, unaided by adventitious recommendations. Reflecting men must feel it to be impossible for a Cabinet so composed to forget or violate the spirit of the constitution—either in its positive provisions as respecting the liberty and protection of all classes, or in in those less formal principles which open the freest avenues of success to every description of merit, and which thus, both by admixture and emulation, preserve in the national aristocracy an active and healthy energy unknown among the other nobles of Europe. In like manner, the various political tendencies which the Cabinet in some degree presents, not combined, as has sometimes been attempted, in a hasty and ill-assorted juxtaposition, but blended together by a long process of mutual fusion and amalgamation, afford a bright prospect of vigour and efficacy. The British nation is itself a combination of different interests, which in one view are conflicting, but in another are coincident and consentaneous. Society itself implies that there should be a mutual sacrifice and accommodation of individual rights; and what is true of our personal relations, may be affirmed also of our commercial and patrimonial interests. The *summum jus*, the utmost latitude of freedom in one individual or class, would imply an encroachment on the corresponding claims of others; and true freedom in either view, consists in such an abridgment of separate privileges as will leave to all the widest scope, and best contribute to the general advantage. In order fitly to consult the good of a community, its administrators must, in some degree, represent the different competing claims and opinions which are exhibited in its own structure. In the case we are considering, this is eminently conspicuous. All must feel assured that their individual interests, whether of trade or agriculture, of wealth or enterprize, of rank or talent, are faithfully reflected in one or other compartment of the Peel Cabinet. They may thus feel assured that, in its councils, their welfare and importance are not likely to be overlooked, and they will, therefore, the more readily acquiesce in any fair adjustment of contending principles which such men may determine to be equitable and advantageous. The union also of certain shades of political sentiment will tend to the same result. One portion of its members affords us a sure guarantee that the Ministry will attempt nothing that is dangerous; another gives us an ample pledge that they will adopt nothing that is illiberal.

4. The new Ministry will be strong in having secured the mutual sympathy and concurrence of both Houses of the Legislature. The practical advantages of such a position, and the

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* We venture on a hasty parody:—

> Late to the Lords may you receive your summons,
> And long remain to lead our House of Commons.

contrast in which the present Government in this respect stand in relation to their predecessors, are so obvious as to require no proof or illustration.

5. The new Ministry will be strong in the uprightness and simplicity of the course which its members pursued while in opposition. Never in the annals of Parliament were the opponents of Government possessed of such power of annoyance and embarrassment as Sir Robert Peel's party might have displayed while the Whigs held office, and never was the giant's strength less tyrannously used, or so as less to justify a course of factious attack now that parties have changed places. Further, the Conservatives come into power without having held out any promises or professions that are likely to occasion inconvenience to themselves or disappointment to the country. They have given no pledges—except in general terms, that they will preserve our national institutions, and do justice among the various classes of the community. The attempts of their opponents to compel an indication of their future policy have been ludicrously eager and signally unsuccessful. It is the observation of the Whigs themselves, that Sir Robert Peel is at this moment free to do any thing that he pleases; and although this is only true under certain honourable limitations, it sufficiently serves to express the generous confidence which the constituencies of the country have reposed in the general principles and character of the Conservative party. In this state of things there is no risk of that reaction which springs from overexcited hopes, or of that resentment which is due to violated engagements. The nation would have no specific cause of complaint, even if Peel should do little more than Melbourne, and no human contrivance could possibly bring it about that he should do less.

6. Finally, the new Ministry will find an important source of strength in the present state of public feeling. The country is sick of agitation and change; it is still more sick of profession and non-performance. Its feelings have been kept on the stretch for an unusually long period; and those who have attained their object, as well as those who have failed in doing so, are strongly disposed to return to a state of rest and routine. The change that has just occurred has been well characterized as resembling a restoration. It has been occasioned not by an effort, but by the cessation of all effort—by the operation of natural forces which have for a time been suspended or overpowered by extraordinary interference. The bent bow returns with eagerness to its ordinary laxity. The uplifted weight rushes back, when it can, to its proper level. These processes are emblems of what is now going on. The nation is falling again into its ordinary condition, in which its natural tendencies will, without difficulty, retain it until some extraordinary cause shall excite it once more to act in contradiction to its ordinary laws of cohesion and gravitation. As an additional ground on which the present position of things may be contemplated as permanent, it may be observed, that many irritating causes of disturbance are wholly at an end. The Reform Bill, and the Catholic Relief Bill, have removed occasions of agitation and collision of influence, which no remaining question, as far as we can at present see, is likely to renew.

We are firmly persuaded that the sources of strength and stability which the Peel Ministry enjoy are not likely to be thrown away or forfeited by their conduct in office. The first principle by which they will be regulated, is the preservation of our great institutions in Church and State. The second will be the due and firm enforcement of the law, without distinction of parties or persons. But combined with those principles, we may expect a scrupulous regard for the rights of civil and religious freedom—a mild and equitable moderation in the adjustment of all matters of administrative regulation, or not involving a fixed constitutional truth—an anxious desire to amend practical abuses, and to remove just grounds of cavil and complaint against the laws or government of the country—a dignified but conciliatory vindication of the national honour abroad—a careful and comprehensive revision of our financial system at home—a vigorous assertion of the authority of Government over the individual or sectional objects of its supporters—and a resolute determination to preserve its authority by the surest of all means, a readiness to surrender office when it can no longer be held without a sacrifice of honour and inte-

grity. Under a government of this kind we may look for many signal blessings to our beloved country, of which, during the last ten years of trouble and turmoil, we have been deprived. A feeling of security will be produced, which in itself is of the utmost value, and without which there can neither be enterprize nor credit. Men will know, with some certainty, the worth both of their own property and of that of their neighbours; and will thus have a standard for fixing both what they may expend on themselves, and what they may invest in the hands of others. The distractions arising from political hopes and fears being removed, will make way for better feelings and pursuits, for practical questions of public improvement, and for the free cultivation of science, of art, and of literature. Leisure and encouragement will also be afforded for extending to our vast and inexhaustible possessions abroad, a larger share of that improvement and assistance which colonies deserve from their mother country, and which, under proper management, they are sure so amply to repay. England will thus go forward more fearlessly and faithfully than ever, in her great mission as the chief dispenser of civilization and Christianity over the world.

In conclusion, it will not be overlooked—and this we might have added to our enumeration, as a separate source of strength to the present Ministry—that their expulsion from office would, in all probability, not merely restore the state of things which preceded their accession. The desperate and distracted condition of the liberal party would, in the event of their return to power, involve the ascendency of the most revolutionary doctrines: and would certainly lead to a violent struggle of extreme opinions, which, even if confined to commercial questions merely, would, in its very agitation, shake credit and confidence to their foundations, and might ultimately terminate in the subversion of all existing patrimonial relations, in wide-spread misery and suffering, and in almost universal insolvency, public and personal.

From such a result, nothing can protect us but a calm confidence in the government now appointed, the existence of which it is no exaggeration to describe as the only strong barrier which we possess against the advance of revolution and ruin. The same good sense and reflection which have been providentially kept alive in the English nation during its past difficulties, will, we most firmly anticipate, still guide it in the path of prudence and moderation, and protect it from those dangers which, by assailing its present peace and prosperity, threaten to overturn the noblest monument of religious civilization, of enlightened government, and of well-ordered liberty, that has ever been reared by the hand of Heaven for the admiration and imitation of mankind.

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EUROPEAN HISTORY.

We have followed Mr Alison's progress through the events of the great Jacobin convulsion with unremitting interest; but we feel this interest increasing as he approaches the close of his vigorous and vivid narrative. We feel like those who, after having heard the ravings of some tremendous tempest through the night, rejoice at the first broken gleams of day, to tell them what those roaring thunders and sulphurous flashings—those bursts of whirlwind and cataracts of rain—have done among the forests, and churches, and villages of the horizon;—what devastation they have wrought among the labours of man, and with what havoc they have swept the face of nature. From the period now commenced all is comparatively calm. Desperate acts, it is true, are done from time to time, and blood is destined to flow in torrents—fit to consummate the last sufferings of an empire reared in perfidy, sustained by violence, and destined to fall, like some great criminal, amid the gaze of assembled Europe—die by the axe of general justice, and saturate with its own gore the colossal scaffold to which it had dragged so many kingdoms of the world.

But the character of events is subsiding gradually into the ordinary course of human things. Statesmen negotiate and soldiers fight after the manner of ages gone by. The cabinet is not a conclave of minds whose energy and wickedness might have held council in pandemonium. The field is not a bottomless gulf in which whole armies are swept down by the wand of the necromancer, or driven like dust before the fiery breath of his indignation. There is a returning proportion of results to means. The chances of victory or ruin come within human calculation. It is evident that the mystery is passing away; and that the era of common light and natural things is advancing again.

But there are still higher announcements than the overthrow of the tyrant, and his subtle and powerful agencies of ill. We are summoned by the historian to trace the revival of good; to mark the progress of that new existence of morals, physical nerve, and public principles, without which the overthrow would be more than incomplete; to see the magnificent faculties in operation, which have been given to man to restore the balance beat down by his crimes; and to receive the solemn conviction that, if the triumph of the righteous cause be delayed, it is not the less splendidly secure.

In one of the noblest passages of

History of Europe, from the commencement of the French Revolution in 1789 to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815. By Archibald Alison, F.R.S.E., advocate. Volume the Ninth.

the noblest of all poets, we find this combination of overthrow and revival expressed in a still loftier theme. The Supreme Deliverer comes in his grandeur and terror to rescue his kingdom from the evil presence:—

"He, in celestial panoply, all arm'd,
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Ascended; at his right hand, Victory
Sat eagle-wing'd, beside him hung his bow
And quiver, with three-bolted thunder stored;
And from about him fierce effusion roll'd
Of smoke, and bickering flame, and sparkles dire.
Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,
He onward came."

But in this pomp of indignant sovereignty, the spirit of restoration moves on the wing:—

"Before him power divine his way prepared:
At his command the uprooted hills retired,
Each to his place, they heard his voice, and went
Obsequious. Heaven his wonted face renew'd,
And with fresh flow'rets rill and valley smiled."

The blow which France had struck on Russia recoiled upon herself; and the effect of the blow on Russia was like that of an insult to a powerful man unacquainted with his own strength. It awoke her to energies of which she was unaware; put weapons into her hands of which she had no previous knowledge; and, having forced her into a commanding position, impelled her to new and gigantic efforts, to uphold the rank which she had thus involuntarily gained.

Mr Alison details, with great minuteness and great interest, the physical and moral capacities of Russia for extended empire. European Russia—that is, Russia to the westward of the Ural mountains—contains 1,500,000 of square geographical miles, or sixteen times the surface of the British islands, which contain 91,000; and though a vast extent of this territory is covered with forest, or lies so far to the northward as to be almost unproductive of food, those deserts contain vast ranges of pasture, the natural seat of those tribes of horsemen, who, in all the foreign wars of the empire, must form her advanced guard, and in all her invasions must constitute her unrivalled defence. But the rich arable plains in the heart of the empire, are capable of producing an inexhaustible quantity of corn, fruits, and every other vegetable wealth that the earth can offer to the necessity or the luxury of man.

The variety of climate in this vast empire includes almost every temperature, and consequently almost every product of the globe. As Mr Alison, with his usual grace of language, tells us, in its northern extremities the cold is so intense, and vegetation so stunted, that a birch-tree, full grown and of perfect form, can be carried in the palm of the hand. In its southern latitudes the richest fruits of the vine, the apricot, and the peach, ripen on the sunny slopes of the Crimea: and fields of roses, which perfume the air for miles around, flower in luxuriant beauty on the shores of the Danube. But it is only when approaching the latitude of Moscow that green crops are general; thence to the south, vast extents of pasturage intervene, arid in the height of summer, but in spring covered with innumerable flowers. Going deeper still, the traveller reaches the shores of the Black Sea, where among spots, some unwholesome and some savagely sterile, are to be found scenes of exquisite beauty. The southern extremity of the Crimea is painted as a terrestial paradise. In the description of Pallas, high hills, masses of rock, streams and cataracts, verdant fields and woods, and the sea that bounds the landscape, render the view equal to any thing imagined or described by the poets. The simple life of the people—their cottages cut in the rock, and concealed by the foliage of the surrounding gardens—the shepherd's fruit and his flocks scattered on the hills—remind the traveller of the golden age. But we have other means of ascertaining the comparative powers of so vast a territory. Russia in Europe contains a twenty-eighth part of the terrestrial surface. If this territory were peopled but as Great Britain is, it would contain 311,000,000 of souls. Its present population is about 60,000,000, and it is computed to double in about half a century. Thus, in about a hundred years from the present time, Russia may have 200,000,000. Yet even those im-

mense extents are narrow to the Asiatic portion of the empire, which amounts to no less than 5,250,000 square miles, or above an eighth of the whole surface of the globe. This portion, now occupied by about 11,000,000 of souls, if peopled as England is, would have 500,000,000, or about half the present inhabitants of the globe. We fully agree with Mr Alison, that this is an extraordinary dominion to be placed under one diadem; but we have the consolation of believing that its very magnitude diminishes its peril and its power. What may be done by a sovereign commanding seven hundred millions of men, with firm and forcible supremacy, is yet to be told. But the world has never yet seen its example; and China, with her three hundred millions, is the slave of those fierce beggars of the desert, who bake their dinners under their saddles, and boil the thistle that their horses eat. And we may fairly conceive that the mere administration of an empire, thus scattered over an eighth of the earth, and among whose chill and melancholy barbarians administration must do every thing, may fully occupy a large share of that time which more leisure and less reluctant means might devote to glory and slaughter in Europe.

Still it must be acknowledged that her force is prodigious. Russia has on paper 850,000 infantry, and 250,000 cavalry; but continental muster-rolls are proverbially fallacious, and fact deals worse with them than pitched battles. A sweep of the pen lays them low by hundreds of thousands; and Mr Alison computes that the true estimate of the Russian army for offensive war would be 400,000 infantry, 100,000 horse, and 50,000 artillerymen in the field. We entirely agree with this eloquent writer, that a force of this order, if it could be gathered at the moment, flung into the heart of Europe, and manœuvred there with the rapidity of European tactics, might produce terrible effects; but if it is our part not to be rash, it is also our part not to be desponding. We altogether doubt the power of Russia in committal with European hostility. She has occupied a hundred years in making the experiment of European conquest, and has never beaten any body but the Poles and the Turks, the only two powers of Europe more barbarian than herself. In the Seven Years' War, with the aid of Maria Theresa, and under the daring and reckless government of that she-dragon, Catharine, she could not conquer a single province of the least of European kingdoms, Prussia. Even Poland she could conquer only by partition, and that partition she could accomplish only by conspiracy. France, within memory, brought her to the ground in a single campaign, and was prevented from dismembering her only by the infatuation which marked that the days of that fierce and bloody empire were numbered. Napoleon, standing on the Polish border, had his choice which of her arteries he should sluice; and she would have perished of the flow of imperial blood from Moscow, if he had waited to strike the blow in spring instead of winter. St Petersburg was as open to him as Moscow; and if he had fixed even his winter-quarters in the palace of the Czars, the Neva would long since have been a French river, and Russia only a fragment of Tartary.

Do we say this to affront a powerful empire? No. But we hate and execrate the passion for conqnest. It is the accursed thing. We can comprehend the love of power, the passion for enjoyment, the eagerness for the possession of wealth, even the royal vanity of glittering in the diamonds and embroidery of ornaments and orders. But we cannot comprehend in any but the spirit of darkness himself, the passion for power whose every step must be purchased with blood; the thirst of territory which the sword has made only a grave for its brave possessors; the insensate and callous selfishness which can force thousands of faithful and gallant subjects into the field to slaughter thousands as faithful and gallant as themselves; and while whole plains and mountains are covered with mutilated forms — dead, or dying in agony, and thousands of orphaned hearts are breaking at their loss—can coolly receive the bulletin on his sofa, talk of himself as a conqueror, and call this comprehensive and unutterable crime against God and nature, fame. If this be the spirit of any nation existing, Europe cannot too vigilantly watch, too boldly resist, too condignly punish, or too totally exter-

minate her principles, her power, and her existence together.

The *Serfhood* of Russia is a remarkable feature in her constitution; and, by an equally remarkable paradox, is at once her strength and her weakness. It is her physical strength, as supplying her government with an unlimited quantity of passive, yet powerful, human material; it is her weakness, as for ever prohibiting vigorous national advance while it shall continue. National liberty is wholly incompatible with this state of the lower population; it must destroy, or be destroyed by it. Yet it has the advantages to the slave which are compatible with slavery. "The labourers," as Mr Alison observes, "on an estate constitute, as they formerly did in the West Indies, the chief part of its value; and thus the proprietor is induced to take care of his slaves by the same motives which prompt him to do so with his buildings or cattle. Relief in sickness, care of orphans, maintenance of the maimed, or in old age, are important advantages to the labouring classes, even in the most favourable circumstances."

But he ventures on a bolder strain:—"The long want of such maintenance and care for the poor, is the true secret of the misery of Ireland: it would be a real blessing to its inhabitants, in lieu of the destitution of freedom, to obtain the protection of slavery. Stripes, insults, and compulsory labour, are no light evils; but they are as nothing compared to the wasting agonies of famine, and the violence of ill-directed and ungovernable passions, which never fail to seize upon prematurely emancipated man."

Into this topic we do not enter. But we believe, that if the villanous prejudices which have been driven into the unfortunate Irish peasant, by faction, could be got rid of, he would require neither the shelter of slavery nor the comfortless charity of poor-laws. His position is altogether unnatural. Faction sets him at variance with his natural friends, to make him the tool of traitors. He is compelled to quarrel with his landlord, his neighbour, his tithe-owner, his magistrate, his parliamentary representative; he is compelled to murder the man against whom some other murderer of higher grade has a grudge; to shoot the man who bids against him for a piece of ground on which he sets his affections; to shoot the agent who lets it; to shoot the landlord who authorizes the agent; to shoot the accuser who charges him with the deed; to shoot the witness whom that accuser brings forward. And after all this patriotic performance, he thinks himself entitled to complain, that absentees are hourly leaving the scene of his campaign to himself, that wealth will not flow in, that wages are low, that law is hard, and that Ireland is ruined. Faction takes the note, puts it in her trumpet, flourishes it with variations of her own, takes her stand in Parliament, and from the Opposition bench blazes it round the world.

To wing our way again across Europe:—We entirely agree with the historian in his views of the power and the purposes of Russia. His details of her strength, her insurmountable climate, her vast variety of productions, her military spirit, the superstitious devotion of her peasantry to conquest, the throne, and the renown of Russia—the deep military current in which all the feelings of the people, the property, and the rank of the empire are carried along—all are told with an exactness of knowledge, and a force of expression, which demand conviction. But we still hope the best. We feel like the traveller who sees the thunder-storm gathering its folds over the horizon. He there sees irresistible power, the materials of boundless devastation; the thunder tells him of a mysterious strength within, to which human defence is nothing; the lightning threatens to consume tower and temple, harvest and forest, round the horizon. Yet he waits; and sees all this mighty demonstration pass away almost without injury. It has not been without its purpose, perhaps, even not without its mischief—it may have burned the thatch of a cottage, or split a tree; but it has shaken the atmosphere, it has cooled the earth, it has swelled the ear in the harvest which it seemed sent to desolate, and it has given fresh greenness to the vegetation which its stores of wrath had the power to have scorched for ever.

Russia is a mighty power, but she has a vast space on the north and east, where her thunder and lightnings may roar and blaze, unharming mankind.

We think that a divine distinction is to be found even in conquest. Where territory has been gained by perfidy and blood, it brings an inevitable curse on the conquering nation—a curse which it takes many a long year of suffering to expiate: then all falls into the old order. But a territory gained by peaceful advance, by the superiority of civilization to the barbarism which seeks its shelter by necessary war, or by prior discovery, is never given without a purpose; and that purpose a beneficent one to the conquered, and a harmless and even an honourable one to the conqueror. With a few exceptions, the authority of Russia over the immense regions to the north and east, has been thus gained. It has been like the advance of day over the realms of night. Even the more dubious conquests of the Turkish provinces, have been scarcely less than the natural fruits of natural hostility against restless and furious barbarism, always ready to provoke war, and always requiring to be kept down by the sword. Her Persian wars have been in the same natural course of quarrel with treacherous and intriguing barbarism; the coercion of a wild beast, that even in its quiet hour must be caged, and in its fury must be chastised with the lash, and the point of the spear. There is the Russian field, there the atmosphere in whose unlimited regions the grandeur of its strength is designed for development; there are the harvests of humankind parching for the descent of civilization; there the long lingering pestilences which the visitation of that rapid and magnificent mass of power has been summoned on the wing to purify for the generations to come.

We strongly hope that European conquest is impossible, at least for a hundred years to come. We have seen the terrible experiment made, and seen its failure marked by such condign punishment on the nation by which it was made—and the more than punishment, the deep, stern unequaled heap of shame and agony which was gathered over the head of him who inspired that nation, the intense bitterness of that cup of poison which was forced to the lip of Napoleon—that it less resembles the result of a great human calamity, than of a rebellion against some direct decree of the Supreme.

Napoleon's was a Tartar war in the heart of Europe. He made war support itself; he fought without money. This is the only war which a Russian emperor could make in Europe. He, too, must fight without money. But it was this principle that ruined Napoleon. If ever country was made for European conquest, it was France—central, populous, frenzied for fame, ravening for possession, and utterly reckless of blood. If ever man was made to consummate all its frenzy, it was Napoleon—desperately unprincipled, fiercely ambitious, full of talent, full of the superstition of success, full of energy, and full of the conviction that continual conquest was a necessity of his crown, his genius, and his existence. Yet neither France nor Napoleon could resist the ruin inevitably wrought by the principle of making war support war. From the moment when it becomes robbery, war summons not armies against it, but nations. It forces the sword not into the hands of the soldier alone, but of the peasant—nor of the man alone, but of man, woman, and child. It brings into the field against it not the policy of cabinets, but the wrath, the dexterity, the hatred, the sworn and deathless hostility, of all who can feel injury in the heart, and revenge it with the hand. It brings in a more fearful auxiliary, which soon becomes a principal. The powers of heaven are arrayed against this desperate assault on the common principles of society; and the gigantic assailant is crushed alike under the anathema of Providence and the indignation of human nature.

St Petersburg must be acknowleged to be an extraordinary work of art; in the regularity of its plan, the costliness of its public buildings, and the general magnificence of its architecture, it is without a rival. The stranger finds himself in a city of palaces; the barbarian genius of Peter the Great has effected more in a marsh, than the polished skill and hereditary wealth of European sovereigns in the finest situations in the world. But it is impossible for us to doubt that St Petersburg is only a magnificent mistake. Its great founder, in showing the haughtiness with which barbarism defies obstacles, has shown only the rashness of attempting to conquer the eternal resistance of na-

ture. Moscow ought to be the sole capital of the empire. By building St Petersburg at a cost of wealth and life which would have made Moscow as splendid as a dream of eastern imagination, he formed two interests where there should be but one; he fixed the great organ of government at the remotest possible distance from the most vigorous, populous, and important portion of his dominions; he condemned his successors and his court to the most horrible climate; planted eternal jealousy between the north and south, and gained little more than the fixture of a splendid settlement, surrounded by swamps and snows, on the shores of a sea frozen six months in the year, and with nothing before it for conquest but the melancholy wastes of Poland, and the frozen deserts of Scythia. If he had concentrated the strength of the empire round Moscow, with its glorious climate, its fertile soil, and its superb position, Russia must have long since been to the east what ancient Rome was to the west; the territories which have since cost her such long and wasteful struggles, would have been spontaneously absorbed into her dominion, and every power from the Indus to the Hellespont would have acknowledged her diadem, either as a tributary or a slave. The ruin of the French army on the retreat from Moscow, forced Napoleon to depend once more upon his personal dexterity. He decided on instantly returning to Paris, and his decision was put in practice with even indecorous rapidity. Secretly leaving the army on the 5th of December 1812 at Smorgoni, in Lithuania, he flew through Warsaw, from Dresden wrote to the Emperor of Austria urging him to augment his auxiliary force, and on the 18th of December, at eleven at night, arrived at the Tuileries. He was so totally unexpected, that he found some difficulty in having the gates opened, and his entrance threw the palace into alarm. So rapid had been his journey, that he outstripped his own bulletin, though it had been dispatched before him.

It arrived on the next day, and threw all Paris into consternation. By a singular contradiction to French bulletins, it told the truth; and though it did not tell the whole truth, its details were felt to be the mortal blow of Napoleon's empire. Napoleon's energy subsequently prolonged the struggle, and the vast variety of interests which were combined with his throne, enabled him to resist his destiny with occasional gleams of success; but the smoke of Moscow followed till it blinded him, and at Waterloo mingled with the flames of the funeral pile, kindled by the hand of the last and greatest enemy of his wild and godless throne.

The historian concludes this most memorable of human casualties with some of those reflections which give a peculiar character, and we think a pre-eminent value, to his pages. The greatest writers of history in general describe events as they might describe chaos—a vast outrageous conflict of principles struggling for mastery, prominent when powerful, sinking into obscurity when weak, but their failure or their rise the work of chance, and their force or feebleness only augmenting the confusion. The historian of these pages comes to his subject, enlightened with a purer feeling, and investigates it with a loftier science. He sees order in the confusion, good in the evil, and the energy of a supreme hand sublimely controlling all. "The forces of the French empire," he observes, "however vast and unprecedented, were stimulated by no other passions but those of temporal ambition; the power of the Emperor, immense as it was, owed its ascendency entirely to the influence of worldly success. While victory attended their efforts, the hosts of warriors who clustered round the imperial eagles were faithful to their sovereign, brave in arms, indefatigable in exertion; but it is not while 'fanned by conquest's crimson wing,' that the real motives of human conduct can be made apparent. Ambition then often produces the same effects on external conduct as devotion, selfishness as patriotism, the passion for distinction as the heroism of duty. It is adversity which is the real touchstone of mortality; it is the breath of affliction which lays bare the human heart. The inhabitants of France since the Revolution have ever been unable to stand this searching ordeal; that dreadful event closed the fountain from which alone the strength to endure it could have been derived.

Resplendent when glittering in the sunshine of victory, invincible when fanned by the gales of conquest, the empire of Napoleon withered and perished under the grasp of misfortune. The high resolves, the enduring constancy, the heroic self-denial of patriotic resistance, were wanting in its vast and varied inhabitants. No Saragossa there, showed that courage can supply the want of ramparts; no shepherds of Tyrol, that patriotism can inspire the rudest breasts with heroic devotion; no flames of Moscow, that the splendour of civilization can co-exist with the energy of the desert. All the springs which the world can furnish to sustain the fortunes of an empire, were in full activity, and worked with consummate ability; but one was wanting, without which, in the hour of trial, all the others are but as tinkling brass—a belief in God, a sense of duty, and a faith in immortality."

One of the lessons to be palpably derived from the catastrophe of the French war is, that where substantial grievances exist among nations, they will, sooner or later, be enabled to make their own remedy. Shadowy grievances, the sorrows of declamation, and the shames of faction, may live without redress, and be tortured in effigy for ages. We thus doubt the oratorical gaspings of the German for liberty, and the romantic reveries of the Italian pining for republicanism. We are fully convinced, that if the fullest possession of political independence demanded of one the sacrifice of his pipe, and of the other the abandonment of the opera-house or the *café*, they would eschew the exchange, and cling to the easy comforts of a slavery which allows them to smoke and sing for ever.

But the sufferings of the conquered under the French tyranny were real and terrible. In Prussia, for example, the true evil was not the calamity of the field, though the sword had there been driven through her vitals. It was in the fierce rapacity which devoured her strength from year to year. Unanswerable evidence shows, that even after the furious plunder exercised on Prussia, in the first rage of victory, in 1806, the same system was urged down to the last year and last moment of possession. It is shown that even in the first six months of 1812, nearly half a million of soldiers and 80,000 horses had traversed the land, and that more than one-half of this enormous force had been quartered there for three months. The original sum imposed after the day of Jena had been 640,000,000 francs, (L.24,000,000;) of those, all had been paid before 1812 except a seventh part. Besides this intolerable spoliation, the private plunder was infamous and incessant. To aggravate the misery of plunder, personal insult, gross offences against every feeling of virtue, filial duty, and paternal affection, were committed with a haughtiness which enhanced the crime; and unhappy Prussia was bound to the dust, not only in chains but in despair.

Those injuries were the stimulants of the nation to strike as one man—to strike boldly—and to resolve to conquer or die. The time was at length come. The Russian army advanced towards the position of General d'York, threw forward a body of troops to separate him from the French under Macdonald, and proposed a convention. The Prussian general, evidently aware that, though his monarch was under French surveillance, his nation was resolved to be free, signed an armistice for his corps, to last two months, subject to the ratification of his sovereign. The king, under the eye of a French viceroy, was startled by the decision of the step, and exclaimed—"Here is enough to give one a stroke of apoplexy!" Counter orders were dispatched; but the deed was done; the convention was never annulled, and the Prussian troops never fired a shot until they fired it in line with the Russians.

Whether future ages will exhibit the madness of man in the madness of conquerors, or will discover some new shape of frenzy, they can scarcely exceed ours in the penalty of the crime. The loss of human life in the single Moscow campaign startles us, even after the lapse of thirty years. That cemetery was so crowded, that its accummulation of dead still refuses to be hidden from the eye, and still sickens and terrifies the moral vision. Of six hundred thousand human beings, in the vigour of life, who crossed the Muscovite frontier in the middle of 1812, but 42,000 ever returned. Less than six months had

swept this mighty multitude to the grave. Even the conquerors were not without formidable evidences of the havoc of the war. Of the Russian army, consisting of 110,000 men, which commenced the pursuit in December, but 35,000 could be mustered round their emperor on the Polish frontier in the end of February.

The continued retreat of the French gradually liberating the provinces of the north, and the evacuation of Berlin giving Frederick William his personal freedom, on the 20th of February 1813, he signed the memorable treaty of Kalisch, by which he allied himself to Russia. He felt the full responsibility of this decided measure. Napoleon was still alive, and France was powerful. On laying down the pen, he emphatically said—"Henceforth, gentlemen, it is an affair of life and death!"

The reports published by Napoleon on his return to France, are made the subject of some highly interesting observations by the historian. They were the *last* ever given to the world by the prince of charlatans, and throughout they exhibit the most magnificent charlatanism. It is impossible to doubt that a large part of them was utter deception—exaggerations of revenue, and suppressions of expenditure, troops on paper, and fleets in the forest. Still the acknowledged facts give an extraordinary evidence of the materials which France is enabled to produce for the destruction of the human species. The army was calculated at 996,000, or one in forty of the population—one in a hundred being the largest number which, as Mr Alison observes, any modern country can give to military service without ultimate injury.* The magnitude of modern military establishments is one of the most remarkable and most ominous characters of our time. Even in the present state of peace, the troops of Russia are little short of a million. The Prussian disposable force amounts to 300,000. The Austrian is 400,000. The regular troops of England are nearly 90,000, and yet these are not enough. Her force in the east is upwards of 200,000, and that force is augmenting. So enormous an amount of non-productive force, wholly employed in expenditure, and, unlike the merchant or the labourer, returning nothing to the country, must press heavily on all productive strength. Thus every country of Europe is accumulating debt, every one is anticipating its means, and the results *must* be convulsion, sooner or later, but inevitable. In foreign countries, the unprincipled nature of their transactions of all kinds, will make bankruptcy a refuge. But bankruptcy is ruin so far as it goes—it is the ruin of individuals, and its repetition will spread the ruin to the state. England has unquestionably sustained a weight of debt astonishing to all who were ignorant of the resources hidden in freedom. But, while every country of the continent would long since have been crushed into powder by the mere pressure of a tenth part of our national debt, that debt is the great calamity of England; the great source of those perpetual discontents which show the distempered state of the frame; the secret of that strange and desperate poverty which, in one of the most fertile and lovely countries of the world, often places the free peasant of England below the comforts of the foreign slave; the fount of those unquenched subterranean fires which burst up in Chartism and Socialism, and the hundred other wild and ominous threateners of general evil. To what conclusion this formidable future may come, baffles all conjecture. But to diminish the public debt of England, should be the grand object of every man who deserves to govern the country, and to suffer its increase should be rewarded with the scaffold. It is the substantial high treason to the empire.

The pages of this history will be valuable, long after the romance of Napoleon has died into a nursery tale. They give the most striking evidence

* Mr Alison observes, that the Roman armies, under Augustus, amounted to no more than 450,000, in a population of 120,000,000. But these were only the legionaries, who, however, seldom amounted to so many, there being, in the time of Commodus, but 35 legions on an average of 5000 men each. But they were followed by whole armies of auxiliaries.

ever offered to the world, of the misery of a passion for war. While France was flourishing her banners over the remote provinces of Europe, she was in agony at home; every victory was bought by a fresh demand on her vitals; and in the pompous comparisons of her poets and writers, which made her the kingly eagle grasping the thunderbolt, and darkening thrones with the shadow of her pinions, they ought to have told us of the nest which she left filled with the blood of her young, and of the native rocks echoing with their famished cries. While France was pouring out the blood of nations abroad, she was exhausting drop for drop at home. During the later years of the war she was fighting, like the Indian, not with the strength of nature, but with the wildness of intoxication; and when, at last, the sword of Europe broke through her armour, and she fell on the field, it was found that the conflict had been almost with a corpse: that delirium had been her courage and decay her nerve, and that the Jacobin empire, without a wound, must have sunk into the grave.

Nothing, too, can give a stronger proof of the danger of an unlicensed and irresponsible government, than the terrible sacrifices now demanded by Napoleon. The renewal of the war was wholly contrary to the national interests. No man in France could have been the happier, or the more powerful, by the possession of provinces of European snow or Asiatic sand; no man been the better for the domination over Prussia, Austria, and the whole circle of the German principalities. But Napoleon had been beaten; the conqueror had been conquered; the vanity of a Corsican had been bruised, and every family of France was now summoned to furnish the salve for his irreparable bruise. Levy on levy, conscription on conscription, children torn from schools and forced to take the musket; the last coin forced from the hands of the trader; the postilions taken from the public roads; the police driven into the army; the revenues of charities and hospitals absorbed in the purchase of cannon and balls; one vast and hideous scene of embezzlement, wretchedness, public terror, and private despair; and all for the single purpose of enabling *one* able and remorseless villain to pamper his selfishness with the chance of military success, and repurchase with the blood of myriads, and the misery of France and Europe, the laurels which he had lost, and whose amplest recovery was not a matter of interest to any other man alive. The campaigns of the years 1813 and 1814, cost France half a million of men. They were fruitless in point of victory, but immeasurably productive in point of moral. They showed France stretched on the rack, by the tormentor whom she herself had raised; forced to submit to the deepest degradation of calamity, helpless suffering, and finally, to be released from the torture and the torturer only by the contemptuous charity of the sword.

Hostilities began on the 1st of May 1813. The first omen was evil. Marshal Bessières, colonel of the imperial guards, a man of ability, fell by a cannon-ball. Thus began the catastrophe of the marshals. Justice rejoices in their fall; and human nature can have no sympathy with them The armies now on both sides advanced, and met on the memorable field of Lutzen. A day of horrible slaughter finished a doubtful battle, which cost the French 18,000 killed and wounded, and the Allies 15,000! The allies retired, but without the loss of cannon and prisoners, and retired to fight at the entrenched position of Bautzen.

The force on both sides was now gigantic; Napoleon pressed on at the head of 150,000 men. The description of the march is picturesque. This is the passage of the Spree:—

"A powerful array of cannon was, in the first instance, brought up by the Emperor, and disposed along every projection which commanded the opposite bank; and the fire, as far as the eye could reach, looking from the heights near Bautzen, both to the right and left, became very violent; for the enemies' batteries answered with great spirit; and the vast extent of the line of smoke, as well as the faint sound of the distant guns, gave an awful impression of the magnitude of the forces engaged on both sides. Under cover of this cannonade, the bridges in the centre were soon established, and then a still more animating spectacle presented itself. The Emperor took his station on a commanding eminence on the banks of the Spree,

near the point where Marmont's bridge was established, from whence he could see over the whole field of battle, direct the movements of the troops, and enjoy the splendid spectacle which presented itself. And never, in truth, had war appeared in a more imposing form, nor had the astonishing amount of the forces at the disposal of the French Emperor ever been more conspicuous. On all sides the troops, preceded by their artillery, which kept up an incessant fire on the banks of the river, advanced rapidly towards the stream. At first the plain seemed covered with a confused multitude of horses, cannon, chariots, and men, stretching as far as the eye could reach, impressive only from its immensity; but gradually the throng assumed the appearance of order. The cavalry, infantry, and artillery separated, and defiled each to their respective points of passage, and the marvels of military discipline appeared in their highest lustre."

The shock came at Bautzen, where the Allies gave battle on the heights. It has been long a question among military men, whether Napoleon's fears of the French in Paris did not drive him to rash attacks in the field. In this campaign his contempt of human life resembled the desperation, without the science, of his Italian campaigns. He rushed upon every position, won it by blood, and seemed determined the war should be simply a trial which side would be first tired of lavishing its gore. He was still master of central Germany. His enormous force was impregnable against an assault. The Allies had no hope of advance, and no desire for conquest. All depended on Austria, and Austria waited only to see which was the stronger: yet, with these facts before him, Napoleon rushed forward, wasting his strength upon unprofitable battles, purchasing a few leagues of ground by the loss of battalions and brigades, teaching his enemies to fight, and sharpening the hostility of the German mind, until his army crumbled round him—the nation rose in a mass of fire, and he was undone.

Bautzen cost him, in killed and wounded, the dreadful number of 20,000 men. The Allies lost 15,000. Such is war; the self-inflicted curse of nations. And this multitude died, simply that an individual might refresh his withered fame.

But Napoleon was gradually to receive keener lessons of the calamities of the field, in the death of his immediate followers. In addition to the fall of Bessières, the brave, experienced, and singularly confidential commander of his guard, he was now to lose perhaps the only man whom his stern and selfish nature ever suffered to approach him as a friend.

The day after the battle the French army moved in pursuit; but it was boldly kept in check by the allied reargnard under Milaradowitch; and the Russian guns kept up a heavy and destructive fire upon the advancing masses. Napoleon expressed constant indignation at the firm face of his gallant enemy. "What!" he frequently exclaimed, "after such a butchery, no results, no prisoners? Those fellows there will not leave us a nail. When will this be done?" At this period a Russian ball killed one of his escort. "Duroc," said he, turning to him, "fortune seems resolved to have one of us to-day." Some of the suite observed, in an under tone, that it was the anniversary of the death of Lannes at Essling; Napoleon galloped off to another point of the attack. His suite followed him, four abreast, pushing on through a hollow way, in such a cloud of dust, that they could neither see nor be seen. A cannon-ball, which narrowly missed Napoleon himself, plunged into the midst of the group, and struck down Kirgener, the general of engineers, and Duroc, the grand marshal. Kirgener was killed on the spot, and the more unfortunate grand marshal was mortally wounded, and left writhing on the ground in agony. The intelligence was speedily conveyed to the Emperor, and awoke whatever emotion there was in his callous heart. He instantly dismounted, gazed long on the battery from which the fatal shot had been discharged, and then entered the hut to which the dying soldier had been conveyed. "Duroc," said he, pressing his hand, "there is another world where we shall meet again." "Memorable words," as the historian observes, "wrung by anguish from the child of infidelity and the Revolution."

"Finally, when it was announced some hours afterwards that all was over, he put into the hands of Berthier, without articulating a word, a

paper, ordering the construction of a monument on the spot where he fell, with this inscription—'Here the General Duroc, Duke of Friuli, Grand Marshal of the palace of the Emperor Napoleon, gloriously fell, struck by a cannon-ball, and died in the arms of the Emperor, his friend.'

"Napoleon pitched his tent in the neighbourhood of the cottage where Duroc lay, and seemed for a time altogether overwhelmed by his emotions. The squares of the Old Guard, respecting his feelings, arranged themselves at a distance, and even his most confidential attendants did not for some time venture to approach his person. Alone he sat, wrapped in his grey great-coat, with his forehead resting on his hands, and his elbows on his knees, a prey to the most agonizing reflections. In vain Caulaincourt and Maret at length requested his attention to the most pressing orders. 'To-morrow—every thing!' was the only reply of the Emperor, as he again resumed his attitude of meditation. A mournful silence reigned around; the groups of officers at a little distance hardly articulated above their breath; gloom and depression appeared in every countenance, while the subdued hum of the soldiers preparing their repast, and the sullen murmur of the artillery waggons, as they rolled on in the distance, alone told that a mighty host was assembled in the neighbourhood. Slowly the moon rose over this melancholy scene; the heavens became illuminated by the flames of the adjoining villages, which had fallen a prey to the license of the soldiers; while the noble bands of the Imperial Guard played alternately triumphant and elegiac strains, in the vain hope of distracting the grief of their chief. Could the genius of painting portray the scene—could the soul of poetry be inspired by the feelings which all around experienced—a more striking image could not be presented of the mingled woes and animation of war, of the greatness and weakness of man, of his highest glories, and yet nothingness against the arm of his Creator."

A crisis in this great contest had now arrived. The losses on both sides had been so tremendous, that an armistice seemed the only means of enabling either to recruit their ranks. The Russians had been reduced to 35,000, and the Prussians to 25,000; and even Napoleon's superiority of force did not prevent both his troops and generals from venting loud disgust at the war. "We shall all leave our bones here," was the cry of the soldiers; and the feeling of the higher officers was so marked, that Napoleon frequently visited it with his most contemptuous sarcasms. "I see, gentlemen," said he, "you are no longer inclined to make war. Berthier would rather follow the chase at Grosbois—Rapp sighs after his beautiful hotel at Paris. I understand you. I am no stranger to the pleasures of the capital." At length, on the 4th of June, an armistice for six weeks was signed; yet this was but a respite—an ear prescient of the future might have heard the voice of judgment already announcing ruin; an eye which could look through the darkness of a few short years might have seen the procession of imperial sovereignty already advancing to the scaffold.

As if to prepare us for this catastrophe, the historian occupies a considerable portion of his pages in giving, at this point, a general character of Napoleon. It is powerfully conceived, and powerfully written. The fluent and copious ease of his style is well calculated to give a complete, because a comprehensive, view of Napoleon. Other writers have been fond of picturing this extraordinary man in parts—they have looked on him as if they surveyed his genius by the light of a torch, glaring, abrupt, and partial. The historian looks on him by sunlight, clear, full, and illumining on every side. The greatnesses of his character are not suffered to withdraw the eye from the littlenesses. The magnitude of his triumphs, and the minuteness of his motives, are equally visible. With an evident desire to think Napoleon a good man as well as a memorable one, the truth is told, even when it condemns; but the truth is told, like an European philospher, not like a British enemy. On the whole, though our conception of the French Emperor is altogether of a darker colouring, and we think him to have been a villain, in the sternest sense of the word, incorrigibly heartless, innately perfidious, and remorselessly bloody, and in all this, only the fitter for the

work which he was summoned to do—to lay the scourge first on the continent, and next on France; though we think him the nearest approach to a fiend that ever sat on a throne on the surface of the earth, yet we give due credit to the animated resemblance which Mr Alison has impressed on his pages. It is by far the most interesting and original conception of the larger features of that extraordinary mind that has yet been supplied to posterity. Its execution less reminds us of the vague richness of painting, made up of contrasted colours and opposing lights, than of the keen accuracy and breathing identity of that newer and more decisive art, which strikes off the portrait in an instant, and strikes it off with a sunbeam.

The historian's theory on the subject certainly differs in some points from our own. He regards Napoleon as a powerful and plastic mind, shaped by circumstances, capable of good, if a fairer world had lain before his early career, and darkened into guilt only by his birth under the fiery and vapourous clime of French infidelity. We regard him as having been evil in his nature—as contemplating man only in the light of an instrument of his will, or an object of his temptation; as acquiring power only to abuse it, and possessing great talents only to aggrandize himself by the waste of human happiness.

But we must hear Mr Alison's ingenious and forcible statement, grounded on the depravity of national manners previously to the Revolution:—"Great part, however," he observes, "of the selfishness which formed so important a feature, and damning a blot, in the character of Napoleon, is to be ascribed not so much to himself, as to the age in which he lived, and the people whom he was called upon to rule. Born and bred in the most corrupted society of Europe, during the irreligious fanaticism, general license, and universal egotism of the Revolution, he saw no other way of governing his subjects but by constantly appealing to their selfishness, and was led to believe, from what he saw around him, that it was the prime mover and universal spring of mankind. That it is so in the long run at all times, and among all people, to a great degree, no one experienced in the ways of men will probably doubt; but religious truth reveals the simultaneous agency of higher principles, and historical observation loudly proclaims that many of the most important changes in human annals have been brought about in direct opposition to its dictates. It was ignorance, or oblivion of those counteracting agencies, which was the grand error of Napoleon's life, and, beyond all doubt, brought about his fall. The Revolution misled him by establishing the fatal principle, that no other test is to be applied to human actions but success. The prevailing irreligion of the age misled him by spreading the belief, that worldly prosperity is at once the chief good in life, and the only rational object of human pursuit. *To rouse exertion by the language of virtue, and direct it to the purposes of vice*, was the grand principle of the Revolution, and the immediate cause of its triumphs. The Emperor felt that he had at no time a chance of success but by yielding to its impulse, and at all times he could almost command events by wielding it for his advantage. Instead, therefore, of considering Napoleon as an individual man, and striving to reconcile the opposite qualities of his character, or harshly condemning its darker features, it is more consonant both to historic truth and impartial justice, to regard him as the personification of the principles which at that period were predominant in his country—as the Incarnation of the Revolution; and perhaps no Avatar, sent on such a mission, could be imbued with fewer vices. In this view, we may look upon the contest in which he was engaged, as the same in sublunary affairs with that awful struggle darkly shadowed forth in revelation, to which the pencil of Milton has given the form and pressure of terrestrial reality; and may view his fall as demonstrating the same supreme direction of events, which, permitting for a season, for inscrutable purposes, the agency of sin, doomed to final ruin the Prince of the Morning."

Of his military character a brilliant sketch is given, yet not an indiscriminating one. Napoleon could commit faults like others, and his sense of superiority even made his faults more irreparable. "If the military capacity of the Emperor on most occasions was

without an equal in modern times, his recklessness and obstinacy at others were not less remarkable; and accordingly, if history can hardly find a parallel to the achievements which he effected, it can produce none to the disasters in which they terminated. He repeatedly committed faults as a general, for the least considerable of which he would have made his lieutenants lose their heads. The imprudence of delivering a pitched battle with inferior forces at Aspern, with the Danube traversed only by two bridges, shaking under the swollen torrent in his rear, was equalled only by that of risking his crown at Leipsic, in a situation where, while combating a greatly superior force in front, he had no line of retreat but a single *chaussée*, traversing an otherwise impassable morass, a mile and a half broad; and the gross violation of all military principle in both, is strongly illustrated by his own observation, that the first duty of a commander is never to fight with a strait or defile in his rear. His imprudence in lingering so long at Moscow, surrounded by a hostile population and superior cavalry, was soon, if possible, outdone by that of relinquishing, without any adequate cause, the Kalouga road; and when the Russians were actually abandoning it, throwing back his army on the wasted line of the Smolensko advance. The unheard-of calamities of that campaign itself are mainly to be ascribed to his extreme imprudence in advancing, contrary to the advice of his most experienced generals, to Moscow from Witepsk, without either force adequate to subdue Russia, or any sufficient preparation for retreat in the event of disaster; and the simultaneous loss of Spain was chiefly owing to the uncalled-for temerity of rushing into the Russian contest, while the Peninsula, a devouring ulcer, was still unsubdued in his rear."

Then follow sketches of the three distinguished officers most immediately connected with the imperial successes—Murat, Ney, and Berthier. Three men who deserted Napoleon in his day of misfortune, without the slightest ceremony, and who, after all their grandeur, their fame, and their opulence, died miserably: Murat shot by the Neapolitan government, Ney by the Bourbons, and Berthier throwing himself out of a window. We are tempted to quote a fragment of this portraiture. "Murat, King of Naples, Napoleon's brother-in-law, was also so remarkable a character during the whole wars of the Revolution, that some account of his peculiarities seems desirable. So early as the battles of Millesimo and Montenotte, in 1796, he was Napoleon's adjutant, and, by his intrepidity and daring, contributed not a little to the triumph of that memorable campaign. It was by these qualities, as well as his handsome figure and dashing manners, that he laid the foundation of the reputation which gained for him the attention of the Emperor's sister; and by winning her hand, led to his brilliant fortunes and elevation to the throne of Naples. Nor was his merit in many respects inferior to his fortune. His piercing coup-d'œil; his skill in judging of the positions of the enemy; his chivalrous demeanour when leading his troops into battle; his calm intrepidity in the midst of the most appalling dangers; his tall figure and noble carriage, as well as incomparable seat on the splendid chargers which he always bestrode, gave him the air of a hero of romance not less than the character of a first-rate cavalry officer. At the head of his gallant cuirassiers, he feared no danger, never paused to number his enemies, but with matchless hardihood threw himself into the midst of the hostile array, where he hardly ever failed to achieve the most dazzling exploits. In Napoleon's earlier campaigns at Austerlitz, Jena, and Eylau, Murat was always at the head of so immense a body of horse, as to render success almost a matter of certainty; and it was to the weight of this formidable phalanx, generally eighteen or twenty thousand strong, that the Emperor mainly trusted for the gaining as well as completion of his victories. But Murat's genius and daring in the field were equally conspicuous when he had no such superiority to insure the advantage. Napoleon's sense of these qualities induced him to overlook his desertion of his post after the Russian retreat, and subsequent advances towards the Allies; and his heroic courage never appeared with brighter lustre than when he threw a last radiance over the victories of the empire at Dresden, and stemmed the torrent of disaster at Leipsic."

There are few things more remarkable in those favourites of fortune than

the ease with which they bore their dignities. Murat had been, as is generally believed, a baker's apprentice in Strasburg; yet he held the highest military rank without seeming to feel the embarrassment natural to his humble origin—mingled with the nobles and princes of the European courts on a footing of equality as to manners—and when he was at last a king himself, appears to have borne the honours of the throne without any peculiar failure of the graces.

Ney was the son of a common soldier, who afterwards became a cooper, and by whom, trained for a miner, he at eighteen enlisted as a dragoon; and though Ney was never memorable for elegance, he appears to have had no deficiency in the general etiquette of society. Bernadotte had been a common marine, and yet he sits well upon a throne, exhibits all the personal dignity suitable to his high rank, and is altogether a fine specimen of the soldier and the sovereign. It cannot be said that those instances show only that the conscription forced men of all educations into the ranks. Those three had been soldiers before the Revolution. This certainly argues great plasticity of nature in the people. In other nations, original vulgarity is scarcely tameable. The vulgar man is vulgar to the end, if rank and opulence have not rather the effect of making his defects of manner more conspicious—the varnish which brings out the knots and shades of his material making his texture visible, without adding to its attraction. Perhaps the most *bourgeois* remnant of Murat's early life was his extravagant love of dress. Napoleon frequently called him Franconi—the horse-rider of one of the Parisian theatres, the Astley of the Boulevardes. His passion for feathers was so excessive as to cost him forty or fifty louis a month. But those were times of extravagance in every thing; and Murat was conspicuous, and he perhaps wanted no more. Napoleon had his foppery too; but it was the foppery of excessive plainness. Too much or too little attention to dress may be alike coxcombry; and Napoleon was evidently as proud of his simple and yet rather grotesque costume, as Murat was of his harlequin-coat and ostrich plumage.

"The external appearance of Napoleon formed a striking contrast to that of his royal brother-in-law. When they rode together along the front of the troops, Murat attracted universal attention by his commanding figure, his superb theatrical costume, the splendid trapping and beautiful figure of his horse, and the imposing military dignity of his air. This dazzling display contrasted strangely, but characteristically, with the three-cornered hat, dark surtout, leather breeches, huge boots, corpulent figure, and careless seat on horseback, which have become immortal in the representations of Napoleon. The imposing aspect of Murat was, however, weakened, rather than heightened, by the rich and fantastic dress which he wore. Dark whiskers on his face contrasted with piercing blue eyes; his abundant black locks spread over the neck of a splendid Polish dress open above the shoulders; the collar was richly adorned with gold brocade, and from a splendid girdle of the same material hung a light sabre, straight in the blade, after the manner of the ancient Roman, with the hilt set in diamonds. Wide pantaloons of a purple or scarlet colour, richly embroidered with gold, and boots of yellow leather, completed this singular costume, which resembled rather the gorgeous trappings of the melodrama than the comparatively simple uniform of modern times. But his greatest distinction was a *large three-cornered* hat, surmounted by a profusion of magnificent white ostrich feathers rising from a broad gold band, which enclosed besides a superb heron plume. His noble charger was set off with gorgeous bridle and stirrups, richly gilt after the Turkish fashion, and enveloped in trappings of azure blue, the tint of the Italian sky, which also was the prevailing colour of his liveries. Above this fantastic but dazzling attire, he wore in cold weather a magnificent pelisse of dark green velvet, lined and fringed with the richest sables."

We must agree with Napoleon, that all this was the legitimate Franconi style, and that the King of Naples must have looked like a travelling mountebank. The whole dress must have appeared tawdry and tasteless; but the huge three-cornered hat, surmounted with bunches of feathers, must have looked intolerable. The

truth is, that the Turk was the only man on earth who knew how to dress, until Mahmoud, in his day of national ill-omen, deprived him of the turban, and stripped him down to the beggarliness of the European.

Murat was a brave man and a fool; a good cavalry officer and a bad general; a capital *sabreur* and a childish king. His death was melancholy and retributive. "Blood will have blood," in more senses than the poetic. In Spain, he was the man of massacre; his promiscuous slaughter of the people of Madrid, on the memorable 2d of May 1808, deserved solemn vengeance, and it fell on him in its own time. He was captured in an insane attempt to raise an insurrection in the Neapolitan dominions—and died the ignominious death of a traitor.

We now hasten to more decisive events. An armistice was declared, which, on both sides, was evidently only a preparation for war. But its immediate effect was the singular one of raising Austria, at a step, into the rank of arbiter of Europe. Without presuming to trace Providence in all its ways, the events of this great war seem frequently to have had that judicial character which belongs to a wisdom above man. From the commencement of the war, Austria had been by far the most honest of the continental powers engaged. While Prussia had been trafficking for territory, and Russia fighting for influence, Austria alone fought for the general safety of Europe. She had made war with courage and sincerity, and never shrank from the contest until her strength gave way. The result was, that though defeated, she was never disgraced; though her force was sorely tried, it was never totally broken down; and finally, from a state of extreme depression, she rose into more than her ancient rank, without drawing a sword. From the period of this armistice, Austria held the scales of the continent. She was gifted with one of the noblest presents that fate or fortune can give to nations—a great minister, Metternich—a man still regarded by Europe as its first diplomatist; a statesman who, during a quarter of a century, has ruled her with the wisdom of a philosopher and the spirit of a patriot; has formed the strength of Conservatism on the continent; and, combining the interests of his country with the cause of good government in all nations, has given himself an European eminence beyond the most successful arts of diplomacy or arms.

The remaining struggle of Napoleon scarcely exercised the force, and in no degree endangered the supremacy of Austria. It was a calm progress from victory to victory; until the peace, which the pride of the French Emperor had rejected on the Elbe, was extorted from his necessities on the Seine. The old Italian dominions of the House of Hapsburg dropped into its hands again, as if by the course of nature; and thirty years of secure possession have since rewarded the faithful and courageous sincerity of the empire.

We give a conversation which occurred between Napoleon and Metternich, preserved by Baron Fain, the Emperor's private secretary, singularly characteristic of both those distinguished men; the rapidity and fire of the soldier, and the composed, yet vigilant prudence of the statesman.

"You are welcome, Metternich," said Napoleon, as soon as he was introduced, "but wherefore so late? We have lost nearly a month, and your mediation, from its long inactivity, has become almost hostile. It appears that it no longer suits your cabinet to guarantee the integrity of the French empire—be it so; but why had you not the candour to make me acquainted with that determination at an earlier period? It might have modified my plans, perhaps prevented me from continuing the war. When you allowed me to exhaust myself by new efforts, you doubtless little calculated on such rapid events as have ensued. I have gained, nevertheless, two battles; my enemies, severely weakened, were beginning to waken from their illusions, when suddenly you glided amongst us, and speaking to me of armistice and mediation, you spoke to them of alliance and war. But for your pernicious intervention, peace would have been at this moment concluded between the Allies and myself. What have hitherto been the fruits of your intervention? I know of none except the treaties of Reichenbach, between Russia, Prussia, and Great Britain. They speak of the accession of a third

power to these conventions; but you have Stadion on the spot, and must be better informed on these particulars than I am. You cannot deny, that since she has assumed the office of mediator, Austria has not only ceased to be my ally, but become my enemy. You were about to declare yourselves so when the battle of Lutzen intervened, and by showing you the necessity of augmenting your forces, made you desirous of gaining time. You have your 200,000 men ready, screened by the Bohemian hills; Schwartzenberg commands them; at this very moment he is concentrating them in my rear, and it is because you conceive yourself in a condition to dictate the law, that you have come to pay this visit. I see through you, Metternich; your cabinet wishes to profit by my embarrassments, and augment them as much as possible, in order to recover a portion of what you have lost. The only difficulty you have is, whether you can gain your object without fighting, or whether you must throw yourselves boldly among the combatants; you do not know well which of these lines to adopt, and possibly you have come here to seek more light on the subject. Well, what do you want?—let us treat."

Metternich's answer met all this fierce volubility with the dignified reserve of a statesman and a noble. He placed the policy of Austria solely on the ground of a desire to restore peace, by doing justice to all. "Austria," says he, "wishes to establish a state of things, which, by a wise distribution of power, may place the guarantee of peace under the protection of an association of independent states." "Speak more clearly," interrupted the Emperor, "come at once to the point; but do not forget that I am a soldier who would rather break than bend. I have offered you Illyria to remain neutral—will that suffice? My army is amply sufficient to bring back the Russians and Prussians to reason; all that I ask of you is, to withdraw from the strife." "Ah, sire," said Metternich eagerly, "why should your majesty enter singly into the strife? why should you not double your forces? You may do so, sire. It depends only on you to add our forces to your own. Yes, matters have come to that point, that we can no longer remain neutral; we must be either for you or against you."

Napoleon then took the minister into an inner chamber, possibly to try him with personal temptation. But this, too, failed, whatever it might be. To his astonishment, he found that Austria, weakened as she was, had begun to form a very accurate conception of the necessities of Europe, and to make her claims in a matter-of-fact tone. Napoleon's wrath was now beyond diplomacy. His voice rose, and he passionately exclaimed—"What! not only Illyria, but the half of Italy, and the return of the Pope to Rome, and Poland, and the abandonment of Spain, Holland, the confederation of the Rhine, and Switzerland! And this is what you call the spirit of moderation! * * * You are all intent on dismembering the French empire!" This diatribe finished in the insolent remark, "*Ah! Metternich, how much has England given you to make war upon me?*"

This important conference, however, closed in Metternich's carrying his point—the proposal of submitting the claims on both sides to the mediation of Austria. The true wonder of the case is, that interests so vast, settling the fortunes of Europe, and perhaps deeply influencing those of generations to come, should be thus at the mercy of two individuals—that the shock of armies, the convulsion of kingdoms, and the fall of thrones, should be thus left by Providence dependent on the wisdom and the will of two individuals meeting in a midnight chamber. On the conversation of that hour, turned the slavery or the liberation of Europe, and perhaps of the greater portion of mankind.

But while negotiation was trying the subtlety of statesmen in Germany, a bolder agent was coming to decide the mastery. Spain, which had slowly absorbed the French armies during five years, had now begun to strike them down by thunderclaps. Wellington, who, in a dubious and anxious course of war, had successively defeated every French marshal opposed to him, had now rushed on the concentrated army commanded by King Joseph. An unexampled march of 200 miles from the frontier of Portugal, had brought him face to face with the French army, and he burst upon it with the force of a hurricane.

On the 21st of June 1813, the crowning battle of Vittoria had crushed the power of France in the Peninsula. On the 30th of June, the day of signing the convention with Austria, the intelligence of this fatal blow reached Dresden. If it was received with melancholy anticipation in the French camp, it was received with unequivocal triumph by the Allies. This great victory was evidently the hinge on which turned the whole future war, for it decided Austria. "The impression of Lord Wellington's success," says Lord Londonderry, "was strong and universal, and produced ultimately, in my opinion, the recommencement of hostilities." The irresistible feeling was, that the spell of Napoleon was broken—that nothing lay between Wellington and France—and that, while he stood on the ridge of the Pyrenees, ready to pour down three armies into the enemy's country, it would be impossible for Napoleon to resist the pressure of the Allies in Germany—that he must retreat, or be ruined where he was—and that now, for the first time in so many years, a steady light shone through the darkness of this tremendous usurpation. War was again inevitable, and Napoleon, contrary to the advice of his generals, threw his army into position along the line of the Elbe. By exercising the violence of a tyrant, to indulge the vanity of an usurper, Napoleon had wrenched 400,000 men from France for this campaign, of whom 350,000 were under arms and in the field."

An extraordinary man now came on the great scene, especially qualified to lead the armies of Prussia, and teach her new and enthusiastic levies to hurl their vengeance against the oppressor. This was the memorable Blucher, who, at this period, was seventy years old, and yet united all the fire of youth with the firmness of maturity. Blucher, born at Rostock, on the 16th of September 1742, entered the army as a cornet of hussars at the age of fifteen. First serving in the Swedish troops, he subsequently entered the army of the great Frederick, and fought in the Seven Years' War. On the peace he retired, and seemed to have abandoned the military life altogether. He married, retired to some landed property; and farming for fourteen years formed the occupation of the man who was yet to be the leader of his country to glory.

In 1786, he again entered the hussars, was engaged in the invasion of France in 1792, and at the head of a division of the Prussian army, fought on the disastrous day of Jena. But it was then that his character came forth from the crowd, while the most astonishing and unaccountable timidity or treachery marked the conduct of the Prussian chiefs. Blucher had evidently adopted the determination to show that there still was bravery in the land. Though the contest was evidently hopeless, he still resolved not to be disgraced by premature surrender. Surrounded on every side by the French columns, and with his troops famishing and diminished, he marched day and night, fighting to the last to preserve the last fragment of the Prussian army, and, what was still more precious, the Prussian fame. At length, driven into Lubeck, he resisted until his ammunition failed, and surrendered only after having gallantly fought the battle of despair.

From that time Blucher was looked up to as the future light of Prussia. On the rising of the nation in 1813, he was called to the head of the army by an universal impulse, and he signalized his feelings, and characterized the almost sacred spirit of his cause, by eloquent and heart-stirring addresses to his fellow patriots and soldiers. His proclamation to the Saxons we think finer than any of Napoleon's. Its powerful plainness, its unquestionable fact, and its ardent simplicity, are altogether superior to the fantastic brilliancy and oracular affectation of the prince of charlatans:—

"The God of armies has, in the east of Europe, pronounced a terrible sentence; and the angel of death has, by the sword, cold, and famine, cut off 500,000 of the strangers who, in the presumption of their prosperity, sought to subjugate it. We go where the finger of Providence directs us, to combat for the security of ancient thrones, for the present independence of nations, and to usher in the Aurora of a brighter day."

This is the language of more than the gallant soldier—it is the language of the great man; he is here not simply the Prussian chief—he is the European regenerator. This proclamation places him before us as at once

the avenger of his country, and the far-seeing, and even the reverent spirit which felt the importance of its trials and triumphs to universal mankind.

If the rough intrepidity or the careless career of Blucher seem at variance with this graver view, let it be remembered that the solemnity of the crisis naturally gave birth to solemn feelings. Prussia was then unsheathing the sword for life or death. Before this proclamation had passed through the land, the crown, the king, and the army might be shadows. The Prussian hussar, under those feelings, involuntarily adopts the language of the Grecian hero. Genuine greatness of mind, with all its variety of features, has a general resemblance and a general elevation. Without magnifying too much the intelligence or the vigour of the Prussian leader, this address must be taken as a striking evidence of the spirit of the time, wholly created by the time, and eminently formed for the time; a combination of the manliness and ardour of patriotism, with the solemnity and loftiness of religion;—the courage of brave men commencing a struggle for the rights of human nature, and sincerity of devoted men commencing it in a sacred reliance on the protection of heaven.

The historian regards the armistice of Pleswitz as a political error on the part of Napoleon, and gives the authority of Jomini. But paying every respect to Mr Alison's sagacity, we think that Napoleon himself was a better authority than his staff-officer; and that it was the French army and not the allied force which it saved from "the Caudine Forks." Napoleon had already fought two battles with dreadful loss and but doubtful success. The Allies had shown themselves more masters of the art of war than in any former campaign. In their retreats they had lost neither guns nor prisoners. If they retreated further, they would have retired upon Silesia, a country extremely difficult, with the whole population arming, and enthusiastic against the French, who had destroyed their manufactories. In the mean time, the farther he advanced, the more he exposed himself to be attacked on both flanks by the Prussian levies, by Bernadotte, and by the Austrians. Napoleon had by this time, too, got rid of his habit of despising an armed population. His terrible Moscow retreat was fresh in his memory, and he must have looked forward with just alarm to the chance of being compelled, on the first reverse, to retrace his steps through two hundred miles of a wasted country, which contained an enemy in every bush. We happened to be in Germany at this period, and we can give our full testimony that the strongest language cannot be too strong for the general eagerness to see the French crushed once and for ever. It was not so much their conquests which had enraged the population against them. We seldom heard a reference to the fatal day which had extinguished the army and dismantled the throne. No one made a topic of Jena; but the private injuries of the French filled every mouth with disgust and detestation. Their rapine in private houses, their cruel insults to individuals, their gross corruption of manners, their startling and ostentatious licentiousness, and the intolerable arrogance, which is the national vice, and which makes them, when in power, habitually embitter injury by contempt, rendered them hated to an indescribable degree. Every mouth was full of complaints, and every heart of indignation. The universal feeling in Germany was not fear of war, but of peace; a dread that the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia would be betrayed into negotiation before the power of France was prostrated in the dust; a terror lest the opportunity given by the bounty of heaven in the overthrow at Moscow, should be forfeited by the weakness of statesmen, and that Napoleon should wind his way by artifice out of the net, in which he appeared to have been involved by a determination above man. Among the people and troops of Austria, this feeling was loud, general, and irrepressible. Sufferers as they had been by war but four years before, and in their habits easy and unwarlike, they now longed for the outbreak of hostilities. The principal theatre of Vienna performed the fine sinfonia, the "Battle of Vitoria," by Beethoven, in honour of Wellington's triumph, and in rejoicing over French defeat, in the teeth of the French embassy, and with Napoleon in Germany; and performed it with acclamation. It was this feeling which decided the junction of the Austrians with the Allies. The Emperor Francis felt his connexion

with Napoleon; he was a man unwilling to try hazards of any kind, and unfit to meet them. Metternich, though a man of consummate ability, had been the adviser of the French connexion, had cautiously avoided all appearance of indisposition to France; and besides, was educated a statesman, a training which, however useful in the routine of public affairs, has a strong tendency to disqualify the most vigorous mind from bold and generous enterprize. All the grand things of the world have been done by *new* men. But neither the timidity of the Emperor, nor the caution of his minister, were suffered to chill the hope of Europe. The voice of the nation made the demand, and it was the voice of the nation which effected the performance. It is to the honour of Austria that her people threw energy into her cabinet, and that the echo of her fields constituted the sentence of that council by which she saved herself and Germany. If Napoleon had followed the Allies into the barren defiles of Silesia, he would only have moved further from his supplies, rendered it impossible for reinforcements to join him, found his movements impeded by the overflow of the rivers, as happened to Macdonald a month after; and been forced to attempt a retreat with famine round him, infuriated Germany in front, and the Allies pressing on his rear. Even without the junction of Austria, we see not how he could then have escaped the "Caudine Forks." But Austria would have joined, by the mere impulse of the people; and if she had, the French army would have had only the alternative of surrendering on the spot, or being put to the sword. Napoleon would never have reached the Rhine.

An interesting character is given of Gneisenau, the chief of the Prussian staff, an officer of acknowledged ability, whom the Prussians called "the general of the officers," while Blucher was named "the general of the soldiers." But, perhaps, it is unfortunate for any man to try fortune in more ways than one. Gneisenau's ambition to figure as a pamphleteer unluckily induced him to write a book, purporting that the English light troops were not equal to the Prussian, on the ground that they were not equally clever at providing for themselves out of the hen-roost of the enemy, and finishing by a laboured argument, that the Prussians and not the English gained the day at Waterloo—thus cleverly throwing aside the claims of the general, who with but 25,000 British, (the only troops on whom he could depend,) held 72,000 French in check from eleven in the morning until seven in the evening, repulsed them in every attack, and waiting only for the Prussians to take advantage of their defeat, made but a single charge upon them, and swept Napoleon and his boasted legionaries from the field, *for ever*.

The armistice had been spent in negotiations, but Napoleon was inflexible and infatuated. On his demanding formally to know the terms which Austria required for Europe, Metternich's answer was couched in this brief but distinct statement:—"The dissolution of the grand duchy of Warsaw, which was to be divided between Russia, Austria, and Prussia, reserving Dantzic for the latter power; the re-establishment of Hamburg and the Hanse Towns in their independence. The reconstruction of Prussia in her ancient possessions, with a frontier on the Elbe; and the cession to Austria of all the Illyrian provinces, including Trieste." This arrangement left to France the Alps and the Rhine for a boundary, an empire not merely large enough for all imperial purposes, but the only territory which France could ever hold with any degree of profit or safety. France might fight battles in Germany, and slaughter men; but the wars of three centuries had proved that she could make no permanent impression on that solid and strong country, and even the furious onset of her revolutionary armies had ended only in covering the German fields with their bones. The battles of 1794 had been fought over again in 1805 and 1806, and were now to be fought once again in 1813, without gaining a league of firm possession, even with Napoleon at the head of the French armies, and France straining her last nerve, and pouring out her last blood, to ensure that possession. Victory was actually deserting her, and every hour rendered the chance of permanent power more improbable. But the great calculator was bewildered by his vanity: he had made the war through selfishness, he had seen his military fame humiliated, and he was

determined to raise it again, though France might perish in the experiment. We have this secret key to his councils given in the address of Maria Louisa to the senate, which was doubtless dictated by Napoleon himself in her interview with him at Mayence. "Associated," said she, "in that short interval with the most secret thoughts of the Emperor, I then perceived with what sentiments he would be inspired, if seated on a dishonoured throne, and under a crown without glory." This was the whole question—the safety of France was not concerned—there was not the slightest idea of invasion—Napoleon within the Rhine would still have been the most powerful sovereign of Europe; but his personal glory had certainly fallen a little into the yellow leaf, and the world was to be convulsed for the simple purpose of enabling him to eat his supper in his ancient pomp at the Tuileries, and call himself the conqueror of Europe once more.

The armistice was at an end on the 10th of August at midnight. On the 11th, the Austrian minister announced to the French commissioners that the congress was dissolved, and on the 12th Austria declared war against France.

We have been thus minute in the details of this period, from their incomparable importance. The transactions of 1813, in both the cabinet and the field, were the groundwork of every great event since that hour—the fall of Napoleon, the extinction of the Jacobin empire, that *Avernus* of Europe, over whose poisonous exhalations no shape of virtue or liberty could wave the wing; the restoration of the old and balanced system, the peace, already of a quarter of a century, and the most sudden, singular, and permanent impulse ever given to the arts of peace, in the memory of man.

A brief and spirited memoir of Prince Metternich adds to the valuable knowledge of the volume. He is the son of an Austrian functionary, formerly high in the administration of Austrian Flanders, and was born in 1773, at Johannisberg on the Rhine. Educated for diplomacy at Strasburg, he travelled in Germany, Holland, and England, and served at the congress of Rastadt in 1799. His abilities distinguished him, and he was employed on missions to Russia in 1804, and Prussia in the following year, times of great interest in Germany. After the defeat of Austria in 1805, though but thirty-three, he was appointed ambassador on the most difficult mission in Europe—that of Paris, with Napoleon on the throne, and Talleyrand for foreign minister. In 1809, he was appointed Chancellor of State, on the resignation of Count Stadion; and from that period until now, for upwards of thirty years, has continued, under two emperors, the first minister of Austria, and the most renowned diplomatist of Europe—a duration and a distinction equally unexampled.

"No diplomatist," says Mr Alison, "even in that age of intellectual giants, excelled, perhaps hardly any equalled Metternich, in the calm and sagacious survey which he took of existing events, in the prophetic skill with which he divined their probable tendency, and the admirable tact with which, without exciting unnecessary jealousy, he contrived to render them conducive to the interests of the country."

"His talent, and there it was unrivalled, consisted in gaining possession of the current, and directing it to his purposes. *Laissez venir* was his ruling principle at all periods of his life; but this seeming *insouciance* was not the result of listlessness and indifference, but of a close observation of the course of events, a strong sense of the danger of directly opposing it, and a conscious power of ultimately obtaining its direction. He was well aware of the tide in the affairs of men which every age has so clearly evinced."

We leave our readers to gratify themselves with the intelligent and expressive portraiture of the great statesman given in the History, and shall merely observe that the secret of his success as a minister seems to have consisted in being faithful to that Conservatism which never failed any man who had the good sense to adopt it, and the firmness to maintain it. The march of mind, the rights of the rabble, and the statesmanship of the streets, had been treated by Metternich at all times with due contempt. He has not suffered popular clamour to extort a single concession, nor popular conspiracy to dictate to public council. If Metternich had been minister of France ten years ago, he would have sent her rabble of patriots

to the dungeon, and saved the Bourbon throne. If he had been minister of England as many years since, he would have crushed the Whigs, silenced the roarers for Reform; and by calling on the property of the country to protect itself, and the good sense of the nation to control the absurdity of the populace, he would have rescued us from ten wretched years of party strife, and national humiliation from unequaled feebleness of council, conjoined with unequaled avarice of pelf; from statesmanship which had no other object than office, power exercised only for party, economy which has added seven millions to our public encumbrances, and reforms which menace us with a republic. He would be to our age what Pitt was to that of our fathers.

The accession of Austria to the grand alliance diffused high exultation throughout Europe. It was justly regarded as turning a probability into certainty, and redeeming the general mind from the anxious contingencies which had so long agitated every bosom of patriotism and peace. By those who look deeper into consequences, it was regarded as the solution of the great problem, whether France had the actual capacity, under the most favourable circumstances, of assuming the dominion of the Continent; whether a general combination of the powers beyond the Rhine would not be always equal to coerce an invader; and whether the coming evidence of that fact would not operate as a security against war for a century? But the intelligence was received with tenfold, and almost dramatic exultation, on the scene of the campaign. Mr Alison always describes with animation, but he here excels himself.—

"To outstrip the slow arrival by couriers of the long-wished-for intelligence, bonfires were prepared on the summits of the Bohemian mountains; and, at midnight on the 10th, their resplendent light told the breathless host in Silesia, that two hundred thousand gallant allies were about to join their standard. The Emperor of Russia, and King of Prussia, with their respective troops, were assembled in anxious expectation at Trachenberg, in a large barn, awaiting the agreed-on signal, when, a little after midnight on the night of the 10th, loud shouts on the outside announced that the flames were seen; and soon the sovereigns themselves, hastening to the door, beheld the blazing lights, prophetic of the fall of Napoleon, on the summits of the mountains. Such was the joy which pervaded the deeply-agitated assembly, that they all embraced, many with tears of rapture. Spontaneous salvos of artillery, and *feux-de-joie* of musketry, resounded through the whole Russian and Prussian lines. Joy beamed in every countenance: confidence had possessed itself of every heart. With lightsome steps the great body of the forces in Silesia obeyed next morning the order to march into Bohemia. Innumerable columns of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, soon thronged the passes in the mountains; and, before the six days' delay allowed for the commencement of hostilities after the termination of the armistice had expired, eighty thousand Russian and Prussian veterans were grouped round the walls of Prague. The Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia arrived soon after in that city, where they were received with the utmost cordiality and magnificence by the Emperor of Austria; and a review of the principal forces of the latter on the 19th August, ninety-one battalions of infantry, and fifty squadrons of cavalry—in all nearly ninety thousand men, defiled before their Majesties — conveyed a vivid image of the vast accession of strength which their cause had received by this fortunate alliance."

As if for the purpose of crowning this series of good omens, on the next day the accounts arrived of the total defeat of the French army under Soult, in the Pyrenees, after the most daring intrepidity on the part of the British—a victory which threw open the whole southern frontier of France to invasion. It is gratifying to the sense of retributive justice, which is, after all, only a homage to the principles of society, to find that Napoleon, and the instruments of his sanguinary ambition, were at last beginning to feel the miseries which they had so recklessly inflicted. The Emperor's despatches exhibit that fierce irritability which shows the fever of the mind. He passed his days in sullenness and solitude; and what nights he passed, are only to be imagined by those who can shape to themselves the phantoms of falling empire. His chief officers gave frequent and unequivocal testimony to the alarms

which had at length began to harass them.

"I received," said Augereau to Fouché, "letters from headquarters immediately after the battle of Bautzen, and it appears that that horrible butchery led to no result; no prisoners, no cannon. In a country extremely intersected with inclosures, we have found the enemy prepared or intrenched at every point; we suffered severely at the subsequent combat of Reichenbach. Observe that, in that short campaign, one bullet has carried off Bessières on this side of the Elbe, and another, Duroc at Reichenbach. What a war! we shall all be destroyed! What would he do at Dresden? He will not make peace; you know him better than I do. He will get himself surrounded by 500,000 men. No one can doubt that Austria will follow the example of Prussia. If he continues obstinate, and is not killed, which he will not be, we shall all be destroyed."

Junot, a gallant *sabreur*, but who retained the ruffian habits of the republic, next furnished the moral. He went mad. Fouché was sent for to the camp, to supersede him in his government of Illyria. Junot had been a common soldier in the republican ranks; his dashing courage had recommended him to Bonaparte in Italy; and when the leader of the French armies rose, his comrade rose along with him. The Moscow retreat tried his health; Napoleon's reproaches, at a time when he reproached every one, tried his temper, and the brain finally gave way. On Fouché's arrival, the lunatic general was sent back to France, where, in a fortnight, he flung himself out of a window in a paroxysm, and was killed.

Napoleon felt the death of his old officer, perhaps as much as his iron nature could feel any thing. When he received the intelligence, he exclaimed—"*Voila encore un de mes braves de moins! Junot! O, mon Dieu!*" "Shortly before his death, Junot wrote a letter to the Emperor, which, amidst much excitement arising from commencing insanity, contained expressions strongly descriptive of the feelings entertained by his early companions in arms at that period:—'I, who love you with the adoration of the savage for the sun—I, who live only in you—even I implore you to terminate this eternal war. Let us have peace. I would wish to repose my worn-out head, my pain-racked limbs in my house, in the midst of my family, of my children, of my friends. I desire to enjoy that which I have purchased with what is more precious than all the treasures of the Indies—with my blood—the blood of an honourable man—of a good Frenchman. I ask tranquillity, purchased by twenty-two years of active service, and seventeen wounds, by which the blood has flowed, first for my country, then for your glory?'"

It is curious to see how completely this opinion had at length pervaded every mind, perhaps not excepting Napoleon's own. Fouché, on his passage through Prague, going into what he well knew was only an honourable banishment, had an interview with Metternich, whom he evidently wished to inspire with his own views. "Europe," said this wiliest, if not vilest, even of the school of Jacobinism, "rising *en masse* against Napoleon, cannot fail to occasion his overthrow: we must look to the future. A regency, with the empress at its head, and Austria as its support, seems to afford the fairest chance of success; the members of the Bonaparte family must be *pensioned* and *sent to travel;* a regency, composed of the leading men of all parties, including Talleyrand, Fouché, and M. de Montmorency, would soon arrange matters; the imperial generals might be easily appeased by great appointments, and France reduced to the limits of the Rhine." Thus early was arranged, in the contemplations of Napoleon's own cabinet, the plan which finally stripped him of his diadem, as the nobler sword stripped him of his fame.

But there were other signs of the approaching ruin. At this period, General Jomini, a man of remarkable ability, chief of Ney's staff, and since distinguished as a military writer, came over to the Allies. But a still more remarkable personage, the celebrated Moreau, arrived from America, and on the 16th of August reached the allied camp, where he was received by the sovereigns with all imaginable honours. An attack was now planned against Dresden, the pivot of Napoleon's operations, which failed simply by forgetting, that in war time is every thing. If the Allies had attacked the city in the morning, instead of the

afternoon, Dresden must have fallen into their hands, Napoleon's retreat would have been cut off, and the French, in all probability, compelled to lay down their arms. Six hours made all the difference between matchless triumph, and defeat with the loss of 20,000 men. Yet, Napoleon's partial success on this occasion unquestionably had the ultimate result of involving him in more inextricable ruin. It encouraged him in his obstinate determination for war. Instead of finishing the contest, this partial victory enabled him to drain France by continual draughts of her heart's blood; it stimulated him to hostilities, while every hour was deepening his fate, and it finally exhibited him in a state of such utter exhaustion, that to treat with him as a sovereign would be a political folly, and his natural destiny was felt to be the chain. A series of encounters between the detached corps of the French army and the Allies, followed with varying success. From August to the middle of October, the losses of human life were immense; but the Allies received perpetual reinforcements, while the enemy's battalions were diminishing day by day. The consequence was, that Napoleon found it necessary to retire towards the Rhine; but unwilling to abandon Germany without a desperate effort, he made a stand at Leipsic. There he was immediately followed by the Allies, and the forces concentrated round the city were stupendous. The Allies mustered 290,000 men, with 1300 pieces of cannon. The French force exhibited a decided inferiority in point of number, 175,000 men, and 720 guns—a great disproportion in the muster roll; yet, when we recollect the composition of the troops, the experience of their generals, and the profound ability of Napoleon, giving a fair chance for victory against almost any amount of troops collected from so many various nations, under so many generals new to war, encumbered by the presence of so many sovereigns and diplomatists in their camp, and commanded by an honest Austrian, who, though brave and even sagacious, was forced to listen to the opinions of the potentates round him, and mingle the courtier with the general.

A striking characteristic of the latter years of this great war, was the constant appeal of the soldier to feelings higher than soldiership. The generals of the French republic had set the example, by ardent addresses to their troops displaying the prizes of victory. Napoleon, eloquent by nature, had roused the feelings of the French soldier by brilliant temptations to his vanity. Nothing could be more vivid, yet nothing could be more false. They were electrical flashes, which dazzled intensely for the moment, but then passed away, and left no trace behind. The addresses of the Allies, at this period, were solemn calls to feelings more permanent, and therefore more powerful; simple, and therefore more intelligible; sacred, and therefore more likely to endure, in a struggle of terrible difficulty to the soldier and the state. At daybreak, on the 16th of October, the first of the great three days' battle, Prince Schwartzenberg, the Austrian general, issued the following noble proclamation, which was read to every company and squadron of the army:—

"The most important epoch of this sacred war has arrived, brave warriors! Prepare for the combat. The bond which unites so many powerful nations in the most just, as the greatest of causes, is about to be yet closer drawn, and rendered indissoluble on the field of battle. Russians, Prussians, Austrians! you all combat for the same cause: you fight for the liberty of Europe—for the independence, of your children—for the immortal renown of your names. All for each—each for all! With this device, the sacred combat is about to commence. Be faithful at the decisive moment, and victory is your own!"

The spirit of the German troops was worthy of this vigorous and lofty appeal. After two days of desperate fighting, they drove the French close to Leipsic; and on the 18th of October, a memorable day for Europe, the battle was fought in sight of the city. For a considerable part of the day, it was fought by the artillery, and we may conceive the thunders and the horror of a cannonade, in which eight hundred guns of the Allies were answered by five hundred of the French. But, towards nightfall, the losses in Napoleon's line began to be tremendous; multitudes were killed and wounded, generals fell in all quarters,

and twelve cannon were dismounted close to the spot where he stood. An extraordinary event happened in the field, worthy of the magnitude of a conflict on which hung the fate of nations. The Saxon troops, to the amount of 8000, infantry and cavalry, with twenty-two pieces of cannon, were seen suddenly abandoning the French lines, marching over to the allies, and turning their guns against the corps of Regnier. England, too, had her share in this great encounter. A company of her artillery gave the first example of using rockets in the field; and such was the terror of those formidable instruments of havoc, that, on their first discharge, a French brigade threw down their arms. The French, now driven upon Leipsic, fought furiously for their last resource; the suburb Schoenfield was taken and lost five times. At length a sixth attack placed it in the hands of the Russians; it cost the French four thousand men. Night fell at last, on a plain covered with fifty thousand human beings, dead or dying. Such is the work of war, and such is the price of ambition. Has the tongue of man language to describe the guilt that provokes such horrors? or is there any condemnation less than the outpouring of the stores of divine vengeance, adequate to the punishment of the atrocious heart which thus buys human distinction? Yet even this did not fill up the roll of sacrifices to the vanity of Napoleon. The loss of the French during the three days' battle and retreat, was not less than 60,000 men. The loss of the Allies was not less than 40,000. Of these 100,000 fellow-beings, every man might have been alive and uninjured, if such had been the will of the French Emperor, but three days before.

Next morning at daybreak, the Allies prepared to storm Leipsic; but the French were already in retreat. They were instantly pushed over the Elster. The original fault of the position now exhibited itself in the impossibility of escape by the single bridge across the river. The result was, that upwards of twenty generals, with nearly 30,000 prisoners, were taken; 250 pieces of cannon, 900 waggons and chariots, captured in the various conflicts, were the allied trophies. In the afternoon, the sovereigns, with their staffs, entered the city, and met in the principal square. War never displayed a more consummate triumph, or a nobler scene. All was rejoicing among the people, and they glanced after the cloudy retreat of the French columns, as if they had seen the spirits of evil winging their way from the land, and the sky of Germany cleared for ever.

But we must now close our sketch, by merely mentioning that the latter portion of the volume gives the narrative of those gallant achievements by which the British army swept Soult over the Pyrenees, and uncovered the "intangible" frontier.

In our remarks on the performance of the historian, we have scarcely alluded to the vividness and variety of his narrative. The public have already had sufficient evidence of the skill and animation of his style. Where we differed from his views, we differed with hesitation—where we agreed, we received additional conviction from the force and feeling of his philosophy. But we are simply speaking the fact, when we say, that we have read the whole volume with the interest of a fine romance. The subject itself unquestionably administers largely to the enthusiasm of literature. The conflicts of nations; the tremendous powers of rival thrones urged into collision, like encountering planets; the prodigious ability displayed on all sides; and even the frightful havoc of human life, invest the whole subject with a wild and awful grandeur, that seems scarcely to belong to the transactions of our temporary world. We seem to be present at the convulsions of more than empires, and the final hours of more than dynasties; the struggles of those energies which exhibit themselves but faintly in their mortal representatives, and the rise and fall of mightier depositories of power, than wear the diadems of earth. We have never doubted that the French Revolution had a deeper birth than even the sullen bosoms of its homicides; and we as little doubt, that its extinction was wrought by influences as much superior in power and penetration to man, as its origin was profound, malignant, vast, and terrible.

Still, to have wielded such a subject with due mastery is distinguished praise, and we look with impatience for the next volume of Mr Alison.

SKETCHES OF ITALY.

Leaving Rome.

——"Jumenta vocant——eundum est."—Juv.

And we too are weary of Rome, of Cardinals, and Carnivals, and Easters! There is no place from which, when all is over, one more heartily desires to depart—hot weather is coming on with incredible rapidity, striped awnings are spread across the streets, coffee-house chairs are turned out of doors, lemonade booths, with their revolving ice-barrels, are taking up permanent summer stations, strawberries are at a discount, green almonds and other green things abound, and two or three minor fountains threaten to play no more for the season. Every house is now avowedly, but in a vain avowal, a lodging-house. Spilman will make no more mince-pies, nor English buns, for eight months to come; and even the English doctors are gone! The cunning Italian has parted with his last gem! his trashy mosaics and cameos are withdrawn from the windows; and two days hence the shops for English sauces and pickles will tempt no more! The last English sermon has been preached; no one is reading in the reading-room. Men with return pianofortes on their shoulders are met descending the Scalinata, and huge hungry dogs and unsaddled couriers are every where about the *piazza;* the sore hack, who has during the winter been galloped over the whole Latin wilderness, is left to graze upon it. The hotels are all but empty; the yellow fly-specked card-rack of the November "arrivals," is no longer legible; and when one inmate goes, it can no longer be said, "simili frondescat virga metello." A few belated tourists may indeed drop in, hurrying on or back from Naples, and liable, if they don't take care, to be kept here longer than they intend, by a touch of *malaria.* The first batch of *voituriers* are already returned from Florence, and wait in very moderate hopes of contracting for a second journey thither. The premises of Grant, the English agent, are encumbered with purchases left to be forwarded. Fifteen very pale *Cencis,* all first-rate; ten Sybils, elaborately bad; the usual batch of Fornarinas; Fauns with, and Venuses without *foliage;* engravings, as untrue to art in general as to Rome in particular; body-colour eruptions of Vesuvius, and *yellow* illuminations of St Peter's; "Scipio's" tomb, in sizes for all purchasers, to collect dust on London mantelpieces; wild boars with pens stuck in their ears; green lizards opening their mouths for wet pens, and dwarfish obelisks the size of nine-pins. *Quæ cum ita sint,* we will take our last walk on the Pincian, all radiant as it now is with fire-flies, and leave Rome to the select few who, calling themselves *old Romans,* affect indifference to heat, and scepticism to malaria. To-morrow is the 30th April, and we intend to start for Venice and the Bagni di Lucca.

The Campagna.

"Rus vacuum quod non habitet nisi nocte coacta
Invitus."—Lucan.

This fire-vaulted country, which heaves up its thousand monticules, the congealed waves of the quenched volcano, through which, impregnated with sulphur and bitumen, flows unwholesome water, and above which the curse of malaria has hovered for ages, with its grand bridges across the Tiber, and its lonely cut-throat locandas, well accord with Rome in decay. As we traversed this region last autumn, in our way to that city of inferior shops and inconvenient dwelling-houses which have grown up among her ruins and swamped her antiquities, we thought the country tedious and barren. Surprising change! it now teems with interest, and with materials for many a striking picture; the herbage, then sear and seedy, and

to be copied only in umber and bistre, is now in its full but shortlived maturity of transitory verdure; nor could those noisy flutterers, the larks, drop elsewhere on a softer bed than is offered them by the slopes of young corn on either side of the road—such marvels can spring accomplish even in the most unpropitious furrows! The gun of the Roman sportsman popping in the month of May, sounds to our English ear not unwelcomely, and disturbs the tranquillity of the scene: but, alas! the small bird, whose wild notes we love, and whom we hail as the harbinger of the year, has other and more formidable foes. Above, in the blue firmament, we discern many a hawk, destined perhaps to hang in the Roman market beside his meditated victim; for of a surety, in the matter of birds, "Omnia Romæ cum pretio." Every thing in the altogether peculiar Campagna partakes of its wildness—we meet herds of swine, with bristly back and long-drawn snout, led on by sallow herdsmen, brandishing, like the halberdiers of some old armoury, their long spiked poles. Buffaloes, those scabrous fierce-eyed representatives of our domestic cattle, are also here, and huge hungry dogs, who scour the plain, or rush open-mouthed from some lone hovel at each passer-by, except, when daunted by the sight of a carriage, they retire growling. The very post-boys, as if urged by some unseen spirit of the waste over which they drive, whip and spur as though pursued by furies, till, passing *Nepi*, they have borne you entirely beyond the haunts of banditti and the influence of malaria, when the country gradually goes on improving in cultivation and civilization, and Civita Castellana appears, pinnacled on its rocky ledge, where we intend to go to bed with *Soracte* in front of our window.

Narni—Provincial Theatre.

——"Tender as Cremona's shell,
When hush'd orchestras own the spell,
And watch the ductile bow."—C. B.

We find ourselves in the little town of Narni, on the fete of *St Juvenal*, which last year was celebrated by the unusual exhibition of a bull-fight. This year the theatre tried its attractive powers: much scrubbing, white-washing, and clearing away of bats and cobwebs to make way for the actors, whom we found yesterday unloading the Thespian waggon. "Warm work, sir!" said one of them, who, on due encouragement, proceeded to confide to us the sorrows of Italian strollers, which are the same, "mutatis mutandis," every where. "Having housed our instruments, dresses, and music, surveyed the dimensions, and been damped by the pitiable condition of the *house*, (the dirt which had been partially removed, only rendering more apparent that which remained,) we took off our coats, and set to work with brush and broom till we were exhausted. After a hasty breakfast we went again to work, thinking all the while how we could best distribute the tickets, when a visit is announced from one of the lessees of the theatre, who came to tell us that he and certain joint claimants expected fifty-six free admissions; after which he departed, wishing us as much success in filling the house as we had evidently obtained in cleaning it. To meet one of our difficulties, he promised to send us a scene-painter, 'good at need,' and particularly happy in *trees*. But as the rural *Stanfield* asked twelve scudi for a grove, and it was too late to send elsewhere for a 'selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte,' my friend there resolved to personate Dante, (for this was part of the bill of fare,) and leave the forest to be imagined. We had promised, or implied an orchestra; we soon found that fidelity to this engagement would eat up more than all the profits which our joint performance could possibly realize; so we engaged seven musicians, all too many, for they never kept five seconds in time." We consoled him, and promised to attend the next representation. The day was uncommonly warm, the evening equally close, and unsuitable alike to audience and actor. Nevertheless, we took our place in the pit, and had time to reconnoitre the house before it began. In a few minutes, and after a very few bars

from the orchestra, Signor A., grand pianist to &c. &c., issues from a side-door, comes forward with the most lively *impressement*, bows twice to the loud plaudits of two general clappings of hands, sits down, gets an attitude, and thunders off some very loud music, which *rakes* off every man's hat as by magic, and makes a sudden silence through the house. In five minutes we are heartily tired of him and it; the piano has at length discharged its last detonations, and the artist who directed them, at once tired and applauded, gives place to a young stranger, dressed decently, but not at all according to statute, who comes timidly forward, fiddle in hand. Poor fellow! his gesture is somewhat awkward; but Apollo would not have looked graceful holding a fiddle to his chin. Embarrassed as genius often is, and pretension never, folks begin to buzz, stare, and wonder when *he* will begin, an ordeal which makes him still more shy. During this painful pause we had time to look at the old brown fiddle, which, half a century after the death of its maker, the celebrated Stradivarius, became the property of Paganini, and rose to be his favourite. Yes! the unimposing instrument before us had emitted 300,000 francs worth of music, and had lain voiceless on his death-bed. It now sounds a sweet plaint over his obsequies, and is sure to earn another large reputation for another child of song. It were trite to say that the fame of a violin *maker* is almost always posthumous; to mention an exception what Stradivarius was, *Ghibertini* is, or rather at the end of a long life begins to be; he has *lived* to see his violins celebrated, and coveted by connoisseurs, and bought up at ten times their original cost. But, to return to our text, we could almost have fancied the spirit of the old musician brooding over his lyre as his young pupil, fixing on it an affectionate gaze, and bending his all-attentive ear over its "bridge of sighs," begins a melody worthy of all admiration, and dedicated to his master by Mayseder. Scarcely had the young performer drawn his magic bow in a series of inconceivably light touches across the strings, when, as if so many enthralled spirits of melody were suddenly released, there came forth from the caverns below a flood of the most delicious harmony. The motion of the bow was at once decisive of the master; tones, at first timid and exploratory, swelled out by degrees into a wave of woe, and so charmed the ear that a murmur of applause soon rose into an explosion of enthusiasm. We were thankful for a pause in which to luxuriate in the enjoyment which had been conferred on us, and the silence which ensues is not an interruption, but the consummation of the charm.

"The angel ended; but in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd
to hear."

The measure changes, and now the rapid fingers pluck the strings with the vivacity of sparks, and ask the eager question to be so eloquently answered at the other end of the instrument, by that same inimitable bow. This little dialogue was a masterpiece of legerdemain; a third composition succeeded, in which each note not only charmed the ear, but excited appropriate sentiment in the audience. Hope warbled to us in eloquent persuasiveness; faith seemed to utter its own homily of sustained serenity; affections, emotions, sympathies, of which we knew neither the sources nor the claims, were raised, and quelled, and conducted, at his bidding, till at length a thrilling rhapsody left us powerless before its resistless appeal.

Do we imagine it, or has a change come over the artist himself? He seems taller—certainly taller—is unquestionably more graceful; his movement is now unembarrassed, his eye is charged with music, and, when he makes his salutation and retires, what need he care for us, or our applause? His fiddle is carried off with him, to receive, we are quite sure, the endearments and caresses it deserves. Who would have thought that caterwauling puss had so much music in her skin, or have looked for bowels of compassion within the intestinal canal of that treacherous and carnivorous quadruped? Oh, of all instruments, give us the violin! none other has so quick an intelligence of the master's hand. The horse does not better know his rider! Painful to hear, ungraceful to see, when guided or goaded by a vulgar wrist, how

often the restive horse-hair *stumbles* or *shies* across the croaking bridge; but what a *tender mouth* has the fiddle, when properly guided! To lovers of *modulated noise*, we leave the piano, always sounding its own praises—its *amour propre* disturbs our quiet mood; and moreover it is such a colossal concern. The flute is certainly sweet, but its one mood cannot always be our mood, and we dislike its dirty *German* fashion of *spitting* whenever it speaks: however, "*Chacun trouve son plaisir ou il le trouve,*" as a French *Auletes* said to us when we denounced him and his horn. Commend us ever to the violin! that polyglott instrument, every string of which speaks a different language, and dialects innumerable. That exhaustless fountain of a

> "Prone and speechless melody,
> Such as moves man—which lacks not prosperous art
> When it would play with reason, and discourse,
> And *cunningly* persuades."

Terni.

> "Where, from his headlong height,
> Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice."—Byron.

A country so flourishing as the plain from Narni to Terni, suggests, especially in the Roman States, enquiries into its agriculture, the laws between landlord and tenant, the value of labour and of land, the price of provisions, and the salubrity of the air. From the following details, collected on the spot, the man of slender income will learn how he may, without quitting Europe, live comfortably, and cultivate land of his own. With common attention, this favoured soil of the ancient Umbria will yield four crops a-year, if sowed in the following order:—First, grain, (say wheat,) which, planted in October, is ready for cutting in June; then hemp; and, during the remaining months, two crops of beans. Of these, we took from a seedsman in the town the names and prices of the most common; *for a great variety of beans is cultivated here. Eschi*, or large white; *Zucchini*, small ditto; Roman beans and haricots fetch 12 pauls per *quarto*,* respectively. *Occhini*, or eye-beans, and *Faggioli gentili*, or French beans, cost 13–14 for the same measure. *Quarantini*, a small-sized bean—so called from its ripening in *forty days*—sells also at this price; as do *Ciceri*, (Italian pease,) and *Lentili*, the common lentile: but the broad bean costs much less, and sells at from 7 to 8 pauls per quarto. The following may be considered a fair *average* price for certain other seeds:—

Oats and Indian corn,	5 pauls	per quarto.	
Linseed, . .	14 pauls	—	
Millet, . .	17 pauls	—	
Hemp, . .	10 pauls	—	

But, inasmuch as hemp makes greater demands upon the soil, the tenant has to pay to the lessee of the ground 60 pauls; whereas, if it be beans, he pays only 30 pauls.†

Two varieties of clover are in very extensive cultivation hereabouts. The seed of each kind averages 3 pauls per quarto; one grows to a great height, (for clover,) bears a fine crimson flower, and yields one crop a-year: this is sown in October, and cut in June; for if it be left to grow too long, it becomes dry, and is prejudicial, they say, to cattle. This kind they call *nostrale*. The other variety, also in large cultivation, is called the American clover here; it is very productive, yielding always three, and sometimes four crops a-year. The fennel-root will not grow here; every experiment to cause it to do so having proved abortive. Oil is generally abundant; accordingly, the tax on its importation from Tuscany or elsewhere is so high, as to amount, in fact, to a prohibition; and, when it is at all scarce, the Papal prohibition prevents its export. It is at this moment con-

* A Quarto, which is the common meal-measure, weighs 64 lbs., and suffices to plant an area of ground of 14×400 paces, which is hence also called Quarto; though *Tavola* is the real name of the land-measure.

† Forty-six pauls = £1 English, at par.

sidered dear, the *foglietta* (eighteen ounces) costing 11 baiocchi, (about 5½d.) The grape grown on damp rich soils, like this, makes a poor sour wine; that grown in the neighbouring hills is better, and fetches larger prices. The price of meat seldom rises or falls—veal being generally 7 baiocchi; mutton, 4 baiocchi; beef, 3½ baiocchi, for twelve ounces; or about 4½d., 2½d., 2d., respectively, for an English pound of sixteen ounces.

The river Velino, and the lake from which it issues, abound in a delicious little fish, about the size of our bleak, rivalling even whitebait in flavour: they are called *Roseiola.* There is also a fish from the Nar—"*Sulphurea Nar, albus aqua*"—called *Roviglione,* almost equally good: it is about the size of our dace.

It being the *first of May,* our waiter apologizes for not being able to give us a dish of *small birds;* telling us that, by a law of the late Pope Leo XII., the *caccia* of small birds, beginning on the first of May and during pairing-time, was prohibited.

The land is hired for one, two, or three years; but the landlord, on giving the tenant six months' notice, may eject him when he pleases. The landlord finds oxen; in return for which the tenant is bound, either to work with them, for the benefit of the landlord, for forty days in each year, or to pay him 24 scudi as an equivalent. The tenant employs what labourers he pleases, and pays them 14 baiocchi per day, and boards them besides. He may be said to realize, on an average, in the cultivation of corn, &c. &c., about 17 scudi, or 170 pauls per quarto of land—100 of which goes to pay for auxiliary labour, rent, and loss of grain. The whole profit, therefore, upon each such portion of land, (in addition to his house, which is free,) may be estimated at about 7 scudi. For his wine and grain he pays the landlord in kind; three-fifths of wine, and one-half of corn and other grain. For grazing ground he pays in wool, cheese, &c.; and for beans and hemp in money.

After having taken some pains to ascertain these particulars, we hire a *calèche,* and drive to the Cascade.

The Cascade.

Let those who will have every thing in nature like something else, compare this incomparable cataract to a plume of white feathers, (Mrs Starke)—a shower of frosted silver, (unedited authority)—a gerbe of water-rockets, (our own)—or to the explosion of a soda-water manufactory! It is unlike any thing but itself, nor by any means always like its present self. We had seen it in autumn from above, and from below, when the spray, rising like a thick cloud, veiled all things in the dense water-dust, and gave the appearance of zinc foliage to every leaf within its influence! To-day the volume of water was scarcely a third of what it had been in November, and the roar was far less stunning. Threading for some distance, as before, a narrow chasm, whose walls conceal all that might else be seen, and suppress all that would else be heard from either side, we suddenly approach the boiling caldron, and again feel our faces bathed in thin rain.

All this was not new to us. We had already stood our two hours before the Cascade of Terni, and listened to the thunder from below, and quoted Byron. So on we went, to a spot where the noiseless sweep of the water, *making for the cataract,* was to afford a less picturesque, but a far more shuddering position, than the ordinary and familiar one. Few can look at a mill-dam with the sluices open, without feeling the terrible power of water in rapid motion through a narrow channel: think, then, of the awful velocity, the concentrated force, of all *Velinus!* The brain grows dizzy: you feel as if you too must be sucked within the fearful vortex; and it really fares far better with your nervous system when you stand upon the giddy spot from which the decided leap is to be taken, than here!

As to the cascade itself—If painting and poetry have failed, who shall attempt to tell in prose, how every large division of the prone-descending water springs from the opposing mass of rock high into the air!—how joy-

ously wave follows upon wave, where the fall is less abrupt, or the obstacle less infractious!—with what graceful curves, in such places of comparative tranquillity, each wave unrols its fleecy dust as it goes over!—how, lost for ever in the plunge, the main body of the fall sends up a thundering message, announcing its arrival!—how all sounds else are silenced!—and how, except in the abysses below, all nature is at rest! The herbage lies as beautifully green and moist in the sunshine as an English meadow; but the wonder of wonders, the charm of the place, is that exquisite iris, which—interrupted or perfect, disappearing or restored, with its bands of colour dim or brilliant, according to the intensity of the sunbeam or the accident of the cloud—is destined, as long as the world endures, to crown with its glorious diadem the brow of the gigantic waterfall! We admire this most beautiful object far too much to be able to admire Byron's cold conceit about "Hope watching Madness!"

While we were gazing below, above us, and around, a dark, opaque object caught our eye in the blue ether, and down it comes, and down! It is no aërolite. A bird of prey is that fellow, who has been biding his time midst all the noise and strife below. On this occasion, however, he seems disappointed. And so, having watched this solitary marauder until he disappears amidst the woods beyond, we will take one more look at a place one does not visit every day, and then home to dinner!

First and foremost, there is *the* cascade. There is no danger of our forgetting the mighty mother of the scene; but scarcely less interesting is that elder daughter, who sits unraveling her tresses on the ledge below, surrounded by a smaller sisterhood, some exhibiting their graceful forms as they sport upon the slippery pavement—others, only just learning to fall, have chosen a moist rock, carpeted with the broad charlock, for the trial, while the baby waterfall scuds down its blue bells, and dribbles away after its own fashion!

Spoleto.

The fennel root, that universal luxury of southern Italy, does not *grow* every where, and seems to depend more on soil than climate here. At Spoleto it was already a thing of cost, and the indispensable supply just below our window, had been fetched from Rome. This root, however, attains its greatest size at Naples; not unfrequently equalling a pound, but generally averaging half that weight—it is probably a very wholesome as well as an acceptable addition to that vegetable diet, which, where the Church with its Pythagorean precept and prohibition influences the market, is of no small consequence; unsuccessful endeavours have been made to cultivate the Fennochio in England and France. We never saw it at Nice, nor at Marseilles, nor in the gulf of Genoa. This fennel, with small spineless artichokes, ewe-milk cheese, and, by way of dessert, the pod of the *carroubier*, with which in some places they feed horses, was the whole, but penurious supply which we could obtain at Spoleto, a very considerable town, in aid of that *provision* which the *callidus viator*, as in Horace's time, takes with him on many an Italian road. "If Illustrissimi Signori will only manage with what they have of their own to-day," says the waiter, "we will send into the country to-morrow for eggs and milk!" so we produced our carriage supplies, and ate them in the public room, where two large dogs, allured by the smell and sight of more meat than they were accustomed to, would not be turned out. After dinner we went up the main street, and the steep succession of *stradette* and *vicoli* which lead to the cathedral and the aqueduct. We passed an arch, the "Porta della Fuga;" where Hannibal (says its inscription) was resisted after the victory of Thrasymene by the loyal inhabitants. The cathedral contains a much valued but valueless portrait of the Virgin, attributed, like so many others, to St Luke. It is an old Byzantine daub, a donation to Spoleto by Frederick First, A.D. 1185. On its margin is the following dialogue in Greek, Latin, and Italian. (Christus,) "Quid mater petis?" (Maria,) "Mortalium salutem." (Chr.,) "Ad iram me provocant."

(Maria,) "Compatere fili mi." (Chr.,) "At non convertuntur." (Maria,) "Salva per gratiam." (Chr.,) "Pax conversus amore." The aqueduct is by far the most imposing construction of the kind we ever saw; raised to an enormous elevation, it connects the opposite and exceedingly steep sides of a narrow valley. The human figure standing on this gigantic bridge, bears about the same proportion to it as the goat to the high Alpine rock, on which, as formerly, he is so frequently seen to cling. You look down 300 feet over its parapet on the white stony bed of the river course, at this time of the year dry, but in autumn or after rains the channel of an impetuous torrent. What a suitable Tarpeian rock had this been, at the time of the Borgias, when, as they say, the hollow shafts of the arches were employed as dungeons! The most striking consideration, perhaps, as you walk over the narrow ledge, with the river below, and the picturesque fort of the middle ages far above you, is the hydraulic office of this vast conduit. The town water is fetched down from one mountain to rise in a few minutes to its own level on the opposite, by the artificial channel of the bridge. From its lofty reservoir above, among those white patrician convents which attracted the attention of Forsyth, down comes the never-failing supply with the certainty imposed by a great law of nature, to gush out presently in fine fountains throughout the town, and send up another branch to the military station above the town. We here fell in with a young priest, whose conversation singularly interested us during a short stay of two days at Spoleto. He was a Frenchman, and a Franciscan, his age about thirty; tall, and remarkably well made, of excellent address, and evidently, from his language, manners, and acquirements, of a family of condition. His native town was *Samur* on the Loire. He had, he said, scarcely spoken French for two years, and expressed much apparent pleasure in thus finding some with whom to converse in it. No affectation spoiled the modesty of his pretensions—the priest and the philosopher seemed allied in a benign countenance, which lit up when he spoke on the welcome subject of the virtues of his seraphic master, St Francis. His address had the natural graces of a liberal education. His enthusiasm, rather German than French, was of that deep-seated character which courts solitude, and only gives sweet humanity to ordinary discourse. He had come, he said, to get the tone of his order on the spot where their great master's remains lay enshrined, at Assizi, which spot he engaged us to visit. He regretted that there should be so little spirit and soul any longer in the monastic institutions of Italy. He told us of St Francis, that he was a petty tradesman of Assizi, of a very dissolute character, at the close of the 13th century—of his conversion by a dream, his boundless charity, his beatific visions; how he passed for a fool at home, and was imprisoned by his own father, liberated by his mother, what miracles he wrought, and what charities he practised; how he was a great poet as well as saint, and how his canticle to the sun, which was read in the market-place, attracted such attention as to divert two conflicting parties of his townsfolk from fighting. On these subjects our new acquaintance entertained us during a walk of three hours over the hills. The Franciscans, about two centuries ago, had a division—some being scandalized at the very riches of their convents, which enabled them to wear fine cloth, and to dress clean; whilst others, among whom was Father Prospero, (our friend,) thought that even religion lost nothing of its authority by having the means of existence furnished by its own society. Nor did he admire those who thought it better to beg than to possess, and who let their beards grow to a monastic metre, but took no pains to educate their minds. We took coffee at his convent, and were introduced to the whole brotherhood, six in number, who have a revenue equal to L.400 a-year! "You have doubtless heard of our riches," said the Padre, "and you see how the world tells the truth; but though this L.400 a-year amongst six men who drink the produce of their own vineyards, grow their own corn, and pay little to the tailor, is really a large sum, our revenue would be doubled if we were stationary; for then we should love the soil, and cultivate it not grudgingly, and not merely to supply our wants, but with assiduity, which, with such land

as this, would be successful in no common degree. But we differ (be it for better for worse) from the regular clergy most of all in this, that, whereas they are stationary, it is our duty not to attach ourselves to place, but to have no abiding city, and be ever ready, like soldiers, to obey orders from our 'general' at Rome, whose duty it is to send us where he thinks our services will prove most efficacious. We differ from the Cappucini not more in the principle that, to secure respect, one should not disregard externals, than in holding it essential to keep pace, as far as graver duties will permit, with the improved state of intelligence, and the advances which all knowledge has made since we became a society. We regularly go forth from our convents at Easter, to assist the parochial clergy, or preach, on our own account, to any that are disposed to hear us." The parish doctor was another acquaintance we made at Spoleto; he receives from the commune better pay than is usual, 500 scudi—about L.120 a-year is given to the Archiatros Spoletensis, 400 scudi to the second, and 300 to a third, in consideration for which they visit all those high-perched convents gratuitously. The people represent themselves as much overtaxed—an old jeweller exclaimed in our hearing, "We pay one paul per horse, and three baiocchi for every kid, and seven for every sheep which enters the town! The apostolic chamber also pinches off, as a land tax, 130 scudi upon every 1000 scudi value. Perhaps the holy father will one day learn that our dogs are still untaxed, and that we pay nothing for doors or for window light." What, we asked, is your population? "We are 7000 sheep," which provoked a laugh in the shop, where there were one or two loungers like ourselves. For bread fit for *us*, of common mixed flour, we pay one baioccho for nine ounces; but for fine bread, such as *Cardinals* eat, or his *Holiness*, one baioccho will only purchase five and a half ounces. In a country so productive it is a coincidence worth notice, that St Abundantia is the patron saint, and that her bones, together with those of several thousand other martys, rest in a church dedicated to her in the little place just opposite to the inn.

Foligno.

We hope our last visit has been paid to the Black Eagle at Foligno, one of those Italian inns where one's patience, wound up for a journey, is sadly at fault. We reluctantly entered its long *salle à manger*, redolent of ammoniacal gas elaborated in a stable beneath—a very common arrangement for the traveller's comfort in Italy. At the end of its long table, dimly lighted by the single wick of a three-beaked brass lamp, sat a courier and an English ladies' maid, with a vinegar cruet between them. Rejecting without hesitation all the bedrooms on this floor, we go up stairs, hoping the volatile alkali may not, or that a story higher may make it somewhat less pungent. So much for the bed-rooms; as to beds, we know the same detestable contrivances await us every where. All the beds in the locandas of Italy are as broad as they are long, and high in proportion, and appear higher when viewed from the table-land on the top. The room on which we were billeted was so far like a bed-room as to contain two chairs, one on each side of the bed, a deal tripod holding a basin, a jug with no water, a tumbler on the stone chimneypiece, to indicate that such a thing had already been asked for, and a leaden crucifix to suggest resignation. The litter of Indian corn, which with a single mattress represents a bed in your albergo "della posta," would hold three or four *voituriers* abreast, and its accessories render it unfit for any other tenants. Below we found, as usual, two greasy functionaries, in soiled cotton dresses and paper caps, beginning to prepare something offensive, for which we knew the folly of waiting, but waited, nevertheless, enduring the assaults of fleas by the score, out of the crevices which separate the brick pavement of the saloon; but we are not to be alone in our miseries. Too much travelling for that! A shaking of *grelots* below, declare that other *voituriers* have arrived, and we soon hear the usual demonstrations of authority

and determination to be attended to; while plenty of transalpine voices, bass and treble, are heard approaching—enter a party large enough for a company of comedians! To each, like ourselves, is quickly assigned his separate truss of straw, to be reached through some of the many doors constantly open, and then a long silence ensues, and for about an hour we hear nothing to disturb our musings except some difference of opinion in the stable as to precedency of stalls, and the occasional snort of horse or mule. The very lamp begins to be weary of lending us its light, when an ocean of meagre *minestra*, and some greasy maccaroni, come to our relief. The first is an infusion of some animal matter in hot salt water; the second as hard as before it was put into the pot. The loaf is damp, sour, stale, and has been handled till one revolts at the very sight of it; and for the *wine*, though we have been travelling *among*, and quoting one's best passages *about* vineyards, the red stuff in the dull decanter before us is too intolerable to be swallowed under that or any other pretence. Supper ended, we must go to bed, where the fleas and mosquitoes have been long expecting us. For the *fleas*—patience! They make no noise; but the moment the candle is out, the *mosquitoes* drop on us like thistle-down. We always make our blow at him in the wrong place. We may box our ears till they tingle, and at last, perhaps, crush one tiny enemy on our cheek; but the returns of killed and wounded will not pay the expenses of the war, and there we lie to be sucked and poisoned till morning. As to the fleas, once warmed by the presence of their victim, they wax frolicsome, and become active as he becomes lethargic; finally, if any thing were wanting to make sleep impossible, a scuttling army of *mice* overhead begin their evolutions—for be it known, that every night, after supping in the long public room below, where we cannot sup at all, the Foligno mice give a ball up stairs, and whisk their tails about in this healthy exercise till daybreak—accursed vermin! who, when the tired dog snores in concert with his master, and the very cat has composed his mustache, and crept out to sleep under the tiles, still keep their supernatural and most unwelcome scuffling. Two o'clock has struck, and three; a brief hiatus of oblivion between three and four may perhaps be obtained; but then let him sleep who can, for it is now full time for Italian travellers to be stirring. Our neighbours are roused by gruff voices and strange dialects. The horses are shaking in their loose harness, or snorting to some distant friend before they start; carriages are grating against curbstones as they go out; and ostlers are swearing their first devotional oath to the saints or the virgin. Such is a night's lodging in Foligno, (Fulinum, or what not, in the old geography of Italy;) and almost any where else.

Assizi—Franciscan Convent and Churches.

It is scarcely thirty years since one of the brethren of this convent had a dream which revealed to him the resting-place of St Francis, a spot for which the pious had long vainly sought. The Pope's permission obtained, the whole convent went to work, and after fifty-four days and nights spent in digging, an iron coffin, containing the body of the saint, dressed in the garb of the Franciscan order, of which he in 1222 was the founder, was discovered. There, of course, a costly shrine was erected; but the stone tablets under which the coffin was found, have been left to authenticate the important spot. We entered the middle church of three—for there is one below our feet and another over our heads—at an hour when the mighty accessories of light and shade heightened the effect it would at any time have produced, and which really almost equalled the admiration excited by the first sight of St Peter's. The remarkable lowness of the roof brings into near view a very extraordinary ceiling, composed of a *lapis lazuli* ground, spangled with stars of gold. The windows, which is a rare embellishment in Italy, glow in all the brilliancy of coloured gems, and throw a chastened light upon the tesselated pavement. The peculiar tone of this middle church, of crypt-like character, contrasts finely with the

height and Gothic lightness of the one above, which, with the exception of a chair for his holiness, and the carved stalls whose gondola backs are beautifully *interziati* with the heads of saints of the Franciscan order, executed by Domenichino of Screvino, is devoid of church furniture. Giotto's noble Frescoes, however, illustrating the life of the seraphic saint, adorn its walls, some of them treated with that simplicity of detail in which those times delighted. Here St Francis is represented giving to his father his secular dress, which, together with all secular concerns, he henceforth renounces. Here *Honorius* the Third is represented in a dream; the Lateran Church is falling, but it is opportunely sustained on the broad shoulders of the saint. Here he is represented shaming an inattentive audience by addressing himself to the listening birds. (The real trees on which those birds perched, are of course in perpetual verdure.) We saw with regret how seriously time and weather had injured these ancient and venerable works. The cloisters attached to the convent command one of the most extensive and, at the same time, enchanting views, over a plain covered with the produce of all kinds of green grain, in the midst of which stands the fine church of *Santa Maria degli Angeli.* The country is intersected in all directions by winding lanes; the bright green of the mulberry is in its highest beauty; and a forest of spreading oaks, rivalling those of England, give a new and noble feature to this Umbrian landscape.

Seravalle.

We brought what remained of us next day from Foligno to Seravalle, a wild spot deep among the mountains; for we could not reach Tolentino to sleep, and resolved to make out the night at a small lonely house, at which we had rather halt next time during daylight. At first, indeed, it was vastly pleasant to roam about the steep sides of the valley in pursuit of insects, and study the evolutions of a little dog in the kitchen, who in his capacity of turnspit was preparing the roast kid for our dinner; but when the shadows began to lengthen, and the sun went down, and the cold keen air of evening had forced us, in the middle of May, to call for fire, we began to wish this romantic pass of the Appenine and ourselves some twenty miles apart. We are to start early to-morrow morning, and to do this must retire betimes to our *columbarium*, a miserable place between the first and only story and the tiles. We put out our candle; but it would not do, we could not sleep. We breathed with a feeling that the ceiling was compressing our respiration, and the green tea, of which we had partaken too copiously, conjured up other sources of unfamiliar fear. We began to think of the many kids we had seen with their throats cut in the market-place of Foligno. What if some bandit-butcher should serve us in the same fashion? Oh! they had been known to do it for a less booty than our carriage and party promised; but would they be so cruel as to murder so many? Who could settle that question but themselves? The people of the house were miserably poor, and such bold beggars as beset us round the door we had never before encountered; one had told us that they *must* live by the contributions of "*forestieri*," for they could not be supported upon *stones* and *water*, and the scenery around furnished little else. If alms were withheld, what then? We had given none, and felt *now* the responsibility of our refusal. A passage from an oldish Galignani started up to our recollection. A family *was* stopped last winter on its way to Rome from Ancona—this might be the spot—we could not indeed remember that it was, but it seemed very likely, and we would have given something to have remembered whether they were also murdered, but we could not make out. We had been so indiscreet as to tell some of the beggars who had pursued us in our chaise, of insects among their mountain shrubs, that they should learn like us to live upon them; a hard-hearted joke, and a very bad one, for which, if throats *were* to be cut to-night, they would doubtless recollect the author. Yet our hostess was a venerable dame; had told us that people attained to a great age at Seravalle, and that—hisht! surely our insecure door began

to wag on its hinges. Pshaw! it could only be the winds doing—hisht, again! what can be those strange sounds below? Oh! that we could throw open our window, and spring the rattle, and call the "watch;" in place of passing our shirt sleeve over our moist forehead, recollecting the prints or models of picturesquely clad villains in leather buskin, pink sash, and sugar-loaf hats! The cold night-breeze had by this time chided itself to sleep; the towering pines opposite our window stood motionless, like the ghosts of mountain heroes, shadowy and still in the silver light: the laden ash drooped under its load of red berries over the beetling cliff, and the ear of night is soothed, like our own ear, with the colloquial murmuring of the trout stream over its pebbly bed, and the delicious plaint of we know not how many nightingales. Thus we went to sleep, and in the morning other and livelier songsters awaken us, and we are lit out of bed by the sun himself, who has loosened these heralds' tongues to inform us that his chariot is already many stages beyond the horizon, and to warn us that, if we would reach *Macerata* by the evening, we must erelong be on ours.

Tolentino.

Yes! we travel through the Holy Land of Italy! Umbria is a second Palestine. At Spoleto, Foligno, and Assizi, St Francis was in the ascendant; we are now in the diocese of St Nicolas, so postilions swear, and beggars ask alms in *his* name; even the petitioners within the prison bars make *St Nicolà* rhymo with *carità*. Hardly had we alighted at our inn before we were urged to buy small gingerbread nuts, bearing on one side the head, and on the other the name of the saint, while a troop of ragged boys flocked round us, and offered to conduct us to his tomb. The church which contains it is a handsome building, of comparatively modern date, adorned with a fine gateway, surmounted by a spirited bronze figure of our own St George, and possessing a gilded ceiling to its nave, done at the sole expense of the Visconti family of Milan. At the end of the nave, in the ancient Basilica, the burial-place of the saint, wrought into the modern church, is to be seen, though the exact spot where the body lies is unknown. The *votiva paries*, as elsewhere, is perfectly tesselated with black, red, and green daubs, representing almost every kind of human suffering. Here are suspended, together with the blunderbuss, the dagger, the rusty hatchet of the man of violence, and the crutches of the cripple, in gratitude for deliverances effected, or better thoughts inspired. Under a very dimly lit portrait of the saint, whose features could hardly be discovered, even after the iron wirework had been opened, we stopped to read a Latin inscription, asserting that on the death of Pope Eugene the Fourth sweat had issued copiously from the portrait! Our guide also assured us that forty years after the saint's death, and immediately after his canonization, a certain German layman, one Giuseppe, wishing to enrich his country with some portion of the reliques, proceeded to cut off his right arm, which he had no sooner accomplished than the stump began to bleed; the bleeding member was recovered from the sacrilegeous robber, carefully wrapped in linen, and laid in a deep silver vessel. Thus preserved, it has since taken to bleed again on twenty-five different occasions, and always on suitable ones; namely, whenever some apparent danger has threatened the Holy See. The last of these hemorrhages was so copious as to overflow the sides of the vessel, and imbue not only the linen wrapper, but the cloth which surrounded the vessel. Did you really *see* this? we enquired; "*Sicuro*," was the unabashed reply. The saint's arm might then, we insinuated, be considered as a weather-gage or barometer, denoting any pressure from without against the Church! The body is only understood to be within this chapel; for the bishop of that day, fearing another attempt might be made to carry it off, suppressed the knowledge of the precise spot where it was re-interred, but kept the miraculous arm above ground, properly guarded, as a *specimen* and an *evidence*. All this is recorded on the outer door of the cell, which the saint had occupied for thirty years of his

life, and again—in the walls, on large slabs of Carara marble. Carara marble has certainly to answer in various parts of Northern Italy for very mendacious inscriptions. Frescoes, too, are here, representing St Nicolas under temptations from the enemy of mankind, and receiving visible consolation from the Madonna, to whose picture he has addressed himself. *Two Birds*, to which a curious story is attached, are painted on a window—St Nicolas was ill, the convent became alarmed, and sent for medical assistance, which prescribed the agreeable but unlawful therapeutic of wine and roast partridges. The saint objects, the superior insists. The partridges are shot, and roasted, and served; but no sooner had the repast received the benediction of the saint, than the pinions began to pullulate, the wings grew, and the partridges flew out of the window. As we left the church, the sacristan offered to *sell* us a piece of rag or lint, like an old dressing from a cut finger, (which it probably was,) steeped, he told us, in the blood of the saint's arm on the occasion of the last miraculous effusion.

Macerata.

This captivating town, situated in the centre of a highly picturesque and cultivated country, at a distance of seven miles from the ruins of Urbisalia, and fifteen from Phalario, (at both of which many antiquities are continually found,) has hitherto been so little spoken of by travellers, that our surprise and pleasure at reaching it were the greater. Here we saw no signs of extreme poverty; the people appear much civilized; there is no malaria; the stiletto is unknown; the hospital is never full; and the prisons always empty. Good family houses, ready furnished, may be hired for sixty or seventy scudi *a-year*, and provisions are proportionably cheap; here, on the 14th of May, we had strawberries, and pease and beans, and artichokes. The very oranges and lemons are *sights*, and so certainly are the dark-eyed brunettes who sell them. The yellow rose, so rarely seen in England, is common here, and we find is easily propagated by grafting the red rose on the common broom. Nature then has done marvels for Macerata—public spirit has built an amphitheatre, a theatre, an assembly room, and a reading room, where, to our surprise, we found the *Commerce* and the *Presse*—French newspapers, being a rarity within the papal states. They have also an elementary school for medicine, the students being, however, obliged to finish their education at Rome or Bologna. With regard to the recompense of the profession, a medical man with whom we became acquainted, told us, that as Protomedico to the place and its dependencies, he received from the commune 500 scudi a-year; his four colleagues have 250: two surgeons have 150 crowns, and four phlebotomists have forty each. The population, therefore, amounting to 7000, is not likely to be in want of medical advice. The small-pox was diffused in Rome when we left it, and we have seen it in every town we have since passed through. *Here* there has not been one case. The vaccine disease as originating in the *cow* is unknown; but lymph is procured twice a-year from Bologna or Milan, and when a child has been vaccinated, the pustule is *transferred* to the cow, from whence ulterior supplies are derived. Three pauls is given by every mother who brings her child to be vaccinated. It was said at Rome, but really it is not to be believed on slight authority, that the Pope, who refuses to sanction a vaccine establishment at Rome, alleges that, were he to do so, he should consider himself as opposing the designs of providence, and keep many infants from Paradise. After we had walked on the fine terrace which encircles the town, we went a mile and a-half beyond one of the gates to see Bramante's church of *St Maria della Vergine*, said to have been built in compliance with a wish expressed to a young Contadina by the *metal lips* of a bronze image of the Virgin, which image, together with the mummy of a crocodile, four centuries old, are its lions. The crocodile, which now hangs from the roof like the hat of a defunct Cardinal, was once the Dragon of Wantley of the neighbouring nurseries; until on the occasion of its making an unusually desperate attack on the family of a peasant, the

Virgin interfered, and enabled the injured father to destroy it. Its diminutive size gives the lie to the tradition; but faith, with rosary in hand, believeth all things. All our recollections of Macerata are agreeable. It is a place which cannot be described by common guide-book adjectives, having peculiar and varied attractions, charms which please at once, and please the more the more you know them. A small income, frugally expended, might here procure many advantages; and were Macerata more known, it would not long remain exempt from those migratory hordes of English who overrun the continent, neither for its good nor their own.

Loretto—The Santa Casa.

We arrived at Loretto at the Ave Maria: our greeting was, for such a place, a strange one. The insolvent debtors over the town gate raised a prison chorus of noisy importunity as we hurried past to our hotel. The street at first sight looks cheerful and bustling, but will not sustain analysis. One soon discovers that it is only noisy, and that all the semblance of shops and business resolves itself into the merchandise of *rosaries and crucifixes*. We scarcely walk a dozen yards without being assailed by invitations to supply ourselves with trinkets in honour of the Virgin; or force our way from one party of these syrens or sybils, as the case may be, when other female dealers push their wares on us with equal assiduity and annoyance. At length we are in front of the church which we came so far to see, and to which Sextus Quintus in bronze pontificals seems to invite us; and having somewhat eagerly passed the portal, *the holy house*, the object of our curiosity, is before us. The interior of the church was at this hour not much crowded; but before the door of the Santa Casa, on which is written, "The word was made flesh," many peasants might be seen pressing their heads against the sacred walls; while pilgrims from afar, retiring from the object of their journey, look back frequently to repeat their obeisance, and linger ere they depart. A dense cloud of fragrance issues from a side chapel in the transept, the *officina*, where they receive from the hands of the priest the rosary which has just been consecrated, with the seal of the church affixed. The confessionals are in full function to-day. They have all their *fly rods out;* but the light is too scanty to see the padre, who lies *perdu* in his recess, behind the *wire-safe* window, like the metal London parlour blinds or gauze *Davys*, of which it may answer the purpose, as we hope it does, against the perilous *fire-damp* of sighs so warm from penitents so interesting. But we are in no Protestant humour just now. We feel we are in a temple, which, if not holy to *our reason*, is not without its awe, as we witness the deep devotion of those on whom we are *intruders*. We envy not the person who can look with cold indifference or scorn on the unpaved floor which thousands have come so far and endured so much to kiss; and who, but that they feared the sacrilege, would carry away ever so little of the very dust of that dear house, for which they have left their own. A minute shows us all that there is really to be seen in the little cell which passes for the house of Bethlehem. The most extraordinary certainly of all recorded impostures—a black face of the Virgin—ascribed to St Luke, is dimly seen through the smoke of incense; it is an image to which, while we cannot kneel, we are really half ashamed of *standing* among old and young, alike contrite, prostrate, and absorbed—a double row of lamps glimmer constantly before it, an *unexploded shell* sticks in the walls; it was launched by the Saracens, and baffled by the sanctity of the place! They show also some domestic vessel used by the Virgin to hold food, but now to impart by contact its own virtues to chaplet or rosary. We next asked to see the treasury, where so much *national* and *private wealth* had been accumulated for so little purpose, and which the French seized and dispersed. New deposits are now in progress, and some very odd ones; such as the *complete nuptial suit* of Ferdinand, King of Spain. Deceased beauties still occasionally bequeath their ornaments; we saw with some surprise a common silver watch, and of course there is many a silver vessel

for the altar registered "not to be used." A dusty detachment of pilgrims from the *Abruzzi*, after long prostrations and prayers, are staring, in all the simplicity of their nature, at the huge gilt candlesticks of the treasury; but too much familiarity breeds contempt; many things here exhibited, are the *derision of all Loretto*, where not a wight believes that the church bells can divert rain, or that catarrh may be arrested in its progress by means of *consecrated pocket handkerchiefs*. The out-door traffic is all gold leaf and gewgaws, the refuse of toy-shops and linen-drapers, with lead medals and strings of consecrated beads. You may also buy tattooing needles—for many of the pilgrims choose to undergo the pain of having the cross pricked into their skin, as Jack does the anchor or other object of his attachment.

The Procession.

We have left our coffee three times to run to the window to see the procession, and at last it is fairly in motion. There is a general buzz, and no mistake—an eager bending of all heads and necks one way up the street, and the peculiar murmur of expectancy. Here they come, and here *it* comes—*the procession!*—mysticism and tyranny in the van, ignorance and thraldom in the rear; a band of dirty soldiers and dirty monks defiling the fresh flowers strewn before them. Here come green spencers thrown over what were once white petticoats, and fat friars by fifties, who hold the use of soap and water to be too much of this world. Here, too, is the Jesuit in his well-brushed slouched hat, as smart as a college tutor!—of him even the Pope is afraid, and he is not allowed to set foot in Bologna, or other great town in the Papal territory. Next follow the Confraternities, each with its own wooden saint chaired and shouldered, as they used to chair the members in Hogarth's time, or as we chaired Guy Fawkes when we were boys. Place for the bishop of the diocese!—You may always know a bishop by his mitre. The silver foot of yonder image, which peeps out to be kissed, is, *we have ascertained*, articulated to a wooden ankle. Peep, as we did, under the robe, and you may see where the work of the silversmith is connected with the wooden stump. But these composite productions of different materials, may claim a classical authority. What is this hideous high-mounted figure, with extended hand, still at some distance in the rear?—he with a small red tuft of twisted wool on his forehead, and a dusty wig on his bald wooden pate, and green glass eyes, and——? That is St Vincent.—Oh! and the coarse brown holland petticoat, black spencer, and gouty shoes, with huge buckles? That is St Carlo.—A lady, too? Yes! Who does not recognise St Philomel in that gigantic doll, clad in a skyblue pelisse, the arrows of her martyrdom in one hand, and soiled lilies, with gilt stalks and petals of silver filigree, in the other—*nec dum finitus?* Oh, no! there are many more to come. There is the Virgin's husband, St Joseph, with a large maypole of fresh flowers, and a dress to correspond, like a bridegroom chimney-sweeper. The *παναγιον* is the Madonna herself! She of the black face, escorted by a troop of dirty acolytes in soiled cottons, just like London hospital dressers, except that they bear huge ribbed candles, of which the gutterings are collected into cruets by a minor troop of boys. Last comes a grove, a whole grove of ghastly crucifixes, where all that should be left to *mind*, is perpetrated upon *matter*. The bruised knee, the spear-pierced side, the crown of thorns dabbled in red ochre, the face frightful in its expression of agony—suppose all this over and over again, and a handful of soldiers and a mob of peasants and pilgrims, and you have *any* procession on *any* remarkable occasion. But the *images* we never saw except *here* and at *Naples;* all this is bad, and must be bad, and yet the chant rises not unpleasingly from the van, already far up the street. The procession has at length passed, the people put on their hats, and descend from the benches and chairs in the street; the windows are evacuated, and the public thoroughfare regains its ordinary character of activity, or the want of it. To be a tradesman in a great street is something, but to be

condemned to pass life behind a counter in Loretto!—and yet there are not a few who do so. In most of the Italian towns there are *makers* of *church furniture*, and nothing else. We have seen at Naples shops like dissecting rooms; the ghastly crucifix of natural size lying on a bench, receiving the last touches, and being varnished to order. Expiring saints as large as life, and more highly coloured, and the journeymen working away on them as merry as if they were stretching ladies' slippers. We have gone down a whole street of carvers and gilders, getting up wooden candlesticks, or plastering them over with silver foil, cutting and carving utensils of which we know not the name, of all sizes and of all prices.—The severest Calvinism were surely better than this!

REPORT FROM THE SELECT COMMITTEE ON FINE ARTS.

TOGETHER WITH MINUTES OF EVIDENCE, APPENDIX, AND INDEX.—JUNE 1841.

This committee was appointed "to take into consideration the Promotion of the Fine Arts of this country, in connexion with the Rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament." The abrupt termination of the session, it is stated, has rendered the report incomplete. We are to conclude, therefore, that the subject will be taken up more at large by a new committee. Repetitions of the same questions, producing nearly the same replies, render the minutes of evidence somewhat tiresome. The information really obtained is not much; and perhaps the subject does not admit of more. The most valuable parts are Mr Eastlake's paper in the Appendix, and Mr Wyse's interesting detailed account of the employment and progress of the arts in Munich. There is but little difference of opinion in the whole evidence, and what is, relates chiefly to the question, whether painting in fresco or oil should be adopted. It is decided, "nemine contradicente," that the arts in England would be greatly promoted, and the country benefited, by the employment of our artists in the decoration of the Houses of Parliament; and it is not intended to confine such employment of British talent to these buildings, but to lay open to native genius more ample room in other public structures. If this, however, be done, it will be owing to the present opportunity of adorning the Houses of Parliament, which, being so great a thing in itself, must naturally extend an influence, and promote public desire, much beyond the immediate object. There could be no difficulty in coming to the conclusions which the committee have embodied in their report. It is evident that all the difficulties must be in the details of the scheme. It is easier, for instance, to determine upon having decoration, than upon what decoration; and here lies the great field of discussion, to which every other must be subordinate. It must be first ascertained *what* is wanted, before a consideration of the means of doing it. The recommendation, therefore, of fresco, to which the report and the evidence lean, appears rather premature, unless it be taken as a decision in favour of the "severe" historical style of art upon a large scale, for which it is confessed fresco is most adapted. But there is no definite plan in the report to justify the preference: and perhaps, in this stage of the business, it was not possible to form one; yet the necessity of forming one, seems to us to be preliminary to the due consideration of mechanical methods. This preference of fresco in the outset, has led to some discussion as to the propriety of inviting to this country foreign artists, who have for some years addicted themselves to that method; but this is "travelling out of the record," if the object of the committee be "the Promotion of the Fine Arts in this country"—which we take to mean nothing more than the promotion of British talent. Whether this limited object be prudent or not, is not the question; certainly the arts have claimed (and the claim has been admitted) an ubiquitory citizenship every where; and we never heard it regretted that Rubens and Vandyck were invited to this country. It has been to the honour and advantage of every nation, when they have sedulously sought, encouraged, and cherished highest talents, without regard

to the country where they may have been first produced. In arts particularly, the works are every thing, the men, comparatively speaking, nothing; and if the principle of a narrow jealousy be set up, we should clamour for the expulsion of Raffaele, for he yet lives with us in his cartoons. We should whitewash the ceiling of Whitehall preparatory to a display of modern handling; and vote that we know nothing of the physiognomy of our ancestors, from the Vandycks that have not been repainted. We well know our own men of genius are not imbued with such a jealousy, and that they would most willingly, if required by circumstances, co-operate with men of ability, from whatever quarter of the globe they might come. But happily for this special object of the committee, there is no need of looking abroad. Our native talent is equal to any attempt, let it only be duly directed and liberally encouraged. We cannot, however, but be amused at the simplicity of the committee, in questioning the president of the Royal Academy, and our own artists, as to an estimate of British talent. Could they think it possible that Sir Martin Arthur Shee, or Mr Dyce, or Mr Eastlake, could think otherwise than they do? or that, if they unfortunately did, they would very much relish bringing a hornets' nest about their ears, and take the ungrateful task of repudiating the abilities of their own brethren? Brethren of the brush would be ready to resent the insult, as any other fraternity; and he who should dare to give in his public testimony to the disparagement of our R.A.s, would have no very comfortable fellowship among them. Too much space is taken up in this sort of evidence—it is a clap-trap *ad captandum* too often repeated. It, however, gives one of the examined an opportunity of paying his very respectful compliments to Mr Eastlake, Mr Turner, Mr Landseer, Mr Maclise, Mr Leslie, Mr Etty, Mr Briggs—and several of the young artists who are coming forward, Mr Herbert, Mr Cope, &c., who "would produce works quite equal to any of the most admired works of Germany."

It is then a settled thing, that we are in this matter to look to English artists; and the Parliament Houses and other public buildings are recommended to be delivered over to them for their genius to revel in—shall we say without control? That is a point at issue between the arts, or artists, and the public; and, for aught to the contrary in this report, "adhuc sub judice lis est."

A controlling power is frequently talked about—always vaguely, sometimes ambiguously; but upon the whole the "ad libitum movement" seems to be preferred, at least by the examined, though the examiners seem rather to shirk the subject, as if afraid of unnecessarily letting a power slip out of their hands. But there is one "ad libitum movement" all seem to agree in, committee and all—to adorn every where all possible places; and we fear this "amabilis insania" will set all our artists, risen and rising, upon the very tip-toe of hope and expectation, that they will take no other thought for the morrow but how to paint, and enjoy it, and see a magnificent table spread for them every day in Westminster Hall. We are sorry to act the wet blanket, but we confess we took a bias from the very first page of the evidence, and have scarcely been able to go *straight* through the evidence in all parts so favourable to their hopes. We would not have painters so thick that you could not throw a pea without danger of knocking out an artistical eye. But really the first view taken of the area for them to move their arms in, is rather startling. The architect is asked—"Will you inform the committee, with as much accuracy as may be in your power, the superficies of the different portions of the building which could be appropriated to painting, and the number of positions or places in which sculpture could be placed?" He replies, "In Westminster Hall 6160 feet, in St Stephen's Hall 3000 feet, in the Royal Gallery 2140 feet, in the Queen's Robing Room 1168 feet, in the lower corridors towards the river 5072 feet, in the House of Lords 1800 feet, in the House of Commons 1260 feet, in the corridors from the Central Saloon 1325 feet, in the Conference Hall 1340 feet, in the lobbies of the House of Lords 1036 feet, in the lobbies of the House of Commons 1260 feet, in the committee rooms 25,350 feet, in the upper corridors towards the river 5072 feet; besides numerous other less important portions of the building." Pretty well this to begin with! In arts, as in every thing else, "it never rains but it pours." Not even a window hinted

at to be left unfinished, to tax the nation's future skill! — the new Aladdin is to do all. But we do protest against selling all our old lamps, lest some magic go with them; and the new windows proposed for Westminster Hall threaten the nation's taste with perpetual darkness, "through excess of light." The architect (Charles Barry, Esq.) is asked, in question 7, "Do you propose to increase the quantity of light to be let in through the roof in Westminster Hall?" How unhesitating the audacious reply! "Yes, I do." But, when asked if it formed a part of his original plan, he says it did not form a part of his original *estimate*—so we breathe more freely. What! increase the dormar windows in Westminster Hall—make so material an alteration in the ancient architect's design! The quantum of light, and position of it, is to architecture what chiaroscuro is to painting. No human being has a right to meddle in this great matter; and what could be worse than to let in any portion of present and garish day into that grey and misty antiquity, the atmosphere of ages—the shadowy hall, whose aerial distances are as blended epochs of far-off time! The very beams and rafters are eloquent, impregnated with the breath of hoary wisdom, throwing off their ἔπεα πτερόεντα in echoy sounds, from their recesses of mystic and oracular obscurity. Fit hall, even now, wherein the shade of Alfred may walk in vapoury majesty, and, like the great Achilles, rejoice when he learns that his sons excel in glory. Here is the ideal of architecture—the personification of a great history: let it rest in its original intention. If pictures and statues must be there, let them be painted for the hall, and not mutilate the building to make modern colouring the more conspicuous. If wishing could effect the thing, we would earnestly entreat old Rufus to reappear, and flagellate the intruding architects, and enact the fresco of Heliodorus.

From the day the window-tax was imposed, we have been taught to consider light a luxury of which we cannot have too much; consequently, windows are in nine cases out of ten eyesores, making rooms rather lanterns than apartments—and so the arts are infected with a "leucopathy," architecture and painting rejoicing in universal glare. Now, begging Mr Barry's pardon, we venture to differ with him in his opinion of the necessity of enlarging these windows for the advantage of pictures. *All* pictures worth seeing are best in low lights, where the searching quality of light is restrained; the searching quality which brings out too forcibly the very surfaces—not so much the work, as the materials with which, and the ground upon which, it is done. We saw, not long ago, the sun frying a picture in the National Gallery; how thin and flimsy it looked!—yet how fine is the picture! We requested to have the blind let down—the effect was magical—the paint resumed its own peculiar power. It is a great mistake this, as to the quantity of light for pictures. It was a grand idea, and meant to convey a principle of taste, that old Pluto, in his shadowy hall, leaped from his throne when the sunlight broke into his dim dominions.

Having protested by this digression, we return to the subject of the Report and the Evidence. Mr Barry shows that the architecture, that of the 15th century, adopted for the new Houses of Parliament, was commonly ornamented with tapestry; for which he considers fresco or encaustic painting might be substituted. Fresco is shown to have been employed in this country in the time of Henry the Third. He admits that it was the practice, at the period of our finest Gothic cathedrals, to combine painting with architecture to a very considerable extent; that even the architects trusted for the general effect, nearly as much to the painting as to architectural detail. This, *in limine*, being the admission of so skilful an architect, and employed as he has been for the very buildings to be ornamented, we may consider that question—the propriety of employing painting—set at rest. We need not, therefore, quote other evidence bearing upon this point; and this was the very first thing to ascertain. That granted, all the rest follows of course: and the work is to be done—so recommends the committee, and we believe the public voice will be loud in assent; and we hope it will be undertaken in a spirit of liberality and encouragement worthy so great a nation.

Two things, then, are, up to this time, settled—To have the buildings ornamented with paintings; and that English artists should do the work. On the latter point the President of

the Royal Academy is a little verbose, and deals too much in that style of oratorical flourish called "fudge." "What," he is asked, "would be your opinion as to the employment of foreign artists?" He replies—"It depends upon the object the committee have in view. If the object is to encourage the arts of our country, to elevate its character with respect to our rivals and neighbours—then I would think the proper mode would be to employ and to elevate native talent. If the object is merely to decorate the two Houses of Parliament, it follows that any artist that can effect that purpose best, may reasonably be employed. But if I am correct in supposing that the object of the committee, in the present case, is to render the opportunity which the building of the Houses of Parliament now affords, available for the promotion of the fine arts; that the object of the committee is, not so much to forward the arts themselves, as through their influence to advance the great end—towards which the promotion of the fine arts can be considered but as a means—the civilization of our people; to give to their minds a direction which may tend to withdraw them from habits of gross and sensual indulgence; to secure and sustain the intellectual supremacy of our country, not only with respect to the present age, but with reference to posterity; and, above all, to prove that we are capable of appreciating those exploits of patriotism, those exertions of wisdom and virtue, which have adorned the annals of British history, and that we are not at a loss for talents worthy of being employed for their commemoration—If these are the objects which the committee have in view, I humbly conceive that the employment of foreigners, on the occasion supposed, would be inappropriate, and inconsistent with such purpose."

"And he would talk—ye gods! how he would talk!"

He might have taken the object for granted, and said we have original talents equal to the task, and need not foreign aid. He deals, too, in a *non sequitur* style; for he hints that if we want the thing well done we may employ foreigners, and then contradicts that seeming assertion by showing we can do as well ourselves. To borrow a practice from his own art, we should say that in speaking and writing, as in painting, there is an art of saying and doing—nothing. To fill up, without disturbing and detracting from the great idea, that there shall be work done because the eye shall not detect that it is undone, but the greater part must be subordinate: so, finished and studied verbiage destroys what it would embellish—even good sense may be smothered. But we rather select this to comment upon it for another purpose, than to criticise its diction. The opinions of the President of the Royal Academy carry weight, as they ought to do—as they deserve; more may be drawn from them than they actually express: but there is a vague recommendation of a high historical style, and from incidents in British history, by which we draw an inference of the sort of historical style, and a needless flourish, thereby, of civilizing us barbarians by pictorial display of our own "exploits of patriotism," and "exertions of wisdom and virtue," that lead us to fear the introduction of a *grand style of art*, greatly talked about, and little understood, which is not congenial with the feelings of the times—with our habits of thought and action. Modes of representing feeling pass away, even when the feelings themselves are innately human. The conventional mask and representation become changed—we are too civilized for the simple, grand, and somewhat uncouthly vigorous forms of other days. We are not without the genius that begets them—great things, grand and simple in conception and action—but we have other modes of indulging our fancy in them. In this respect, literature has taken place of the arts. The grand moral effect of pictures upon the mass of people has passed away—and we doubt if it will ever speak as it has spoken. We say not that grandeur is unattainable in the arts—far from it; but even that grandeur which is inherent in all genius must invent itself new ways, and burst upon the world, unconnected with what has gone before—in a manner, and perhaps in a style, that none can beforehand direct, and of which even the highest genius is as yet unconscious. We rejoice, therefore, at the splendid opportunity offered, while we deprecate any particular laying down of style, or even subject.

In other ages, architecture and painting were the great book, as it were, which a whole people read—they had little other direct appeal to them.

The appeal was with force and awful authority. It was practically as the Bible, before they had that in their hands to look to—the embodying and making palpable great moral and divine truths. Cathedrals spoke visibly—mankind were made greater by feeling a grandeur above themselves: they habitually felt the awe of genius; and genius then had scarcely another mode of speaking to the world. And great was the language of architecture and painting; nor was the effect lessened by other distractions, and other modes of speaking. Printing and diffusion of letters—the very circulation of the Sacred Book—have increased the resources of all civilized people. Among many voices, the one, once so great and powerful, is less heard. The language of architecture and painting has—if the expression be allowed—lost its divinity.

We think, then, that those who, with the President of the Royal Academy, look to the great moral teaching by the arts, both miscalculate their present powers, and the wants of the age we live in. We fear—and yet we know not why we should say fear, for the view is capable of taking in grandeur in many forms, and of admitting even more imaginative conceptions, we mean a wider field of them—that the arts must leave the severe throne of dictation with authority, and now make familiar to us the infinite poetry of all nature's great beauty, with allurements and charms perhaps yet to be invented. Wonderful was the taste and the delight it gave, and still gives, in classic poetry. If it be said it assumed to teach, it was through humanity, not divinity—for it was wanting in the essence of faith. Fabulous poetry, in fullest sympathy with human feelings, was its scope—it took in what was beautiful and grand. We say not that modern art is to adopt *that* old, for it too, perhaps, has passed away; but our arts must take the range our poetry has taken: nor will we think so meanly of our genius as to doubt for a moment that, if it has encouragement and a good field to work in, that it can work its own way into the hearts and affections of the people, and civilize them—if the term must be used—through their taste, and improved sense of beauty—of universal poetry. The universality of poetry is, in fact, the universality of painting. Architecture and painting were the great teachers abroad in our streets: they now embellish life in our homes, and invest them with new charms. How they will speak to us again publicly, none can as yet tell—not even the men, perhaps even now mighty, in whom the embryo powers exist. That this scheme may be the means of forming an English school, from which something worthy the nation will arise, it would be cold-hearted to doubt. A decided English school we want. The difficulty will be to let it start unshackled. We should rather trust to the talent of the country, at the risk of obliterating failures, than be too precise in directions. But we are going too far. This is a point the committee have as yet barely touched. Whether oil or fresco is to be applied, has been a subject of enquiry of every one examined. There may be objections to both, and it is possible other modes may yet be invented as occasion may demand. In fresco we are unpractised—and so, twenty years ago, were the Germans; they have succeeded, and are improving, and by their improvements have probably spared us some blunders in the commencement. In general, fresco has less fascination of effect and colour: it is yet very powerful; and we know no oil-painting that comes up to Raffaele's "Heliodorus" in illusion, and those peculiar charms which we generally attribute more exclusively to oil—colour and delicacy, united with power of execution. But this great work of Raffaele's is above the general character of fresco. To our view there is, upon a large scale, an insuperable objection to oil:—that it constantly requires varnishing, and consequently cleaning; and varnish itself will very soon lose its effect in situations at all exposed; and it must be confessed that the specimens of oil-painting on the walls at the British Museum, and at Hampton Court, are lamentably black and disagreeable. The President of the Royal Academy is not well acquainted with fresco, and evidently leans to oil. The adoption of the former would necessarily make a great change in the practice of our artists, and take them from that in which, it is assumed, they excel painters of every other country. The reintroduction of fresco painting took place, about twenty years ago, at Rome. A Prussian gentleman, Mr Bartholdy, wished to have his house at Rome painted in fresco, and employed a few artists then in Rome, as an experiment—a liberal experiment—for the villa was not his own, but rented.

The King of Bavaria seeing the work, gave encouragement to the artists, and employed them on works of larger scale; and offered the Hof-Garten to inferior artists, as a place to try their skill upon. This was the commencement of that encouragement given to the arts by the King of Bavaria, which has led to results most honourable to him, and highly beneficial to his country—a benefit, the extent of which cannot now be felt; but which, when the glory of wars and pressing political events shall have faded, and dwindled to their true value, will be found still existent, and shedding a lustre over the name of Bavaria, which greater powers, with infinitely greater means, shall have failed to attain. We are tempted to quote the evidence of Mr Wyse, respecting the works at Munich.

"In the instance of Munich," says Mr Wyse, M. P., "fresco painting has been applied to almost every class of art, and every department of history, beginning with the very earliest Greek history, and going down to the history of the present day. In the king's palace, for instance, you meet with illustrations of the Iliad; passages from the Greek and Roman mythologists; from the earlier and later Greek and Roman histories; from the early legends of the Germans; and continued from thence onward, a series of the most important historical events, especially from the history of Bavaria; finally, in the apartments of the queen particularly, you have illustrations of the most remarkable poets of modern times, but especially of the poets of Germany. Going from the palace to the secondary buildings of Munich, you find one class of art, the early Byzantine, in the Hof-Kapelle, or chapel attached to the palace; another style in the Ludurg Kerche—a more recent description, perhaps about the time of Perugino and Raffaele; and a still more modern application of the same system to the loggie, which are attached to the Pinakothek. In each of these loggie, there is selected for decoration the life of a painter; his portrait forms the centre, and around are small tablets, in which the more remarkable periods of his life, or the most distinguished of his works, are introduced; the whole connected with a variety of decoration in the style of his age, and of his works, either allusive to his character or his times, and forming, in fact, an illustration in painting, characteristic of the particular age as well as of the individual. The arcades which surround the English garden are appropriated to another description of art, the illustration of the most remarkable places of history by landscape painting, combined with poetry. One portion of the arcades is applied to the scenery of Greece; another to that of Italy and Sicily—each is accompanied by couplets from the pen of the king, underneath; a third portion of the arcades is allotted to large fresco paintings, illustrative of the history of Bavaria; and underneath each is a short description of the subject. There is thus an opportunity for the display of every description of talent, and every description of knowledge. The effect upon the public at large is equally diversified: the higher class has an opportunity of judging of the propriety of the classic illustrations; while I have seen the peasants of the mountains of the Tyrol holding up their children, and explaining to them the scenes of the Bavarian history, almost every Sunday. This fact strikingly illustrates an observation I heard from Cornelius himself, that it was a difficult thing to impress upon the mind of a nation at large a general love of art, unless you were to use, as an instrument, painting upon a large scale; and that fresco was particularly suited for this purpose. It was not to be expected that the lower classes of the community should have any just appreciation of the delicacies and finer characteristics of painting in oil, and that they required large and simple forms, very direct action, and, in some instances, exaggerated expression. These paintings carry down the history of Bavaria to a recent period; and it is the intention of the king to leave sufficient space for those who are to come after him. Pictorial decoration is introduced so universally in Munich, that it is to be found applied even to the post-office, and to the bureau or department from which post-horses are furnished. You see upon the walls of the post-office, figures from the Etruscan vases, illustrative of the different manners of managing horses among the ancients. The theatre also is externally painted; in a word, there is scarcely a place in Munich in which decoration is not introduced."

"With regard to the decoration of

the private houses in the Rhenish provinces, what have you observed?"

"I would take the liberty of directing the attention of the committee to one instance among many, which I had the opportunity of observing with considerable attention. The house to which I allude, is a castle belonging to Professor Bethmann Holwey, upon the left bank of the Rhine. The castle is a restoration from very inconsiderable fragments in the Byzantine or early German style of architecture—a mixture indeed of both; the internal decorations are a combination of the early Greek, with additions of the early German architecture, and at intervals are introduced portions of sculpture and paintings from the Dusseldorf school generally; several treat subjects from the early history of Germany. The whole effect is extremely light and pleasing; and, as far as I understood from the professor himself, the expense was, from the number of artists at present engaged in that department in Germany, not very considerable. I have seen houses in Frankfort, where a similar application, though not to the same extent, has been used; and I collected from those who were acquainted with the arts, that every day it was extending, particularly in Prussia."

"With respect to subordinate branches of the fine arts, painting on glass, enamel painting, and casting in bronze—will you have the goodness to give the committee the result of your observations?"

"It has been found that the encouragement of fresco painting has led to a parallel encouragement in other branches of art; for instance, to the introduction of encaustic* painting, which is quite new in Germany, though practised for about half a century in Rome. The advantages of encaustic painting are, greater brilliancy and greater durability. Under the direction of the king, a series of landscapes are in the course of execution for the decoration of the arcades. A branch of art, also little known till lately at Munich, is porcelain painting; it has reached a high degree of excellence, emulating, if not surpassing in many particulars, the other celebrated manufactures of Europe. This also is a royal establishment; but it is open to purchase on the part of the public, and at no very considerable rate. The king has ordered the best of the statues of the Glyptothek to be copied—a subject to each plate—and also the principal paintings of the Pinakothek, for a dessert service. I had an opportunity of seeing them more than once, and they, particularly the sculptural, are not to be equalled in Germany for the delicacy and accuracy of drawing, and for the fineness of execution. Another branch, which is, perhaps, now the most eminent of the kind in Europe, is the painting on glass; this branch has owed much, perhaps all its present excellence, to the encouragement of an individual—to the Chevalier de Boisserée; the collection of glass paintings which he has had executed for himself, and for some of his friends, from the early paintings of the German school, rival in brilliancy any of the ancient glass painting in Europe, and are much more carefully executed, and with greater detail, than any we can boast of in our own cathedrals. There is at present a considerable demand for it in Munich, the king having applied it to the decoration of the new church, the Au, and having recommended to his nobility (a recommendation followed in some instances) to present windows, or some portion of windows, from the manufactory, to this church, or others with which they might be connected."

Mr Wyse's interesting evidence goes on to show, that the same attention has been paid by the king to every thing that can be, in the remotest degree, connected with art—carving in wood, manufacture of bricks for architecture mouldings, and application of colour to architecture. We quote the account of the encouragement given to carving in wood.—"One of the greatest encouragements which the king has given to this application of art, has been the com-

* We find, in the *Art Union* for September, an account of the process of encaustic painting, as re-discovered by Mrs Hooker. It is extracted from "The Transactions of the Society of Arts," and is spoken of with great confidence as being perfect. Many other methods of painting may be also employed. Sebastin del Piombo is said to have discovered a more perfect method of fresco painting. We do not despair of a method being found which will add brilliancy to force.

mission he has given for a series of statues, in the character of the statues which are to be seen in the cathedral of Inspruck, for the decoration of his own palace. They are intended to form a line between the pillars which support the great presence hall, illustrative of the great heroes of the early Bavarian history. I saw four, which had been just completed; they were of a very colossal size, treated with the greatest truth and accuracy of costume, of a precision in the execution, which might well rival the most skilful productions of the early German school; they are gilt, and when the whole series stand in the places allotted for them, they will form a very brilliant accompaniment to the hall of audience. He has also had executed, in the same way, a series of smaller statues of distinguished men, in bronze gilt, which are much sought after by strangers that come to Munich." In statuary, they have great men; yet is the king both able to direct taste and feeling, and place both above jealousy. For though he selected Thorwaltzen at Rome, to execute the greatest statue—that of Maximilian—it was received at Munich, by the artists there, with the greatest enthusiasm. It is said to be one of the finest works of modern art in Europe. The king has established schools, so that there shall be a perpetual succession of artists, who, under their great masters, Cornelius, Schnoer, and others, work as pupils, as in former days in Germany—and thus every thing proceeds upon a plan and in unison. In this account of what is going on at Munich, we seem to be reading some fairy tale—some Arabian magic devoted to the arts. And so much has been done by one man. And does it not shame us, a great people, that comparatively nothing has been done among us? We cannot even add materially to our national gallery; at least we do not—we make a doubtful purchase now and then, while treasures escape out of our reach, and enrich foreign galleries; nor does our public gallery even vie with the private collections in our own country. It is time something should be done for the arts. It is said the cry of economy alarms the national trustees. Yet we do not remember that any niggardly spirit has shown itself in Parliament, when the purchase of works of art has been under discussion. To show the importance of encouraging art, even under the low consideration of pecuniary value, let us see what has been of frequent occurrence. A poor convent of monks gave commission for a picture, little aware of the real value. In process of time it is disposed of, at an enormous profit; and at length reaches such a price, as would purchase the whole convent, buildings and endowments, twice over. This is no exaggerated statement. Take even the last purchase of the Francias, by no means first-rate performances, and we question if the surmise would not be realized. So many such continually recurring proofs have we of the increasing value of works of art, that it is surprising that any government of such a country as ours, can turn away their most earnest attention from such a means of enriching the nation, and adding to its glory, as the encouragement of the arts offer—we say encouraging arts, not artists only; for we include the collecting the works of departed genius as those of the living. We do not know that we can, in a better place than here, express our astonishment at the very low incomes which fall to the lot of our best artists—we hope there is some error in the statement. Mr Dyce, who might be supposed to be well acquainted with the incomes of professional men, is asked, "You stated that Professor Schnoer was paid at Munich about £500 per annum, which you state is equivalent to about £700 in this country. Do you conceive that for £700 per annum, you would get the highest class of artists to give you their talents?" The reply shows the degree of encouragement bestowed on art by the wealth of the country. "I should conceive that you would, of those artists who are engaged in subjects of fancy. The services of those who paint portraits would not be obtained at that sum; but I believe that it is taking a high average, to state the income of the more respectable artists of this country at £500 a-year." What! is it possible that the public could secure the services of our most respectable artists at any thing like that income? and, if it be so, how strange must it seem that they are unemployed! The general belief, we are persuaded, is, that our artists demand high prices, and make much larger incomes. We trust, however, that in contemplating the advancement of art—whether this

opportunity of decorating the Houses of Parliament, or any other, offer itself—no niggardly spirit will be exhibited in dealing with artists. We are not of the opinion of those who think a struggle with difficulties necessary to the production or the promotion of genius. An embarrassed mind, distracted with other cares than those of art, loses half its power, and sometimes more than half its freedom. The love, the passion of art, we may term it, is indeed a most happy one. The possessor of genius may well be called gifted; for he is endowed with a power to set aside, at times of devotion to his art, more than the common troubles of life, and even to seek in his art a refuge from the greater: hence he is able to retain a vigour and freshness, a capability for enjoyment and intellectual power, under circumstances that too often prove overwhelming to those employed in other businesses of life. He, too, is richer than he thinks, and richer than others are; for, if riches be the extent of saleable commodities, the painter, gifted with real genius, has that which he would not part with for the largest sums; nor would he change his worldly condition with any, upon the condition that he should relinquish the exercise of his art. We have frequently questioned men upon this point, and, even when necessity might have been considered a strong temptation to give another answer, never but once did we meet with one who would have accepted income at such sacrifice. This view of art, that it creates such a passion, is of more importance than it may seem. It offers a means of happiness totally unknown to those who have hitherto lived without the region of taste. It gives a pursuit—and an ardent, an intellectual pursuit—where too often, for lack of one, vice and dissipation bring listlessness and ruin; and we firmly believe, as it tends to make mankind happier, so does it make them better. Employed faculties make much of the happiness of life. The artist and real lover of art has all his faculties in agreeable exercise. We know no professsion, no pursuit, that can so stand the toil of trying circumstances, and yet retain within itself a still growing power of enjoyment. The King of Bavaria has then done more than wisely, kindly, benevolently, to his people, in doing so much, while securing industry, to enlarge the sphere of general enjoyment. The man of real genius ever gives more than he receives; whatever he may receive from bounty, from magnificence, he is sure to rise in himself above it, and give something more. This should be remembered by the public employer, that it should cause liberality. What country is so rich, that it could now purchase all the best works of even a few great masters? and if genius be not a thing of time and of times, may not present works—works of our days' encouragement—rank as high in estimation? We have seen genius discouraged—a painter of great, and, now that he is dead, acknowledged talents, devoted his whole time to works of an elevated character. Yet, what was the consequence? We learn from the evidence of Sir Martin Arthur Shee, that Mr Hilton, for the last three years of his life, had not a commission for a single picture!! And yet we are said to have a love for art! The taste of the day is, unfortunately, for fluster and wanton show, beauty not very decently displayed, and gorgeous nothings; the modesty of better art is against it—it offers not the same fleshy excitement, and, if praised in words, "laudatur et alget." We trust the nation's public and responsible encouragement to art, in the opportunities now afforded, will lead to a better taste. And this leads to the consideration of the means by which such change may be effected. It is thrown out, in the course of the evidence, that it would be politic to appoint a commission, or a minister of the crown, to take the whole management and responsibility; and the president of the Royal Academy suggests that such commission or minister should avail himself of the advice of the members of the Royal Academy, and of persons competent to give an opinion. We do not hesitate to say that we should prefer, in all cases where decision is requisite, and where responsibility creates at once caution and energy, that the matter, whatever it be, should rather be trusted to one than many. It is better that *one* should seek advice, and look about for information, than a commission formed of many; there is, in this case, a yielding to one and a yielding to another, a giving way and a drawing tight, that makes the result a weak, and often a mutilated undertaking. It is said of Lord Clive, that he never called a council of war but once, and

then he acted contrary to it. Great things must be done by one head, and this rule should be extended by *the one*, to another one—by the appointed minister, to *the* selected painter. In taste and art, councils doubt—and to doubt is to condemn; and where responsibility is divided, there is less care to ensure success.

Εἷς βασιλευς εἷς κοιρανος εςω.

Sir M. A. Shee well observes:—"The appointment of an individual to execute such an office as the committee appears to contemplate, would necessarily materially affect the interests of art, and the reputation of the country. We know by experience, that when any particular project is set on foot in the arts—either of painting or sculpture—all sorts of intrigues are resorted to, and all kinds of engines set in motion, to place the job in the hands of particular individuals. There is no instrument of influence that is not employed for that purpose; and therefore, whoever may be appointed for so important a duty, ought to be provided as far as possible with the means of counteracting that influence, by the opinions of those who are most competent to render him assistance." We presume Sir M. A. Shee does not exempt the members of the Royal Academy from intrigue and employment of influence. People *have* enquired how it has happened that some appointments have been made *in* the Academy. Sir M. A. Shee must be pretty well acquainted with the purity of motives for votes given by that exclusive body. We think artists would justly have cause to be jealous of a council of academicians, though but an assisting council. We should not like to see them sitting in condemnation of their brethren. And there is one very strong objection to their being consulted at all. Whatever the merits of individuals out of the Academy may be, if a Raffaele were suddenly to arise, he could not be elected into the Academy, without waiting his time; their number is limited. And yet, were such a council to recommend one not a member of the Academy, they would, by the recommendation, sink the name and reputation of their own body, and cause reflection upon themselves for having kept out superior talents. But there is little chance of their doing any such thing; they would assuredly recommend from their own body; and their being consulted at all, would render them ten times more liable to intrigue and influence, and consequent squabbles, than they now are, or ever have been. As we said, we infinitely prefer that the government should select one competent person. And to remove Sir M. A. Shee's terror of a "job," let the honour of the office be its only remuneration—a very high honour it would be; or, if it be not contrary to constitutional practice, let the parliament recommend to the Queen. If there be many appointed a commission, the thing will be done without vigour, and that direct purpose which only one can give. For our own parts, we should be exceedingly glad to see the whole matter left in the hands of Sir Robert Peel. Great minds find a recreation, in what would be the toil of business to others. Sir Robert Peel is an encourager of art, possesses an accurate knowledge and judgment with regard to pictures; and, what is of more value, has a superior judgment in all preliminary matters of taste. He will first know what *should be done*, before he selects artists. He will prevent blunders and offences against history and art. The great Pericles, wielding all the political power of Athens, yet found his recreation in devising means to encourage art and adorn the city. It was his part, even among a suspicious and democratical population, and in times of no little danger, to employ the genius of Phidias—and by so doing, generated a glory not for Athens only, but for the world to the latest time. The country will not doubt the competency of Sir Robert Peel—the confidence of the country and the greatness of the benefit to be effected, will not fail to create in him the best energy. Persons really competent, never doubt themselves. We are persuaded that, if the public voice could be given, it would be, that Sir Robert Peel should be appointed *Minister of the Fine Arts*. This is what we want. The state of the arts requires it; the honour of the country requires it; and the present opportunities demand it. We say the same thing with regard to artists to be employed, and doubt not but that a minister of fine arts would, as much as possible, place all parts that require unity of design in the hands of one man, however many may be employed. We will not here, or at present, enter upon the subject of the nature of the works that will be required. A

master mind is required for a proper decision. There is no great difficulty in going wrong, especially with regard to historical subjects. An ample scope may be afforded for offensive subjects. Where there is such division as among us, even in the principles of politics, it would be extremely difficult to fix on points in which all would agree in the moral or principle to be inferred; and undue importance may be attached to recent times. Some may think a great sprawling Reform dinner should demand a great portion of our walls. We will only say that we hope one thing will be a rule, that all men who have really distinguished themselves, whether in arts, arms, or any other manner that shall have highly benefited their country, shall have a place allotted for their portraits and their busts, and that the decision for this honour should rest with the Parliament. This would be a great incitement to do well—to deserve honour; and we cannot conceive any greater encouragement to art, especially as there may be no necessity of being always confined to the bare portrait. Medallions may be made, descriptive of the particular means by which each person may have merited this high distinction. One other point we will venture to touch upon, that the absurd plan of decorating ceilings with *pictures*, whether historical or otherwise, be for ever relinquished. Ornament them by all means, and highly, by gilding, and colour, and blazonry, with as much splendour as may be—but not with pictures, subjects which require continued view. Whatever may be seen at a momentary glance, and thereby promote the general effect, may be so placed; but to look up, and strain the neck and fatigue the eye, by making out what pictures mean in such a position, is not only painful, and engenders a wearisome disgust, but it is really an absurdity, destructive of the very intent of architecture. We do not wish to follow the arguments of the committee with regard to the proposed benefit to our manufactures. Art is not handicraft; and we regret that there should ever be an attempt to chain it to manufacture. The arts will undoubtedly benefit trade; they will, without doubt, benefit every class of society; but keep them distinct. Genius must not be chained down to dead matter. It is of the effort of those who

> "Corpora quinetiam jungebant mortua vivis."

Whatever tends to raise arts and artists, tends to exalt the civilization of general society—whatever degrades them, is injurious to all. We trust to see the subject again taken up by a new committee as soon as possible, and look with no common anxiety to the result of their labours.

The above was intended for publication last month, but unavoidably postponed. Since our writing our remarks upon the Report of the last Committee, we rejoice to find, from some observations made by Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons, that there will in all probability be formed a commission of peers, commoners, and gentlemen not in Parliament, conversant with the fine arts, appointed by the Crown, with Prince Albert at its head, to investigate the subject left so incomplete by the former commission, with more particular attention to the general encouragement of the arts, and particularly to their application in embellishing the new Houses of Parliament. This is as it should be. A commission with Prince Albert at its head, will not be satisfied with low or mutilated views. The public will expect something worthy such a commission. We see from this that Sir Robert Peel's mind is in it. What the public—the public a great nation—not the stinting, coldly calculating false economists, who too often choose to establish themselves as the public—require, will be done. It is said that Prince Albert has a great love for art—a love not unaccompanied by practical knowledge. This, too, is a circumstance to give great hope and expectation of the results of the new commission—that we should have a prince at its head, who has that great qualification which the accomplished Castiglione thought so essential to the character of his "Complete Courtier."

We see, too, in this commission, nothing incompatible with the view we have taken, that ultimately the entire management should be in the hands of a "Minister of the Fine Arts," and that that minister should be Sir Robert Peel.

CHAPTERS OF TURKISH HISTORY.

No. VII.

THE FIRST SIEGE OF VIENNA.

More than two years (as was observed at the conclusion of the preceding chapter) elapsed after the fatal battle of Mohácz, before the soil of Hungary was again trodden by an Ottoman army: but this breathing time, instead of alleviating the miseries of the country, only substituted the scourge of civil war for that of foreign invasion. Scarcely had the sound of the Tabul-Khani (the martial music attendant on the person of the sultan) died away on the further bank of the Drave, when the Vaivode John Zapolya, eager to assure the preponderance of his own party before the claims of his rival, Ferdinand of Austria, could be effectively brought forward, summoned his adherents to his standard in the neighbourhood of Tokay, where he was encamped with the forces which he had levied before the disaster of Mohácz. Being here saluted king by acclamation, he marched forthwith upon Buda, in the guise rather of a conqueror than of a national sovereign. The deserted city was occupied without opposition; and Zapolya, convoking a diet on the Rakös plain, had his tumultuary election ratified according to the ancient Magyar usages, receiving the crown of St Stephen from the hands of Petrus Pereny, and exercising the rights of sovereignty by the donation of lands and honours to his partisans. But these proceedings were vehemently protested against by the Palatine Stephen Bathory, on whom, by the fundamental laws of the kingdom, the administration* devolved during the vacancy of the throne: and who, immediately on escaping from the carnage of Mohácz, had proceeded into Bohemia to communicate with Ferdinand. Under the auspices of Bathory and the widowed queen, Mary, the sister of the Archduke, a rival diet, composed principally of the deputies from the free towns, and the nobles whose lands lay near the Austrian border, was assembled at Presburg, by which the previous election of Zapolya was declared null and void, and Ferdinand proclaimed as lawful king, as well in right of his wife, as in virtue of a convention concluded in 1491, between the Emperor Frederic and Ladislas, the father of the late king, Louis, by which the reversion of the Hungarian crown, failing the male issue of Ladislas, was secured to the House of Austria.

According to the strict letter of the Hungarian constitution, which ordained that the royal dignity should be *simply and purely elective*, the claims of Zapolya would probably have been considered superior to those of his competitor; nor was the Vaivode unconnected, at least by alliances, with the late royal family of the Jagellons—one of his sisters having been the first wife of Sigismond, King of Poland, paternal uncle to Louis II. Still the influence of hereditary right, though unrecognized by the law, had been tacitly sanctioned by the almost uniform practice of several centuries. The jealousy of many among the magnates, was roused by the sudden elevation of one whom they had hitherto regarded as their equal; and the waverers were dazzled by the prospect of securing, in the present tottering state of the realm, the aid of the Germanic empire against the Turks. When, therefore, the Archduke appeared on the frontier, early in 1527, in order to support his pretensions by arms, he was joined not only by Bathory and his faction, but by many of those who had hitherto sided with his rival: Zapolya fled from Buda; and Ferdinand, after being solemnly proclaimed (Aug. 20) in the capital, proceeded in triumph to Stuhlweissenburg, (Alba Regalis,) where Paul Varday, Archbishop of Gran, placed the crown on his head—Pereny, the guardian of that sacred relic, having recently changed sides. Zapolya still kept the field for a time with some troops which remained faithful to him; but he sustained a signal overthrow near Tokay, and all his hopes were destroyed by the death of his ablest and stanchest adherent, Christopher

* "Rege absente, aut sede regiâ vacante, regis loco erit Palatinus."

Frangipan, the valiant *Ban* of Illyria, who was slain in besieging Waradin. In this extremity, he took refuge among his strongholds in Transylvania; and thence commenced negotiations for aid, on the one hand with his brother-in-law the king of Poland, while, at the same time, he dispatched a confidential agent to Constantinople, in order to solicit in his behalf the potent intervention of the Sultan Soliman, who might, in virtue of the campaign of Mohácz, claim to exercise the rights of a lord-paramount.

The management of this delicate mission was confided to Jerome Lasczki, a Pole of noble birth, and palatine of Sirad in that kingdom, who appears to have combined in an extraordinary degree the qualifications of a diplomatist with those of a soldier. He arrived at the Porte in December 1527; but his first interview with the all-powerful grand vizir Ibrahim, was far from portending a favourable result to his embassy. "Knowest thou not," (exclaimed the haughty favourite of the sultan,) "that the ground whereon the war steed of the Commander of the Faithful has set his hoof-print, becomes thenceforward inalienably annexed to his empire? How then has thy master, who is less than the least of the loyal slaves of our Sublime Porte, dared to enter and take up his residence in the royal castle of Buda, where the Padishah himself had reposed after the toils of war? And how comest thou here, not with tribute in thy hand as a suppliant imploring grace and favour, but audaciously claiming the friendship and protection of my auspicious sovereign, in the terms of a son requiring aid from his father?" Such was then, and such continued to be for more than a century later, the arrogant tone of the Ottoman diplomacy: but the pride of the vizir* was soon conciliated by the adroit flattery of Lasczki, and the views of the ambassador were further facilitated by the acquisition of an able auxiliary, in the person of the notorious Aloysio Gritti. This singular personage (who afterwards acted an important part in the troubled drama of Hungarian politics, and was assassinated in Transylvania in 1535) was an illegitimate son of the reigning Doge of Venice; and though holding no ostensible employment at the Ottoman court, had contrived, by an unscrupulous exercise of Italian finesse, to render himself indispensable in conducting the Turkish relations with foreign powers, and fully to establish himself in the confidence of the vizir. His representations soon convinced the divan of the advantages to be derived from accepting the voluntary submission of Zapolya, who might, with little difficulty, be established on the Hungarian throne as a vassal prince, in complete subservience to the Porte; and Lasczki was admitted to the honour of a private audience of Soliman, who announced to him his gracious intention of granting to his master the conquered kingdoms of *Magyar and Erdel*, (Hungary and Transylvania,) and of putting him in possession of his dominions by the expulsion of Ferdinand. On this basis was signed (Feb. 29, 1528) the first treaty of alliance between Hungary and the Porte, by which Zapolya, as far as in him lay, surrendered the independence of his country, and solemnly acknowledged the supremacy of the Sultan.

The tidings of the treaty thus concluded, struck the councillors of Ferdinand with consternation; and no time was lost in forwarding an embassy, (the first from Austria to the Porte,) in the hope of averting the wrath of the puissant arbitrator who had assumed the decision of the Hungarian quarrel. The envoys, Hobordanski and Weichselberger, reached Constantinople at the end of May; but the tenor of their instructions, in which Ferdinand assumed the tone of equality befitting a powerful sovereign, was little calculated to find favour with the Ottoman ministers; and the personal character of the ambassadors, rough soldiers, trained in the wars of the Austrian and Illyrian

* Ibrahim appears, from the concurrent testimony of contemporary writers, to have borne his unexampled accumulation of honours far from meekly. His conferences in 1533 with the Austrian ambassadors, Cornelius Schepper and Jerome de Zara, were carried on in an "*Ego et Rex meus*" style, unheard of at any other period of Ottoman history; and which the Turks themselves could only explain by supposing that Ibrahim and Gritti had practised sorcery on the mind of the Sultan.

borders,* still further unfitted them for coping with the subtle Lasczki in the labyrinth of intrigue enveloping an Oriental court. On a proposition being at length made for the restitution of Belgrade and the other frontier fortresses, Ibrahim, transported with rage, demanded "why they had not also required the cession of Constantinople?" and ordered them to be imprisoned in the Seven Towers. Their confinement lasted till the spring of the following year, (1529,) when the military preparations being complete, they were dismissed with an insulting message, "that the Sultan would speedily come and confer in person with their master, and if he were not to be found in Hungary, would seek him at Vienna!" It was at this juncture that the extraordinary rank of *serasker-al-sultanat* (alluded to in a previous chapter) was conferred on Ibrahim, who was thereby elevated almost to an equality with the sultan himself, and allowed the unheard-of privilege of having six † horsetails, and seven standards of various colours borne before him in public. With all the pomp of their united *cortège*, Soliman and Ibrahim repaired in company (May 9) to the camp at Daood-Pasha, where 250,000 men of all arms, drawn from every government of the empire, were mustered and passed in review before them: and on the following day the whole vast host was put in motion, and pressed forward towards the Drave and the Danube.

The march was conducted for two months with the order and regularity of a peaceful procession, till, on the 19th of July, the advanced guard was encountered on the plains of Mohácz by Lasczki, who had been sent forward with 6000 Transylvanian horse to announce the approach of his master, Zapolya. The morrow saw the humiliation of Hungary in the person of her nominal monarch, on the same ominous spot which had witnessed the fall of the last of her independent kings. After traversing the ranks of the janissaries, who stood mute and motionless, holding white wands (as usual on occasions of public ceremony) in lieu of arms, Zapolya was introduced into the imperial tent, where, in the presence of the dignitaries of the Ottoman court, and the principal officers of the army, he knelt and kissed the hand of Soliman, who had risen from his throne and advanced three steps to receive his new vassal. On the completion of the act of homage, "the kral *Yanush*" (John,) as the Ottoman writers term Zapolya, "was seated on the right hand of the Padishah, while the grand-vizir, with Ayaz and Kassim, the second and third *vizirs of the bench*, remained standing on the left: the sultan, moreover, addressed Yanush with words of benignity and assurances of continued favour, and presented him at his departure, in token of beneficence, with four caftans of cloth of gold, and three Nejd horses, with their caparisons studded with gold and jewels. So Yanush returned from the *Salamlik*, (place of audience,) with his face whitened and his heart expanded, having found favour with the Padishah of the Moslems."

Buda was still held for Ferdinand by a German garrison, under a Hungarian noble named Nadasti; but these mercenaries were panic-stricken at the first appearance of the Turkish force; and, in spite of the efforts of their commander, they surrendered the place (September 9) after a siege of six days, and before even a breach had been opened, on a promise of personal safety. But the janissaries, enraged at losing the anticipated plunder of the town, massacred these dastards in defiance of the capitulation: the brave Nadasti alone escaped, by committing himself to the stream of the Danube in an oarless skiff; and being happily stranded on the further shore, close to the quarters of Zapolya, he was pardoned and pro-

* Hobordanski is one of the paladins of Hungarian story; and many tales of his prowess in single combat with Turkish champions are still current in Bosnia and Croatia. The conclusion of his career was in accordance with his daring character. During the siege of Buda by the Austrians in 1532, he penetrated alone into the citadel, in order to terminate the civil war by the death of Zapolya; but his person being recognized, he was thrown in a sack from the battlements into the Danube.

† The *vizirs*, or pashas of the highest rank, were entitled to *three* horsetails and the same number of standards; the use of a fourth *standard* being the prerogative, in ordinary cases, of the *grand*-vizir only. But no subject, excepting Ibrahim, ever bore more than three horsetails, the number appropriated to the monarch being seven.

tected by the Transylvanian prince. The capture of Buda was, however, only a secondary object in the expedition: and Soliman, after deputing to Gritti the task of installing the Vaivode anew in the palace and throne of the ancient kings, left a Turkish garrison for his support and protection, and announced by a proclamation to his troops, that their further destination was Vienna: the order for the march being issued three days only after the fall of the Hungarian capital.

Vienna, called by the Turks, *Betj*, and often *Kizil-Alma*, the *Red Apple* (or metropolis) of Germany, was at this period a place of far less extent and comparative importance than at present. Though the capital of the hereditary territories of the House of Hapsburg, it was only at intervals the residence of the Emperors, whose political system had hitherto been principally directed towards France and Italy, rather than the eastern countries of Europe; and, at the close of the preceding century, it had even been seized by the Hungarian king, Matthias Corvinus, who annexed it during several years to his own dominions. Charles V. had never since his birth visited his patrimonial states, and at this time had been nearly seven years absent in Spain: and his brother and vicegerent Ferdinand, king of Bohemia, and nominally of Hungary, lacked both influence and authority to obtain succour from the princes of the empire, then occupied by the religious and political disputes of the Protestants and Catholics. Resistance in the field, therefore, to the vast advancing tide of Turks and Hungarians, (for many of the adherents of Zapolya had proffered their services against the hated Germans,) was evidently hopeless; nor did Ferdinand venture to trust his own person within the walls of the devoted city, but retired into the upper provinces, leaving the defence of Vienna to his lieutenants. The Count Nicholas of Salms, the reputed captor of Francis I. at Pavia, acted as governor of the city; and John of Hardeck, William of Roggendorf, with other German nobles whose prowess had been proved in the Italian wars, held subordinate commands over the Austrian soldiers; while the auxiliaries furnished by the empire were under the orders of the Count-Palatine Philip of Bavaria. The troops of the garrison amounted to 16,000 *lanzknechts*, and 2000 cavalry; and their zeal was stimulated by the presence of not a few volunteers—scions of the most illustrious houses of Spain, who had hastened from their native country to testify their ardour in the cause of their faith and the service of their common sovereign, by aiding in the defence of the frontier bulwark of Christendom against the Moslem invader.

This force would appear abundantly sufficient for the defence of a city, the circuit of which (corresponding nearly with what is now called the *Stadt*, or old town within the glacis) was less than three miles, and which was further protected on one side by the narrow branch of the Danube, separating it on the N.E. from the islands now occupied by the Prater and the Leopoldstadt suburb. Of the eleven or twelve gates of modern times, only seven† existed at this period; and the suburbs, the inhabitants of which, at the present day, constitute at least five-sixths of the population, were limited to a narrow belt of houses and gardens without the walls. But the defences of the town (which had never been besieged in form since the introduction of artillery in war) called for all the exertions of the garrison to render them tenable against the numbers and military skill on the point of being brought to bear on them, consisting only of a dry ditch, and a rampart of brick and earth, without bastions, or salient and re-entering angles; in many parts not more than six feet thick, and unfit from its height and weakness to have heavy guns mounted on it. The short respite which the march of the Turks afforded, was anxiously employed in improving these imperfect fortifications; a *cavalier*, or broad bank of earth, was thrown up in the rear of the old wall, and bastions and batteries were hastily constructed on various weak points; while the suburbs were razed to prevent their affording shelter to the numerous tirailleurs and archers of the enemy; and those houses within the walls which had wooden roofs shared the same fate, in order to obviate the danger of fire from the missiles of the besiegers.

The march of Soliman from Buda, along the right bank of the Danube, (though impeded, as in the campaign of Mohácz, by heavy rains which made the country almost impassable,)

encountered little armed opposition; the garrisons left by Ferdinand in the towns on the river, either from panic or disaffection, abandoning their charge at the first tidings of the approach of the horsetails. Even Gran or Strigonium, which had withstood the arms of the Turks in the last invasion, was shamefully surrendered by its Archbishop Varday, who once more changing sides and declaring himself an adherent of Zapolya, led his vassals in the train of the enemy against Vienna.* The commandants of Raab and Altenburg withdrew with their troops and artillery to Vienna, leaving their fortresses to the Ottomans; but the brave Wolfgang Hoder, governor of Presburg, secured in some degree by his position on the further bank, resolutely maintained his post, and sank most of the barges in which the heavier guns of the Turks were transported up the stream—a loss afterwards severely felt before Vienna.† The divisions of disciplined troops were as usual preceded by a swarm of *akindjis* or irregular horse, raised chiefly among the wild Turkman tribes of Anatolia; and these terrible harbingers, outstripping the progress of the main army, speedily overran the whole face of the country even beyond Linz, every where pillaging, burning, and massacring with their customary ruthless ferocity, and re-enacting in Austria the scenes of horror which had been witnessed three years before in Hungary. "Not even a flight of locusts" (says a contemporary writer) "could find subsistence in their track;—for nought save ashes and blood were left where they had passed:—

——— 'Where the spahi's hoof has trod,
The verdure leaves the gory sod.'"
Mazeppa.

And the limits of their ravages may be in some measure ascertained, by the crosses still remaining in many villages, where they were erected in token of thanksgiving for their deliverance, by an accidental change of the marauders' route! No fewer than 60,000 of the Austrian and Styrian peasantry, (a number apparently incredible, but in which nearly all contemporary writers agree,) are said to have been either slaughtered, or dragged into bondage, by these irregulars, (termed *sakmann* and *saccheggiatori* by the German and Italian writers,) whose ravages were unabated during the whole time the main army lay before Vienna.

Many local traditions are extant of the atrocities of which particular districts became the scenes during this dreadful inundation of fire and sword; and instances are not wanting in which the boors, banded together and animated by despair, opposed a successful resistance to the loose bands of plunderers. The knight Erlebek of Trausnitz, with eighteen followers, defended a stone windmill against a troop of 300 Turkmans, whom he beat off with loss; and it is curious to find, holding a conspicuous place among these traits of individual heroism, the exploit of John de Stahrenberg, the ancestor of the defender of Vienna in the succeeding century. This worthy progenitor of a warlike race, arming his vassals and neighbours, held at bay the main swarm of the marauders in a narrow gorge near Enns, which he had stockaded with the trunks of fallen trees; till, finding these rude defences impregnable to their arrows, they turned aside to seek in other directions an easier booty. The *akindjis* did not venture, however, to show themselves in the environs of Vienna while the regular forces were still at a distance; but on the 23d of September, a considerable body of them pushed up close to the gates, and engaging a squadron of cavalry, which sallied forth to attack them, repulsed them within the walls with some loss. In this ominous commencement of hostilities, Christopher

* The defection of this prelate was hailed with great exultation by the Turks, who anticipated the certain triumph of Islam in Hungary, when the cause of the Nazarenes was thus deserted by their spiritual chief.

† Knolles, and the authors of the *Univ. Hist.*, mention the heroic and successful resistance of a small town called by the former Neapolis, and by the latter *Newstadt*, which the Turks are said to have fruitlessly attempted, seven times in one day, to carry by a *coup-de-main*. We have been unable to find the authority for this incident, which perhaps should be referred to Neudorff, or Novoszello, on the Danube; but Neustadt, in Austria, (celebrated in the thirteenth century for the repulse of the Moguls under Batu,) lies too far to the left of the Turkish line of march.

Zedlitz, a valiant Bavarian, who was standard-bearer to Hardeck, was taken prisoner, and forthwith sent to the rear to the presence of Soliman, who had already reached Bruck on the Leitha. When examined by the Sultan as to the numbers and disposition of the garrison, and the direction in which the *kral* Ferindos (Ferdinand) had turned his course, Zedlitz replied that Vienna would most surely be defended to the last extremity, and that Ferdinand was at Linz, assembling the forces of the empire to overwhelm the invaders. This intelligence (the latter part of which was designedly incorrect) irritated Soliman, and he exclaimed—"As to Ferdinand, I will pursue him wherever he seeks refuge, and punish him for his audacious presumption in claiming the kingdom of Hungary, which is mine by right of conquest, and has been conferred on my vassal Yanush and his heirs! The people of Vienna are as yet guiltless of the blind temerity of their king;—let them appear at the imperial stirrup with their hands folded in submission, and their lives and goods shall be spared; but if they resist, they shall be given as a spoil to the janissaries!" With this menace, Zedlitz was removed from the presence of the Sultan, and detained as a captive in the Turkish camp till after the siege.

Early on the Eve of St Wenzel, (Sept. 27, 1529,) the fourth day after the capture of Zedlitz, the watchers on the lofty steeple of the Domkirch of St Stephen signaled the approach of the Sultan's army: and many hours of the day had not elapsed, when the burghers and garrison of Vienna saw the hostile legions in full view from their towers and walls, filling nearly the whole space between the Danube and the skirts of the Wienerberg, and moving with an orderly precision, which marked the different character of these troops from that of the savage hordes which had hovered round the city during the three preceding days. A hundred and twenty thousand men, with 300 pieces of artillery, defiled round the walls of Vienna; and such was the rapidity and promptitude of their evolutions, that before nightfall the different corps had encamped in their appointed stations, and the whole circuit of the fortifications was invested. The headquarters of the Sultan were fixed at the little village of Simmering, on the road to Hungary, near Ebersdorf; and a select corps of 12,000 janissaries and bostandjis held post as guards round the imperial pavilion, which is described by an anonymous historian of the times* as fitted up in the interior with wondrous magnificence, after the fashion of that nation, having hangings and cushions of cloth of gold—the roof and pillars also glittered with gilded pinnacles, "and 500 officers of the household," (the ich-oghlans,) "armed with bows, kept constant watch at the portals." The *élite* of the Asiatic troops, under the Anadoli-Valessi Behram-Pasha, lay between Simmering and Ebersdorff, along the little river Schwechat; and on the other side, towards Vienna, was the encampment of the *corps d'armée*, immediately under the orders of the grand-vizir, whose lines extended from the Wienerberg and the church of St Mark to the embouchure of the narrow stream of the Wien, which joins the Danube close under the walls of the city. From this point the leaguer was continued by four powerful divisions of provincial troops, respectively headed by the pashas of Amasia and Bosnia, the kehaya or lieutenant of the Roumili-Valessi, (an office then held by Ibrahim in conjunction with the vizirat,) and the sandjak of Semendra—the *odas* or regiments of janissaries, under their own officers, being disposed at different points along the line. On the river side, the town was further blockaded by a numerous flotilla of boats under Kasim-pasha, who occupied the adjacent islets, and patrolled the stream even beyond Nusdorff, five miles above the city; and the possibility of a surprise from that quarter was further guarded against by an outlying detachment under the Pasha of Mostar, who was encamped at Dobling, to watch both the road and the river. "As far as the eye could reach," (says the author above quoted,) "nothing could be seen, even from the spire of the cathedral, but the countless throngs of men, horses, and camels, overspreading the whole horizon: and the dense ranges of tents

* "De Viennæ Austriæ Obsidione Historia." Apud Schardium, ii. pp. 1207—55

and pavilions, (amounting altogether, as was afterwards found, to upwards of 25,000,*) extended almost without intermission for ten miles round the city!"

The city was thus completely hemmed in, both by land and water—and the failure of an attempt made by Duke Frederic of Bavaria, (uncle of the prince commanding in Vienna,) who had arrived with a considerable body of troops of the empire at Krems on the Danube, to pass the enemy's outposts by water and throw reinforcements into the beleaguered capital, convinced the garrison of the hopelessness of all succour from without. Their situation was thus sufficiently precarious: for so imperfect were still the additional defences, that "if the Turks with their vast host had immediately on their arrival assaulted the town on all points at once, and attempted forcibly to carry it by escalade, there was great fear that they might have succeeded." But the sturdy valour of the Germans was dismayed neither by the disproportioned force to which they were opposed, nor by the scantiness of their own means of resistance:—and the operations of the besiegers in the trenches were harassed and impeded by frequent sallies from the walls, in one of which (Sept. 29) 200 janissaries, including three officers of rank, were killed; and the grand-vizir himself narrowly escaped being taken prisoner, as he was making the rounds with a small escort. But a more serious obstacle to the progress of the Turks was the want of battering cannon—the few heavy guns which had † originally been attached to the army had been sunk (as noticed above) before Presburg—and the artillery in the camp, though formidable in number, was adopted rather for field service than for breaching the walls of a fortified place. The operations were therefore principally carried on by means of mines, which the nature of the ground allowed to be wrought with facility; but an incessant fire was at the same time kept up against the gates and battlements from all parts of the Turkish lines; while the Azabs or light infantry, "with shot out of their trenches, suffered no man to appear upon the walls without most manifest danger, and poured such showers of arrowes over the walls into the citie, as if they had fallen out of the clouds; ‡ that scarcely could any man stirre in the citie unarmed," (without armour,) "but he was forthwith wounded."—(*Knolles.*) In the mean time, no less than fifteen mines were rapidly pushed forward through the yielding soil; and two of the largest, which were driven in the direction of the gate of Corinthia and the convent of St Clara, were already approaching completion, when they were revealed to the besieged (Oct. 2) by the desertion of a janissary officer, whose early recollections of Christian birth and parentage had not been wholly effaced by his subsequent Moslem education. Under the instruction of this double renegade, the works of the besiegers were effectually countermined; and the services of the informant were recompensed by a post in the household of Rogendorff. But though baffled on these points, the Turkish pioneers continued to sap other parts of the fortifications, and even renewed their labours on the ruined mines; while in order to mask their

* This number, if we adopt as the average the janissary allowance of ten men to a tent or hut, would give 250,000 for the total assembled before Vienna: and including the attendants of the court, and the numerous camp-followers of an eastern army, the computation appears moderate. Yet notwithstanding the devastation of all the surrounding districts, little difficulty was experienced, till the last days of the siege, in providing this vast multitude with forage and provisions—a circumstance which speaks highly for the organization of the Turkish commissariat in this age.

† Istuanfi attributes this deficiency to the insidious counsels of Ibrahim, who, according to his statement, maintained a treasonable correspondence with the enemy; but this story, which has been copied by many Christian writers, seems to be utterly without proof, as it certainly is without probability.

‡ The extraordinary range of the Oriental archery is well known—the Chevalier de Beauplan (Account of the Cossacks in *Churchill's Voyages*, vol. i.) describing a skirmish with the Tartars in the plains of the Ukraine, says, that their arrows carried twice as far as the matchlocks of his Polish escort. In a siege these missiles would be still more effective and formidable, as their parabolic flight would reach enclosed courts and other situations secure from musket shot.

proceedings, so furious a cannonade was directed against the gate of Corinthia and the adjacent posterns, that the German commanders, in the momentary expectation of a general assault, boldly resolved to anticipate the danger by a sortie. Eight thousand men, or nearly half the effective strength of the garrison, were destined for this perilous service, and placed under the command of two veteran officers, named Eck von Reischach and Sigismund Leyser, with directions to pour forth against the Turkish lines, in separate columns, from the castle gate and the gate of Corinthia. The signal was given an hour before daybreak on the 7th of October; but much time was lost through a misapprehended order of one of the commanders; and when the attacking parties at length sallied forth, they found the janissaries alarmed, and on their guard. Still the conflict was for a time stern and doubtful; and the Spanish volunteers, who fought in front with all the fiery gallantry which had characterized the Moorish wars in the last generation, were on the point of penetrating the Turkish entrenchments, when a cry of retreat, raised by the cowardice or treachery of a German *ritt-meister*, spread panic and confusion through the Christian ranks. The Imperialists gave way, and were driven headlong within the defences, leaving 500 of their number slain on the spot, besides many prisoners. So closely were they followed by the victorious Osmanlis, that the gates were with difficulty closed in time to exclude them; and an *alaï-beg*, with several janissaries, fell in a vain attempt to scale the ramparts in the ardour of pursuit.

As a measure of precaution against future attempts at surprise, the camp was now constantly patrolled by strong detachments of mounted spahis; and the Germans, considering these signs of preparation in the hostile armament as the precursors of an immediate storm, remained under arms during the two succeeding nights. But the Turks still lay motionless and apparently inactive within their lines; and the besieged, who had learned from their prisoners that the Sultan had no thoughts of wintering in Austria or Hungary, were already congratulating themselves on the prospect of his retreat, when, on the evening of the 9th, the city was shaken by two tremendous explosions, on the right and left of the gate of Carinthia. Profiting by the confusion which followed the defeated sortie, the Turkish engineers had re-explored and cleared the two mines previously rendered useless, and had fired them on the instant of their completion, thus effecting two practicable breaches, the larger of which would admit twenty-four men abreast; and at the same time choking the ditch by the masses of masonry which were hurled forward into it.* A ferocious shout of exultation rose from the Osmanli encampment, when they saw the interior of the city laid open by the fall of its weak bulwarks: the breaches were further widened during the night by the explosion of two smaller mines; and at daybreak on the 10th the storm commenced.

"The assault of a town in those days," (says one of the ablest and most *practical* military writers † of the present time,) "was a different affair altogether from what it is now: such attacks were then made by heavy-armed infantry, who wore breast-plates and skull-caps of proof, and were armed, not with useless bayonets, but with swords, halberts, and partizans. The defenders were equally well prepared; and knowing that certain death was the consequence of defeat, they never stood an assault without making a most determined resistance, even in the breach itself." Though the period referred to in this passage is that of the Thirty Years' War, the description is at least equally applicable to the preceding century; and the murderous sieges of Rhodes and Belgrade, since the accession of Soliman, had accustomed the Turkish soldiery to bear down, by a continual and never-ceasing repetition of attack, the resistance of a desperate garrison. But the ardour of the janissaries would appear to have been chilled, on the present occasion,

* The account of Istuanfi varies in several particulars: he makes no mention of the previous failure of the mines, and places the first assault on Michaelmas day. We have followed the contemporary narrative given in Schardius.

† Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell's Life of Wallenstein, p. 104.

by the coldness and inclemency of the season, to which their frames had never been inured: for though, during three consecutive days, the assault on the breach to the right of the gate was kept up almost without intermission, by fresh troops constantly succeeding the battalions which were repulsed, all their efforts failed to overcome the stubborn bravery with which the defenders held their ground. In vain was the breach swept by showers of arrows and musket-balls, to clear it for the ascent of the assailants: in vain did the pashas and generals, advancing to the foot of the wall, threaten, or even inflict death on the waverers; the long pikes and straight heavy swords of the Germans, when wielded from the vantage ground on which they fought, proved far more efficient in close combat than the shorter and less ponderous weapons of their adversaries; and they derived an additional advantage from their defensive armour, which was rarely worn by the Turks. During the heat of the conflict on the 11th, a simultaneous attack was made on the smaller breach by the sandjaks of Yanina and Valona, two Albanian chieftains who had volunteered with their Arnaut followers for this forlorn hope; but a body of Austrians, under John Katzianer, (a name well known in the subsequent wars of Hungary,) instantly repaired to this new point of danger; and the Arnauts, who had almost overpowered the few troops previously stationed there, were repulsed, after a short struggle, leaving 200 of their bravest slain at the foot of the ruined wall.

On the morning of the 12th, a fresh fall of the shaken rampart, between the part previously blown up and the Buda gate, enlarged the breach to the width of near fifty fathoms; and the Turks, hailing this unexpected incident as an omen of success, rushed to the attack with more impetuous fury than they had hitherto exhibited, and forced their way, with loud shouts of victory, to the summit of the ruins, on which they planted several of their *bairaks* or pennons. The cry ran through the camp, that "*Kizil-Alma* was won!"—and many even of the spahis and akindjis, dismounting in haste, hurried with lance and sabre to the scene of action, eager to share in the final triumph, and to partake in the spoil of the infidel city. But their further progress was barred by the steady front of the same impenetrable phalanx, before which their onset had already recoiled; and they were enfiladed by a constant fire poured on each of their flanks from the part of the fortifications still remaining entire. Still, stimulated by the prospect of immediate success, and urged by the menaces of their commanders, the Osmanlis precipitated themselves, sabre in hand, on the bristling pikes* of the hostile array, striving with bootless valour to open a passage through this impregnable barrier; and it was not till after a sanguinary conflict of three hours, that they finally abandoned the enterprise, and retired in disorder to their trenches, with the loss of 2000 killed and wounded.

These repeated and disastrous failures destroyed the spirit of the soldiers; and the situation of the army was becoming day by day more critical, as the supplies provided for the siege were already, from its unexpected duration, nearly exhausted; while the dampness of the ground on which they were encamped, from the advanced season and the continual heavy rains, (which threatened an inundation of the river,) made their position almost untenable;—and rumours were rife of the approach of a mighty host, led by the combined princes of Germany, for the relief of their imperial city. In this perplexity, a general council of war was held on the 13th, in the tent of the grand-vizir, in which it was determined to make one more desperate attempt to carry the place by storm; and, in case of another repulse, to raise the siege without loss of time. These resolutions were submitted to and approved of by the Sultan, who visited the trenches in person, and after reconnoitring the breaches, rewarded the skill and diligence of the engineers by the distribution of a donative. To reanimate

* The efficacy of the long German pikes against the light weapons of the Orientals in stationary fight, recalls the descriptions of Herodotus of the first encounters between Greek and Persian, when

"δορυκραιου λογχης ἰσχυς κικρατηκει."—Æschyl. *Pers.*

the drooping courage of the janissaries for the coming assault, a *bakshish* or largess was promised them of 1000 aspers (or 20 ducats) a man:—and fiefs, honours, and military promotion, according to the previous rank of the individual, were announced by proclamation through the camp, as the rewards destined for those who first effected a footing within the fortress. Two fresh mines were sprung on the morning of the 14th; and the turret of the Corinthian gate, by the musketry from which the Turks had been severely galled, was demolished by the artillery; and at noon the signal was given. But the attacking columns, disheartened by the anticipation of inevitable defeat, were with difficulty prevailed upon even to move forward from their trenches; and no sooner did the leading files encounter the storm of fire poured upon them from the city, than they at once gave way in irremediable confusion, without essaying the fortune of closer combat. In vain did the grand-vizir, and the Anadoli-Valessi Behram-Pasha, throw themselves among the fugitives, several of whom they slew with their own hands;—threats and entreaties were alike unavailing;—the janissaries exclaimed, that the immutable decrees of destiny were visibly opposed to their success, and that they preferred to die by the swords of their comrades and commanders, rather than be transfixed by the *shishler* (spits) of the infidels, as they called the long German pikes. The fall of Behram, (who was struck down mortally wounded, while striving to rally his men, by a falconet shot which shattered his knee,) augmented the panic:—and a heavy fire, reopened from the Turkish batteries to cover the retreat, announced the final discomfiture of the Osmanlis.

The garrison and citizens of Vienna, who had been apprised by the Christian deserters of their approaching deliverance, saw with exultation the pride of the Ottoman battle recoil for the last time from their walls; but their joy was diminished by the casualty which, in the moment of triumph, befell their commander, the Count of Salms. This aged leader, in whom seventy-one years had not chilled the warlike ardour of youth, had throughout the seige been foremost wherever danger was imminent, and had hitherto escaped unscathed; but, while viewing from the ramparts the flight of the Turks within their trenches, he was grievously crushed and disabled by a fragment of stone which a ball from the hostile batteries had dislodged:—a hurt, from the effects of which he died early in the following year. The cannonade was kept up till sunset; but as soon as the night had closed in, the guns were silently withdrawn from their position, and embarked on board the flotilla; and, before midnight, the flames of the huts, and other useless incumbrances, which had been set on fire by the janissaries, announced that the preparations for retreat had already commenced. All the bells and chimes of Vienna, which had been silenced since the appearance of the enemy, now rang forth in thanksgiving from tower and steeple: but with these sounds of rejoicing from the city were mingled the lamentable cries of the Christian prisoners in the Turkish camp, several thousands of whom, including all whom age or infirmity made useless as slaves, were massacred by their captors in the fury of their disappointment. Ten thousand of these miserable victims were, however, dragged in the train of the Sultan, who raised his camp from Simmering on the 16th, without again turning his face towards Vienna, and proceeded, by forced marches, on his return to Hungary, with the corps which he had retained under his immediate command. Before his departure he held a grand divan, at which pelisses and sabres of honour were presented to the vizir and the principal pashas, and the promised donative was paid to the janissaries—a politic measure, intended to efface the remembrance of the ill success with which the campaign had closed.

The rearguard, under Ibrahim, comprising the divisions to which the active conduct of the siege had been chiefly committed, lay yet another day under the Wienerberg; and a proposal for the exchange of prisoners was made through the medium of the standard-bearer, Zedlitz, who had been taken in the first skirmish before the walls, and who was now released and sent into the city, clothed with a magnificent dress, and charged with a rescript, addressed by the vizir to the civil and military authorities. In this curious document, (which is written in bad Italian, and is still preserved in the imperial archives,) Ibrahim styles himself, "by the grace of God, grand-vizir and chief counsellor, vicegerent

of the empire and all its pashas and sandjaks, and generalissimo of the armies of the most glorious and invincible Sultan Soliman!" and proceeds to inform the Austrian commanders, that the object of the campaign was not the capture of their city, but the chastisement of the archduke, (Ferdinand:) and that they had only delayed so long in the environs to give him an opportunity of emerging from his concealment, and confronting the fate which awaited him!* But, notwithstanding all these diplomatic fanfaronades, it does not appear that any arrangement respecting the prisoners was ultimately effected; and some accounts attribute the delay of Ibrahim to a plot which he had formed of having the city betrayed by means of some pretended deserters, who were happily detected and executed. This tale is, however, unsupported by any sufficient testimony, and is probably only a pious fiction of the Germans, in order to fix on their detested enemy the stigma of defeated treachery—since the interval of a single day could scarcely have enabled him to ascertain the success or failure of such a stratagem—and, on the morning of the 17th, Ibrahim finally broke up his cantonments with 60,000 men under his command, and followed at the distance of a day's march in the track of the Sultan.

The total loss of the Turks by disease and the sword, during their operations in Germany, has been so variously stated by different authorities, that it is scarcely possible to arrive even at an approximation to the truth. The most moderate estimate is that of Istuanfi, who rates it at "more than 20,000"—or an average of nearly a thousand a day—but this number is doubled by Von Hammer; and old Knolles, with his usual honest inveteracy against the Paynim, boldly affirms that in the siege alone, Soliman "is reported to have lost eighteen thousand of his best men, amongst whom was his great lieutenant of Asia, with many others of his forward captaines, and best souldieurs: of the defendants, few or none of name were lost!" The retreat of the Osmanlis, however, was not unmolested. No sooner had the last retiring column disappeared along the windings of the Danube, than Katziæner and Bakiez (a noted Hungarian leader of Ferdinand's party) sallied forth with all the cavalry,† and following during several days the toilsome march of the Turks, (the weakened state of whose horses prevented them from vigorously repelling those desultory attacks,) succeeded in inflicting on them considerable loss both in men and *materiel*. A heavy fall of snow, which began the day after their departure, added to their embarrassments, and much of their heavy baggage was lost in the morasses near Altenberg; but without staying to place garrisons in that or any of the other towns which had surrendered on the advance, they hastened on their route, and arrived on the 25th in the environs of Buda, where "Yanush came forth to meet the Sultan, and offer his congratulations on the fortunate result of the campaign!" But even at Buda, only two days were allowed for the refreshment of the weary troops; and after transmitting to Ibrahim a firman for the delivery of the crown of St Stephen‡ to Zapolya, Soliman resumed his march with all speed, and arrived at Constantinople in the middle of December, having dispatched from Belgrade (Nov. 10) a *letter of victory* to the Doge of Venice, Andrea Gritti, the father of Aloysio. The wording of this official bulletin is sufficiently ingenious; and it would be difficult to infer from it distinctly that any siege of Vienna had been undertaken, and far less that it had been unsuccessful. "After entering the confines of Germany . . . . . we came to the city of Vienna,

* At an interview with the imperial ambassadors in 1530, Ibrahim held similar language. "As Ferdinand constantly fled before our victorious armies, and was not to be found either at Buda or Vienna, we let loose the akindjis to overrun Germany, and damaged the ramparts of the town by way of leaving some tokens of our visit."

† A few days after the siege was raised, a violent mutiny broke out among the mercenaries of the garrison, who demanded a gratuity of five times their ordinary pay, as the reward of their successful defence; and the city was with difficulty saved from pillage by the arrival of the Duke Frederic and his troops from Krems!

‡ The crown, with its guardian Pereny, had been captured by a marauding party of Turks in the advance to Buda.

and the aforesaid king" (Ferdinand) "having heard of our coming, rose and fled, betaking himself to the kingdom of Bohemia, and a city therein called Prague, where he lay concealed. Of him we heard no further tidings, whether he were alive or dead; and so, by command of my sublime majesty, numerous detachments were sent out to burn and destroy all his country; and my army also marched along the Danube, subduing many towns. And my majesty, with my army, halted likewise under Vienna for 22 days; and thence returning, came to Buda, where the king Yanush came and kissed my hand; and I commanded that the crown should be given into his hands. And from that place, with the aid of God, I am now on my way towards my imperial residence of Constantinople."

Thus ended this memorable siege, of which neither the details nor results have attracted that degree of attention from historians which its political importance would fairly warrant. When, after an interval of 154 years, the myriads of the Osmanlis once more appeared in arms under the walls of the Austrian capital, the brilliant triumph which attended its critical deliverance by the chivalry of Poland under Sobieski, and the instant reflux of the tide of victory which followed, invested its defence with an eclat which has eclipsed the well-earned fame of those who, in past days, had withstood and beaten back the mightiest of the Ottoman sultans. Yet if we consider the alteration which had taken place in the relative strength of the European powers between 1529 and 1683, it will be evident that the capture of Vienna, if it had fallen before Kara-Mustapha at the latter period, could have led to no such permanent results as must inevitably have followed its conquest at the juncture which we are now describing, when the Ottoman empire was in its highest "pride of place," and ruled by a monarch whose name stands conspicuous, even in an age remarkable for the number of contemporary great sovereigns. Had not the advanced season of the year, combined with the difficulty of provisioning his vast host at so great a distance from his own frontier, compelled Soliman to withdraw his forces, there can be little doubt that he would have persevered (as at Rhodes) in pressing the attack till the place fell into his hands, as it were, piecemeal; and if he had thus obtained winter-quarters in Germany, while Hungary was secured in his rear by his vassal Zapolya, he might have drawn supplies and reinforcements, during the winter, from Constantinople and the Roumeliot provinces, so as to take the field in spring with his army restored to its primitive efficiency. Vienna would then have become the basis of a new system of operations; and Soliman would have been enabled to prosecute his originally-declared intention of pursuing Ferdinand into Upper Germany, in order to extort from him a renunciation of the Hungarian crown. Though no territorial conquest would probably have followed the irruption of the Turks into Germany, the example of Hungary in the succeeding century, when the malecontent Protestants of that country threw themselves into the arms of the Porte, and conducted the horsetails a second time to Vienna, shows how different might have been the history of the religious wars which fill the reign of Charles V., if the Ottoman power had effected a lodgement within the boundaries of the empire. But the impulse which had extended the sway of the *Cæsar** of Stamboul, almost at a single swoop, from Belgrade to Vienna, there found itself stayed; and for the first time since the capture of Constantinople, the Turks saw an army led by the Sultan in person return without victory; and so deeply was the importance of this check impressed upon the mind of Soliman himself, that in after years he habitually spoke of the conquest of Vienna as one of the three great projects which he hoped that his life might suffice him to accomplish—the others being the completion of his legislative code, and the magnificent

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* "It was commonly reported that the proud tyrant" (Soliman) "would many times say, That whatsoever belonged to the empire of Rome, was of right his; for as much as he was rightfully possessed of the imperial seat and sceptre of Constantine the Great, commander of the world, which his great-grandfather, Mahomet, had by law of arms won."—Knolles, p. 615.

mosque which bears his name. The two latter he had the happiness to witness—but "since the horoscope of no man is altogether unclouded by adverse influences, it was never the fortune of Sultan Soliman Kanooni to become lord of the Kizil-Alma."

The phantom of an Hungarian kingdom, which had been erected by Soliman in favour of his vassal Zapolya, was not destined to be of long duration. After a second invasion of Germany by the Sultan, a peace was concluded (June 1533) between Austria and the Porte, by which the districts to the north of Transylvania and the Danube, then held by Ferdinand, were left in his possession, subject, however, to the payment of an annual sum to the Ottoman treasury; while all to the south of this line, including Transylvania and the greatest part of Hungary Proper, as far as the Drave, were confirmed to Zapolya; Croatia and the south-western provinces being abandoned in full sovereignty to the Porte. But this arrangement was but ill observed by any of the contracting parties; and at length Zapolya, who was unmarried, sought to terminate the miseries of his country by concluding at Gross-Wandein a secret treaty with Ferdinand, to whom he pledged himself to bequeath his rights and pretensions, on condition of being left undisturbed during his lifetime. In defiance of this convention, however, he married Isabella, daughter of Sigismond, king of Poland,* his son by whom (born a few days before his own death in 1540) he declared his heir in his last moments, recommending him to the potent protection of Soliman. In the ensuing year, accordingly, the Sultan advanced upon Buda, and inflicted a disastrous defeat on the generals of Ferdinand, who were already besieging that capital; but when the widowed queen, with her infant son, appeared in the Ottoman camp, she was informed that it was necessary for her safety that she should retire, with her celebrated minister Martinuzzi, and the young prince, into the principality of Transylvania, and surrender to the guardianship of her imperial ally the towns and fortresses of Hungary, which her power was inadequate to protect against the Austrians. On the 29th of August 1541, (the fifteenth anniversary of the day of Mohácz,) Soliman proceeded in state to St Mary's cathedral in Buda, which he converted into a mosque by the solemn recitation of the *namaz*, or Moslem ritual—the janissaries took possession of the gates—and ere sunset on the same day, the horsetails and banner of the first pasha of Hungary were hoisted on the citadel, whence they continued to float for 145 years.

Thus were the most fertile districts of Hungary, including the whole right bank of the Danube from Gran to Belgrade, and the level territory to the eastward, as far as the Transylvanian frontier, formally incorporated with the Ottoman empire, of which they continued to form an integral part till the peace of Carlowitz, in 1699. Though the title of king of Hungary was hereditarily assumed by the princes of the House of Hapsburg, their sway was confined to the northern counties; and their capital was fixed at Presburg, which was secured by its vicinity to Austria:—while the pasha of Buda ruled in the palaces of Arpad and Jagellon; and the dependent princes of Transylvania, though their allegiance was occasionally transferred for a short period to the Court of Vienna, usually preferred the easier yoke of the Porte to the encroaching *suzeraintè* of Austria. The long and sanguinary wars, which exhausted the strength of both the contending powers, seldom led to any further result than the loss or acquisition of a few fortresses or frontier posts:—and it was not till the genius of Sobieski and Eugene appeared at the head of the German armies, that the sunny plains of southern Hungary were again restored to the map of Christendom.

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† By a *second* wife. The *first* wife of Sigismond was sister of Zapolya. The son of Zapolya was christened Stephen, in the hope that the name of their first canonized king would recommend him to the Hungarians—but he is constantly styled (both by historians, and in his own acts as Prince of Transylvania) John Sigismond, after his father and uncle.

HEBRAISTICS.

The traffic in old clothes to which the gentlemen of the Jewish persuasion have of late years devoted themselves, does not at first sight seem very favourable to the development of the poetical temperament. There has hitherto been no Byron in Monmouth Street, nor Wordsworth in Rag Fair; and when we reflect on the numerous bards furnished to the reading public by several cognate trades—particularly tailors, who differ from the others only in respect of the newness of the clothes in which they exercise their skill—this total silence amongst the connoisseurs of ancient habiliments is worthy of serious consideration. It cannot arise from the decayed state of the garments themselves; for the English Muses have always been celebrated for their attachment to rags and tatters—the best of our poets being generally what is called out at elbows—and the cause of it must therefore be traced to some other source. In the absence of any more recondite explanation, we would humbly suggest, that in the case of our indigenous Jews, their failure in literature may proceed from the peculiar notions they entertain of English pronunciation. Nothing could be expected of a poet who would condescend to call himself a "Shoe," which, before Mr Macklin Anglicised the Jew of Venice, was the reason given by Shylock for being despised and spit upon!—a very inadequate reason, certainly, for such indignities; for no man ought to be bullied or insulted, even if, instead of being a Wellington, he be only a quarter-boot! Is it really possible that the representatives of Shylock spoke in the gibberish of our modern Israelites? There is no stupidity too great for an actor to be guilty of; but still we confess we have our doubts as to the fact of the public enduring for a moment that such a travesty should take place upon the stage.

"He hash dishgrashed me, and hindert me of halfs a millionsh; laughed at ma loshes, shcorned ma nationsh, shwarted ma bargainsh: and whatsh hish reashon? I am a Shoe: Hash not a Shoe eyes? hash not a Shoe handsh, organsh, dimenshionsh, shenshes, affectionsh, passionsh?"

Liston's Coriolanus must have been a joke to it: and any man with an ear for the concord of sweet sounds, will need no other argument to convince him of the impossibility of any great literary performance among the descendants of Abraham located in the British Isles. How it may be with the French, we cannot pretend to say: there is a nasal twang in the language of the most Parisian of Frenchmen, which is by no means unlike the peculiar intonation of "ould clowesh!!" And perhaps, by dint of study, and a fortunate collocation of circumstances, there might arise a Hebrew Victor Hugo, or De la Martine. But if there is any country where the Jewish intellect shakes off the trammels of the base bondage in which the banished people seem to be held by the love of wealth and the narrow spirit of their polity, it is in good, open, free-hearted Germany. The German Jews have formed a literary school of their own; and with such a strong-armed Maccabee as Heine to fight their battles, he must be a bold man that will buckle on his armour against their literary pretensions. At the same time, it is curious to observe that those unhappy beings—such as Heine and his *collaborateur* Börne—have attained their celebrity in the world of letters by a total abnegation of the Jewish character in all respects. So far from being Jews in faith or practice, they seem more bitter against the Old Testament than the New. They believe in nothing—they mourn the loss of the poetical pantheon of the Heathens, in imitation of Julian, the more ancient apostate, and are the propounders of the ultra doctrines of St Simon and Mr Owen. Their literature, therefore, though a literature of Jews, is not a Jewish literature; and we are unwillingly brought back to the puzzling point from which we started—the anti-literary and pro-old-clothes propensities of the Jews, in all the countries of modern Europe.

But the true secret of it is, that as a fish makes a poor figure out of water, and a bird is not seen to advantage unless in the azure depths of air, so a Jew is nowhere in his proper element except in Hebrew. Into that most wonderful and powerful language there are so few who can follow him, that we are sure we perform an acceptable service in bringing

what is declared to be a real Jewish work before the general reader—a feat which we are enabled to perform by the aid of a paper in the *Blätter für Literarische Unterhalting*, signed "Cæsar von Lengerke." "In the year 1837," he says, "there appeared at Leipsic a dramatic poem in the Hebrew language, in four parts, by the celebrated Moses Chajim Ben Jacob Luzzato, under the title *Migdal Oz, or the Tower of Innocence*, consisting of two thousand eight hundred lines. This drama, of which the existence was hardly known, seemed to have been entirely lost throughout the 18th century, till it was fortunately discovered at Milan, and came into the hands of the learned Francis Delitsh, who published it with an excellent Latin introduction. The novelty of a literary treasure so surprising to me, and I doubt not to others, awakened my attention, and I soon felt so interested by the real merits of the performance, the fine flow of the language, and poetical beauty of the thoughts, that I could not resist my desire to translate it as closely as I could, without a slavish adherence to every syllable of the original. This drama seemed to me to derive an additional value from the recent publication, by Francis Delitsh, of his work, 'On the History of Hebrew Poetry, since the fixing of the Canon till the present Time.' His volumes had opened to me, and many other Christian readers, a new field in national literature, till then not even suspected to exist, and had awakened a desire for more specimens of the Hebrew lyre, whose strings, unless at distant intervals, had remained untouched for such a long period."

The great fault of the Hebrew poetry, since the fixing of the Canon, is, that it has adapted itself so entirely to the taste and fashions of the country and period in which its authors lived, that—as we have remarked in the later instances of Börne and Heine—it has not possessed any sufficiently national features to entitle it to be called *Hebrew* poetry at all. But it may be doubted whether the wish, that the poetry of the Jews would present a living image of the people, can ever be realized; for the tendency of our present mode of thinking must be destructive of the national peculiarities of any people, cast, as it were, into the great vortex of modern manners, and must assimilate them more and more to the population by which they are surrounded. Their poetry has retained more nationality in their moral apophthegms and religious hymns than in any other branches of the art divine—although at first sight no more complete antithesis to poetry of any kind could be found than short, condensed proverbs, having each and all of them a reference to a knowledge of the world, and the actual business of life.

But least of all was the style of literature with which our business is at present—the Drama—favoured by the peculiarities of Judaism. Some people, to be sure, have thought they discovered the dramatic form in the Bible itself, and have divided the Book of Job, the Song of Solomon, and the Revelation of St John, into regular acts and scenes. But this belief, unless—as in the instance of the Book of Job—it were supported by the great name of Warburton, would never have been seriously entertained, and is now repudiated by all critics of any reputation. There could never be a dramatic poem composed amongst a people among whom there were no dramatic performances. If there had never been a playhouse in England, *Manfred* would have been written in heroic verse, and have been as undramatic in its form as the pastorals of Pope. There were no rascally managers, in the days of the ancient Hebrews, to reject all the good plays—as they did *Martinuzzi* at Drury Lane—and receive all the bad ones, as they did Sheridan Knowles's at the Haymarket; and therefore there were no disputes about the respective merits of the drama, admirable but not acted, and the drama, acted but not admirable!

We shall therefore lay it down as a settled thing, that in the canonic age the dramatic form was unknown. And how strongly the public feeling was opposed to the introduction of that style, is shown in the anecdote, related by Josephus, of Theodectes Phafelita, who was struck with blindness when he proposed to dramatize some of the incidents of the Jewish national history, and only recovered his sight on solemnly abjuring his intention. This is related to have happened in the time of Antiochus Epiphanes, who tried to introduce new gods and customs among the Hebrew people—among whom, apparently, the opening of a theatre, in imitation of the Greeks and Romans, was

among the worst of the attempted abominations. But at a later period—when the pseudo Temple of Onias was built at Leontopolis, and the schism became wider every day between the Jews of Palestine and their Græcising brethren—it is undeniable that some of the Egyptian Jews turned their attention to the drama. There are still extant some fragments of a play, on the leading of the Israelites out of Egypt, by Ezekiel, the Jewish tragic poet, who lived in the second century before our era. And although his object, apparently, was not to produce his play on the stage, he gave a dramatic form to the subject he had chosen, and embellished it with additions from his own fancy, and the tasteless intermixture of heathen mythology. Philo, also, of Alexandria—who, though a Jew, was miserably ignorant of Judaism—was a celebrated dramatist in his native city.

But the first introduction of a taste for theatrical amusements into Palestine Proper, dates from the Herodian family, who built splendid theatres, and devoted so much attention to the stage, that Josephus attributes to that fertile source of evil, when misdirected, the depravation of the morals of his countrymen.

In the Talmudic period (from the third to the fifth century) the Jews were so kept apart from other nations, that it was unlikely they should betake themselves to the imitation of foreign literature; and we accordingly find no trace of tragedy or comedy during that time, nor of any dramatic attempt on any of the incidents of their sacred history. Under the later Roman emperors, dramatic literature every where declined, and gave place to show and pantomime, which the more orthodox Jews held in utter detestation. In the seventh and following centuries, we find no symptom of dramatic effort amongst the Jews of Arabia or Spain, who, however, were not altogether unaffected by the example of the Arabs. But the cause of this is perhaps to be found in the genius of Mahomedanism, which was more opposed to the dramatic entertainments than Judaism itself.

We pass over the period in which the drama among the Jews appears to have entirely died out, and come to the sixteenth century, when, after the restoration of ancient learning, a domestic literature was fully established in almost every nation in Europe. The Jews, who had imitated the Spaniards and Italians in their pastorals, now tried to rival them in the drama, and though they copied them in choosing their subjects from Holy Writ, they were more subdued in their method of treating them. They considered them as not adapted for the gorgeous embellishments or scenic display made use of by their Christian rivals, but treated them as inculcating a sort of philosophic moral, which would have met no favour, however, at the hands of an orthodox synagogue. The founder of this new dramatic school was Judah Arje of Modena, a contemporary of Tasso, who not only composed a pastoral drama, "Rachael and Jacob," but attempted also a regular tragedy on a biblical subject in Italian. He was followed in the same century by Daniel Levi de Barios, the founder of Hebrew comedy, who wrote a poem he called a drama, "Asire Tigrah," although not intended for the stage. As the drama had arisen in England and France from the religious mysteries, and at first had been rather allegoric than historical, this first Jewish comedy represented the conquest of the Will over the Passions; but the style was objectionable on many accounts—the play upon words, the tasteless richness of epithet, and the unregulated fancy, giving evidence, in the opinion of a competent critic, of the Lusitanian origin of its author. Whether this be conclusive against the poem, we leave to the admirers of Portuguese literature to determine.

Belgium, or more properly Holland, to which the Jews fled for refuge after the frightful persecution against them in Catalonia, Aragon, and Castile, in 1391, was the true *natale solum* of the Jewish drama. At the beginning of last century, its principal ornaments were Moses Chajim Luzzato and his pupil Mendez. The former acquired great reputation by his allegorical drama, *Lajesharim Thehillah*, "The Reward of Virtue"—and the drama we have already mentioned, *Migdal Oz*, would have had equal fame—so says our friend Lengerke—if it had been known to the learned by more than its mere title. Mendez ventured to enter the lists with Racine and Metastasio in his drama *Gemul Ataljah*, which took for its subject the history of King Jehoash; but with a closer adherence to the original than

was exhibited by those distinguished writers. Another play—*Judith*—is nothing more than a translation from Metastasio. The founder of the Jewish drama in Germany was Samuel Romanelli. He introduced the Greek mythology into his plays, which were composed on the model of the Italian melodrames. Christian poems, such as Klopstock's *Death of Adam*, Racine's *Athalie and Esther*, Metastasio's *Isacco*, were translated into Hebrew; materials were also found in the Talmudic "*Agada*," and some few attempts were made in opera. The language in which these various works were written was the new Hebrew, as distinguished from the old, or the language of the Prophecies and Psalms; and the greatest master of the modern tongue was universally allowed to be Luzzato, the author of *Migdal Oz*.

Such is the account given by Lengerke of the origin and progress of the Hebrew drama, and we are now, in illustration of his remarks, about to introduce to the English reader some specimens of this the most vaunted of their theatrical achievements. Little is known, we may premise, of the private history of the author. Lengerke, deriving his information from some source with which we are not acquainted, tells us he was born at Padua in 1710, and died on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; that he was an enthusiast in his religious belief, and had, even like Swedenborg, persuaded himself that he was admitted to an acquaintance with the angelic powers. With this account of the author, he expresses a very natural astonishment at the steadiness and decorum of the work. There are no wildnesses, such as might have been expected from such a dreamer of dreams; and although astonished at the accidental dulness of the imagery, the reader is rather struck with the sobriety of his diction, and the subdued style of sentiment pervading the whole play. But of this we shall give sufficient extracts to enable him to judge for himself.

The metrical form, in which this drama is written, was totally unknown to the ancient Hebrews; but in this the modern Jews probably followed in some degree the example of the Arabs—though it must be confessed the styles of the two languages differ as much as the Temple of Jerusalem and the Alhambra of Granada. The exquisite effect of the solemn repetition, in the latter hemistich, of the sentiment in the first, which forms the distinctive feature of the Old Testament poetry, is exchanged for a sort of measure combined of the iambics and the spondee, not unlike the heroics of the modern languages, and possessing greater sweetness and variety than either of the measures unmixed. But still it is not exactly "verse" in our sense of the word. It possesses such regular cadences, and addresses itself by so many peculiarities to the ear, that it perhaps bears a closer resemblance to the periodical rounding of a Latin orator's sentences than to any other style of composition with which it can be compared. In some few instances, Luzzato has so far followed the Italian models to which he was accustomed, as to introduce a couplet or two of regular rhymes; but this, as evidently opposed to the genius of the language, has a very grotesque effect, and is a proof of a remarkable want of taste.

Although the drama *Migdal Oz* is meant as an allegory, and is indeed so called by its author himself, still it attempts a great deal more of personal and individual interest than the drama *Lojesharim Thehillah*. The names of the personages of the drama, like those of John Bunyan, have a moral meaning; yet the allegory is so covered, that although it is evident when the drama is viewed as a whole, it does not forcibly obtrude itself in every sentence. For our own parts, we always feel interested in the fate and fortunes of poor Christian as a man of real flesh and blood, and wish him good luck in his encounters with the giants Pope and Pagan, without taking much thought in the allegoric nature of those two gentlemen, and all the other companions of that most admirable Pilgrim; and in the same way you view the characters in this drama as *bona fide* men and women, without ever dreaming that the object of the play is to represent the difficulties encountered on the way to a knowledge of the law, and that he who perseveres in the path is sure to reach the object he aims at, and will, moreover, be rewarded by a good conscience, and the approbation of God and man. This is inculcated by the drama, *Migdal Oz*, and a better moral it is impossible to imagine, though a little study might perhaps have enabled the author to discover some truth equally valuable and not quite so self-evident. This analysis, however, we beg to say, is

the one offered by the German annotator, for we confess we can discover nothing of the kind. We see no more moral in it than in any of the Arabian Nights, in which you generally find perseverance rewarded, as indeed is the case with any three volume novel you like to open; for in them you invariably find the constancy of the hero and heroine receive its appropriate remuneration in the shape of a special license and a travelling carriage and four.

The drama opens with a prologue, after the manner of old Gower, in which we are informed of the antecedents of the story; and, as the extract is not long, and somewhat peculiar in its way, we give it as literally as possible:—

"There was a tower on the summit of the mountain Oz, among the hills of Kedem, and the tower was a great and strong fortalice; and there was a fair garden upon the roof. But no man had ever got up to it, for there was no path to it discovered. Then published King Aram an edict to all his people, saying, that whoever should get into the tower, and climb up to the garden, should receive his daughter Shlomit in marriage. And Shlomit was fair in form, and lovely to look upon. And lo! it happened that a young man, Shallom, the son of the King of Anamim, passed by the tower: And he turned towards the tower, and looked at it; and, behold, there was no gate to the tower, and the garden was on the roof: And he examined it, and searched all over the hill, and in a cleft of a rock he discovered an aperture which was hidden by the grass: And he entered it and proceeded, and, behold, it was the entrance to the tower; and he went up to the tower, and threw open its inner portals, and on them lay much dust; and he mounted up into the garden, and walked round it, and examined it; but he knew not of the edict of the king: And a man whose name was Siphah, also passed by, and he knew of the edict of the king; and when he saw the entrance, he was astonished, and looked through, and when he saw no man there, he hastened to the king and said, 'Let my lord, the king, know the glad tidings I bring, that thy servant has found an entrance to the tower: And I have entered into it, and have ascended into the garden, and this is one of the fruits of it.' Then the king rejoiced, and stood up from his throne, and embraced him, and kissed him, and praised God, and thought to give him Shlomit his daughter to wife. But by this time, Shallom was enamoured of Shlomit, and his soul was wasted because of her; and Shlomit also loved him; for he was eloquent of speech, a hero in strength, and beautiful in shape. But Shlomit endured the presence of Siphah for fear of her father's wrath; but in her heart she despised him."

Thus far ancient Gower lets us into the secrets of the family: the rest we must gather from themselves. And, fortunately for our curiosity, a friend of Shallom's, of the name of Shimei, begins the conversation, by enquiring why the unfortunate prince is so desponding lately—and whether it is ill health, or merely grief.

"If it be grief, thou know'st that, to the soul,
Grief plays the part of the vile moth to th' garment.
By slow degrees it wears it, thread by thread,
Till it is clean evanish'd. If I question
My friend in this, 'tis friendship's privilege, friend,
To share the sorrow; wherefore, if thou sorrowest,
Lo! from thy sorrow, sorrow comes to me."

Shallom, with the open-heartedness peculiar to princes and great people on the stage, immediately relates his whole adventures; how that he had fallen desperately in love with Shlomit, the king's daughter, on seein her at a hunting party; and lost in recollections of that auspicious day, when first she confessed a mutual flame, he exclaims—

"When I remember that delicious time,
The brightest of my fortune, when my arm
Twined round her yielding beauty, and my heart
Throbb'd 'neath the arrows of her eye; inflamed,
And yet repell'd by her majestic glances,
Slave of her love, and pain'd with ardent longings,
It gives e'en now a filip to my soul
To think on all that depth of happiness.
But the changed scene!—

When I recall the present time's great grief,
My heart still glowing, and my spirit broken,
Then is the memory that I once was happy
A scorpion's sting; a viper's bite; a drop
Of wormwood in my cup—Ah! blest Gazelle—
Fair beauty! costlier than the diamond;
Ah! harder than the diamond is thy heart!
Thou art my only life; and yet I live
Though thou contemn'st me, and art absent from me!"

Exclamations like these prove that lovers are addicted to the figure of speech called the ridiculous, even in so solemn and learned a language as the Hebrew. But, perhaps, the ingenious Luzzato meant to prove that the love was sincere, from the nonsense it made the poor young gentleman speak; nonsense being, we believe, an indispensable accompaniment of that unhappy disease. At the same time, we cannot help wishing that our young friend Lengerke had been a little more literal in his translation from the original, and had even given us a line or two of the real Aramaish; for we have a slight suspicion, that in this passage he has attempted a little embellishment of his own. The "Gazelle" smells strongly of a very modern lover; though, perhaps, after all, it is the hackneyed introduction of that word in all eastern stories since the days of Lalla Rookh, that makes us wrongfully suspect it to be an interpolation of the translator. A hart would have been more oriental to our ears, and we should like to see the word which has been rendered by the German, "liebliche Gazell!" But this, and the declaration that "to *have* been happy is the excess of misery," which we have met with before, we pass over at present, and continue the analysis of the play.

Shimei, the friend to whom this lamentation was addressed, endeavours to console the melancholy Shallom to the best of his ability. But it is a task of no little difficulty, as may be easily surmised by the sympathizing reader, when he is informed that, by a most absurd and unnatural law, it is a high crime and misdemeanour, for which the punishment is unavoidable death, for any young lady in the kingdom of Kedem to be false to her promise if once engaged! Oh! wretched kingdom of Kedem, where there can be no actions for a breach of promise, unless through the public prosecutor, without leaving him the power of restricting the libel; where no damages could be sued for in reparation of broken hopes and slightly damaged character; but where the faithless fair one was burned with very unmetaphorical fires, and was condemned to flame and fagot by her Israelitish sire, as surely as a witch of Fife in the enlightened days of King James. We hope Luzzato passed this law in a dramatic parliament for that special cause assembled, and that it never had real existence in Kedem or any where else. But it is worth while to attend to the legend related, explanatory of its origin. Some ages before this time, the kingdom had been devastated by a great flood, and the king then on the throne, had published a proclamation immediately after the land was dry again, that any maiden who failed in her truth should be burned for the sins of the people, unless some other person was willing to suffer in her stead. Shallom is no little dismayed on learning this, and asks his friend, in evident perturbation, whether the law is still in force or if it has become obsolete. But the benign provision of our Scottish code in this respect, had not extended to Kedem; and, besides, it was not long enough in disuse to be virtually expunged from the statute-book; for he himself, though not much more than thirty years of age, recollects a good many instances of young ladies undergoing the penalties of the law—a convincing proof to our minds, that a regular jilt is incurable by any law whatever. An after piece of information, however, which Shimei conveys to his friend, would tend to prove that the art of concealing a change of fancy had reached considerable perfection in Kedem, as for the last ten years there had occurred no instance of a discovery and execution. Whether this was produced by the introduction of the Cicisbeo system—against which, so far as our information extends, there seem to have been no penal enactments in the moral kingdom of Kedem—we have scarcely materials enough to determine. However, Shallom does not seem to con-

template his position with much satisfaction, placed thus between the Scylla on one hand of losing his beloved, by seeing her married to Siphah, and the Charybdis on the other of being the cause of her being burned to death. Under these circumstances, he determines to be discreet and gentlemanly: and keep his own counsel.

> "No word shall pass my lips; but to the grave
> Silent and voiceless—hopeless I go down.—
> Ah! my heart's love!—since to declare my passion
> Might harm thee, I am dumb.
> Yet may the halls
> Of the high mountain tower proclaim my love,
> Which I've made vocal with thy name, sweet Shlomit;
> Each fruit-beladen tree proclaim my woe,
> Touch'd by the breeze;—each bird so beautiful
> May sing my sorrows on the hills of Kedem;
> And if they all are silent, still shall death
> Speak plainly—death shall speak to thee, beloved,
> Of all the anguish I endured for thee."

These despairing ejaculations about death, we hope, have no allusion to suicide; but if any concatenation of events could justify such a proceeding, it would certainly be the position of our hero; for, in addition to the truculent law above recited, fresh misery comes upon him in the shape of a certain Adah, a friend of Shlomit, who has fallen in love with him; while a conjurer of the name of Eri is at the same time very much in love with Adah. Now, if there is one thing more distressing than another in the whole range of possibility, it is when a handsome young fellow is not only in love with some "divine perfection of a woman," but is tormented to death by the absurd admiration of some neglected spinster, that he disdains with all his heart. But in this miserable condition is Shallom at the end of the first act, which closes with some magniloquent orders of the old king, to prepare for the nuptials of his daughter with the impostor Siphah.

Happily for the reader's peace of mind, the opening of the next act shows, that the pretender is pretty much in the same scrape with Shallom; for a certain damsel of the name of Ajiah is very decided in her attentions to him, and her introduction makes up a scene which we should think had been prophetically revealed to the author of the "Critic," making as complete a dead-lock as can well be imagined:—

> Shallom in love with Shlomit,
> Adah in love with Shallom,
> Siphah in love with Shlomit,
> Ajiah in love with Siphah.

How all these entanglements are to be got rid of at the catastrophe, will somewhat puzzle our Jewish friend Luzzato—but we shall see. He has great advantages in the celebrated law of burning all jilts—pity it didn't extend to coquettes also, male and female. The confidant Shimei, with a strange blindness to the state of Adah's heart, applies to her to help him to bring about an interview between Shallom and Shlomit, from which we conclude, that while the curtain was down Shallom changed his mind, and determined to tell *her* a bit of it, at the risk of causing her incremation. Adah agrees to procure an interview, and in the third scene of the act, we are presented with the dialogue in which she worms out the secret of Shlomit's affection for the handsome Shallom, and obtains her consent to the proposed meeting. — Shlomit says—

> "Surely, oh sister, I can bear no longer
> This silent sorrow that oppresses me.
> Swear Adah, by thy truth, that not a word
> Shall pass thy lips of what I tell thee now,
> And I will charge thee with my secret.
> *Adah.* How!
> Dost thou suspect that I would tell it, Shlomit?
> Thou know'st that Adah claims a part in all
> That touches thee.—
> *Shlomit.* I know it, my good Adah.
> Know then, my sister, that my heart is broken.

Yea! that I long to die when I remember
That Shlomit is condemn'd to be the bride
Of that dull fool, my father's idol, Siphah.
Alas! no joy is mine, and sweetest things
Turn bitter on my lip, and fill my soul
With sorrow.—Little did I dream of this,
What time that dreadful edict was sent forth
Through Kedem's land!—that it would come so soon—
So fearfully!
Adah. *I* also oft have thought
'Twere hard the lovely princess—beauty's crown—
Wisest of women—heiress of the throne—
Should mate with such a dullard: Can it be?
When a king's son, supreme in intellect—
Young, yet with all the wisdom of the old—
Twice gifted with all noble qualities,
Power, glory, birth and majesty, and riches—
Is doom'd to such a depth of misery!
Shlomit. Thou'st hinted now these three times something dark,
A secret half reveal'd; now, tell me plainly,
Who is the prince thou meanest?
Adah. If I tell thee,
Thou'lt grant me a request I make to thee?
Shlomit. In all things thou mayst freely count on me.
Adah. Thou'lt not deceive me?
Shlomit. No.
Adah. Then swear to me!
Shlomit. I swear—
Adah. That thou will do whate'er I bid thee?
Shlomit. All that I may or can.
Adah. Thou canst?
Shlomit. I swear.
Adah. Behold! the prince I meant is Shallom!
Shlomit. Wherefore
Is he so doom'd to sorrow?
Adah. *That* thou know'st.
Shlomit. 'Twere well if what he never can possess
Were banish'd from his memory.—What more?
Adah. Thou'st sworn to do my bidding?
Shlomit. Name it, Adah.
Adah. I bid thee give the prince an interview,
Alone—and hear him when he speaks.
Shlomit. I promised to do all I might or could.
Can I do this?
Adah. And wherefore not?
Shlomit. The law
That would condemn me to the stake forbids it.
Adah. Hast thou so little courage?
Shlomit. Yea! so little,
For it preserves my life.
Adah. But then thy oath!——"

The oath proves too much for the conscientious princess; aided, no doubt, by a secret longing to see the gallant Shallom again, who must have cut an amazingly fine figure compared with his rival, Siphah. We have no means of judging of that young gentleman's conversational powers, as no extracts are given in which he is an interlocutor; but we are led to believe that he was far from being likely to set any of the Kedemitish rivers on fire, if we refer to the opinion of his intellects expressed by the two ladies in the foregoing scene. The princess does not mince the matter at all, but calls him very plainly a regular-born fool, and the confidant, as in duty bound, does by no means stick up for his reputation as a man of wit or learning—from all which we conclude that Siphah had very bad shoulders and extraordinarily bandy legs, and was probably not more than five feet high; for we have invariably found young ladies of the turn of mind of Shlomit

and Adah, regulate their estimate of a young gentleman's understanding by his bodily presence, and find wisdom and learning in a handsome figure, and dulness and ignorance in a dumpy one. Shallom we take to have been six feet two, with vast black mustaches, and a beard rolling down to his waistcoat. It is agreed, *nem. con.*, that the handsome cavalier is to have an interview in the morning with the princess, and a long monologue follows by that discreet young lady, which we do not translate, as it contains very nearly the sentiments that must occur to every one in such a situation. Burnt *with* love, or burnt *for* love!—it seems a sad situation certainly; and if, as Lengerke says, there is any allegory in the play at all, this scene must be emblematic of the ancient adage, "Out of the frying-pan into the fire." But gracious me, or gracious us rather!—as we are plural—we had forgotten to mention a dreadful misfortune that nearly befell the false *confidant*, Adah. The conjurer Eri tries his hand at an abduction, in imitation of Pluto; but his Proserpine is more than his match, and by some means or other gets him pushed into a river. We fear the old wizzard was somewhat rude in his endearments; for obscure intimations are given that he disapproved highly of the tedious processes of respectable courtship, and was a socialist in the noblest sense of that comprehensive word. Adah, however, escapes without much damage, except probably a little toozling, and the main thread of the story is resumed at the moment of the appointed interview. This we also omit, as our translation can give no idea of the versification; and we shall only give an analysis of the story, if we can trace it, for a more confused jumble it has seldom been our fortune to encounter. Adah of course goes and tells the old king what a naughty girl his daughter is, to go flirting with handsome young men when she is engaged to be married to our idiotical acquaintance young Siphah. The old fellow, who seems a prodigious stickler for law, determines to let it, in this instance, take its course; Shlomit is put in irons; Shallom, as was to be expected of so perfect a gentleman, offers to die for her; Adah finds she has gone wrong in her reckoning, for even Siphah turns up his nose at her. And in the midst of all these wonderful incidents, Shallom lets fall some words about the Tower that attract the king's attention. He is confronted with Siphah, who seems rather a pusillanimous spoon for a pretender; and on certain threats being administered, and probably a promise of pardon held out if he confessed—the whole secret comes out. There is a great quantity of rigmarole about a poisoned packet sent to the Jewish edition of Lord Noodle, which we can hardly make out, but it all comes right at last, as was naturally to be expected; and we have every reason to suppose that the enactment about burning was immediately repealed, to the great delectation of all the young flirts in Kedem. And this is a drama held out to the German public as a translation from the Hebrew of Moses Chajim Ben Jacob Luzzato. Now, we have a word or two to say on that. The introduction by Lengerke certainly led us to expect some small twinkles of the original Hebraism in his translation, but we search in vain for the remotest inkling of Jewism of any kind. Sometimes we have felt inclined to suspect that the whole play was a hoax; but the versification is so incredibly bad, that we do not believe the respectable editor of the periodical it appeared in would have admitted it as only a *Jew-d'esprit*, or have admitted it at all unless on the strength of its being a translation. We conclude, therefore, that it has some slight foundation in a Hebrew original; but no power shall persuade us that it gives any thing like a true specimen of a real drama. Probably Cæsar von Lengerke has seen a notice of some poem of the kind in the writings of Delitsh, who is a well-known Hebraist; and has given the confused version of it we have exhibited in the foregoing pages, with such additions and improvements as his own fancy or taste could supply. But till he can produce some more favourable specimen than this, we must go back to our original belief, that the Jews have no turn for literature of any kind, or, at all events, not for the drama.

HOMER AND THE HOMERIDÆ.

Part II.

The Iliad.

What is the *Iliad* about? What is the true and proper subject of the *Iliad?* If that could be settled, it would facilitate our enquiry. Now every body knows, that according to the ordinary notion, founded upon the opening lines of this poem, the subject is the *Wrath of Achilles.* Others, however, have thought, with some reason, that the idea was not sufficiently self-diffusive—was not all-pervasive: it seemed a ligament that passed through some parts of the poem, and connected them intimately, but missed others altogether. It has, therefore, become a serious question—how much of the *Iliad* is really interveined, or at all modified, by the son of Peleus, and his feud with Agamemnon? To settle which, a German Jew took a singular method.

We have all heard of that barbarous prince, (the story is told of several,) who, in order to decide territorial pretensions between himself and a brother potentate, sent for a large map of the world; and from this, with a pair of scissors, cutting out the rival states, carefully weighed them against each other, in gold scales. We see no reason for laughing at the prince; for, the paper being presumed of equal thickness, the map accurate, and on a large scale, the result would exhibit the truth in a palpable shape. Probably on this hint it was, that the Jew cut out of a Greek *Iliad* every line that could be referred to Achilles and his wrath—not omitting even the debates of Olympus, where they grew out of that. And what was his report? Why, that the wrath of Achilles formed only "26 per shent" upon the whole *Iliad;* that is, in effect, one-quarter of the poem.

Thus far, therefore, we must concede to the *Chorizontes,* or breakers-up of the *Iliad,* that the original stem on which the *Iliad* grew was probably an *Achilleis;* for it is inconceivable that Homer himself could have expected such a rope of sand as the Iliad *now* presents, to preserve its order and succession under the rough handling of posterity. Watch the fate of any intricate machine in any private family. All the loose or detached parts of such a machine are sure to be lost. Ask for it at the end of a year, and the more elaborate was the machine, so much the more certain is the destruction which will have overtaken it. It is only when any compound whole, whether engine, poem, or tale, carries its several parts absolutely interlocked with its own substance, that it has a chance of maintaining its integrity.

Now, certainly it cannot be argued by the most idolatrous lover of the *Iliad,* that the main central books exhibit that sort of natural intercohesion which *determines* their place and order. But, says the reader, here they are: they *have* held together: no use in asking whether it was natural for them to hold together. They *have* reached us: it is now past asking—Could Homer expect them to reach us? Yes, they *have* reached us; but since when? Not, probably, in their present arrangement, from an earlier period than that of Pisistratus. When manuscripts had once become general, it might be easy to preserve even the loosest succession of parts—especially where great veneration for the author, and the general notoriety of the poems, would secure the fidelity of copies. But what the sceptics require to be enlightened upon, is the principle of cohesion which could carry these loose parts of the *Iliad* over that gulf of years between Homer and Pisistratus—the one a whole millennium before our Christian era, the other little more than half a millennium; and whilst traditionary transmission through singers and harpers constituted, perhaps, the sole means of preservation, and therefore of arrangement.

Let not the reader suppose German scepticism to be the sole reason for jealousy with regard to the present canon of the *Iliad.* On the contrary, *some* interpolations are confessed by all parties. For instance, it is *certain*—and even Eustathius records it as a regular tradition in Greece—that the night-adventure of Diomed and Ulysses against the Trojan camp,

their capture of the beautiful horses brought by Rhesus, and of Dolon the Trojan spy, did not originally form a part of the *Iliad.* At present this adventure forms the tenth book, but previously it had been an independent *epos,* or epic narrative, perhaps locally circulated amongst the descendants of Diomed,* and known by the title of the *Doloneia.* Now, if one such intercalation could pass, why not more? With respect to this particular night-episode, it has been remarked, that its place in the series is not asserted by any *internal* indication. There is an allusion, indeed, to the wrath of Achilles; but probably introduced to harmonize it as a part of the *Iliad,* by the same authority which introduced the poem itself: else, the whole book may be dropped out without any *hiatus.* The battle, suggested by Diomed at the end of the 9th book, takes place in the 11th; and, as the critics remark, no allusion is made in that 11th book, by any of the Grecian chiefs, to the remarkable exploit of the intervening night.

But of all the incoherencies which have been detected in the *Iliad,* as arising out of arbitrary juxtapositions between parts not originally related, the most amusing is that brought to light by the late Wilhelm Mueller. "It is a fact," says he, "that (as the arrangement now stands) Ulysses is not ashamed to attend three dinner-parties on one evening." First, he had a dinner engagement with Agamemnon, which of course he keeps, (B. IX. 90;) so prudent a man could not possibly neglect an invitation from the commander of the forces. Even in free and independent England, the sovereign does not *ask* you to dinner, but *commands* your attendance. Next he dines with Achilles, (B. IX. 221;) and finally with Diomed, (B. XI. 578.) Now, Diomed was a swell of the first magnitude, and a man of fashion, as may be seen in the *Troilus and Cressida* of Shakspeare, (who took his character from tradition, and makes him the Greek rival of Troilus.) He therefore pushes his dinner as far towards "to-morrow," as was well possible; so that it is near morning before that dinner is over. And the sum of the Ithacan's enormities is thus truly stated by Mueller:—"Deny it who will, the son of Laertes accepts three distinct feeds, between the sunset suppose of Monday and the dawn of Tuesday!"

This is intolerable. Yet perhaps apologists will say, (for some people will varnish any thing,) "If the man had three dinners in one day, often, perhaps, in three days he had but one dinner!" For ourselves, we frankly confess, that if there is one man in the Grecian camp whom we should have believed capable of such a thing, it is precisely this cunning Ulysses. Mueller insists on calling him the "noble" Ulysses; but that is only to blacken his conduct about the dinners. To our thinking, his nearest representative in modern times is "Sixteen-string Jack," whose life may be read in the *Newgate Calendar.* What most amuses ourselves in the business, is Mueller's so stealthily pursuing Ulysses through two books of the *Iliad,* in order to watch how many dinner-parties he attended! And there is a good moral in the whole discovery; for it shows all knaves, that, though hidden for 3000 years, their tricks are sure to be found out at the last!

In general, it is undeniable that some of the German objections to the present arrangement, as a possible Homeric arrangement, are valid. For instance, the following, against the present position of the duel between Paris and Menelaus:—"This duel, together with the perfidious shot of Pandarus, and the general engagement which follows, all belonging to the same *epos,* wear the appearance of

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* *Descendants,* or perhaps amongst the worshippers; for, though every body is not aware of that fact, many of the Grecian heroes at Troy were deified. Ulysses and his wife, Idomeneus, &c., assume even a mystical place in the subsequent superstitions of Greece. But Diomed also became a god: and the occasion was remarkable. A peerage (*i. e.* a godship) had been promised by the gods to his father Tydeus; but when the patent came to be enrolled, a flaw was detected—it was found that Tydeus had once eaten part of a man! What was to be done? The objection was fatal: no cannibal could be a god, (though a god might be a cannibal)—Tydeus therefore requested Jove to settle the reversion on his son Diomed. "And *that,*" said Jove, "I shall have great pleasure in doing."

being perfectly insulated where they now stand, and betray no sort of connexion with any of the succeeding cantos. In the Ἀριστεια Διομηδους, which forms the 5th canto, the whole incident is forgotten, and is never revived. The Grecians make no complaint of the treachery practised; nor do the gods (*ex officio* the avengers of perjury) take any steps to punish it. Not many hours after the duel, Hector comes to his brother's residence; but neither of them utters one word about the recent duel; and as little about what had happened *since* the duel, (though necessarily unknown to Paris.) Hector's reproaches, again, to Paris, for his *lâcheté*, are in manifest contradiction to the single combat which he had so recently faced. Yet Paris takes no notice whatever of the energy manifested by himself. And as to his final evasion, *that* was no matter of reproach to him, since it was the work of a goddess. Besides, when he announces his intention to Hector of going again to the field of battle, who would not anticipate from him a proposal for re-establishing the interrupted duel? Yet not a syllable of all that. Now, with these broad indications to directour eyes upon the truth, can we doubt that the duel, in connexion with the breach of truce, and all that now fills the third and fourth books"—[in a foot-note Mueller adds—" and also the former half of the second book"]—" originally composed an independent *epos*, which belonged, very probably, to an earlier stage of the Trojan war, and was first thrust, by the authorized arrangers of the *Iliad*, into the unhappy place it now occupies—namely, in the course of a day already far overcrowded with events?"

In the notes, where Mueller replies to some objections, he again insists upon the impossibility, under the supposition that Homer had authorized the present arrangement, of his never afterwards making the Greeks allude to the infraction of the treaty—especially when Hector proposes a second duel between himself and some one of the Grecian chiefs. Yet, perhaps, as regards this particular feature (namely, the treachery) of the duel, we would suggest, that, as the interposition of Venus is not to be interpreted in any foolish allegorical way, (for the battle interferences of the gods are visible and undisguised,) doubtless the Greeks, not less than the Trojans, understood the interruption as in effect divine; after which, the act of Pandarus is covered by the general apology, no matter in what light Pandarus might have meant it. Even in the first *Iliad*, it is most childish to understand the whispering of Minerva to Achilles as an allegorical way of expressing, that his good sense or his prudence arrested his hand. Nonsense! that is not Homer's style of thinking, nor the style of Homeric ages. Where Mars, upon being wounded, howls, and (instead of licking the man who offered him this insult) shows the white feather and limps off in confusion, do these critics imagine an allegory? What is an allegoric howl?—or what does a cur sneaking from a fight indicate symbolically? The Homeric simplicity speaks plainly enough. Venus finds that her man is likely to be beaten—which, by the way, surprises us; for a stout young shepherd, like Paris, ought to have found no trouble in taking the conceit out of an elderly diner-out, such as Menelaus. And perhaps with his mauleys he would. Finding, however, how the affair was likely to go, Venus withdraws her man. Paris does not come to time; the umpires quarrel; the mob breaks the ring; and a battle-royal ensues. But the interference of Venus must have been palpable: and this is one of the circumstances in the *Iliad* which satisfies us that the age of Troy was removed by several generations from Homer. To elder days, and men fancied more heroic than those of his own day—(a fancy which Homer expressly acknowledges)—he might find himself inclined to ascribe a personal intercourse with the gods; and he would find every where an audience favouring this belief. A generation of men that often rose themselves to divine honours, might readily be conceived to mix personally with the gods. But no man could think thus of his own contemporaries, of whom he must know that the very best were liable to indigestion, and suspected often to have schirrous livers. Really no: a dyspeptic demi-god it makes one dyspeptic to think of!

Meantime the duel of Paris is simply overlooked and neglected in the subsequent books of the Iliad: it is nowhere absolutely contradicted by im-

plication: but other cases have been noticed in the Iliad, which involve direct contradictions, and therefore argue either that Homer in those "naps" which Horace imputes to him, slumbered too profoundly, or that counterfeits got mixed up with the true bullion of the Iliad. Amongst other examples pointed out by Heyne or by Tranceson, the following deserve notice:—

1. Pylæmenes the Paphlagonian, is killed by Menelaus, (*Il.* v. 579—590:) but further on, (*Il.* xiii. 643—658) we find the poor man pretty well in his health, and chief mourner at the funeral of his son Harpalion.

2. Sarpedon is wounded in the leg by Tlepolemus, (*Il.* v. 628, &c.) and an ugly wound it is, for the bone is touched, so that an operation might be looked for. Operation indeed! Two days after he is stumping about upon his pins, and "operating" upon other people, (*Il.* xii. 290, &c.) The contradiction, if it really is one, was not found out until the improved chronology of the Iliad was settled. Our reason for doubting about the contradiction is simply this:—Sarpedon, if we remember, was a son of Jupiter; and Jupiter might have a particular salve for wounded legs.

3. Teucer, however, was an undeniable mortal. Yet he (*Il.* viii. 324) is wounded desperately in the arm by Hector. His *neuré* is smashed, which generally is taken to mean his bowstring; but some surgical critics understand it as a sinew of his arm. At all events it was no trifle; his brother, Telamonian Ajax, and two other men, carry off the patient groaning heartily, probably upon a shutter, to the hospital. He at least is booked for the doctor, you think. Not at all. Next morning he is abroad on the field of battle, and at his old trade of thumping respectable men, (*Il.* xii. 387.)

4. The history of Vulcan, and his long day's tumble from the sky, in *Il.* i. 586, does not harmonize with the account of the same accident in *Il.* xix. 394.

5. As an inconsistency not in the Iliad internally, but between the Iliad and the Odyssey, it has often been noticed, that in the former this same Vulcan is married to Venus, whilst in the Odyssey his wife is one of the graces.

"As upon earth," says Mueller, "so in Olympus, the fable of the Iliad is but loosely put together; and we are not to look for any very severe succession of motives and results, of promises and performances, even amongst the gods. In the first Iliad, Thetis receives a Jovian guarantee (viz., Jove's authentic nod) on behalf of her offended son Achilles, that he will glorify him in a particular way, and the way was by making the Trojans victorious, until the Grecians should see their error, and propitiate the irritated hero. Mindful of his promise, Jove disposes Agamemnon, by a delusive dream, to lead out the Grecian host to battle. At this point, however, Thetis, Achilles, and the ratifying nod, appear at once to be blown thereby out of the Jovian remembrance. The duel between Paris and Menelaus takes place, and the abrupt close of that duel by Venus, apparently with equal indifference on Jove's part to either incident. Even at the general meeting of the gods, in the fourth book, there is no renewal of the proposal for the glorifying of Achilles. It is true, that Jove, from old attachments, would willingly deliver the stronghold of Priam from ruin, and lead the whole feud to some peaceful issue. But the passionate female divinities, Juno and Minerva, triumph over his moderation, and the destruction of Troy is finally determined. Now, grant that Jove wanted firmness for meeting the furious demands of the goddesses, by a candid confession of his previous promise to Thetis, still we might have looked for some intimation that this degradation of himself in the eyes of a confiding suppliant had cost him a struggle. But no; nothing of the kind. In the next great battle the Trojans are severely pressed, and the Greeks are far enough from feeling any regret for the absence of Achilles. Nay, as if expressly to show that Achilles was *not* wanted, Diomed turns out a trump of the first magnitude; and a son of Priam describes him pointedly as more terrific than Pelides, the goddess-born! And, indeed, it was time to retreat before the man who had wounded Mars himself, making him yell with pain, and howl like "ten thousand mortals." This Mars, however—he at least must have given some check to the advancing Greeks? True, he had so; but not as fulfilling any Jovian counsels,

which, on the contrary, tend rather to the issue of this god's being driven out of the Trojan ranks. First of all, in the eighth book, Jove steps forward to guide the course of war, and with remembrance of his promise to Thetis, he forbids peremptorily both gods and goddesses to interfere on either side; and he seats himself on Mount Ida to overlook the field of battle, threatening to the Greeks, by his impartial scales, a preponderance of calamity. From this review, it appears tolerably certain, that the third to the seventh book belong to no *epos* that could have been dedicated to the glory of Achilles. The wrath of that hero, his reconciliation, and his return to battle, having been announced in the opening as the theme of the poem, are used as a connecting link for holding together all the cantos about other heroes which had been intercalated between itself and the close: but this tie is far too slack; and one rude shake makes all the alien parts tumble out."

Time of the Iliad.—Next let us ask, as a point very important towards investigating the succession and possible *nexus* of the events, what is the duration—the compass of time—through which the action of the poem revolves? This has been of old a disputed point; and many are the different "diaries" which have been abstracted by able men during the last two centuries. Bossu made the period of the whole to be forty-seven days—Wood (in his earliest edition) forty—and a calculation in the *Memoirs de Trevoux* (May 1708) carries it up to forty-nine. But the *computus* now finally adopted, amended, and ruled irreversibly, is that of Heyne, (as given in a separate *Excursus*,) countersigned by Wolf; this makes the number to be fifty-two; but, with a subsequent correction for an obvious oversight of Heyne's, fifty-one.

"Book I.—Nine days the plague rages, (v. 53.) On the tenth Achilles calls a meeting of the staff officers. What occurs in that meeting subsequently occasions his mother's visit. She tells him, (v. 423,) that Jove had set off the day before to a festival of the Ethiopians, and is not expected back in less than twelve days. From this we gather, that the visit of Thetis to Jove (v. 493) must be transplanted to the twenty-first day. With this day terminates the first book, which contains, therefore, twenty-one days.

"Book II., up to v. 293 of Book VII., comprehends a single day—viz. the twenty-second.

"Book VII. (v. 381, 421, and 432,) the twenty-third day.

"Book VII. (v. 433—465,) the twenty-fourth day.

"Book VIII. up to the close of Book X., the twenty-fifth day and the succeeding night.

"Book XI. up to the close of Book XVIII., the twenty-sixth day.

"Book XIX. to v. 201 of Book XXIII., the twenty-seventh day, with the succeeding night.

"Book XXIII. (v. 109—225,) the twenty-eighth day.

"Book XXIII. (v. 226 to the end,) the twenty-ninth day.

"Book XXIV.—Eleven days long Achilles trails the corpse of Hector round the sepulchre of Patroclus. On the twelfth day a meeting is called of the gods; consequently on the 39th day of the general action; for this indignity to the dead body of Hector, must be dated from the day of his death, which is the twenty-seventh of the entire poem. On the same thirty-ninth day, towards evening, the body is ransomed by Priam, and during the night is conveyed to Troy. With the morning of the following day, viz. the fortieth, the venerable king returns to Troy; and the armistice of eleven days, which had been concluded with Achilles, is employed in mourning for Hector during nine days, and in preparing his funeral. On the tenth of these days takes place the burning of the body, and the funeral banquet. On the eleventh is celebrated the solemn interment of the remains, and the raising of the sepulchral mound. With the twelfth recommences the war.

"Upon this deduction, the entire Iliad is found to revolve within the space of fifty-one days. Heyne's misreckoning is obvious: he had summed up the eleven days of the corpse-trailing, as a clear addition, by just so much to the twenty-seven previous days; whereas the 27th of those days, coincides with the first of the trailing, and is thus counted twice over in effect."

This *computus*, in the circumstantial detail here presented, is due to Wilhelm Mueller. But substantially,

it is guaranteed by numerous scholars. And, as to Heyne's little blunder, corrected by Wolf, it is nothing, for we have ourselves known a quaker, and a celebrated bank, to make an error of the same amount in computing the number of days to run upon a bill at six weeks. But we soon "wolfed" them into better arithmetic, upon finding that the error was against ourselves.

Name of the Iliad. What follows is our own suggestion. We offer it as useful towards our final judgment, in which we shall pronounce firmly upon the site of Homer, as not *essentially* altered; as being *true and very Homer* to this day—that same Homer who was raised into a state property by Pisistratus in 555 B. C.; who was passionately revered by Pericles in 444 B. C.; who was idolized and consecrated by Alexander in 333 B. C. When first arose the *Iliad?* This we cannot now determine: but so much we know, that the eldest author now surviving, in whom that designation occurs as a regular familiar word, is Herodotus; and he was contemporary with Pericles. Herodotus must be considered as the senior author in that great period of Athenian splendour, as Plato and Xenophon were the junior. Herodotus, therefore, might have seen Hipparchus, the son of Pisistratus, if that prince had not been cut off prematurely by jacobinical daggers. It is, therefore, probable in a high degree, that the name *Iliad* was already familiar to Pisistratus; first, because it is so used by Herodotus as to imply that it was no novelty at that time; secondly, because he who first gathered the entire series of Trojan legends into artificial unity, would be the first to require an expression for that unity. The collector would be the first to want a collective title. Solon, therefore, or Pisistratus, no matter which, did (as we finally believe) first gather the whole cycle of Iliac romances into one body. And to this aggregate whole, he gave the name of *Ilias.* But why? in what sense? Not for any purpose of deception small or great. Were that notion once admitted, then we open a door to all sorts of licentious conjectures. Consciously authorising one falsehood, there is no saying where he would have stopped. But there was no falsehood. Pisistratus, whose original motive for stirring in such an affair, could have been only love and admiration, was not the author but the sworn foe of adulteration. It was to prevent changes, not to sanction them, that he could ever have interposed with the state authority. And what then did he mean by calling these collected poems the *Iliad?* He meant precisely what a man would now mean, who should publish a body of ancient romances relating to the round table, or to Charlemagne, or to the Crusades; not implying, by any unity in the title, that these romances were all one man's work, or several parts of one individual whole, but that they related to one terminal object. The unity implied, would lie not in the mind conceiving, nor in the *nexus* of the several divisions, but in the community of subject. As when we call the five books of Moses by the name of Pentateuch, we do not assert any unity running through these books, as though one took up the subject where another left off; for, in reality, some parts are purely historical, some purely legislative. But we mean that all, whether record of fact, or record of institution and precept, bear upon one object—the founding a separate nation as the depository of truth, and elaborately, therefore, kept from blending with Pagans. On the one hand, therefore, we concede to the sceptics, that several independent poems (though still by possibility from the same author) were united by Pisistratus. But, on the other hand, we deny any fraud in this—we deny that the name *Iliad* was framed to disguise this independence. Some had a closer *nexus* than others. But what Pisistratus says, is this:—Behold a series of poems, all ancient; all from Homeric days; and (whether Homer's or not) all relating to the great crusade against *Ilium.*

Solon and Pisistratus.

What was it, service or injury, that these men did to Homer? No one question, in the whole series of Homeric questions, is more perplexing. Ho-

mer did a great service to them; if tradition is right, to *both* of them:—viz. by settling a legal dispute for each; so that it was a knavish return for such national benefits, if they—if these two Athenian statesmen—went about to undermine that text from which they had reaped such singular fruits in their own administration. But we are sure they did no such thing: they were both gentlemen—both scholars. Yet something, certainly, they must have done to Homer: in that point all are agreed: but what it was remains a mystery to this hour. Every man is entitled to his opinion; we to ours; which in some corner or other we shall whisper into the private ear of the public, and into the public ear of our private friends.

The first thing which puzzles every man of reflection, when he hears of this anecdote, is—the extraordinary coincidence that two great lawgivers at different eras, should both interest themselves in a poet; and not only so, but the particular two who faced and confronted each other in the same way that any leader of English civilization (Alfred suppose) might be imagined as facing and confronting any leader (Charlemagne suppose) of French civilization. For Christian Europe, the names France and England are by analogy what for Greece were the names Sparta and Athens: we mean, as respects the two great features of permanent rivalship and permanent leadership. From the moment when they were regularly organized by law and institutions, Athens and Sparta became the two counterforces of Greece. About 800 B.C., Lycurgus draws up a system of laws for Sparta; more than two centuries later, Solon draws up a system of laws for Athens. And most unaccountably, each of these political leaders takes upon him, not passively as a private literary citizen to admire the Homeric poems—*that* might be natural in men of high birth enjoying the selectest advantages of education—but actually to privilege Homer, to place him on the *matricula* of denizens, to consecrate his name, and to set in motion the whole machinery of government on behalf of his poems. Wherefore, and for what purpose? On the part of Lycurgus, for a purpose well-known and appreciated, viz. to use the *Iliad* as the basis of public instruction, and thus mediately as the basis of a warlike morality—but on the part of Solon, for no purpose ever yet ascertained. Strangely enough, from the literary land, and from the later period, we do not learn the "how" and the "why;" from the gross illiterate land and the short period, we *do*.

What Lycurgus did was rather for an interest of Greece than for any interest of Homer. The order of his thoughts was not, as has been supposed—"I love Homer; and I will show my love by making Sparta co-operate in extending his influence;" no, but this—"I love Sparta; and I will show my love by making Homer co-operate with the martial foundations of the land; I will introduce a martial poem like the *Iliad*, to operate through public education and through public festivals. For Solon, on the other hand, Homer must have been a final object; no means towards something else, but an end *per se*. Doubtless, Solon, as little as Lycurgus, could be indifferent to the value of this popular poem for his own professional objects. But, practically, it is not likely that Solon could find any opening for Homeric services in that direction. Precisely those two causes which would ensure to Solon a vast superiority to Lycurgus in all modes of intellectual liberality, viz. his chronologic period and his country, must have also caused that the whole ground would be pre-occupied. For education, for popular influence, Athens would have already settled upon Homer all the dowery of distinction which Solon might risk to settle. Athens surely in the sixth century B. C., if Sparta in the ninth.

At this point our suspicions revolve upon us. That the two vanward potentates of Greece—Athens and Sparta—should each severally ascribe to her own greatest lawgiver separate Homeric labour, looks too much like the Papal heraldries of European sovereigns: all the great ones are presumed to have rendered a characteristic service to the church. "Are you the most Christian? Be it so; but I am the most Catholic; and my brother here is the most faithful, or Defender of the Faith." "Was Homer, do you say, an Ionian? And did Athens first settle his text? With all my heart: and we Dorians might seem to have no part in that inheri-

tance; being rather asinine in our literary character; but for all that, Dorian as he was, you cannot deny that my countryman, Lycurgus, first introduced Homer upon the continent of Greece." Indeed the Spartans had a craze about the *Iliad*, as though it bore some special relation to themselves: for Plutarch mentions it as a current saying in Sparta—that Hesiod was the poet for Helots, (and in a lower key perhaps they added—for some other people beside;) since, according to his poetry, the end of man's existence is—to plough and to harrow; but Homer, said they, is the Spartan poet; since the moral of the *Iliad* proclaims—that the whole duty of man lies in fighting.

Meantime, though it cannot be denied that these repeated attempts in Greek statesmen to connect themselves with Homer by some capital service, certainly *do* look too much like the subsequent attempts of western nations to connect their ancestries with Troy—still there seems to be good historic authority for each of the cases separately. Or, if any case were suspicious, it would be that of Lycurgus. Solon, the legislatorial founder of Athens—the Pisistratidæ or final princes of Athens—these great men, it is undeniable, *did* link their names with Homer: each and all by specific services. What services? what could be the service of Solon? Or, after Solon, what service *could* remain for Pisistratus?

A conceited Frenchman pretended to think that history, to be read beneficially, ought to be read backwards, *i. e.* in an order inverse to the chronological succession of events. This absurd rule might, in the present case, be applied with benefit. Pisistratus and his son Hipparchus stand last in the order of Homeric modifiers. Now, if we ascertain what it was that they *did*, this may show us what it was that their predecessors did *not* do; and to that extent it will narrow the range from which we have to select the probable functions of those predecessors.

What then was the particular service to Homer by which Pisistratus and his son made themselves so famous? The best account of this is contained in an obscure *grammaticus* or *litterateur*, one Diomedes, no small fool, who thus tells his tale:—"The poems of Homer, in process of time, were it by fire, by flood, by earthquake, had come near to extinction; they had not absolutely perished, but they were continually coming near to that catastrophe by wide dispersion. From this dispersion it arose naturally that one place possessed a hundred Homeric books; some second place a thousand; some third place a couple of hundreds; and the Homeric poetry was fast tending to oblivion. In that conjuncture there occurred to Pisistratus, who ruled at Athens about 555 years B. C., the following scheme:—With the double purpose of gaining glory for himself and preservation for Homer, he dispersed a notification through Greece, that every man who possessed any Homeric fragments, was to deliver them into Athenian hands at a fixed rate of compensation. The possessors naturally hastened to remit their *quotas*, and were honestly paid. Indeed, Pisistratus did not reject even those contributors who presented verses already sent in by another; to these also he paid the stipulated price, without any discount at all. And by this means it happened that oftentimes he recovered, amongst a heap of repetitions, one, two, or more verses that were new. At length this stage of the labour was completed; all the returns from every quarter had come in. Then it was that Pisistratus summoned seventy men of letters, at salaries suitable to their pretensions, as critical assessors upon these poems; giving to each man separately a copy of the lines collected by himself, with the commission of arranging them according to his individual judgment. When the commissioners had closed their labours, Pisistratus reassembled them, and called upon each man separately to exhibit his own result. This having been done, the general voice, in mere homage to merit and the truth, unanimously pronounced the revisions of Aristarchus and Zenodotus to be the best; and after a second collation between these two, the edition of Aristarchus was found entitled to the palm."

Now the reader must not allow himself to be repelled by the absurd anachronisms of this account, which brings Pisistratus of the sixth century B. C., face to face with Aristarchus of the third; nor must he allow too much weight to the obvious plagiarism from

the old marvellous legend of the seventy-two Jewish translators. That very legend shows him how possible it is for a heap of falsehoods, and even miracles, to be embroidered upon a story which, after all, is true in its main texture. We all know it to be true, in spite of the fables engrafted upon the truth, that under the patronage of a Macedonian prince, seventy-two learned Jews really *were* assembled at Alexandria, and *did* make that Greek translation of the Hebrew scriptures, which, from the number of the translators, we still call the *Septuagint*. And so we must suppose this ignorant Diomedes, though embellishing the story according to his slender means, still to have built upon old traditions. Even the rate of payment has been elsewhere recorded; by which it appears that "penny-a-liners" (of whom we hear so much in our day) existed also for early Athens.

If this legend were accurate even in its commencement, it would put down Plato's story, that the Homeric poems were first brought to Athens by Hipparchus, the son of Pisistratus; and it would put down the mere possibility that Solon, thirty or forty years earlier than either, had ever intermeddled with those poems. But, if we adopt the tradition about Lycurgus, or even if we reject it, we must believe that copies of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* (that is, *quoad* the substance, not *quoad* the present arrangement,) existed in Athens long before the Pisistratidæ, or even Solon. Were it only through the *Rhapsodoi*, or musical reciters of the Homeric poems, both *Iliad* and *Odyssey* must have been known many a long year before Pisistratus; or else we undertake to say they would never have been known at all. For, in a maritime city like Athens, communicating so freely with Ionia and with all insular Greece, so constitutionally gay besides, how is it possible to suppose that the fine old poetic romances chanted to the accompaniment of harps, about the paladins of Greece, could be unknown or unwelcomed, unless by supposing them non-existent? If they lurked any where, they would assuredly float across these sunny seas of the Ægean to Athens; that city which, in every age, (according to Milton, *Par. Reg.*,) was equally "*native* to famous wits" and "*hospitable;*" that is, equally fertile in giving birth to men of genius itself, and forward to welcome those of foreign states.

Throughout this story of Diomedes, disfigured as it is, we may read that the labours of Pisistratus were applied to *written* copies. That is a great point in advance. And instantly it reacts upon Solon, as a means of approximating to the nature of *his* labours. If (as one German writer holds) Solon was the very first person to take down the *Iliad* in writing, from the recitations of the *Rhapsodoi*, then it would seem that this step had suggested to Pisistratus the further improvement of collating Solon's written copy with such partial copies, or memorials, or recollections of reciters, as would be likely to exist in many different parts of Greece, amongst families or cities tracing their descent from particular heroes of the *Iliad*. If, on the other hand, Pisistratus was the first man who matured a written copy, what will then remain open to Solon for *his* share in the play? This; viz. that he applied some useful check to the exorbitancies of the musical rehearsers. The famous Greek words, still surviving in Plato and Diogenes Laertius, support this notion. The words must be true, though they may be obscure. They must involve the fact, though they may conceal it. What are they? Let us review them. To chant ἐξ ὑπολήψεως—and to chant ἐξ ὑποβολῆς—these were the new regulations introduced by Solon, or by Solon and his successor. Now, what is the meaning of ὑπολήψις? The commonest sense of the word is—*opinion*. Thus, on the title-page of Lord Shaftesbury's *Characteristics*, stands, as a general motto, Παντα ὑπολήψις, *All things are matter of opinion*. This, however, is a sense which will not answer. Another and rarer sense is —*succession*. And the way, in which the prepositions ὑπο and *sub* are used by the ancients to construct the idea of succession, (a problem which Dr Parr failed to solve,) is by supposing such a case as the slated roof of a house. Were the slates simply contiguous by their edges, the rain would soon show that their succession was not perfect. But, by making each to underlap the other, the series is made virtually perfect. In this way, the word came to be used for *succession*. And, applied to the chanters, it must have meant

that, upon some great occasion periodically recurring, they were obliged by the new law to pursue the entire series of the several rhapsodies composing the *Iliad*, and not to pick and choose, as heretofore, with a view to their own convenience, or to local purposes. But what was the use of this? We presume that it had the same object in view as the rubric of the English church, (we believe also of the Jewish synagogue,) in arranging the succession of lessons appointed for each day's service; viz. to secure the certainty that, within a known period of time, the whole of the canonical books should be read once through from beginning to end. The particular purpose is of our own suggestion; but the fact itself is placed beyond all doubt. Plato says, that the chanters were obliged, at the great Panathenaic festival, to recite the *Iliad* ἐξ ὑποληψεως ἐφεξης; where the first expression (ἐξ ὑποληψεως) applies to the persons, the second (ἐφεξης) to the poem.

The popular translation would be—that they were obliged, by relieving each other, or by regular relays of chanters, to recite the whole poem in its order, by succession of party, from beginning to end. This very story is repeated by an orator still extant not long after Plato. And in *his* case there is no opening to doubts, for he does not affirm the story, he assumes it, and recals it to the people's attention as a thing notorious to them all. The other expression ἐξ ὑποβολης or ὑποβληδην has occasioned some disputing; but why, we cannot conjecture. If ever there was a word whose meaning is certain in a position like this, that word is ὑποβαλλω, with its derivatives. And we are confounded at hearing that less than a Boeckh would not suffice to prove that ἐξ ὑποβολης means *by way of suggestion, under the condition of being prompted.* The meaning of which is evident: a state copy of the *Iliad*, however it was obtained by Solon, a canon of the Homeric text, was confided to a prompter, whose duty was to check the slightest deviation from this authorized standard, to allow of no shortenings, omissions, or flattering alterations. In this sense the two regulations support and check each other. One provides for quantity, the other for quality. One secures the whole shall be recited; the other secures the fidelity of this whole. And here again comes in the story of Salamis to give us the "why" and the "wherefore" of these new regulations. If a legal or international question about Salamis had just been decided by the mere authority of a passage in the *Iliad*, it was high time for statesmen to look about them, and to see that a poem, which was thus solemnly adjudged to be good evidence in the supreme courts of law, should have its text authenticated. And in fact, several new cases (see Eustathius on the second *Iliad*) were decided not long after on the very same Homeric evidence.

But does not this prompter's copy presuppose a complete manuscript of the *Iliad?* Most certainly it does; and the question is left to the reader, whether this in fact was the service by which Pisistratus followed up and completed the service of Solon, (as to going through the whole *Iliad;*) or whether both services were due to Solon; in which case it will become necessary to look out for some new idea of the service that could remain open to Pisistratus.

Towards that idea, let us ask universally what services *could* be rendered by a statesman in that age to a poem situated as the *Iliad?* Such a man might restore; might authenticate; might assemble; might arrange.

1. He might restore—as from incipient decay and corruption.

2. He might authenticate—as between readings that were doubtful.

3. He might assemble—as from local dispersion of parts.

4. He might arrange—as from an uncertain and arbitrary succession.

All these services, we have little doubt, were, in fact, rendered by Pisistratus. The three first are already involved in the story of our foolish friend Diomedes. Pisistratus would do justice to the wise enactment of Solon, by which the *Iliad* was raised into a *liturgy*, periodically rehearsed by law at the greatest of the Athenian festivals: he would admire the regulation as to the prompter's (or state) copy. But this latter ordinance was rather the outline of a useful idea, than one which the first proposer could execute satisfactorily. Solon probably engrossed upon brazen tablets such a text as any one man

could obtain. But it would be a work of time, of labour, of collation, and fine taste, to complete a sound edition. Even the work of Pisistratus was liable, as we know, to severe maltreatment by the Alexandrine critics. And by the way, those very Alexandrine revisals presuppose a received and orthodox text: for how could Zenodotus or Aristarchus breathe their mildewing breath upon the received readings, how could they pronounce κ or τ, for instance, spurious, unless by reference to some standard text in which κ or τ was adopted for legitimate? However, there is one single argument upon which the reader may safely allow himself to suspect the suspicions of Aristarchus, and to amend his emendations. It is this: Valkenaer points out to merited reprobation a correction applied by Aristarchus to the autobiographical sketch of himself, which Phœnix gives to Achilles in *Il.* X. Phœnix, in his old age, goes back to his youthful errors in a spirit of amiable candour. Out of affection to his mother, whose unmerited ill-treatment he witnessed with filial sympathy, he had offered, at her request, an injury to his father for which he could obtain no forgiveness. Τῇ πιθόμην, says Phœnix: her I obeyed. Which passage one villain alters into Τῇ ʋ πιθόμην, her I did *not* obey: and thus the whole story is ruined. But Aristarchus goes further: he cancels and stilettoes the whole passage. Why then? Upon what conceivable objection? Simply, in both cases, upon the ridiculous allegation — that this confession, so frank, and even pathetic, was immoral; and might put bad thoughts into the minds of "our young men." Oh you two old vagabonds! And thus, it seems, we have had a Bowdler's *Iliad*, long before our own Bowdler's Shakspeare. It is fit, however, that this anecdote should be known, as it shows the sort of principles that governed the revisal of Aristarchus. An editor, who could castrate a text upon any plea of disliking the sentiment, is not trustworthy. And for our parts, we should far prefer the authorized edition of Pisistratus to all the remodelled copies that were issued from the Alexandrine library.

So far, with reference to the three superior functions of Pisistratus. As to the fourth, his labour of arrangement, there is an important explanation to be made. Had the question been simply this—given four-and-twenty cantos of the *Iliad*, to place them in the most natural order; the trouble would have been trivial for the arranger, and the range of objections narrower for us. Some books determine their own place in the series; and those which leave it doubtful are precisely the least important. But the case is supposed to have been very different. The existing distribution of the poem into twenty-four tolerably equal sections, designated by the twenty-four capitals of the Greek alphabet, is ascribed to Aristarchus. Though one incomparable donkey, a Greek scholiast, actually denies this upon the following ground:—Do you know, reader, (says he) why Homer began the Iliad with the word *menin*, (μῆνιν)? Look this way, and I will tell you: it is a great mystery. What does the little μ of the Greek alphabet signify numerically? Why, 40.—Good: And what does the ʋ mean? Why, 8. Now, put both together, you have a prophecy or a promise on the part of Homer, that he meant to write forty-eight books, which proves that the Iliad must have had originally twenty-four. Take twenty-four from forty-eight, and there remain just twenty-four books for the Odyssey. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

But what Aristarchus did was a trifle—interesting rather to the eye or the bookbinder than the understanding. There was an earlier and a former important arrangement, due probably to Pisistratus.

The Aoidoi, Rhapsodoi, Homeridæ.

The Germans are exceedingly offended, that any man in ancient days, should presume to call himself a *rhapsodos*, without sending down a sealed letter to posterity, stating all the reasons which had induced him to take so unaccountable a step. And the uproar is inconceivable which they have raised about the office or function indicated by the word, as well as about the word itself considered etymologically. We, for our parts, ho-

nestly confess, that, instead of finding that perplexity in the *rhapsodos* which our German brothers find for us, we are chiefly perplexed in accounting for *their* perplexity. However, we had been seduced into writing a very long essay on the several classes named in our title, until we came to this discovery; that, however curious in itself, the whole enquiry *could* not be, and *was* not, by the Germans themselves, connected with any one point at issue about Homer or the *Iliad.* After all the fighting on the question, it remains past denial, that the one sole proposition by which the *rhapsodoi* have been brought even into any semblance of connexion with Homer, is the following:—Every narrative poem of any length, was called a *rhapsodia;* and hence it is, that the several subordinate narratives of the *Iliad,* such as that called the Αριςεια Αγαμεμνονος, the prowess of Agamemnon—the Αριςεια Αιαντος, the prowess of Ajax—Περιποταμιος μαχη, the battle by the river side—Οπλοποιια, the fabric of the arms—Νεων καταλογος, the muster of the ships—Δωλονεια, the adventure of Dolon—and many others, which are now united into the composite structure called the *Iliad,* were always introduced by the chanter with a proemial address to some divinity. And the Hymns, which we have now under the name of Homer, are supposed to have been occasional preludes of that sort. But, say the Germans, these prelusive hymns were often the composition confessedly of the chanters. Well, and what then? Why nothing, reader; simply nothing. Only we, out of our benignity and mere grace, not wishing to see brother *literati* exposing themselves in this way, without a rag of logic about them, are resolved to suppose them tending to this inference—that, if these fellows forged a beginning, they might also have forged a middle and an end. Some such hypothetic application of the long feuds about the *rhapsodoi,* is the one sole discoverable bearing that even the microscope of criticism will ever detect upon the Homeric questions. But really for any useful purpose, as well might a man suggest, that by possibility a great poet arose in Greece 900 years B. C., that his name was *Nothos Kibdélos;* that he lived in a hole; and that he forged the *Iliad.* Well then, if he did, *Nothos* is Homer. And *that* is simply saying that Homer ought to be spelled by a different arrangement of letters. We see no possible value in such unmeaning conjectures. Dean Swift's objection to the *Iliad,* to the Greek language, and to all ancient history, being obviously a modern hoax, insomuch as Andromache was evidently a corruption of Andrew Mackay, and Alexander the Great, only the war-cry of a schoolboy, ("All eggs under the grate!") to hide their eggs on the approach of the schoolmaster, is worth a thousand of such dull objections. The single fact which we know about these preludes is, that they were pure detached generalities, applicable to all cases indifferently; ἀπαδοντα, irrelevant, as an old Greek author calls them; and, to prevent any misconstruction of his meaning, as if that musical metaphor were applied by him to the mere music of the chanter, he adds—και οὐδεν προς το πραγμα δηλοι; and they foreshow nothing at all that relates to the subject. Now, from this little notice of their character, it is clear, that, like doxologies, or choral burdens or *refrains* to songs, they were not improvized; not *impromptus;* they were stereotyped forms, ready for all occasions. *A Jove principium,* says Horace: with this opening a man could never go wrong, let the coming narrative point which way it would. And Pindar observes, that in fact all the Homeric *rhapsodoi did* draw their openings from Jove. Or, by way of variety, the Muses would be a good inauguration, or Apollo; and, as some man rightly suggests, in a great city like Athens, or Ephesus, the local divinity. Having, therefore, this dispensation once and for ever from caring for the subject of their chants, the chanters are very little likely to have forged any thing, except a banknote. Far more probable it is, that their preludes were sold, like queen's heads, at so much a dozen, leaving time to the chanters for clarifying their voices with *summat* cool, and to the harpers for splicing their broken harpstrings.

But the Germans, who will not leave this bone after all its fruitless mumbling, want to pick a quarrel about the time when these *rhapsodoi* began to exist. What does *that* signify? We will quarrel with no man

"about the age of Sir Archy's great-grandmother;" and yet, on consideration, we *will*. If they will persist in making a row, we shall try to rap their knuckles. They say that their *rhapsodoi* were, comparatively with Homer, young people. We say that they were *not*. And now that our blood is up, we insist upon it—that they were as old as the hills; twice as old as Homer; three times as old, if it will vex them more. We cannot say that we know this "of our own knowledge;" but we have better evidence *for* it than any which they can have *against* it. In a certain old scholiast on Aristophanes, there is a couplet quoted from Hesiod in the following terms:—

Ἐν Δηλῳ τοτε πρωτον ἐγω και Ὁμηρος ἀοιδοι,
Μελπομεν, ἐν νεαροις ὑμνοις ῥαψαντες ἀοιδην.

"Then first in Delos did I and Homer, two bards, perform as musical reciters, laying the *nexus* of our poetry in original hymns." He means to tell you that they were none of your beggarly itinerant *rhapsodoi*, who hired the bellman to write a poetic address for them. They had higher pretensions; they killed their own mutton. And not only were the preluding hymns their own copyrights, (pirates and teggs be off!) but also they had a meaning. They were specially connected with the *epos*, or narrative, that followed, and not (as usually) irrelevant; so that they formed the transitional passages which connected one *epos* with another. Plato again, who stood nearer to Homer than any one of us, by the little difference of 2260 years, swears that he knows Homer to have been a *rhapsodos*.

But what does the word mean? We intend to write a German quarto upon this question. It will be adapted to the use of posterity. Meantime, for the present flighty generation, whose ear must be powerfully tweaked to make it listen through a single page, we shall say thus much. Strabo, in a passage which deserves closer attention than it has received, explains why it is that poetry in general was called ἀοιδη, or song. This name having been established, then afterwards each special kind of poetry bore this appellation, viz. *aoidé*, or *odé*, or *odia*, as a common or generic element in its designation, whilst its differential element was prefixed. Thus goat-song, or *tragodia*, revel-song, or *komodia*, were designations (derived from their occasional origins) of tragedy and comedy, both being chanted. On the same principle, *rhapsodia* shows by its ending that it is poetry, some kind or other; but what kind? Why, that secret is confided to the keeping of *rhaps*. And what may *rhaps* mean? Oh, sir, you are not to know all for nothing. Please to subscribe for a copy of our quarto. For the present, however, understand that *rhapto* means *to sew with a needle*, consequently to *connect*. But, say you, all poetry must have some connexion internally at least. True, but this circumstance is more noticeable and emphatic with regard to long narrative poems. The more were the parts to be connected, the more was the connexion: more also depended upon it; and it caught the attention more forcibly. An ode, a song, a hymn, might contain a single ebullition of feeling. The connexion might lie in the very rapture and passion, without asking for any effort on the poet's part. But, in any *epos* or epic romance, the several adventures, and parts of adventures, had a connecting link running through them, such as bespoke design and effort in the composer, viz. the agency of a single hero, or of a predominant hero. And thus *rhapsodia*, or linked song, indicated, by an inevitable accident of all narrations, that it was narrative poetry. And a *rhapsodos* was the personal correlate of such poetry; he was the man that chanted it.

Well, and what is there in all this to craze a man's brain, to make him smite his forehead in desperation, or to ball up his huge fist in defiance? Yet scarcely is one row over before another commences. Pindar, it seems, has noticed the *rhapsodoi;* and, as if it were not enough to fight furiously about the explanation of that word, a second course of fights is undertaken about Pindar's explanation of the explanation. The Pindaric passages are two; one in the 3d Isthmian, which we confess makes even ourselves (in Kentuck phrase) "wolfy about the shoulders," *i. e.* prurient for fighting. Speaking of Homer, Pindar says, that

he established (*i. e.* raised into life and celebrity) all modes of excellence, κατα ῥαβδον. It is a poet's way of saying that Homer did this as a *rhapsodos. Rhabdos*, therefore, is used as the symbol of a *rhapsodos;* it is, or it may be conceived to be, his instrument for connecting the narrative poem which gives him his designation. But what instrument? Is it a large darning needle for sewing the parts together? If so, Homer will want a thimble. No, says one big solemn critic, *not* a needle: none but an ass would think of such a thing. Well, old fellow, what is it then? It is, says he, a cane —a wand—a rattan. And what is Homer to do with a cane? Why, understand, that when his singing robes were on, (for it is an undoubted fact, that the ancient *rhapsodos* not only chanted in full pontificals, but had two sets of robes, *crimson* when he chanted the *Iliad*, *violet-coloured* when he chanted the Odyssey), in that case the *rhapsodos* held a stick in his right hand. But what sort of a stick? *Stick* is a large genus, running up from switch to cudgel, from rod to bludgeon. And our own persuasion is—that this stick or pencil of wood had something to do with the roll of remembrances, (not perhaps written copies, but mechanical suggestions for recovering the main succession of paragraphs,) which the *rhapsodos* used as short-hand notes for aiding his performance. But this is a subject which we must not pursue.

The other passage of Pindar is in the second Nemean—'Οθεν περ και 'Ομηριδαι ῥαπτων ἐπεων τα πολλ' ἀοιδοι ἀρχονται. Of a certain conqueror at the games, Pindar says—that he took his beginning, his *coup d'essai*, from that point, viz. Jove whence the Homeridæ take theirs; alluding to the prelusive hymns. Now, what seems most remarkable to us in this passage is, the art with which Pindar identifies the three classes of—1. *Homeridæ*—2. *Aoidoi*—3. *Rhapsodoi*. The words ῥαπτων ἐπεων ἀοιδοι are an ingenious way of expressing that the *aoidoi* were the same as the *rhapsodoi*. Now, where Pindar saw no essential difference, except as a species differs from a genus, it is not likely that we of this day shall detect one. At all events, it is certain that no discussion connected with any one of these three classes has thrown any light upon the main question as to the integrity of the *Iliad*. The *aoidoi*, and perhaps the *rhapsodoi*, certainly existed in the days of Homer. The *Homeridæ* must have arisen after him: but when, or under what circumstances, no record remains to say. Only the place of the *Homeridæ* is known: it was Crete: and this seems to connect them personally with Homer. But all is too obscure to penetrate: and in fact has not been penetrated.

GRANDFATHERS AND GRANDCHILDREN.

IN A LETTER TO EUSEBIUS.

Do you in earnest, my dear Eusebius, congratulate me on being a grandfather—a grandfather, like the infant, of some weeks old—the insigne and proper mark of an incipient second infancy? Two more such births, and you will write me Nestor: and when will it be your pleasure to ask me if I have yet lived up to be the old crow? You know very well that I never keep birthdays—and so you are determined to note down one against me. You have often said that you pride yourself upon being the young Eusebius, because your friend Eugene is older than you, and his father is living: so, as you argue, your friend being Eugene the younger, yet older than you, you must be Eusebius the younger! It is thus, in your ingenuity, you try to cheat Time, and are but cheating yourself: and there is Time mocking and jeering you, out at the very corners of your laughter-loving eyes; and while you, and all the world about you, think it is nothing but a display of your own wit, there sits the thief, nicely pencilling his crows' feet, and marking you as surely his own, as if you had been a tombstoned grandfather, and ancestor to twenty generations. So, be not proud, Eusebius!

Do you really think me of such an infantine taste as to delight in such things? And here is the age overstocked already; and Miss Martineau and the Utilitarians abstain from marriage, that babies may not be born, or that they may be themselves, in their own persons, the big monopolists of babyism: and you, I see, mean to make a prate about these delinquencies of me and mine! I remember when there was an universal taste for infant Cupids—that was in Bartolozzi's time—printed in red, to look more rosy! Every thing was then embellished with babyism—cards, boxes, perfumery, bijouterie, frontispieces to grave books—universal was the *cupidity* for infantine show. Taste was in its infancy, certainly; but the offspring could not keep it up, or some, such as Bartolozzi's, floated off by their own lightness and flimsiness; while others sank by their weight—heavy-blubber, would-be bubbles, with a pair of silly butterfly-wings, each of them tacked on to their shoulders! From those days to the present unhappy ones of great mouths and little loaves, the world has never gone on right—all squabbling in this great nursery! No wonder our orphan asylums and lying-in hospitals were full, and required additions and additional subscriptions, before such a taste as that for babyism could be put down. It is a happy thing that they have discovered more land to the South, and it is all taken possession of in the name of Queen Victoria. We shall want room, space for vitality—we shall be so thick here, that we shall nudge each other into the sea for standing room; and, if the manufactory monopolists have it all their own way, we shall have to import pap. There is a state of things to look to—to import pap, and grow infants!!

I wish, Eusebius, you had the nursing of half a dozen of them for a month or two, that you might congratulate me. I cannot but imagine I see you, Philosopher Eusebius, officially petticoated for your new duties—now half-distracted with an ebullition of squalling, and your own utter incapacity; and now trying to interpret and reduce into some of your recondite and learned languages, inarticulate sounds—practising the nurse's vocabulary, and speculating upon it as a charm; while the poor things, all their little wants neglected, would treat you as the lady's lapdog did the private tutor of Lucian, showing indignity to the Greek philosopher's beard. Then should I like to congratulate you on your acceptance of office!

You see what babble you have set me into—showing the state I am getting into—the second state of it! Never mind, Eusebius! You will come to it too: you get a little garrulous, and not with knowledge neither. We have both, as the world goes, a lack enough of that. You and I should both be plucked at an infant school; and take care they don't set

up one in every parish, for children from five feet eight to six feet high! Yet I should not wonder if you were to take upon yourself to be examiner. Don't do it! Children now are born with knowledge in their heads, more than you or I had acquired at the age of ten! Every one now is a young Hermes: they are born with so much in their heads, they look overloaded with it, like human tadpoles; and that is the reason they can't stand, and, when they do begin to walk, go at an amazing pace, because they can't stand steady under it: and that sort of mad run is now-a-days called, to give some dignity to the absurdity, "the march of intellect!" Don't say any more—such a one has no more sense than a child; or, if you do, clothe it in Greek—for I don't think the infant schoolmistress is yet mistress of that—so you may just spout it out from Menander—

"Ἡ παντάπασι παιδαρίου γνώμην ἔχει."

Greece was said to be the "cradle of the arts;" but now arts, and sciences too, spring from every cradle. When a child throws out his five fingers, you may conclude he is calculating, πενταζεται: he has algebraized before he can speak—

"And lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came!"

The cradle is the thing—it beats Babbage's calculating machine out and out, for the child jumps out of it into the grown man; while nothing is ever likely to come out of the other. But the greatest of calculators may go back to the cradle, if he live long enough. Perhaps you and I, Eusebius, may be amusing ourselves with our second playthings, and not know it. As Lord Chesterfield said of himself and Lord Tyrawley, "Tyrawley and I have been dead these two years, but we don't choose to have it known." Though you were as big as the Gallic Hercules, you may come to swim your boat again. Here was a pretty child's comfort in old age:—"You see how I comfort myself in my old age; I launch my little bark once more, which had been long laid by; repair, rig, and furnish it, and boldly venture it into the middle of the ocean. Fan it, ye gods, with a propitious breeze, for now, if ever, I want a favourable wind to swell my sails." Why, now-a-days, there is not an infant of three years that would not be ashamed of this childishness. Folly, fanning her "Ship of Fools"—of old fools, Eusebius—and the whole infant-school standing by, shouting "good voyage to you!" laugh at it Eusebius if you can, and you have the gift of laughter. To come into the world crying, and to go out of it laughing, is the end of the fool's philosophy. γελῶ ἰδανοντ, says Homer—they died with laughter; (so you see, by-the-by, that expression is not new.) But take care, as I was going to say, you don't laugh too much, nor at too many things, nor at too many men, women, no, nor children either; or, as the world is going, you may chance to have the laugh against you—and mock not me in my grand-paternity. Such things must happen; but let us take them quietly—not go cackling about, like the stupid hen telling the whole parish about her one egg. Rejoice as much as you like when your own quiver is full, and then it will be time to have a grand "archery meeting." "Many a man," they say, "talks of Robin Hood that never shot with his bow." Put yourself in the predicament, and then banter about other people's bantlings. Who ever heard of such a thing before, as being complimented upon being a grandfather? In all your learning, where do you find that? Telemachus's grandfather was quietly passed off to pig with the swineherd, and plant cabbages, or something of that kind. Your pattern of female virtues, Andromache, endearingly calls her Hector, her father, her mother, &c., but never goes further back. "Cousin, uncle, aunt," was left for very burlesque. Even Sheridan's unlicenced wit (yet am I not wrong there, for he was licenced, or the theatre was,) never touched the grandfather. He is the very old nurse's scarecrow to frighten children, or was—for children, though now born frightful, are not born frightenable. He used to be the "father long-legs, that couldn't say his prayers," and therefore to be "taken by his left leg and thrown down-stairs"—and he is treated accordingly as worse than an infidel. There is a Mrs Sherwood has written good books for children, and always tells them how Master Bad-boy, of a year or two old, was all of a sudden, *instanter*, without a why or wherefore, in the midst of his wicked idleness, converted into Mr Good-boy, and went and preached to his wicked,

abominable, old grandfather, and converted him—a child upon the forlorn hope. They are mere pegs to hang any thing upon, just as authors choose—if they speak of them at all, it is not with respect. Do you know a single novel wherein the grandfather is the hero? If one is unfortunate enough to be introduced, is he not sure to be knocked on the head at last, that the happy couple may enjoy his fortune? He is generally killed outright, to get rid of him as soon as possible; and he is made unamiable, a sour, morose, and stingy curmudgeon, that none may regret his departure. He is made a glutton, to be more readily dispatched by apoplexy, and is given fairly to understand—that he was introduced for no other earthly reason than to be got rid of.

"Edisti satis atque bibisti,
Tempus abire tibi est."

And so generally ends that "Tale of a Grandfather." Grandfathers are not introduced into plays either, because they are so put aside in real life—only considered just to give their names to their grandchildren, as if it were no longer fit to be their own. At best, they are each in his son's or daughter's family but a sort of head nurse, to take the children an airing, to lift them over stiles, and if any thing goes wrong, the veriest urchins are ready enough to pin the fault on the right person. I said they were not introduced upon the stage, but they are in the old fool that runs after his runaway Columbine—and do not your Terences and Plautuses exhibit you the same folly? If authors of any kind have any thing to do with them at all, it is to put them in some ridiculous light—they are expected to do all sorts of impossibilities.

"A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,
Which from a *naked Pict his grandsire won.*"

Who but a grandsire would have been sent upon such a fool's errand as that? So it ever was—Your favourite classics do not treat them much better—Admetus coolly asks the grandfather of his children (in the Alcestis of Euripides) to step out of the world for him into the grave, with no more ado than if he had requested him to step to the corner of the street to the apothecary's, for his elixir of life. And how often do those old authors make the old gentlemen perfectly ridiculous, by assuming in their names and persons an extraordinary imbecile fury, when in their feebleness they snatch up arms and talk big? And your friend Virgil sins in this way: had he had the good taste of Homer before him, who treats old Priam with singular respect, he would never have so put to death even the progenitor of such a numerous race, nor made him hurl his "*telum imbelle sine ictu.*" But this author treats them throughout infamously. Only see the ridiculous position of Anchises riding pick-a-back, with all Ascanius's playthings in his hands, and you see plainly enough he has nothing to do after but to die and be forgotten; for his famous doings are not in the catalogue for the young Ascanius's remembrance, but it is—

"Et pater Æneas et avunculus excitat Hector."

But to speak of Virgil before Homer, is indeed to put the cart before the horse—and a lumbering sonorous cart too, that had carried dung for the pitchfork, and Tytyrus's cheese to market, before it was laden with the remnant of furniture saved from Troy; so, be that as it may—go back to the original genius of epic and of history. I reminded you how old Laertes was treated; with that exception, the good Homer is nearly the only author that fairly respects the "venerables." Hobbes, by the by, in his translation of a passage of Homer in Thucydides, calls their wives their "venerable bedfellows." Homer, I say, does treat Priam with respect, and gives him a god as a conductor—the old king is never made ridiculous. Alcinous too, who, if he was not actually, was on the point of being a grandfather, does nothing absurd. There is only the slightest hint given that he is a little under the family rule, just enough to show what he was coming to—the being made a grandfather. One ought to be ashamed to speak of that mythology; but it shows the manners of that age—and others are too like it; does any of his grandchildren show respect for discarded Saturn? He had swallowed stones enough to mend the roads of a county, yet is as quietly set aside as the giant Rabelais speaks of, who, though he had swallowed windmills, was choked with a pat of butter. You, Eusebius, have always the classics in your mouth; so I bring them

to your remembrance, that you may see even through their spectacles, that there is no occasion to congratulate any one on the birth of a grandchild. But if authors so treat or pass by these aged gentlemen, tell me, if you can, any one author of tale, novel, or play, that ever wrote a line for a grandfather reader. Neither "gentle reader," nor "courteous reader," is addressed to them. It is curious, but, if you consider it, you will find, that by nearly all authors' eyes, their readers are seen distinctly as considerably under thirty years of age—most, indeed, are under twenty! You see at once what tastes authors cater for. There is little, indeed, in common with any but mere juvenile heads and hearts. Amidst all the mass of daily literature, either to amuse or to instruct, there is scarcely a soothing plaster for old age—even our modern divines have given up grandsires and grandmothers. They belong to the Hospital of Incurables. They are not excitable enough; and can't learn so easily the trick, nor acquire the privilege, of presenting gloves, nosegays, and silver tea-spoons: so that there is scarcely a stray sermon printed for them, and that only by subscription. They are, in fact, expected to read nothing but the newspapers, which are common to all; and they are printed in such wretchedly small type, as plainly to show that such readers are not much thought of. No, Eusebius; the "reading public" are under age. The young march of intellect has tripped up the old one's heels—the abstruse sciences are reduced to easy slip-slop literature for the young. A child may teach his grandfather, but a grandfather will never teach his child again: so that race are altogether left out of consideration, even in publications of "Tutors' Assistants." There has been, indeed, a sort of attempt of late to get up statistics for the old folk; but it is a lame and quizzical thing.

I am told that now there are very few grandsires in the great scientific body peripatetic. They run about the world at such a rate—"modo me Thebis modo ponit Athenis"—that the respectably aged scientifics cannot possibly keep pace with them. Even if they can bear the fatigue of getting to the places, they are sadly footweary with the perpetual motion required, the very first day of the series; so they get knocked up—die off—and the rest take warning!

I tell you, the whole system of things is a sort of general vote of mankind, that there are to be neither grandfathers nor grandmothers—that is, acknowledged as such; of which many must be exceedingly glad, seeing that their grandsires have been, something like their old clothes, rather shabby "inexpressibles." We follow the fashion of "Young France," and kick "Old France!" There, too, writers are all for young readers: we are begrudged our very spectacles, that we should read at all!

The last professed author that wrote for grandsires was the kind-hearted Sir Walter Scott; and that he did in some of his prefaces. Fielding, however, before him, was glorious in this respect. *Tom Jones* is a wonderful work: there are nuts to crack in it for those who have cut their wise teeth; it is deep, and there is something for every time of life.

But, Eusebius, if literature thus shamefully passes old grandfathers, or treats them contemptuously, what say you to music and painting? Handel and Purcell composed music for men, grand and thought-creating! Who composes music now, but mere tintinabula of folly or licentiousness, with their butterfly flip-flap flights, and die-away cadences? I am sure of this—that neither grandfathers nor grandmothers ought to be present when their grandchildren trill and warble interminable variations, that either have no meaning, or a bad one. The present musical world won't compose for those old people who go about with cotton in their ears; and really, as things are, the best thing they can do is not to take it out, but to add a little more wadding, that they might have a chance of not hearing!

Painting is worse. Look at the print-shops, and tell me what you see there fit for a grandfather's eyes: there is no appeal to *his* taste—to *his* feelings. We no longer have put before us the fine, pure, dignified subjects of saints and martyrs, nor grave and poetic history—painting heroic virtue, or meditation meet for age. We have prettinesses for children without end—plenty for that age which "gaudet equis canibusque;" and wanton portraits, that shame the sitters, and make sinners. They won't now, Eusebius, give a penny for a

"Belisarius;" and our "Books of Beauty" are not for elders.

The arts, then, are not for us: and what is? Why, really, the only thing I can think of at present are easy-chairs! They are, in spite of the young world and young taste, made for us—at least, if not made for us, they suit us well, though they may owe their origin to the enervated and debilitated frames of the younger. Yet they do induce us to keep within doors, and enjoy an *otium cum dignitate;* and thereby we old folks may save the reproach of casting a contempt upon age, as Bacon said we do, when old men sit basking in the sun at their doors in the open streets. You see by this remark of his, how well he knew that the tide of favour ran hard against grandfathers. And I think I have said enough, my dear Eusebius, to convince you of that, and that your congratulation was more than superfluous. Now let us make the best of it, and see if there is not some pleasant feeling after all soothing and deluding us at times into a belief that there is a gift conferred in this birth. There is a feeling of continuity of existence—"quod facit per alterum facit per se." If so, the things we now handle and see, all that makes to us the world, will be felt, seen, enjoyed by ourselves—our other selves having the same consciousness of identity we now have—when we shall be bodily no more; so that we may be in both worlds—in some way, we can't tell how, but feel we may—at one and the same time. Grandchildren, then, are the links connecting both worlds. We transmit to posterity. That word "transmit" implies that our act is continuous, for we do not altogether let go—what we transmit is even a part of ourselves, not only in outward resemblance, which is wonderfully strong, (for it is said that children are more like their grandfathers than their fathers;) but our minds, our dispositions, tastes, nay, extraordinary as it may seem, what we acquire. So that it would take a great many generations to reduce man to a savage—many generations before all acquired by ancestors would become weak in the transmission, and then cease. You surely do not think that the immediate progeny of the first wild horse could be compared with the after stock, after the race had gone some generations through the riding-school. Nor is this very difficult of physical solution; for the brain is the seat of sensation—there all nerves centre; the education which affects that, by that affects the whole; and thus, if we may so say, an educated quality is given, and passed on, and so in succession. Well, then, the old folks sometimes sit in their easy-chairs, and, in conceit of all their own fancies, think all will be continued by and in their pet grandchildren; and so they go on improving their estates and houses—nay, their breed of horses and dogs, pigs and poultry, and on their deathbeds even give directions for the planting potatoes, which they think they shall eat by deputy. This is pleasant: they see the chubby things all alive and kicking, and satisfy themselves with a continuity of existence, saying, where I am death is not—and in those dear creatures I shall be. If that bit of philosophy did not deserve a comfortable nap—you may be sure it was conceited in an arm-chair, cushioned with "all appliances and means to boot,"—it must be an unpurchasable commodity. "Non gemmis, neque purpurâ venale, nec auro." Here, then, I did not "sleep with my fathers," but with my grandchildren: that dream of life did not last long; for my neighbour the vicar of F., with more and harder nails in his shoes than on his toes and fingers—those of the latter are no beauties—came stumping into the room, and woke me. The first thing I did was to talk to him of *his* grandchildren, and of the last, and the vain man pulled a letter from his son-in-law out of his pocket, and read this sentence—"Dear little Georgy, your favourite and namesake, although he is a sweet creature, he is the most troublesome I ever saw, and would require two servants, instead of one; his mother has no peace, day or night." Now, what *do* you think of that? In waking thoughts could I congratulate him, excepting that for the present he is out of the way of "the sweet creature?" But let him grow up, and if he does not plague his grandfather he won't end as he has begun. But mine is a granddaughter—no young wild fellow, who must have wild oats to sow—yes, sow—and put his grandfather's breast to the plough, to do the hard work for him—mine is a granddaughter! To speculate, then, in that line:—All is yet to come; for even in a year or two she will be not like what she is now. There is a run

of questions, such as—will she be gentle or a hoyden?—will she be wise or a fool, or neither—simply intelligent or stupid?—will she have a hoarse or a soft voice?—a pleasant or a vile temper? It is impossible to describe to you, Eusebius, the nervous interest the mere questioning of this kind creates; alternately comes discomfort and pleasure. To run through the moral virtues and religious duties—how will she behave in them—is really running the gauntlet like a coward. Health and sickness follow—and then—but I won't anticipate any other evil at any rate; but all I can say is, that my friend the vicar's daughter, that had given birth to this troublesome child, had been brought up most tenderly, doated upon by father and mother, caressed and petted every hour of the day for eighteen years, so that you would have thought father, mother, and daughter could not have lived apart from each other a week; but at eighteen she coolly walked off one morning with a lieutenant of marines, whom she had not known more than two months, finding she could not live without *him*—and as soon as she was married gave this account of it to her distressed parents:—

"My very dear Papa and Mamma—I could not really help it, Charles Henry is so gentle, so kind, so dear a man, so do, dear Pa and Ma, forgive us; we could not, you see, live without each other, and I assure you it was all grandpapa's doing, for he was always saying what a nice man Charles Henry is—and so, old as he is, he must know; so if there is any one to blame, it is grandpapa—Your most dutiful and affectionate

"Letitia Smallarms."

It is quite frightful, my dear Eusebius to think of—shall I have to pet this little dear troublesome creature of mine, to coax and be coaxed—and then be the only one to be blamed if any thing goes wrong. She won't go to a nunnery—you may be sure of that! So the safer way is in the beginning to keep one's affections within bounds. Grand-paternity (is there such a word?) is like a disease, like the ague—it has its hot and its cold fit. So I could now go on the other tack, and congratulate the sweet little beauty, for such I take it for granted she is, in being born into this world, while it is, as so many tell us, rapidly advancing towards its perfection—and, in consequence, all that are born in it now are in themselves more perfect, to bring about and be fit for that perfect state of things. She might have been brought into the world before the patent-grand pianos were invented, before any pianos at all, even before spinettas—some young ladies would shudder to think they might have been born before Byron and Moore, but that I don't think much of. The "Melodies" may be very well, but "Corsairs" and those sort of things, don't tend to promote the wishes of grandfathers. She might have been born before "finishing schools" had been set up, and never properly learnt to step in and out of a carriage, before carriages were known, or even pattens invented, and then would never have read Gay's *Trivia*, and perhaps never will as it is, for in these scientific days it might be called *trivial* reading—excuse the pun—it is a little relief in a subject melancholy enough—the cold fit's coming. She might have come into an unadorned world, before the art of painting on velvet, or any other painting. What a thought! to have been born when the only pictures were the Picts, and they in sad lack of clothing! She might have come before worsted-work slippers and purses were ready to her hand—might have walked about without a *jupon* or even a flannel petticoat, or only with a "gonnella" just up to her knees, like Guarini's "Pastorella." She might have been burnt for a witch, or, in bloody Queen Mary's days, for not being one. She might have been her own great-great-grandmother, and be now kneeling in effigy in the chapel at K., painted in black dress with white ruffs and red cheeks, eight daughters behind her, all growing small by degrees and beautifully less. She might have come as her great-great-aunt by the mother's side, and married the gardener, and thus hurt the genealogy tree—which, as Butler says, is like a turnip, with the best part underground. That genealogy tree—how queer to think of! Out of veneration will she date from me—from me, properly heralded and painted lying flat on my back, with a stake through my body, branching off into a tree, an heraldic Polydorus—and so framed and glazed shall I be put up in her boudoir, and in that of all that follow her, while my real and true portrait shall be stuck up in a garret, from which in due time it shall have dropped off the nail, and

some sixth or seventh in descent, a wicked urchin, will shoot at me for practice with his bow and arrow, and for joke blacken my eyebrows with the smut and smoke of a candle? There was, however, a country gentleman that did worse, for he hired a painter to put wigs upon his family portraits of Vandyke. I rejoice she wasn't born a puritan, and shouldn't like her to have gone to the threatre in Charles the Second's days—she might then neither have been pure nor puritan. No—if she could have been better born, she could not have been born better than now—so it verifies and comes at last to the old saying, "no time like the present," So it is nonsense to think of what might have been, let us be contented with what is; and so, Eusebius, let us just go and take a look at the infant. I don't think this is very much in your way, so you shall see it through my eyes, and you won't think they are too partial. To look at an infant, though, is not always so easily done; you must speak to nurse first, for infants keep a sort of court, and have their antechambers, and mistresses of the robes too, and don't lie now, as your friend and favourite Horace did, the "animosus infans," when the doves came and covered him with leaves. Our infants are not so easily got at. They used to have, what now I can't exactly say, but so it was—as many wrappings as a mummy, lying in a pyramid of clothes. And so they should, for is not an infant, Eusebius, the only mysterious personage in a house? all else you can scan, and know what they think, you read them—but an infant—what do you know about that? what is its consciousness, what is its mind, that which is above life, where too there is so little of life to overpower the *divinæ particulam auræ?* It is the living miracle of the house: the coming into this world and the going out of it are the great mysteries which, though of human sufferance, are entirely out of all human knowledge—the living mystery is an infant. It is a pretty and a fond conceit, that when they smile in their sleep they are communicating with angels, those whom they were, as the nurses fondly think, conversant with before their entering on life, They are at once beautiful and awful; I wonder not, as parents look, they make them their idols and worship them, this natural affection moving, as it were, in more than Pythian majesty. For they *cannot* speak, we read they *dare* not speak. They have that in them they must not tell; *Deus ora frænat*—thus the prophetess was made dumb: in as great a mystery utterance has been never given. There lies the child, we think, and it knows, and it alone, an incommunicable truth—that must not be entrusted to memory, but goes, and is utterly lost as humanity grows. This is too deep speculation, Eusebius, we are lost in it, and shall never make any thing of it—let us, as the poet says, touch a lighter strain. I asked you to look at the infant with me or through me—there isn't much difference. If we hit the "mollia tempora fandi," and the nurse be in good humour, it is a pretty sight enough—she knows how to set it off to some advantage, to make it look straight, or not look at all, which is perhaps best, and as the infantine arms make their uncertain jerks, she gently waves the creature to make you believe the little unknown has intentions of grace, an air of welcome to visiters and beholders; and when she perceives the unmeaning eyes to be twisting and rolling themselves as if to get out of their sockets, she adroitly and delicately dandles it upward, that it might feel the air fanning its eyeballs, and by instinct close the eyelids. These are the fine arts of nurses, and they paint you thereby as pretty babies as Guido—and he studied all their ways; and, Eusebius, did you ever see his picture of the Murder of the Innocents? I wonder mothers can ever look at it when I find the remembrance of it so touches the heart of a grandfather, perhaps it is because I am but a young one. At such times then, when, as in all shows, the shower is pleased, it is a pleasant sight, a very pretty sight, one that Correggio loved, and made of immortal beauty, but not "a beauty without paint"—but if the nurse chooses to give you an ugly view, it would be difficult to make a mask ugly enough to represent it—and what can I do with a pen-and-ink sketch, to represent more colours than the rainbow has, and none so bright? Whatever was angelic is gone—feature there is none left, but one shapeless mouth—that which was but recently the very rose-bud of beauty, the sole index of expression in an infantine face, suddenly expands, distends, and fills up the whole face, a wondrous chasm for

such a creature, and no χασμ' ὀδόντων either. You look in wonder if it can ever get into its place again. The mouth is all in all to a child. Its very tears come through the mouth—so it cries entirely with the mouth; the only means by which it can make known its pleasure or pain. Nature has, therefore, given it a wonderful power, it can contract to a button or enlarge itself to a pocket. A friend of mine once told me that the reason his youngest son had so large a mouth was this—that he was, during the boy's infancy, very much engaged in authorship, and finding himself disturbed continually by the child's crying, he hit upon the expedient of having a pap dish and spoon always at one elbow, and the child's cradle was at the other; so whenever the urchin began to set up his pipes, in went the spoon into his mouth, and "that spoon," said he, "being a table spoon, and going in so often, it stretched the boy's mouth so that it never could recover—and that is the reason my son Timothy has such a big mouth." I mention this as a caution to all mothers and nurses, more particularly as big mouths require more to fill them all through life, and less good comes out of them. The beauty and ugliness of the same child is quite surprising. The most whimsical account of the ugliness of one is in Homer's Hymn to Pan. The wood-god sees some nymphs at a fountain, bounds in among them, and, I suppose to quiz him, they sing of his birth, how his father Hermes fell in love with Dryope, and she—but see the hymn—

> "She bore him a wonderful son,
> Goat-footed, capricorn, rough,
> With a strange visage curled into laughter and fun,
> And indeed it was frightful enough;
> For the nurse, in dismay, ran shrieking away,
> When she saw the babe bearded and bluff."

The idea of his frightening his nurse is capital—and I don't wonder at it—for really the infantine faces one does sometimes see, especially when presented as particular dears, do make one very desirous to walk off as soon as possible. Now I know well there will be a digression classical, and all to please you, who I verily believe had rather, for the sake of the Greek, dandle and kiss an infant Pan, though black as a tinker, than my lady Grace's milkwhite baby. Pan's father, Hermes, then was a wag—he was so tickled with his own child's ugliness, that he tried to look like it, all he could; and he became so expert at last, that the mother goddesses used to ask him to put on the look to frighten their little celestials, when they did not behave themselves. Callimachus says he acted Cyclops, Argus, and Steropes, for the purpose—but the fact was, it was nothing but Pan's face he put on. However, I give the passage from Callimachus, because it shows how the celestials treated their children, and that "raw-head and bloody-bones" is of antiquity, and should be respected on that account a little—not so utterly discarded as now by modern educationists. Hope and fear are both implanted in us, and I suppose both work good—and unless fear have fair play, the child will grow up a conceited imp, and perhaps worship nothing but its own glorified self—you want the passage from Callimachus, which I promised you—so take it—

> "They [the ocean's gentle daughters] trembled with affright,
> As well may be; for even Queens celestial, when long past
> Their childhood years, with shuddering fears, behold the monsters vast.
> And often in their infant state, and difficult to please,
> Hard to obey a mother's sway, they hear such words as these;
> 'Come Cyclops, Argus, Steropes, come take the wayward child.'
> Then Hermes he within besoots his face, and looking wild,
> Comes forth a Cyclop grim and gruff; the affrighted infant flies
> To her mother's breast, all closely press'd both hands before her eyes"

But of all the infants of whom we have record, this Hermes himself was the most wonderful—show me the lad at an infant-school that could come near him. Born in the morning, he played upon the lyre the evening of the same day—not only played upon it, but made it, invented it. Here was an "infant lyrist"—what are your infant Lyras to him? After playing a few tunes, and among them, "over the hills and far away," the conceit enters him,

and off he sets, only a day old, over the hills indeed, to steal Apollo's cows. He stole 'em and killed 'em, and returned, slipped through the key-hole and into his cradle in no time. Apollo finds him out and comes to his mother's cave for him. The description of the infant affecting sleep is excellent—a most perfect imitation of every thing infantine—

> "Down to the cavernous chamber stepp'd
> Apollo, the far-darting god,
> The threshold in his wrath he trode.
> Him Hermes saw, duck'd down and crept
> Under his cradle clothes, hands, feet, and all,
> Huddled up close together, like a ball,
> Or smouldering faggot underneath its heap
> Of ashes; thus lay Hermes in his nest,
> As 'twere a new-washed baby mass of sleep.
> Yet there withal his tortoise shell he press'd
> Tenderly under his infant arms caress'd."

He didn't want a nurse to sing to him.—

> "Hey diddle diddle,
> The cat and the fiddle,"

would never have done for him. He composed his own music, and his own words. He made his instrument—

> "This done, he aptly held his new-wrought toy,
> And with his plectrum smartly struck
> The strings alternate, that off shook
> Up from beneath his hands sounds of wild joy,
> Wonderfully bright—then gain'd he skill to reach
> A prelude in true notes, to each
> Carelessly humming, not with speech
> Articulate, at first, and story;
> Till, warm'd, he reach'd his infant glory,
> And broke forth improvisatore."

It is not wonderful if the first subject of his singing was quizzing his grandfather—for of him we are told he sang, and one may easily conjecture in what vein. Now here, Eusebius, I think one might make a grave note in the manner of learned commentators, and remark as I do not think any before me have done, that after all the child's

> "Hey diddle diddle,
> The cat and the fiddle.
> The cow jump'd over the moon,
> The little dog laugh'd to see such fine sport,
> And the dish ran away with the spoon,"

may owe its origin to this first song of Hermes, and partly to his story of making his fiddle, of stealing the cow and leading it a pretty dance, poetically over the moon—and the dish and the spoon he certainly sang of. For "the little dog laughed" is evidently Hermes himself, for a sad little dog was he certainly—the term is most characteristic—

> "He sang of the pots and pans,
> In the nymphs' magnificent hall,
> Of the nipperkins, cups, and cans,
> The kettles, and skillets, and all."

It will hardly do to talk any more about infants after such a specimen, quite enough to check the growing pride of any grandfather, if he venture upon comparison. It would barely do to speak of Garagantua himself, who had seventeen thousand nine hundred and thirteen cows of the towns of Pautille and Breemond appointed for him, to furnish him with milk in ordinary. And this puts an idea of another note into my head, as a hint to a future historian of our country in the reign of Queen Victoria. That the farmers of Penyard in Somersetshire were so excessively ignorant, as really to believe that the Queen of England, like a queen ant, must be bigger than any other of her kind; and, discussing the subject, their ideas became so enlarged, as is wont to be the case, that they actually appointed a like number of cows as were appointed to Garagantua, to furnish her Majesty with a cheese for luncheon. I do not imagine the Penyard farmers had ever read Rabelais; but nature is nature—and this of the Queen and the farmers is a sketch from nature. But I cannot give you an immediate sketch from nature of my grandchild. She is out of sight, like a precious gem, as she is, packed in cotton, gone to her innocent dreams, and will awaken, if not in a squall, to an admiring world. Did you ever look

with an artist's eye at an infant's hand and foot?—they are the prettiest of embryo instruments, unless they be of the downright clown progeny, then they are a little indicative of the spade use—one to hold firm, the other to press down, *pede fossor*. The present helpless uselessness of the most helpful and useful of our members, of itself makes infancy a thing *sui generis*. The hand that is hereafter to cut down a cuirassier or to fell oaks by the hundred, could not for the life of it hold a pin. Yet hold—my granddaughter is not destined to do such execution. The little angelic-looking hand—is it a fancy, or is the habit *handed* on?—but the fourth finger of the left hand is surely a little pirky up out from the rest, as if it knew it was to have the ring; while the whole right hand is grasping—as if practising "to have and to hold." It is plain the child takes after the mother. And did you ever note the form of infants, how unlike the after growth? They come into the world with every thing to learn, and so nature provides them with heads in proportion to a world of learning—every organ full; then there is the body, so much out of size with regard to the limbs—that is the stock to grow out of. Other limbs are not wanted, so they are for the present left to themselves; and ill would they shift for themselves if they had any thing to do—for they are cold; all the vitality, as yet but weak, is gathered together, that none of its force should be wasted, and is in the main trunk—so that you generally find the extremities of children cold. Then as growth comes on, what a change! Vitality is strong, youth pinches in the waist, there is no longer the big trunk, vitality is now strong and compact, and the vital heat can afford to be dissipated, to be thrown into the extremities, that they too may be called into vigorous action, and at the same time carry off the fever heat and violence of grown nature. Then again when we decline, as it is fairly enough said, to second childhood, how certain is the return? The vital heat retreats to the citadel, and calls in all its forces, to maintain that which has less strength, and cannot afford to be dissipated; and so old people have cold hands and cold feet again, the trunk increases, and there is room for the whole strength to garrison in. The hot-headed youth, and cool-headed man, are expressions from which and observation I collect the above; and that is quite as much physical knowledge of the matter as you or I want to know. So pass we on, and consider what a wonderful thing is the φρεντισστηριον—the "knowledge box," and it need be capacious. The amazing power of children to learn is most striking to any one who for the first time crosses the Channel; he hears an urchin talk, and even cry, and complain, and scold, and go through all the exercises of humanity, in French—a mere infant of some two or three years, in a language that he has been in vain hammering at perhaps for twice as many years. But without going to France, is it not a wonder that the child should speak the Somersetshire language—or διϐωνιϱειν, to speak Devonshire, as the Rolliad has it? And yet these very Somersets and Devons, had accident made them open their eyes in India or Arabia, would have, in a year or two, spoken Hindostanee, and beaten, out and out, the Oxford and Cambridge professors of Arabic. When you hear mothers and nurses talk to children, you must admire the difficulty put upon them in learning any language. How is the pure monosyllabic Saxon converted into a jargon Ionicized—Georgy-porgy and coachy-poachy. Is this what Aristotle calls λεκτικην ἁρμονιαν? Perhaps, however, that makes us such a rhyming nation. Be that as it may, I dare say you remember Dean Swift's specimen of talk to a child; turn to it, it will amuse you; that too, is a sketch from nature.

You see by the variety of my speculations, that I begin to cast great things in my mind, and, in truth, I find myself growing in fondness, and am already an incipient fool of a grandfather; but I shall be cautious how I draw the curtain from the cradle, and present the babe to your more near and scrutinizing view, lest I meet with what befell our friend Hermes we have been talking about, who wrapt up his ugly bantling Pan, and flew with him to Olympus, and into the presence of the gods, with—

"Look ye all at my beautiful child."

They all burst out in a roar of laughter; and perhaps I might join in the laugh, should one be set up, for in that case Jupiter was *the grandfather*.

—*Vive, Valeque.* Z.

THE CANADAS.

There are peculiarities in the present state of England and Europe, which might much better occupy the attention of our political economists, than endless squabbles about poor-rates and corn-laws. The especial characteristic of our age is the progress of manufactures and matters connected with commerce. The last age was a warlike one—the age before, a scientific one. Of course, there were years of peace in the one, and masses of ignorance in the other. But the image and superscription of an extraordinary propensity to scientific research certainly distinguished the 17th century. And with Marlborough at one end of the next, and Napoleon at the other, the warlike usage of the 18th needs not dread much scepticism. But our present age is the reign of the power-loom, the steam-boat, the railroad, and a crowd of inferior, yet vigorous, manipulators of the rude material of human comfort, and human dominion, over the sterility and stubbornness of our general mother. Fifty thousand pounds of cotton, fifty years ago, were enough for the fingers of all the weavers of England—fifty millions are nearer the demand at the present moment! And the demand is growing; and, though there are fluctuations in trade, the trade is still growing: and though merchants complain of overworking, (and when did they not complain?) yet every day sees some striking and powerful invention for working more, adopted in the great factories, and their produce swelling from warehouse to warehouse, until the land is loaded with the labours of Birmingham, Manchester, Sheffield, and the hundred other depots of the forge, the mine, and the loom.

And the striking feature of the case is, that it is utterly impossible to stop this progress. No law can bind human invention. All the Parliaments since the Wittenagemote, could not prevent an Arkwright from abandoning his barber's block, to teach wires and springs to weave gowns and petticoats innumerable, without the help of man; or a Watt, to leave the mending of barometers, or the polishing of spectacle-glasses, for the creation of that colossal drudge, the fiery giant who defies the storm, and treads the ocean like a master, or on the land carries a village on his back, with the speed of a bird!

This process must go on, until every labour of the human hand is superseded by the wheels and straps of machinery. The first result, of course, will be the gradual dismissal of the multitude whose labour now aids the wheels and straps. But time will finish the system; and our factories, instead of being filled with the busy hum of man, woman, and child, will be as silent as the neighbouring cemetery, or exhibit nothing but a solitary watchman parading through the wood and iron population of hooks and rollers, and bars, and barrels, taking care that they keep the peace, and do their work without flaming out against each other. The inevitable consequence will be the dispersion of the English workmen. But where shall they go?

It is remarkable that all the European nations are following precisely the same course, all buying, borrowing, or stealing machinery. All laying prohibitory laws on British produce, and all toiling, most foolishly we admit, to raise every inch of every possible manufacture, within their own frontiers. British commerce, in objects of this kind, is continually the source of that grim jealousy with which the beggar spirit of the foreigner rejoices in every opportunity of thwarting the prosperity of England. Some of them, of course, must be slower in this process than others, and some may wait till the next century, but the principle is laid down, and the result is inevitable.

Yet, all this tends to a great consummation. The filling of those mighty spaces of the earth which Providence has given into the hands of

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The Canadas in 1841. By Sir Richard Bonnycastle, Lieutenant-Colonel Royal Engineers, and Lieutenant-Colonel in the Militia of Upper Canada. 2 vols.

Great Britain, is the palpable purpose. Excluded from the European markets, England will necessarily look with a steadier eye to the colonial. Her workmen, sinking into indolence at home, will necessarily look for occupation beyond the sea; and the consequence will ultimately be, that this country, supplying the great transoceanic regions with manufactures produced without an effort, without subjecting man to disease, unhealthy air, or even to irksome confinement, will obtain wealth without effort, sustain empire without difficulty, and act as the guide, sustainer, and sovereign of mighty realms, inhabited by nations speaking her language, enlightened by her literature, and attached to her by the noblest of all ties—parental memories, and the inheritance of a pure religion.

Is this all to be deemed fantastic? Certainly not. It is the very thing which is realizing hour by hour. The operation is but begun; we see only the first burst of the great stream of civilization forcing its way among the obstructions of 6000 years. But those very obstructions, once mastered, will only increase the volume and strength of the current; and we shall see, for the first time, the great problem solved of the art of making dependent states free without insubordination, strong without revolt, and civilized without corruption. In this spirit, we look to the Canadas, and receive, with patriotic interest, all solid knowledge contributed by our countrymen.

The importance of the Canadas, the vast variety of their produce, the population which is continually pouring into them, and their influence on the manufacturing opulence and industry of Great Britain, give the strongest possible interest to all the substantial information which we can acquire on the subject. We have had a good deal of slight and general description from amateur travellers during the few past years; and we are indebted to them for picturesque descriptions of the scenery, and amusing anecdotes of the people. But the work which supplies us with our present information is of a more substantial order, and by an individual more than usually qualified—a lieutenant-colonel in the British engineers; who bore the commission of lieutenant-colonel commanding the militia of several districts in Upper Canada; and who, in the pursuit of his various duties, has examined the country in its whole vast extent, from Labrador to Lake Huron. This clever writer, wisely adopting Aristotle's famous precept, to begin at the beginning, commences with the departure of his ship from the London Docks, and gives us a sketch of his voyage across the Atlantic—a matter for which he apologizes, but we think unnecessarily, and regret only that he did not give it at much greater length. However, he gives us valuable remarks on some precautions which ought to be adopted by all emigrants in the usual sailing vessels. First of all, he advises them to ascertain particularly in what class the vessel is rated on Lloyd's books, and take care not to be deceived by having AE. 1. printed or written on her placard, in such a manner as to make the second letter, E, almost invisible—*a trick frequently performed.* A. 1. is a first-class vessel, as to security in insurance lists. AE. 1. is an old ship, which may, however, be perfectly seaworthy, and, by making minute enquiries, this is easily ascertained. He further advises, that the character of the master who is to navigate the vessel, should be ascertained as to sobriety and seamanship; that the fitness and quantity of the sea stores should be looked into; that a sufficient quantity of fresh provisions should be laid in by the owners of the vessel; that the nature and strength of her crew should be considered; as also the provision of nautical instruments, chronometers and barometers, &c., which are seldom to be found on board of traders. Now, we are perfectly satisfied of the value of those precautions; but we are equally satisfied that they can never be adopted by the majority of persons for whom they are intended. What hope, for instance, could the poor farmer or labourer have, of ascertaining any one of those points from a rapacious shipowner or sulky captain? The only true expedient would be, the appointment of public officers to inspect the condition of every emigrant ship, to take care that they should be in proper order in every sense of the word; and this in spite of the tricks of owners, or the ignorance of untaught and vulgar personages, from whose misconduct so many

dreadful casualties may arise. We know no subject more befitting the attention of the accomplished minister who now presides over the home department.

He recommends further, that the embarkation should take place, if possible, in April or May, and should not by any means be delayed later than June; thus insuring the best season of the year for the voyage, long days and short nights down the Channel and across the Atlantic, and arrival in fine weather, by which the settlers are enabled to go as far westward as they please, and establish themselves before the winter sets in.

The passage down the Channel scarcely gives the idea of a sea voyage. It is a succession of panoramic views, now of France, now of England, marked by names which belong to history, and teeming with personal and public recollections. It is only when England is left on the lee, that the true feeling of the sea voyage begins. The voyager then finds himself in a new world; he watches every sail that appears along the horizon—"every ripple in the water is marked, to see if it is not formed by some unknown monster in the deep"—the voyager begins to know the faces of the sailors, visits the caboose, descends into the hold, listens to the sailor's song of an evening on the forecastle, and begins to ask the master and the mate the situation of the ship, the chances of the weather, and the probable duration of the voyage. The voyage continued with no more than the usual alternation of calms and gales, until they reached the banks of Newfoundland. On the passage they were surrounded at one period by dolphins, some of which they caught, and which Colonel Bonnycastle describes as abounding in much more brilliant colours than are generally conceived, though he repels the common notion, that those colours increase in beauty in the dying fish. On the contrary, though they certainly change, the change is from brightness to faintness. But he tells us, that when in the water, nothing can exceed the beauty of the dolphin as he plays round the ship. The green tinge of the transparent wave gives him the most gorgeous appearance, and the brilliancy of his colours, when illumined by the sunshine, surpasses description. However, the Colonel *does* attempt the description, to our ideas very successfully; and the creature certainly appears an extraordinary combination of all kinds of brilliancy. Speaking of one of those which they caught, he says,—"Its colours generalized were a dark but lively blue on the back, interspersed with magnificent spots of ultramarine; next came a band, joining by imperceptible gradations with the former, of a dark but clear sea-green, covered with the same eye-like spots; then another band, or shade of light or vivid sea-green, also similarly, but less frequently spotted. The centres of the sides were painted with orange, red, and golden colours, intimately blended, and the belly passed into a cerulean blue and a brilliant white. Few maculæ occupy these last shades. The tail was subdued white, with golden shades. The head was similarly coloured as the body, the bands continuing along it; but the beauty of the dorsal fin exceeds any attempt at description—the blue with which it was coloured was dark, and at the same time transparent. The other fins were of a lighter, but less lively blue; the mouth and lips of a pale white."

They were now rapidly approaching the banks of Newfoundland, a sort of halfway house for which the voyagers to America always look out, with the eagerness of people weary of the monotony of sea and sky. They gradually perceived the vicinity of the Banks, by the flights of birds, the colour of the water, and the fog which seems to lie more or less at all times over these huge submarine mountains. On finding the sea shoaling gradually, all hands were busy fishing, and they hauled up twenty-one large cods; but such is the habitual abundance of this grand fish depot, that they looked upon themselves as in ill luck. He vindicates the character of Mother Carey's chickens, and classes the notion of their portending storms among vulgar errors, as in his voyages he had often met them without mischief. But the sea is a perilous element after all. One adventure was near bringing his voyage to a premature termination. On the 1st of September, in the middle of the night, they had a perfect calm; but in a moment there came on one of those heavy squalls to which the Banks are subject, and took the

ship aback; a circumstance attended with considerable danger to a heavily loaded vessel, but most frequently occurring to merchantmen, the masters of which in general, owing to their want of hands, are too careless about carrying sail, *and will not take in a stitch of canvass during a calm.* After the squall they had a starlight night, but a still narrower escape. A high sea was running, and on a sudden the mate, whose watch it was, loudly called the master out of his bed, telling him that a ship, with all sail set, was coming on them right before the wind. The helmsman, in a fright, put the helm the wrong way; and the master had but just time himself to right the vessel, when the stranger shot athwart our stern, so near that it almost touched us. The two masters congratulated each other on their escape. The source of the hazard seems to have been, as in nine cases out of ten, negligence; there being no lights in the forecastle, a precaution which should be always taken at night.

They soon had another peril. If all the emigrant vessels were as unlucky as the ship carrying out this officer, (which we presume to have been a transport in the Government service,) we should not be surprised if calamities were still more common than they unfortunately have been within the last few years.

They had run on, meeting sharks, whales, grampuses, and flying fish; and at length approached the American shore in a most hazardous proximity. On the 4th, the night was stormy. They ran all this night seven knots and a half an hour, though their *reckoning was by no means assured,* and the master *had never sailed in those seas before.* "I feel convinced," says the Colonel, "that he did not conceive he was near the land, as he would certainly not have made all sail in a dark stormy night. And I believe he was not a little surprised, when, on the morning of the 5th September, at about five o'clock, the daylight showed him, during the heaviest part of the gale, the land of America!" Before them now lay a long line of high, bold, romantic shore—the iron-bound coast of the island of Cape Breton.

They now met another severe gale, in the mouth of the Gulf of St Lawrence. It lasted from mid-day until night; and—"the venturous master carrying, as usual, rather a heavy press of sail when it came on, sprung the fore-yard, and, not being able to ease off the mainsail, was in absolute fear that his mainmast would have gone by the board; which, or else *the upsetting of the vessel, must have happened,* if the weak crew, after great exertions, had not succeeded in letting it fly."

They were now approaching the St Lawrence, when they saw a phenomenon which it would have been well worth the voyage and all its perils to see. "About two in the morning, the mate suddenly roused all the sleepers in their hammocks, by calling loudly for the master to come on deck, as he observed a most unusual appearance on the lee-bow. The weather had been cold, but there was a clear starry firmament, when in a moment the heavens became overcast to the southward, and an instantaneous and intensely brilliant light, resembling a fiery aurora, shot out of the sea, and rendered every thing minutely discernible, even to the mast-head. The mate and his watch immediately put the helm down, called up the whole crew, and awakened the captain; but before this was accomplished, the light had spread more vividly than ever over the whole sea, and the waves, hitherto tranquil, became much agitated, while thick dark clouds from the land seemed to threaten dreadful weather. The spectacle continued to increase in beauty. The whole sea, as far as could be seen, was at length one entire sheet of an awfully brilliant flame, above which shone, along the base of the high, frowning, and dark land abreast of them, a long and magnificent line of fire."

"The fish, plentiful in these latitudes, and of a large size, seemed alarmed; long, tortuous, darting lines of light, in a contrary direction to the sea, showed immense numbers of large fish, flying about as if they were lost. The wind, which had increased a little, had a peculiar hollow sound; and, after a length of time passed in contemplating this splendid and extraordinary scene, day broke slowly, the sun rising very fiery and gloomily."

"To sail on a sea of fire," the writer observes, "is the only similitude I can fancy to this really awful scene. I have frequently seen the waters of the ocean on fire, as it is vulgarly

termed; but then only in small masses, and no more to be compared to what we there witnessed, than a November day, when the sun passes murkily through the fog of England, is to the bright and glorious appearance of that luminary on a fine day in the tropics. The oldest sailor in our vessel had never witnessed any thing bearing even a distant resemblance to it; except the master, who asserted that he had once seen something very like it somewhere in the Trades. The brilliancy of the light may be conceived, when I say, that the spritsail-yard and mizen-boom were lit by the reflection as if they had had gas lights suspended to them; and before the day broke, at four o'clock, I could see the most minute objects on the face of my watch. This appearance came first from the north-west, and there had been a slight aurora about eleven o'clock."

We envy the writer such an exhibition. Its beauty must have been of the most surprising order. But we wish that he had examined his philosophical instruments during its continuance: we should like to know especially what effect it had upon any magnetic apparatus, or, if he had nothing of that kind in his possession—which we can scarcely suppose in the provision of an engineer officer, sent out to inspect public works at the present day—yet he might have looked at the ship's compass. The phenomenon was probably magnetic; in fact, an aurora making its theatre of the ocean, instead of dazzling us from the skies.

At length came the pilot, and all was security and eagerness for shore. But another fine display was still in reserve for them. The northern latitudes certainly seem rich in brilliant developments of the upper regions. They had a sunset which excited the attention of all on board. First, there was a double sun by reflection, each equally distinct. Afterwards, when the orb descended a certain depth, a solid body of light, equal in breadth with the sun, but of great length from the shore, shot down on the sea, and remained like a broad golden column, or bar, until the black high land hid the luminary itself. This occurred near Cape Deamon. On the opposite shore all was dull, the clouds being halfway down the lower mountains of the coast.

They had now got into the St Lawrence, and were able to enjoy life free from the terrors of the voyage, the noble expanse of the finest river of North America, and scenery of remarkable diversity and grandeur. In this spirit of good-humour with every thing round him, the Colonel pays a debt of gratitude to his dinner. "At our first anchorage," says he, "our dinner consisted of a preserved turkey, preserved soup and bouilli, and new potatoes which had been kept in earth. These vegetables we had every day, as well as preserved milk for tea and breakfast, and our Thames water had always proved good."

The traveller may well congratulate himself on the ingenuity of modern invention, which thus supplies him with fresh provisions in traversing the ocean. A voyage from China may now be made with a dinner, supplied every day, which would not disgrace the London Tavern. As the vessel advanced up the river, the features of the Canadian shore loomed out to greater advantage. Passing the Falls of Montmorency, one of the most beautiful of cascades, though not the grandest in a country which boasts of Niagara, they reached the great basin of the St Lawrence, a "road capable of containing any navy that ever swam." Here they were surrounded with the picturesque. The lofty promontory of Cape Diamond rose before them, the rich and large island of Orleans lay astern, the bold mountains of Canada were on the right, and Point Levi on the left. As they pressed towards the shore of Point Levi, they saw a group which reminded them that they had reached the new world of the West. An Indian encampment was seen in the woods near the beach, their night fires were expiring, and a man and woman were pacing about before their canoes, evidently watching them. The writer here drops into a little sentimentality, at which we are surprised in a man of his sense. He tells us that "the poor creatures seem to have been pushed back into the lonely cove of the wood, by the arrogant intruders on their soil." But without venturing to defend the conduct of the Yankee, whose principles and practice seem to be generally regulated by his purse, we have no hesitation in saying, that if the Indian tribes have dwindled away, the work is their own. It is

disease and intemperance that have thinned the Indian numbers. Wherever the British government could reconcile them to a life of peace and industry, they have been protected and provided for; their original life was a life of bloodshed and famine, and the happiest of all exchanges for savagery is civilization. But there are wilful beggars in all countries, and the wretched Indian who sells every thing for rum, must make up his mind to dwell in the cove of the woods, or where he can.

From the anchorage at King's Wharf, the city of Quebec opens on the view, and the whole scene was singularly imposing. Towering over the mast-head rose Cape Diamond, three hundred and twenty feet above the river, its summit crowned, and its brow surrounded, with powerful fortifications. Further to the right, along the water's edge, extends the Lower city, surmounted by the Upper. The style of building, as well as the situation, renders Quebec a picturesque object. The assemblage of numerous spires, coated with tin, glittering like silver in the sun; the strong stone dwellings, mixed with painted wooden houses, hanging as it were on the face of a precipice; the military works, which look impregnable; the lofty watch-tower, from which signals were continually making; the workmen busy on bastions, high above the mast-head, gave a land view strikingly combined with that afforded by the bright bosom of the mighty river. There lay a sixty-four gun-ship, bearing the admiral's flag, the long line of merchantmen, steam-boats darting in all directions, boats of every kind sailing or rowing, and, to complete the picture by a characteristic of the country, the birch canoe of the Indian paddling along. But there is another species of boat used here, which might be well adopted in England wherever the heavy expense of the steamer was a consideration. This is a team-boat with paddle-wheels, moved by four horses, treading in a circle in the centre of the waist. It appears to answer the helm perfectly well, and to be a popular mode of conveyance—the passengers are probably glad to find a vessel in which they can neither be blown up, nor burnt; but its powers are limited—it wants the mighty strength that makes the steam-boat a floating palace marching the rapids and the ocean.

Quebec, in the Lower town, shows its French origin at first sight. High stone houses, with long folding windows, of a substantial but an unfinished appearance; narrow streets, very far from clean; but little display of shop-windows, and no great outward signs of business, mark this portion of the city. Several steep flights of steps, which must be very awkward and dangerous in the winter, lead to the Upper town, where wider streets, kept in rather better order, a better style of building, and more apparent comfort, prevail.

At the distance of about half a mile from the city is a spot hallowed to English recollections—the field on which the gallant General Wolfe conquered Canada—the heights of Abraham. It is a sort of plain, much broken, covering the centre of a jagged ridge. The cove where, under the face of an apparently impassable series of rocks, piled above each other, he effected his landing before day-break on the 13th of September 1759, is an object of great interest to the traveller; but there is some difficulty in finding it without a guide. The Colonel, in the true spirit of one who honours the memory of a hero, suggests that the ground should be made public property, and that a monument should be raised to the memory of the conqueror and his brave companions. He tells us that even the stone which was placed to mark the spot where Wolfe fell, has been removed by the owner of the ground; and that the reason of this miserable act was, "to prevent the curious from intruding on his premises." No doubt, the Joe Hume breed is to be found among the pedlars of Canada, as well as, unhappily, among ourselves; and its patriotic parsimony would raise an outcry against any honour to talent or bravery, which threatened to cost its pocket half a farthing. Still there are manly minds in the world as well as beggarly ones, and we fully hope that the British Government will adopt the suggestion. "This hallowed earth," says the spirited writer, "should never have passed into private hands. The public of a land where freedom is *not a name*, claim it for their own. There should have been reared the 'starry-pointing pyramid,'

which, by the hand of Lord Dalhousie, has been placed at the chateau gate."

As an engineer, the Colonel's opinion on the fortifications has a peculiar value; and we are gratified by hearing that when the city, in addition to the works which had already made it famous among fortresses of the second order, shall have those which are contemplated, it will be one of the strongest places of its kind in the world; and that, on the whole, "it presents an excellent study of an irregular fortress to the military eye." Those we regard as good tidings; for we know that, within even the last ten years, serious apprehensions were entertained by military men of its insecurity, in case an unexpected rush were made in force from the American side. Forty or fifty thousand men, headed by a good officer, and conducted by any of those clever French artillerists and engineers who were then flocking to America, might formidably try the strength of the fortress by a *coup-de-main*. That no American force could take Quebec, if prepared for a siege, we fully believe; but its importance is incalculable; and we shall be glad to feel assured that it is made strong enough to resist, at any notice, both the disaffection which radicalism has sowed within Lower Canada, and the rancorous and unprincipled hostility which the perpetual craving of the United States for every thing that belongs to others, nurtures beyond the frontier. The garrison at present is strong—it usually consists of two regiments of the line, two companies of artillery, and one of sappers and miners. Besides these, there are at all times immediately available, a fine corps of militia cavalry, and two battalions of infantry, with a proportion of artillery; so that the place is now never inadequately garrisoned. The fixed population of the city is about 18,000. The latitude is 46° 50′.

The steam-boat is now the general conveyance for passengers on the St Lawrence, and on the 17th of September the writer embarked for Montreal. The whole northern bank of the St Lawrence seems to form a continuation of farms from Quebec to Montreal; but the approach to the latter city is rendered difficult by a rapid, a mile below. This was too much for the small steam-boats that were once used, and they were obliged to be assisted by teams of oxen; but the large steamers which are now employed are more powerful, and force their way up the current, yet still with no slight difficulty.

"It was an interesting scene," says the Colonel, "to look on the high bank covered with foliage, in the bright star-light, while, though plying immense power, we were sometimes perfectly stationary amid the silent swiftness of the mighty river. Such is the strength and volume with which the St Lawrence rushes at this place, that ships were formerly detained even for weeks, only two miles from the city, waiting for a strong north-east wind to stem it. Steam-boats of a large size conquer the obstacle; but it is still difficult to tow vessels up." He adds, however, with more eloquence than exactness, that in this instance "the powers of nature, excited without visible efforts, seem proudly to contemn the insignificance of man." We think quite the contrary. The effort of a torrent is just as visible as the effort of a steam-boat, and, so far as the contest goes, man has clearly the best of it. The steam-boat makes its way in spite of the torrent, and art beats nature. This rapid, however, is a serious obstacle to the commerce of Montreal, and unless a canal is formed to escape it, the result will appear in the shape of a new city at the foot of the rapid, which will quietly draw away the commerce of the old one, and leave it only a recollection.

The banks of the St Lawrence seem to be strikingly beautiful; but the order of their beauty differs remarkably in different parts. At Quebec, it has the grandeur of mountain and promontory—at Montreal it has the wildness and force of a succession of rapids, embosomed in foliage and luxuriant landscape. The fitting spot to obtain the view of this picturesque city and region, is the summit of one of the hills in the island of Montreal. From this the "grand rapids" are to be seen in all their extent and animation. Below you is seen, through a clear atmosphere, a large city, irregularly grouped in lofty dwellings of dark lime-stone, wooden edifices painted of all colours, monasteries, churches, and public buildings, with tin roofs and spires shining like polished silver;

and these are contrasted at your feet, and immediately around the mountain, with pretty country houses, gardens, orchards, and rich farms. Montreal has long been the great entrepôt of the north-west traders, and also of the mercantile relations of Canada with the United States; it is 120 miles south-west of Quebec, and more than a degree south, which makes a considerable difference in the earliness of its vegetation; but its alternations of climate are formidable. The winter's cold is intense, sometimes almost to the freezing point of mercury, and the summer's heat is equally trying, sometimes mounting to the temperature of the tropics. The general style of building is the old French —large stone houses, which, as the stone is dark, and they have the tasteless habit of painting the doors and window-shutters of the same colour, give the streets a dungeon look. The mixture of races forms one of the curiosities of this curious city. "One is amused by seeing the never-changing lineaments, the long queue, the bonnet *rouge*, and the incessant garrulity of Jean Baptiste, mingling with the sober demeanour, the equally unchanging feature, and the national plaid of the Highlander; while the untutored sons of labour from the Green Isle, are here as thoughtless, ragged, and numerous, as at Quebec. Among all those, the shrewd and calculating citizen from the neighbouring Republic, drives his hard bargain, with all his wonted industry, amid the fumes of Jamaica and gin-sling." We suppose that the Indian might be occasionally present, to complete the group with a figure fortunately passing away, and which, in another half-century, will probably live only in picture galleries and romances.

Colonel Bonnycastle makes frequent complaints of the conduct which the American Government, if there be such a thing, suffers its subjects to exhibit on the frontier. In alluding to the capture of Ogdensburg, a small American town opposite to Presburg, he says that unoffending travellers along the Canadian road were frequently fired at from rifles on the American side, and cannon-shot was also frequently fired across the ice; the consequence of which cruelties was a determination to punish the town, which was attacked and captured accordingly. He justly says, that burning unprotected villages in the depth of a Canadian winter, firing across the lines on women and children, and firing into dwellings where no annoyance had been offered, are acts not of a civilized nation, but of savages. In a note, alluding to another part of the river, the Thousand Islands, he tells us, that it was among these that the "would-be bucanier, Will Johnson, played his game for notoriety, which commenced and ended with the felon's crime of burning, not a house, but a steam-boat, and gallantly turning a few defenceless women out of it, to perish among the winds and snows of a northern winter. They were saved, however, by chance, and the disgusting brute—for he deserves no better name—has since been consigned to oblivion."

The Thousand Islands is one of the most extraordinary and beautiful displays of river scenery in the world; it is an expansion of the St Lawrence forcing its way through a vast number of granite rocks, of different sizes, and of every conceivable shape and verdure. The Colonel's theory is, that in ages beyond human memory, some great convulsion of the earth, or irresistible action of the waters, broke down the primitive barrier, which visibly extends from the granite mountains of the east, over to the dividing ridge between the Hudson's Bay country, and the waters of the Ottawa and the St Lawrence. Most of the Thousand Islands are covered with dense masses of forest trees, and some of those wooden isles, low and flat, give an idea of the tranquil scenes of an Italian lagoon. Others are rent into a variety of fantastic forms. At another turn of the labyrinthine channel, the voyager passes under a wall of precipitous rock, covered with the moss and lichens of ages, and on whose tops the pine or fir lifts its head. Then, again, another fairy picture presents itself in groves, growing as it were out of the water, and apparently stopping all further progress; when, in a single second, the verdant curtain is drawn, and the eye wanders over a vast track of rippling water, broken here and there only by a few small rocks projecting above its surface, and bounded by the ancient and interminable forests of the main land. Herds of

deer inhabit those islands in summer, and parties sometimes go from Kingston to shoot them. A bivouac in the Thousand Islands, where the fresh water breeze somewhat allays the intense heat, is one of the delightful modes of passing the sultry hours. This tract is extensive, requires a day even to traverse it in the steam-boat, and continues nearly to the eastern end of Lake Ontario. The voyager now approaches Kingston; the channel becomes gradually broader and broader. In its centre lies Long Island, covered with a dense and magnificent forest, diversified with clearings and farms. The signs of busy life now appear. The eye is struck by the strong modern fortification which crowns the promontory of Mount Henry, a hundred feet above the lake; then the opening of the lake is seen in the distance, then the town of Kingston begins to show itself, then in succession are seen forts and batteries, powder magazines, ships of war, storehouses, barracks, sentries pacing their rounds, and all the characteristic features of a place of power, serving as a key to the great inland seas of the interior.

We can believe the Colonel when he tells us, that with features such as these, the view from the new fortress, the citadel of Kingston, is perhaps as fine as any in the world. Kingston is a flourishing place, and when the Rideau Canal is complete, it will be more flourishing still. Its position commands the central St Lawrence, as Quebec does its seaward extremity; for here the river first expands into those majestic inland seas, Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Superior.

The temperance societies, which have made so much noise among ourselves, and which make still more noise on the other side of the Atlantic, do not seem to attract much of the Colonel's admiration. He unhesitatingly attributes a large portion of their zeal, not to the love of temperance, but to the love of notoriety. He says, and with sufficient show of reason, that in a state of society so new as that of Upper Canada, there are never wanting motives to incite obscure individuals to the attainment of a pseudo celebrity, without education, observation, or research. Farragos of temperance tracts issue in clouds from the press, under the auspices frequently of the most inadequate people. The temperance doctors are as innumerable as the religious schisms in this new country, and the result is the same in both—confusion. "Thus," he observes, "it will be found that political quacks, whose whole livelihood depends on keeping up a scurrilous, agitating, and unprincipled newspaper, are generally the most untiring temperance advocates."

The navigation of the American lakes requires seamanship, and nothing can less merit the easy scorn with which strangers compare its perils to those of a summer's sail on the lakes of Geneva or Windermere. Steaming on the lakes in fine weather is pleasant; but there is nothing more the contrary than navigating them in the fall of the year, when the waves run mountains high. In October and November, vessels are sometimes in great danger. The writer's own experience was a tolerable testimony. He had been several times caught in these storms, and was on board the Great Britain, a steamer capable of carrying a thousand people, and one of the best equipped ever built, when nothing but the extraordinary power of her engines saved her from going to the bottom. It surprises a traveller, on leaving Kingston, after the lapse of an hour or two to find himself on the boundless sea again: for, as the vessel keeps out from the shore, the land soon fades away, and nothing but sky and wave meets the view. The steamers are generally fine vessels, well-kept and well-managed. Our theory, with respect to both the rail-road and the steam-boat, is, that when accidents occur, it is always through want of proper care. Thus, while in England, scarcely a week happens without some dreadful crush of life on the rail-roads, no life has been lost on the Flemish rail-roads during the last two years. And thus also, while we constantly hear the most dreadful accounts of the blowing up or burning of steam-boats in the United States, for twenty years no explosion has taken place on the Canadian Lakes. Something of this may arise from the system of what the writer terms *captaining*, and which he calls a very good one. The owners choose some person, chiefly from among themselves, who has been accustomed to lake service, and who is

known to most of the respectable people of the country, with whom the captains freely mix when their boats are laid up in winter. The comfort and style of some of these vessels are remarkable. One of them, the Transit, which plies beyond Mount Toronto and Niagara, is fitted up with a service of plate and china; they very often have music on board, and a piano in the ladies' cabin; the ladies are ushered in to dinner by the captain, and take the head of the table. The company sit after dinner as is usual in England, and is not usual at the public tables in America, where it is the habit to rush away the moment the dinner is gobbled down, and solace themselves with the detestable gin-sling, or the not less detestable chewing of tobacco. But where American *gentlemen* are met, they act like the gentlemen of every other part of the world.

The arrival of the steam-boat at Toronto, introduced them to a new evidence of the results of British industry. In 1794 this territory was occupied only by the Indian, and by him not in any great force; for when Governor Simcoe first came to it, he found but two wigwams. It is now a thriving city, spreading over two miles in length, and one in breadth, numbering 15,000 souls. Toronto has an Indian sound; but it is not Indian. No Indian dialect of Canada has such a word. Its name was given originally from a little French port called Fort Torento, which is supposed to have been named from the Italian engineer who erected it. The village erected by Governor Simcoe he called York, which, as it happened to be miry in bad weather, the Americans contemptuously called dirty York. In 1834, Sir John Colborne restored the name of Toronto, and constituted it a city, the capital of the province. It stretches nearly east and west along the shores of its beautiful bay, and has six parallel streets, nearly two miles in length. The value of land here is extraordinary. On the military reserve, which is now forming in the western portion of the city, acres sold by government brought five or six hundred pounds a-piece; building ground in the populous streets is worth from L.10 to L.20 a foot, and is rising; and thus many who began the world poor, and obtained grants of land when it was of little value, are now wealthy. King Street, the main artery of the city, promises to be very handsome; many excellent brick houses line its sides, and in the shops the showy superfluities of plate glass and brass railings are beginning to appear. What will the Parisians say to an infant city which has already flagged walks, gas-lights, and, above all, that continental desideratum, a capacious and continued sewer? It has the usual public buildings, with a house for the meeting of the legislature, a new court-house, a new jail, and an embryo university. During the late war, the Americans had thrown in an overwhelming force, by which Toronto was taken—General Pike, their commander, was killed. A Yankee told the Colonel the circumstance in the true Yankee style:—"'Did you know our brigadier?' 'No,' was the answer; 'I was not in this part of the country during the war.' 'Well,' retorted he, 'that is wonderful; I thought every body knew our Brigadier Pike. Then, I suppose, you don't know how he was fixed here?' 'No,' I answered. 'Why,' said he, 'just here in this fort—that tarnation British powder took fire, and heaved up a stone of fifty weight, and smashed our general right in!'"

One of the unlucky features in all our settlements is the variety of sects. Toronto, small as it is, has its Primitive Methodists, Baptists, Unitarians, Independents, Quakers. Besides all those, there are sects springing up from year to year, which no one can define, and which they probably would find it a matter of no small difficulty to define themselves. What can be more absurd than this? How many sects were there among the converts of St Paul? In those days Christians were satisfied with humbly receiving the truths of inspiration, without arrogating to their own ignorance the right to decide on mysteries palpably above the human understanding, and without adopting schism as a means of livelihood. How is it possible to conceive that the foolish people who rank themselves under those vulgar and brawling leaders know what they are professing—are competent to decide on the merits of their sect—or, in fact, have any competency on the subject, arising from any knowledge, or

even any enquiry? But the evil is not merely negative—it breeds quarrels. These sects oppose each other—they malign each other—and refuse in general to draw together for any purpose of charity. But in one point they have combination enough; they libel, because they envy, the church; and they hate, because they cannot plunder, the state. They are almost to a man republican; their more stirring and vulgar-minded agitators are even revolutionary; and the result of suffering the colonies to be filled with these bitter and mischievous partizans, is, hypocrisy in religion, and disaffection in politics. The present meritorious efforts to give additional vigour to the Established Church in Canada, may partially overpower this culpable influence. They should be urged with sleepless activity. An established church is the only security for allegiance to an established throne.

It may have some interest for emigrants of the higher order to know, that at Toronto they can have all the luxuries of life on comparatively easy terms. Wines and groceries are not high, and the dinner-table may be set out as richly as at New York, excepting only in pine-apples and other tropical fruits, and in summer the luxury of ice. In the fall and in winter, cod, oysters, lobsters, and other fish, are brought to Toronto in a fresh state by the canals, railroads, or the snow. An income of a thousand or fifteen hundred a-year, enables the official to assume some state. He can keep his carriage, horses, and servants, and entertain in a style which, in England, no man under double that income would attempt. The writer thinks, however, that ostentation in these matters is a reigning vice; and, if so, we can have no great opinion of their understanding, or compassion for their bankruptcies.

He says—"An American author, I forget who, well observes, that the English are not ashamed to own that they cannot afford to do so and so; while the American gentleman toils all day in order to establish his family in a richly furnished house, and to spend his income in vying with his class." If so, the more fool Jonathan. But in Upper Canada the folly is still greater, for Jonathan is sometimes rich—while in the British settlements there are no large fortunes. A private person with L.1200 a-year, is reckoned very rich; and it is doubtful whether there are many of that income in the province.

In ascending the river, we at length come to the far-famed Niagara. The Colonel describes this celebrated cataract with eloquent enthusiasm. From his residence on the spot for a considerable period, and from his love of nature in her sublimer forms, he describes this king of cataracts in all its lights and shades—in all its shapes and powers—with what we should call elaborate accuracy, if it were not actually instinctive admiration. A short transit of seven miles from the town of Niagara, takes the traveller to Queenston. If by the steam-boat, he sees this beautiful and rapid stream, with delightful scenery, on both sides; until, close to Queenston, he arrives at the rocky barrier, a chasm which narrows the channel to five or six hundred feet—a chasm which neither steam, sail, nor oar will ever navigate; for, from Queenston to the Falls, seven miles higher, the river rushes between those rocky walls, in a succession of rapids and whirlpools, irresistible by any skill or power of man. The stage road leads through fourteen miles of a fine country resembling England—a succession of fields, farms, and orchards, and noble groves of chestnut trees. The Colonel wisely commences his description of the cataract by telling us what we may fairly expect to see.

"It appears to me," he observes, "that a true worshipper of nature can never fancy that Niagara is to be seen pouring out of a cloud of rainbow hue, surrounded by thick darkness a mile or two above his head; or that he is to be shaken off his feet by the see-sawing of the earth under the Falls, or deafened irremediably by the roar of the waters. A storm at sea, or a good half-hurricane near the Gulf-Stream, in the month of August, cures you of this nonsense, and is as superior to Niagara in terror, sublimity, sound, and awfulness, as Niagara is to any other earthly scene."

The true time to see Niagara is in summer or autumn. After seeing the American fall, walk to the British, to the Horseshoe, and, without more ado, descend the ladder, or stand on the Table Rock. He quaintly adds,

"If you are disappointed, it cannot be helped." He then gives us directions for seeing as we ought to see, and hearing as we ought to hear.

"Place your back against the projecting, blackened, and slime-covered rocks, and look towards the mighty mass of vapour and water before you, around you, beneath you, and above you. Hearing, sight, feeling, become, as it were, blended and confounded. The rocks vibrate under your feet; the milk-white boiling and mountain surge advances, swells up, subsides, and mingles with the thick vapour. An indescribable and terrific, dull yet deafening, sound shakes the air. The ideas which first struck me when I had recovered from this astonishment, were those of being swept away by the foaming mountains, bubbling and seething in the huge caldron at my feet—of being on the point of losing the sense of hearing, and of instant annihilation by the mass of overhanging rock above my head, at a height of nearly 200 feet. In fact, I experienced the same sensations with those described by Shakspeare in Lear, but from the reverse cause. I became giddy and confounded by looking up to the dizzy scene, instead of by glancing towards an unfathomable abyss of air and water below. There are few visiters who venture to the 'imminent deadly breach' of the caldron, and of the split rainbow rock. These form a huge mass, buried deep in the gulf, and rising twenty or thirty feet above the surge. It has evidently fallen from above." This rock, which was once reached by a ladder, and to climb which was a piece of dangerous bravado, seems now unapproachable; for the ladder has been swept away by the torrent—a rather fortunate event, as it precludes those absurd and dangerous pieces of heroism. Yet the Colonel mentions one person, whom he saw actually lying down at full length on the edge of the precipice, with his head projected over it to look into the very caldron. He shuddered at this hardihood; for a false movement would have been instant destruction on that slippery platform. When the stranger descended the ladder, and was told of his danger, he said that he was aware of it, but that, from his childhood, he had been a ranger in the Alps. The aspect of this extraordinary river varies singularly with the weather, and is scarcely less picturesque in the storm than in the sunshine. The view is magnificent on a day dark with "thunder, lightning, wind, and rain." The blacker the sky, the grander the contrast of the foaming flood. On the day of those elemental warrings, the Fall should be seen from above; yet it is also admirably fitted for sunshine, and its brilliant emerald green, the dazzling snow of its foam, and the perpetual rainbow circling its waters, fill the eye with unwearying beauty.

It is, however, almost vexatious to mingle with this majesty of nature, the mention of the meanness and avarice of man. Sir John Colborne, and his predecessor, Sir Peregrine Maitland, attempted to make the Falls accessible to all visiters without expense; but Sir Peregrine was resisted by an American who kept the hotel, and who, finding that he could pocket a dollar or two for each person passing down to the Table Rock, fought the government for a long time with success. The juries of the district, however, did not agree with the American hotel-keeper, and they ultimately gave a verdict in favour of the government. Sir John Colborne, in his desire to open the falls to the travelling world, gave a license of occupation, revokable at pleasure, to two merchants residing at the Falls, with the express understanding that they were to offer no obstacles to the public, were to keep the staircases and roads in order, and were to plant and beautify the banks. However, it happened, that they began immediately erecting baths, a museum, &c., on the military reserve. Sir John attempted to prevent this proceeding—the parties immediately retorted by an action against the officer employed, and found a jury which gave them L.500 damages against the government.

In passing up the river, a steamboat runs close to a spot lately made memorable by its piratical seizure by Mackenzie—the ruffian who ran away from Canada, after his ridiculous attempt at rebellion. This is Navy Island, a small, wood-covered isle, belonging to the British. The width of the river is here about five hundred yards, between the island and the Canadian shore. On this spot, Mackenzie's general, whom the

Colonel contemptuously names a pot-house hero, gathered some guns which were stolen from the depots of the United States—certainly with no great degree of vigilance on the part of the authorities to prevent the outrage—and began a fire across the river. The affair of M'Leod has renewed the interest of this scoundrel transaction. The bravado for which the rabble of America are so famous, was gathering crowds of the loose ruffians who hang about the frontier; and the plunder or even the conquest of Canada was the topic in every gin-shop of the shore. They were passing hourly, by dozens, in the steam-boat Caroline, hired for the purpose, to make tracts in Canada, as they impudently termed it; and would have been followed by hundreds, or, in case of impunity, by thousands, when the gallant action of Lieutenant Drew taught them to put off the conquest to a more convenient season. With a few volunteers in boats, he dashed across the river, captured the Caroline by boarding, and, finding himself unable to carry her into port, set the vessel on fire, and sent her over the Falls.

A violent outcry was of course raised by the Americans, on what they absurdly termed the violation of their shores; but they had raised no outcry whatever on the violation of all law, in suffering a nest of robbers to gather in their territory, make use of their guns and ammunition, and avail themselves of their harbours, against a nation to whom they were bound by treaties of amity!

Why Navy Island was not instantly attacked, and those gentlemen who came to make tracts in Canada shot or hanged—was an indignant question at the time in England, and even yet is not satisfactorily accounted for. The Colonel says, perhaps, all that can be said for it, in stating that the Canadian militia, though brave, were quite unacquainted with field operations; that there was no engineer or artillery officer present, nor above a dozen artillerymen in the province; and, besides, that vastly exaggerated accounts had been spread, of the batteries and blockhouses raised by the pirates. Still, on the other hand, it is to be remarked, that the operation was not one which required much engineering or artillery; that where a navy officer and a few boats were enough to cut off the only means of communication with the island, and there were thousands of gallant militia to make the attack, it ought to have been attempted, and must have succeeded, as it was found afterwards that the boasted batteries and block-house consisted of a few ill-furnished guns, and a few boards hastily put together! The effect of the capture at the moment, would have given that "moral lesson" which Jonathan so especially wants, and cooled down a good deal of that blustering which he mistakes for heroism, and that brawling which figures, in Yankee assemblages, for national magnanimity.

However, Navy Island was not destined to be long a conquest. An artillery and engineer officer, followed by guns and mortars, were sent up by the commander-in-chief. They no sooner began to fire on the island, than the warriors within hid themselves in all quarters. Symptoms were no sooner evinced of preparations for the assault, than the ragged army on the island utterly vanished; and when the British took possession of it, nothing was found but corpses, numerous enough to show that Mr Mackenzie's troops had acted wisely in taking to their heels before the bayonet was added to the cannon.

The native gallantry of the militia was shown in their readiness to take the field. On the first knowledge that the traitor Mackenzie had raised the rebel flag, ten thousand farmers and labourers rushed to the capital, to defend it if necessary; and within a short period, at least forty thousand were in arms in the upper province alone. But it is clearly the Colonel's opinion, that to render the militia effective, they should be commanded by officers of the line—and, we shall add, drilled and disciplined by British officers, as the Portuguese were. Colonels and generals are not enough, captains and lieutenants form the strength of a force; and even, if it were possible, no commission in the militia should be given except to gentlemen who had seen some service in the line.

Lake Erie is a noble expanse of fresh water, but the shallowest of the lakes, and consequently the most hazardous in stormy weather; but the country along its Canadian shore, from Port Stanley to Goderich, is the

garden of the province—European fruits of every description flourish. The Colonel says that he knows of no country more smiling, or of a more generous soil; and it is rapidly filling up. The forest land is covered with the finest specimens of the principal trees of Europe, and our common garden fruits, with the addition of the wild vine. The sportsman, too, has every species of European game; and for the lovers of bolder sports, the forest shelters the bear and moose-deer, the lynx, the wolf, and the mountain cat. Amherstberg, the principal town, is 260 miles by land from Toronto, with a population of about 1500, continually increasing. It is nearly a thousand miles from Quebec. A narrow of the river, named Detroit, and the small but beautiful lake, St Clair, lead into Lake Huron, one of the largest inland seas of America. The depth and roll of its waves are as long and full as those of the ocean. It is 250 miles long by 290 broad; so that the circuit of its shores is about 1100 miles, and, by taking the windings and bays, nearly as much more. The Canada Land Company here commenced their chief settlement in 1825. In 1827, Guelph, the capital of their tract, was formally founded by the late ingenious and lamented Mr Galt and Dr Dunlop; it has now a population of about 2000. In 1833, Goderich became a settlement, The possessions of the Company now amount to about two millions and a quarter of acres, valued at 3s. 6d. an acre. The Company have laid out nearly a hundred thousand pounds in the formation of buildings and roads. The emigration to this province has at times been very great. In 1832, it amounted to 51,000. Subsequently, the troubled aspect of Canada, and the hostility exhibited by the Radical and French faction in the Legislature of the lower province to the English settlers, diminished the emigration in a remarkable degree. But it is again recovering, and in 1840 was expected to reach at least 24,000.

The general population of this fine district extends rapidly. In 1829 Goderich county was a wilderness, inhabited but by four families; in 1838 it had 5000 souls.

The Colonel here touches lightly on the long-disputed question of the origin of the natives; regards it as Asiatic; and says that every day may be expected to add to the proofs of a migration from the shores of Asia.

"A singular specimen," he observes, "of a race long extinct and unknown, came into my possession, which was found in clearing the forest for building in Goderich. It may interest the antiquarian reader, inasmuch as there exist in various parts of Western Canada relics of a race anterior to the present Indian, further advanced in the arts, and connected, probably, with the more civilized conquerors of Mexico, the Aztecs. This was a small vase, found near the eastern shores of Lake Huron, in 1833. It is made, apparently, of feldspar, or a granitic composition in which feldspar holds the foremost place, and is $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide in its longest diameter, $8\frac{2}{16}$ inches in its shortest, $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, and $\frac{2}{16}$ of an inch thick. It is perfect excepting the lip, and appears not to have had any handle, and to have been painted. Great quantities of Indian pottery are found from Toronto to Lake Simcoe, and further west; but they are all of hard-baked clay, and less elegant. The vase is evidently the work of a race superior to the present natives. It strongly resembles in shape, the vessels for cooling water used at this day in the East."

The principal matter of surprise on this subject is, that it ever could have perplexed European philosophy. The features of the North American Indian are exactly the features of the Tartar of the present day—his habits are warlike, sullen, and Tartarian in all but horsemanship. The continents of Asia and America almost touch in the north, and the Aleutian Isles are the stepping-stone. But the South American, and even the Mexican, is evidently of a different stock. He has the comparatively soft features of the south of Asia—the man of Arracan, Siam, and Cochin China. His original settlement was probably by some of those accidental voyages in which vessels, swept by storms out of their course, have so frequently reached new lands. Not more than a year since, it was said that a Chinese junk had reached California, driven out of its track by a tempest, and sailing it knew not whither. The crew were nearly famishing, but they survived. A single circumstance of this

order might, in a century, people a province. The islands in the Southern Ocean were probably peopled by similar means; and there exists not the slightest reason to doubt the literal truth of the Scriptural declaration, that of one blood all the families of the earth were made.

The sight of the real native, the true American Indian, is becoming rare, and the Colonel congratulates himself on the opportunity offered by his arrival at Penetangueshane, the most westerly post of the British troops in Upper Canada. There he saw upwards of two thousand—some came to claim protection, but the majority to receive the customary presents. The savages approached with a sort of Pyrrhic dance—the young warriors of the tribe advanced from the shore where they had landed, towards the council ground, dancing to the measured cadence of the war-drum, and displaying, with much energy, the mode in which they were ready to fight for the flag under which they moved; for a banner, formed of the British standard, waved over their heads. Each warrior, with his knees bent, his body lowered, and all his weapons ready for action, advanced in a sort of jumping and stamping motion, singing a low and melancholy war-song, in time to the sounds of a drum covered with a skin. But this was merely a preliminary pantomime, the specimen of an Indian march through the woods. In the presence of the white man, they could exhibit themselves in more dignified aspects. They had no sooner arrived at the gate of the commandant's house, where the British were waiting for them, than the song and the drum ceased; every warrior quitted the crouching attitude and stealthy pace, and, erecting himself to his full height, brandished his weapons, and gave the war-whoop. This the Colonel describes as "the most terrific of all sounds." It undoubtedly may be so when heard in the forest, and telling the unlucky hearer that he has fallen into an Indian ambuscade; but, heard where it does not "argue that foregone conclusion," as the Colonel must then have heard it, it is merely a very loud *scream*, and much more like the yell of a crowd of quarrelling women than the sign of an "onslaught of warriors." In short, on its simple merits, and as we have heard it in broad day, and without the fear of the tomahawk before our eyes, it seemed one of the most contemptible signals of conflict that can be imagined. The Cossack "hourra" is worth all the war-whoops from Labrador to the Pacific. The charging shout of a British infantry regiment has a hundred times the warlike animation, and, by natural consequence, the warlike terror, of both. The war-whoop is a mere savage howl.

But the display of the savages themselves was sufficiently grotesque. Singular as their taste may seem, *dandyism* never arrived at a more studied system among the exquisites of May Fair, or the *élégants* of the Chaussée d'Antin, than among the naked murderers and unsparing scalpers of the far west. Nay, the most rouge-loving belle of the Tuileries, is not fonder of decorating her physiognomy with colours denied by nature. Among the exhibitors on this occasion, there was but one (and he belonging to another tribe, who probably thought it contrary to *etiquette* to appear in the parade uniform) who was not totally covered with paint. Diversity was the evident charm. The whole frame was naked, excepting the loins, which were girt with a strip of blue cloth. One half of the figure, from the neck downwards, including the right arm and leg, was black; the other half, with tasteful impartiality, was white. The face-painting was of a still more elaborate order—it was red, white, or black, with bright vermilion streaks, which gave them a most terrific look, particularly when the wearer had added the grace of tattooing to the general effect of those fire-coloured features. We can conceive nothing more demoniac.

But they even have refinements in the picturesque; they wear mourning. Those who have lost a squaw, or a near relative, paint their visages all over black, and wear their sable, like Europeans, for a stated time. A savage gentleman who had thus lost his better half, would no more be seen *out* of sable for the fashionable period, than a young widow would appear without her cap, until it has supplied due notice that she is open to a second proposal.

The Colonel gives us what we have long desired to see—a *true* Indian

speech. We never have been able to digest Jonathan's specimens of the forest oratory. The Yankee is so much a matter-of-fact man in buying and selling, covenanting and chicaning, that when he gets into the regions of fancy, he indulges himself in the most highflying compensation, and makes the Demosthenes of the woods mouth out magniloquence of the most intolerable kind. The speech which the Colonel heard was of another calibre—a simple and yet forcible exposition of some of the distresses which are gradually either driving the Indian to the extreme west, or extinguishing him in the general mass of the European population.

The old "Sachem," or chief, who was the general spokesman, stated, that "his young men sought the protection of their Great Father beyond the Great Lake, (the ocean,) and that they had quitted for ever the soil which covered the bones of their ancestors, to smoke the *calumet* of peace with the British warriors; that his tribe had sold their war-horses, and were no longer an equestrian nation; that this sale was for the purchase of the canoes, and provisions necessary for traversing the 1500 miles which they had come to the present meeting; and that the Long-knives (the Yankees) having taken up the hatchet to exterminate them, and having bought all their land, the old men, the young, and their squaws, had now only to look for happiness to their Great Father (the King of England,) for which the tribe had fought, and watered the earth with their blood; as his young men were about to show to the British warriors. 'But,' said he, striking the pole of his rude ensign, which they had planted in the centre of the council ground, 'I have been a brave warrior, and have had sixty scalps in my wigwam. Ha! is not this true, my young men, which your father tells the pale faces?'"

This appeal was answered by an unanimous assent, in the shape of "Ugh, ugh, ugh! It is true, father." On this, the Sachem closed his speech, by striking the flag-staff again, which is regarded as a peculiar pledge of Indian honour.

The next performance consisted of an exhibition of the Indian mode of penetrating the forest to surprise the Yankees, to whom the natives in this quarter seem to have a very unequivocal aversion. This was done by two warriors, the latter of whom might give some valuable ideas to our compilers of melodrama. This man was said to be one of the subtlest and ablest warriors of the tribe. "I can liken," says the Colonel, "this last exhibitor, with his long, thin, bony arms; his emaciated body, on which the protruding ribs were painted black and white to *resemble a skeleton;* his wide and well-armed mouth; his scowling brow and piercing eye, combined with the lynx-like crouching attitude, to nothing less than those images of the arch-fiend which haunt our school-boy conceptions."

The pantomime, though on this narrow scale in point of the "dramatis personæ," was a very close and clever representation of the dexterity, perseverance, and variety of the native tactics. The savage is a man of sense; he knows nothing of showing himself at full length to bayonet or bullet. His purpose is to kill, and not to be killed. He has no gazettes to figure in, and no desire to exhibit among their killed and wounded, if he had. In short, to take off his enemy's scalp without hazarding a hair of his own, is the triumph of the man of the woods. He acts like a person warring on his own account, unwilling to part with any of his limbs, and possessing a perfect sense of his value to society.

We have noticed these volumes, because they are evidently the work of an accomplished and intelligent person; but we must expect larger detail of the manners, feelings, and interests of the Canadian people from his pen. His long residence, and his important duties, must give peculiar authority to his statements; and not by any means underrating the excellence of his geological attainments, we shall hope to see his knowledge of stratification reserved for a work purely scientific, while he gives us anecdotes of the people, information on the prospects of those great colonies, and advice on the principles which have been, and are wanting, in the government of one of the noblest regions ever peopled by British enterprise.

A CONSERVATIVE SONG.

Once more we raise, with glad accord, the old inspiring strain,
And urge the social ring around the brimming bowl to drain;
Nor much the liquor or the lay will go against the grain,
Where all have thirsted thus to see replaced in power again
The best of good Conservatives, who love the olden time.

A bumper to our gracious Queen!—We hail the happy day
That clears from her refulgent crown the party stain away;
No sovereign of a narrow sect, she shines with equal ray
On all who, by her people's choice, are sent to aid her sway,
Nor least on good Conservatives, who love the olden time.

A bumper, now, to Wellington!—But words of ours would fail
To speak his fame whose whisper'd name makes Britain's foes grow pale;
In war, in peace, abroad, at home, his deeds have told the tale,
Yet doubt we if, with mightier spell, his sword or pen prevail
In this our best Conservative, who loves the olden time.

A bumper to the Premier next, the worthy and the wise,
Who, aiming at his country's weal, would spurn a meaner prize;
And ever, as the time demands, his powers, his virtues rise,
A noble sea-mark set on high in Europe's longing eyes,
To guide all good Conservatives, who love the olden time.

A bumper to the patriot pair, as side by side they stand;
May Graham and noble Stanley still adorn our gallant band:
O joyful hour! that pluck'd them from the burning like a brand,
And saved them for a better day to light and lead the land,
With other good Conservatives, who love the olden time.

Nor only to the proud in place we bid the goblet flow,
We grant a debt of gratitude alike to high and low;
On every inch of every field we've fought and fell'd the foe,
And Maga and the Muses nine have least of all been slow
To back our best Conservatives, as in the olden time.

A bumper then to Christopher! the hand has help'd us much,
That still on necks of evil men has laid the ceaseless crutch;
From Cape-town unto Caithness-shire, from Canada to Cutch,
You'll look in vain, by land or main, to find another such
As he, this good Conservative, who loves the olden time.

A brighter era fast begins its prospects to unfold,
When right with might, and love with law, a peaceful sway shall hold;
When proud again our flag shall float, and spotless as of old,
Ere Elliots huckster'd brave men's blood for base barbarian gold—
Abhorr'd of all Conservatives, who love the olden time.

Then give to greet "the good old cause," one cheer, one bumper more,
We see, by many a happy sign, long years of joy in store:
Democracy almost defunct, lies prostrate on the floor,
And Whiggery shakes its shorten'd tail, and gives a dying roar,
Subdued by good Conservatives, as in the olden time.

SOCIAL AND MORAL CONDITION OF THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS IN SCOTLAND.

The present age is, in a peculiar manner, distinguished by the interest which the social and moral condition of the working classes generally awakens. Political economy, with its rigid maxims, its cold indifference to human suffering, and its exclusive attention to national wealth, has ceased to present its wonted attractions to the great majority of readers. It is felt that there are other things of moment in human affairs than the nature and causes of the *wealth* of nations; that the most splendid growth of national opulence may be co-existent with the greatest debasement in national character; that wealth may indeed accumulate, and men decay. Hence, while the abstract and cold-blooded speculations of political economy have fallen into general disrepute, and many of its apparently best established propositions have been ascertained by experience to be either unfounded or inapplicable to the present mixed condition of human affairs, a warm and rapidly increasing interest has come to be taken in those enquiries, which, founded upon a more extended basis, regard man, not merely as a physical and intellectual, but a moral being; and which, without disregarding public wealth as an important element in general prosperity, proceed on the principle, that the true causes of national greatness and prosperity are to be found in the moral and religious character of the people.

That a vast and most important change has come over Great Britain during the last twenty years, must be obvious to the most superficial observer, and has long formed the subject of exultation to one set of politicians, and regret to another. The increase of our manufacturing and commercial industry during that period, has exceeded any thing ever before witnessed in an old state, from the beginning of the world. Since 1815, our imports and exports have both more than doubled; the shipping, British and foreign, employed in carrying on our trade, has advanced 250 per cent; and the exports to the United States of America and our colonies alone, are now greater than our total exports to all the world put together during the war. Population, keeping pace with this astonishing augmentation of industry, has advanced with surprising and, in an old state, unprecedented rapidity; the eighteen millions which the British islands contained in 1815, have now turned into eight-and-twenty millions; and what is still more surprising, such have been the improvements in our agriculture, and the skill and industry of our rural population, that not only has this enormous increase of human beings, accompanied as it has been by a still greater augmentation of animals of luxury, been provided for, and amply provided for, except in seasons of unusual scarcity, by the efforts of our own cultivators, but this has been done by a body of husbandmen who have been progressively *decreasing*, instead of increasing, as is shown by the returns of the population during this period of unexampled augmentation in the demands upon the produce of their industry.

It would be well for Great Britain if the statement could stop here, and the historian had to record that this prodigious augmentation in population, wealth, and industry, had been attended with no diminution in general prosperity, public health, religious instruction, or moral conduct in the working classes of the community. Unfortunately, however, this is very far, indeed, from being the case; and if one side of the picture exhibits the elements of prosperity in unprecedented vigour amongst us, the other points not less clearly to a still more alarming augmentation of misery, pauperism, and crime. This has long been familiar to all persons practically acquainted with the condition of the working classes, especially in our great manufacturing towns, or seats of commercial industry. Parliamentary re-

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Report on the Census of Lanarkshire, by Alexander Watt, member of the Statistical Society of Glasgow.

turns, also, from time to time, especially those connected with the progress of crime and pauperism, in every part of the country, have thrown an important light upon this lamentable downward progress; but they have not hitherto obtained so much attention as their importance deserves, partly from the general reluctance of men to admit or face an evil for which they could not see a remedy, and partly because great part of the information on the subject was derived from individual or local information, which was either unknown to, or disregarded by, the great majority of those who are not within the sphere of the evils forming the subject of complaint.

The late census of the population, which has been taken with so much industry and accuracy over the whole empire, has now in great part removed the difficulty of obtaining authentic information on this subject. We are now in possession of nearly the exact numbers of the people in every part of the country, in the year 1841; and this, coupled with the returns at the previous decennary periods, since the beginning of this century, affords the only secure basis for all such investigations, by establishing the rate of increase in the people, to which the increase of all other things regarding them may be compared. These returns, coupled with the criminal returns, and those under the poor-laws, both in England and Ireland, and the reports of the Registrar-General, as to the rate of mortality in the different parts of the country, will afford by far the most valuable elements of information which have ever yet been presented to the public, regarding the social and moral condition of the people in the British islands; and they will present ample materials on which the philanthropist may mourn, the philosopher may meditate, and the statesman should act.

In anticipation of the more extended, though not more important information which the general returns laid before Parliament, and ordered to be printed, will afford, we do not know that we can more usefully employ the time of our readers than by directing their attention to the light which the taking up of the census, and the other Parliamentary returns which have been in progress for some years, have thrown upon the unexampled progress of the population, and the present social and moral condition of Lanarkshire. That that great county is by far the most important in Scotland, and second only to Lancashire in the empire, in point of commerce and manufactures, is universally known; but the immense extent of its progress within the last ten years, exhibiting, as it does, an American rate of increase, in one of the old and densely peopled states of Europe, is not so generally understood; and still less are the British people aware of the dreadful consequences with which this vast increase of manufacturing industry has been accompanied, upon the health and morals of the community. Such an enquiry is not matter merely of local interest. A county which contains four hundred and thirty-five thousand inhabitants, and embraces a city containing above two hundred and eighty thousand within its limits, may well challenge attention as an object of national interest; and it becomes an object of peculiar consequence at the present juncture, when the comparative importance of agriculture and manufactures is the great question at issue which agitates society, and a considerable political party are straining every nerve to induce the legislature to sacrifice the rural population to promote the supposed interests of those great marts of manufacturing industry, of which Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Lanarkshire, are the most important and conspicuous.

The information on these momentous topics in regard to Lanarkshire, is now more complete than any other part of the British Empire. The labours of the late Dr Cleland had long ago thrown an unwonted light upon the statistics of the great and growing city of Glasgow; and, since his time, still more important and accurate results have been obtained from the numerous enquiries under Parliamentary authority, or by private exertion and benevolence, which have been set on foot in that great emporium of commercial activity. And the most important results of these different enquiries have now been embodied in a short but most valuable pamphlet, by Mr Alexander Watt, who acted as superintendent, under the appointment of the Sheriff of Lanarkshire, for taking up the census of the subur-

ban districts of Glasgow, and which contains, in a brief space, more important information regarding the social and moral condition of the people of that great county, than ever yet has been accumulated regarding any similar district of the empire. It is to the results brought out by Mr Watt's labours, and the corresponding and valuable information to be derived from the admirable tables prepared by Mr Strang, the city chamberlain of Glasgow, who had the direction of the taking up of the census within the royalty of that city, that we now propose to direct the attention of our readers; and we venture to say that more important and interesting information never before was presented to the British public, exhibiting, as it does, an unexampled increase of wealth, industry, and population on the one hand, and pauperism, misery, and crime on the other.

From the Parliamentary returns, it appears that the increase in the population of Glasgow, since the commencement of the present century stands as follows:—

Years.	Males.	Females.	Total Males & Females.	Total Increase at each succeeding Census.
1801			83,769	℘ ct.
1811			110,460	26,691 or 31·86
1821	68,119	78,924	147,043	36,563 or 33·11
1831	93,724	108,702	202,426	55,383 or 37·66
1841	134,087	148,047	282,134	79,708 or 39·37

This will probably be considered a tolerable increase of population to have taken place within forty years; but great as it is, it is yet outstripped by the increase which has taken place in the Barony parish of Glasgow, comprehending the greater part of the ground on which the suburbs now stand, which, within the last eighty-five years has been as follows:—

Years.	Total.	Years.	Total.
1755	5,000	1819	51,633
1774	9,000	1831	77,385
1792	18,300	1841	109,241
1799	23,000		

Extraordinary as this augmentation of human beings is, it is yet outdone by that of some of the rural parishes of Lanarkshire, which exhibit a rate of advance to be paralleled only on the banks of the Ohio or the Mississippi. The increase in the three following parishes is probably unequalled, during the same period, in any part of Europe:—

Parishes.	Total in 1831.	Total in 1841.	Increase in 1841. ℘ cent.
Bothwell,	5545	11,132	5587 or 100·75
Old Monkland,	9867	20,515	10,648 or 107·91
New Monkland,	9580	19,675	10,095 or 105·37

And this being the case, it will not appear surprising that the population of the whole county of Lanark has increased by the enormous number of 117,309 during the ten years immediately preceding 1841, the number having been—

1831.	1841.	Increase.
316,790.	434,099.	117,309 or 37.03 per cent.

It is a curious fact, highly illustrative of the vast impulse which has been communicated of late years, that the population and rate of increase in Glasgow, from 1831 to 1841, is precisely the same as in New York during the same period, both of these great and populous cities having begun these respective periods with a population of 202,000, and terminated by a population in the latter of 280,000. It is certainly a most extraordinary fact that a city with no peculiar maritime advantages, far inland, and accessible only by water by means of a river at first only navigable by means of small craft, situated in a sterile and barren country which had not three millions of inhabitants, should thus have been enabled to keep pace with the vast commercial emporium of the United

States, fed by immigration from every country of Europe, which boasts of a noble harbour, the gateway to the boundless back settlements of their immense territory, and which contains a population now exceeding seventeen millions within their bounds.*

It is hardly necessary to be added, after these facts have been stated, regarding the increase in the numbers of the people, that manufacturing and commercial industry have received the most astonishing development in Lanarkshire generally, and in Glasgow particularly, during the whole course of the present century. In fact the increase has been such, as, if not established by authentic and incontrovertible evidence, would appear incredible. Seventy years ago, the great Watt said to one of the cotton manufacturers of Glasgow, that he and his fellow townsmen were quite mistaken in endeavouring to establish cotton manufactures on the banks of the Clyde, for that cotton was the growth of a foreign, and far distant country, whereas the true material on which they should work, lay beneath their own feet; and the result has completely proved the sagacity and foresight of the illustrious inventor of the steam-engine. In truth, the introduction of the iron manufacture, and the advantage taken of the boundless seams of that valuable metal which lie beneath the whole valley of the Clyde, has been such that it has opened up an entirely new and almost boundless mine of wealth in that enterprising district. It appears from Mr Watt's tables, that no less than 64 blast furnaces have been erected in Lanarkshire between 1831 and 1841, and 65 in all were in blast in the latter year. These furnaces produce annually 5000 tons each, so that the total produce of the iron furnaces in Lanarkshire is 325,000 tons, which at the rate of L.3, 10s. a ton, amounts to the enormous sum of L.1,137,000 annually. The coal consumed by them is at an average 10,000 tons to each blast furnace per annum, so that 650,000 tons of coal are consumed at these blast furnaces alone, which, at the rate of 7s. as the average price of each ton, will give L.210,000 more, as the value of the coal worked to keep them going, in all L.1,347,000 annually. And, strange to say, this enormous annual creation of wealth, has been almost entirely the growth of the last ten years; the iron works at the commencement of that period in 1831, having been altogether inconsiderable.

The custom duties of Glasgow exhibit, perhaps, the most extraordinary instance of increase, during the last thirty years, which is to be met with in the whole annals of human industry. They have stood thus:—

1812	L.3,126
1840	494,000!

Nor is there any foundation for the obvious remark, that this vast increase, originating chiefly in the extension and deepening of the harbour by the operations of the river trustees, is to be regarded as not an increase of commercial activity so much, as a transference of it from the Port Glasgow and Greenock harbours of the Clyde further down that estuary. For though there is no doubt that this, to a certain degree, has been the case, yet it is not so entirely, as is decisively proved by the fact, that the increase of population in these two seaports has been nearly as great in the last ten years as in Glasgow itself; a decisive proof that the vast increase of the Glasgow shipping and commerce has not dried up the material sources of their industry.

The following tables exhibit a picture of the increase of the commerce and exports of Glasgow during the last ten years:

	River dues.	Ships.	Tonnage.
1830.	£24,900	11,868	718,536
1840.	48,000	16,486	1,166,329

Thus it appears, that, while the population of Lanarkshire as a whole, has increased during the last ten years *upwards of a third*, its exports have, during the same period, augmented more *than a half*; and its general traffic, as measured by the harbour dues of its port, about *doubled*. While a new vein of industry has been opened

* The population of New York, by the last census of 1841, just received, was 316,000, of whom about 36,000 were foreigners, emigrants, or persons casually passing through, so that the real population of both cities is at present about 280,000.

up in its iron mines, producing no less than fifteen hundred thousand pounds a-year.

Has then the social happiness of the community increased during the same period? Has religion, morality, sobriety, habits of frugality and integrity, kept pace with this unparalleled augmentation of the material resources of the people? Have the arms of the church been made to expand in proportion to the numerous human beings who were successively placed within its sphere, and stood in need of its instruction; has education been successful in checking the march of crime, and weaning the labouring classes from low and degrading enjoyments? Has beneficence, public or private, succeeded in closing the fountains of human evil, and diffusing through the land the blessed feelings of contentment, gratitude, and patriotic affection? Alas! the very reverse of all this has been the case: this unparalleled flood of material prosperity has been attended by a corresponding and still more fearful inundation of improvidence, sensuality and profligacy: rapid as has been the growth of wealth and industry, the increase of crime, heathenism, and pauperism, has been still more appalling; and all the boundless gifts of Providence have been turned to no other purpose, in a large class of society, but augmenting the scene of human wretchedness, and swelling the dark catalogue of human depravity.

From the tables published by Mr Watt, compiled by comparing the progress of population with the rate of mortality, and the increase of crime during the last ten years, the following results appear:—

The Mortality Bills of Glasgow show, that during the five years 1836, 37, 38, 39, and 40, the total burials amounted to	45,215
Deduct still-born and premature births, ...	3,226
Showing the total amount of deaths to have been . . .	41,989

So that the average annual amount of burials, during these five years, appears to have been 9043, and the deaths to have been 8397 4-5ths.

The average annual burials, these five years, to the population in 1841, are, therefore, as . . .	1 to 31.19, or 3.20 per cent.
And the deaths as	1 to 33.59, or 2.97 per cent.
According to Dr Cleland's Mortality Bills during the years 1826, 27, 28, 29, and 30, the total burials amounted to	26 253
From which deduct still-born and premature births, . . .	2,007
Showing the total number of deaths to have been . . .	24,246

So that the average annual amount of burials, during these five years, appears to have been 5250 3-6ths, and the deaths to have been 4849 2-5ths.

The average annual burials, during these five years, to the population of 1831, is, therefore, as . .	1 to 38.55, or 2.59 per cent.
And the deaths as	1 to 41.74, or 2.39 per cent.
Average annual deaths, during the five years previous to 1841, (*as above*,)	2.97 per cent.
Ditto, ditto, previous to 1831	2.39 per cent.

WATT, p. 9.

This table affords ample subject for the most serious reflection. Here it is proved by the most authentic of all data—a comparison of the annual deaths with the numbers of the people—that during these ten years of unparalleled prosperity, the rate of mortality has so fearfully increased, that whereas, on an average of five years, ending with 1830, one in *forty-one* died annually, the proportion had changed on an average of five years, ending with 1840, to one in *thirty-one*. In other words, the chances of life, and the proportion of deaths to the existing population, had changed twenty-five per cent for the worse in ten years of unbounded and unparalleled prosperity. The average annual mortality over all England, is 1 in 60; in Manchester, 1 in 45; in London, 1 in 51.

From the same Tables, it appears that the annual mortality in Glasgow, which, by the bills of 1841, upon an average of the five years preceding, was one in forty-one annually, had sunk in the year 1837 to one in twenty-four. The year 1837 was the one which was distinguished by great com-

mercial distress, and the dreadful strikes of the cotton-spinners, colliers, and other trades in and around Glasgow, which, for more than four months kept about 4000 skilled workmen, and from 40,000 to 50,000 other persons dependent upon their labour, in a state of compulsory destitution—an awful example of the manner in which the reckless passions and blind spirit of faction in the working classes, bring the most terrible of all retributions upon themselves and their children.

Another lamentable and most striking proof of the deterioration of the health of the working classes is to be found in the vast increase of the average death of children under five years of age. The results on this subject are thus stated by Mr Watt.

The total amount of the deaths of children under five years of age, during the five years previous to 1841, appears to be 18,705, and during the same number of years previous to 1831 they were 9,926; being an annual average, previous to 1841, of 3741 deaths under that age, and previous to 1831, of 1985 1-5th deaths under that age.

The average annual number of deaths of children, during the five years previous to 1841, are, therefore, to the population of that year, .	as 1 to 57.41, or 1.32 per cent.
And during the five years previous to 1831, compared with the population of that year, .	as 1 to 101.96, or 0.98 per cent.
Showing an increase in the deaths of children previous to 1841, over those which took place previous to 1831, of	0.34 per cent.

Contagious fever, as is well known, has prevailed to a dreadful and alarming extent in Glasgow and its vicinity during the last four years.

So great has been the mortality arising from this cause, that it is stated by the late lamented Dr Cowan of Glasgow, whose information on this subject was so accurate, from the extensive examination of all classes in the city of Glasgow, that the total number of persons who were seized with fever or contagious febrile eruptive complaints in five years, ending 1840, December 31, amounted to the enormous number of 109,385!! And no less than 68,621, were seized with typhus fever, of whom 5844 died!

"As it appears that in 1840 nearly one death in every seven (7·17) was caused by fever, and that one in every three-and-a-fourth (3·25) was caused by the two groups of diseases, fever and eruptive fever, it forms matter of the most serious consideration, and decidedly proves that no time ought to be lost in carrying forward those sanatory improvements in contemplation. This is a question that comes home to the bosom of every family, for although these diseases may be chiefly propagated, and may rage with the most fatal effects, in the unwholesome abodes of the poor, the contagion soon passes from street to street, and from one district of the country to another, and the rich become sufferers as well as the poor."

Typhus fever itself is the well known and unvarying accompaniment of human misery and destitution in all its forms, and therefore there cannot be stronger proof of the prevalence of misery and destitution among the people, than the vast increase of deaths from this terrible malady which has taken place within the last four years in the city of Glasgow.

It will not appear surprising that so much typhus fever and mortality should prevail in Glasgow, for from Mr Watt's tables, based on the returns of the census enumerators, it appears that there are, in the suburban districts alone, independent of the royalty, no less than 923 persons, chiefly heads of families, *in a state of destitution*, independent of the children relying upon their support; and of this number no less than 460 are not only destitute, but in a state of *unrelieved destitution*—that is to say, they receive nothing from any public or corporate fund. These results were obtained by the census enumerators, under instructions issued to them by the Sheriff of Lanarkshire. It is to be regretted that no similar results were obtained in the royalty of Glasgow, under the census taken up by the magistrates; but, in the winter of 1840-41, Captain Miller, the able and patriotic head of the Glasgow Police, personally investigated the cases of 1034 persons in a state of destitution, within the limits of his police bounds, which embrace just 140,000 souls, or half the population. And as the gross population of that portion of Glasgow appears from the census returns to be 122,878, and as that part of the city

embraces the great mass of the more indigent part of the community, and especially of the low Irish, it may safely be concluded that, if there are 900 persons in a state of pauperism, there must be at least 1100 in the same predicament within the royalty. Thus it may certainly be concluded that there is at this moment at least 2000 persons in a state of complete destitution in Glasgow; and this number does not include, for the most part, the families of the destitute persons, for, as observed by Mr Watt—

"It has to be noticed, that the cases reported upon by the enumerators chiefly consist of aged people and adults, without including the number of children dependent on them for support. It may also be observed, that many of those who receive parochial relief may not be included in the table, as it is to be hoped that from the assistance thus obtained, they are enabled to live in such a manner as not to attract particular notice to their destitute condition."

But, if the families of a considerable portion of these 2000 paupers be added, it will appear that there must be at least between *five and six thousand human beings in Glasgow in a state of total destitution.* And there is, unhappily, hardly any room for distinguishing, in this hideous mass of pauperism, between those who do, and those who do not receive parochial relief; the parochial allowance usually given in Scotland at the rate of a shilling a-week to each family, or somewhat above *three-halfpence a-day,* being wholly insufficient to check the evils of pauperism, or even pay for their lodging rent, without affording one farthing for the subsistence of themselves or their children.

If, from the pauperism, mortality, and destitution of the working classes in Lanarkshire, we turn to the crime, the results will appear equally serious and alarming.

The result of the parliamentary tables, compiled by the Sheriff of Lanarkshire, of all the committals in that county for the last five years, is condensed by Mr Watt in the following interesting table:—

TABLE II.

Showing the degree of Instruction of the Total Number of Persons Committed for Trial, or Bailed, in the County of Lanark; together with the Proportion per Cent. which those who had received different degrees of Education bear to the Total Amount of Committals.

Years.	Degree of Instruction.												
	Neither Read nor Write.		Read, or Read and Write imperfectly.		Read and Write well.		Superior Education.		Could not be ascertained.		Totals.		Grand Total Males and Females.
	M.	F.	M.	F.	M.	F.	M.	F.	M.	F.	M.	F.	
1836	75	51	131	54	58	20	10	1	1	...	275	126	401
1837	101	74	170	41	44	5	14	...	1	...	330	120	450
1838	81	56	258	70	60	11	12	...	7	...	418	137	555
1839	79	69	253	126	71	3	5	...	...	...	408	198	606
1840*	138	91	172	63	47	6	7	2	3	...	367	162	529
Totals.....	474	341	984	354	280	45	48	3	12		1798	743	
Total Males and Females.	815		1338		325		51		12		2541		2541
Proportion which these bear to the whole amount of Committals	32·07		52·65		12·79		2·00		0·47		100·0		100·0

* The Parliamentary table shows the total number of offenders for 1840, to be only 529; but this decrease is only apparent, and is owing to the instructions issued for the preparation of these returns, directing those only to be included which were dis-

This table affords matter for the most serious consideration, both as throwing an important light on the increase of crime in the manufacturing districts of the country, and the total inadequacy of the remedies usually looked to to arrest its progress.

In the first place, it appears from this table that serious crime, that is, crime punished by law with death or transportation, has increased in four years, in the county of Lanark, from 1836 to 1839, from 400 to 606; in other words, it has advanced upwards of *fifty per cent.* in four years. Now, the population of the whole county, during the last ten years, as appears from the returns, has increased at the rate of 37 per cent., at which rate it would double in somewhat less than thirty years. While, therefore, population is doubling in thirty years, crime is advancing at the rate of fifty per cent. in *four* years, or doubling in about seven years and a-half; that is to say, crime is advancing more than four times as fast as the population.

Nor is there the slightest ground for laying the flattering unction to our souls, at least in the county of Lanark, that this prodigious increase of crime is to be ascribed to the superior vigilance of the police, or the establishment of more extended criminal institutions, whereby a greater number of crimes have been brought to light, and a greater number of offenders committed. In Lanarkshire, at least, whatever may be the case elsewhere, this observation is wholly inapplicable; because there is not, and has not been, any police force in any part of that county, except in the city and part of the suburbs of Glasgow, embracing in all not more than 234,000 inhabitants. Thus, there are no less than 200,000 persons in Lanarkshire, without any police whatever to look after them, or arrest the criminals by whom they have been injured. And what is very remarkable and decisive on this subject, it appears from the official report of the Glasgow police, that there has been no increase of crime at all during that period, within their bounds, the vast increase having taken place in offences committed beyond the city, in the unprotected parts of the county, where there never has been any police whatever established to apprehend offenders. In truth, so prodigious has been the increase of crime of late years in the vicinity of Glasgow, but beyond the bounds of the police, that if the total number of serious crimes there had been detected and punished, the committals for Lanarkshire, during the last two years, would probably not have been six hundred, but six thousand. There is not a mansion or farmhouse in its neighbourhood that has not had its offices broken into two or three times, almost every year for some years back; and, during the two last winters, there has hardly been a night on which one or more persons have not been knocked down and robbed, on the roads in the vicinity of Glasgow, without one of the offenders being either detected or brought to justice.* And that this prodigious increase of crime is owing to no want of vigilance or skill on the part of the public authorities in tracing out and bringing to justice criminals, with the wholly inadequate means at their disposal, is decisively proved by the important fact which the Parliamentary returns demonstrate, viz. that the proportions of persons *acquitted* to those committed in Lanarkshire, is as 49 to 606, or 1 to 13 nearly; while the proportion over all England is as 1 to 3; and these persons were all liberated on a verdict of *not proven*—not one person in 1839, out of 606, being found not guilty.

In the next place, this table demon-

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posed of within the year by the Judges—a regulation which excluded from view no less than 77 offenders committed during the year 1841, whose cases were disposed of by the Winter Circuit, between the 5th and 12th January 1841, so that the real number of committals was 606 in the year 1840. These numbers are the committals for *serious cases* only; which are tried by jury or the assizes; the *summary* committals are, at an average, about 2000 more annually in the city of Glasgow and its immediate vicinity.

* Within the private domain of the Sheriff of Lanarkshire, situated three miles from Glasgow, no less than four housebreakings were committed in the course of the summer of 1840, the perpetrators of only one of which were detected, and that by mere accident.

strates what is a still more important consideration—the entire inefficacy of secular education to arrest the progress of crime, and the deplorable nature of the delusion which has so generally got possession of the public mind, that, if you give the people the means of instruction, you provide them with an antidote to do evil. From the preceding table, it appears that, of the whole criminals committed, *sixty-eight per cent are educated*, and only about twenty-two per cent uneducated; that is to say, the educated criminals are to the uneducated as fully two to one. The proportion is about the same of the whole criminals in Scotland; and it appears from the details given in Mr Buckingham's late travels in America, that the same proportion holds good in all the prisons in the United States.

This important subject, however, is still more clearly illustrated by the following highly interesting table:—

Exhibiting the degree of Instruction of the Total Number of Persons committed for Trial or Bailed in the City of Glasgow and in the different Wards of Lanarkshire; also showing the Proportion per Cent. which the Committals in each of these Divisions bear to the whole Committals in the County in the Year 1839.

Sub-Divisions.	Neither Read nor Write.		Read, or Read and Write imperfectly.		Read and Write well.		Superior Education.		Total.		Grand Total	Proportion per Cent. in each division to the whole committals.
	M.	F.	M.	F.	M.	F.	M.	F.	M.	F.		
City of Glasgow.	40	36	106	73	20	1	...	...	166	110	276	45.54
Lower Ward.....	35	27	103	41	20	2	1	...	159	70	229	37.78
Middle Do.....		3	31	8	18	...	2	...	51	11	62	10.23
Upper Do.....	4	3	13	4	13	...	2	...	32	7	39	6.42
	79	69	253	126	71	3	5	...	408	198	606	...

To understand the bearing and importance of this table, we must inform our southern readers that the population in the city of Glasgow and the lower ward of Lanarkshire, is of the most mixed description, comprehending upwards of 50,000 Irish; that of the middle ward is agricultural and mining; while that of the upper ward is chiefly agricultural or pastoral. Now, the remarkable fact which this table brings out is this—that while in the lower ward and city of Glasgow the educated are to the uneducated as 367 to 138, or not quite 3 to 1; in the agricultural and mining district of the middle ward the educated to the uneducated are as 59 to 3, or as 20 to 1 nearly; and in the agricultural or pastoral district of the upper ward, the educated criminals are to the uneducated as 32 to 7, or as nearly 5 to 1. While, therefore, the great and extensive works going on in the vicinity of Glasgow have attracted a number of savage and uneducated Irish to that neighbourhood, who figure in the calendar, and have brought the proportion of educated criminals to the uneducated up to 3 to 1—in the middle ward, where the population is less mixed, and the native Scotch constitute the great majority, the proportion of educated to uneducated criminals is as 17 to 1; while in the upper ward, who are almost entirely native Scotch agricultural labourers, they are as 5 to 1. And it is particularly worthy of observation, that it is in the more educated districts of the lower and middle wards that the increase of detected crime has been so rapid, the vigilance of the Glasgow police having, within the same period, kept crime nearly stationary within their limits.

Nor is there any room for the remark, which has been so often made that it has become absolutely trite, that education is attended with this deplor-

able increase of human depravity because it is *imperfect* education only that is given to the working classes, and that very different results might be expected if they obtained the benefit of a superior and more perfect education. That "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," has long been familiar to every one who has thought on the subject; but the question is, how *can* you give any thing more than a little knowledge to the working classes of society? Can workmen, who are engaged twelve hours a-day in laborious toil from their earliest years, ever acquire any thing more than a slight degree of information? Can mill-owners, who chain their operatives to labour from six in the morning till eight at night, or a legislature who uniformly evade a ten hour's bill, expect the working classes to acquire any thing more than a smattering of knowledge? And in such a state of society, with such principles of social administration, and a total neglect, till of late years, of religious extension, is it surprising that the spread of education has influenced the desires rather than strengthened the conscience, and extended the thirst for gratification instead of augmenting the means of resisting its temptations?

It will not appear surprising, that the spread of knowledge in an opulent and manufacturing community should have had this effect, when the deplorable inadequacy of all the means taken to extend the religious institutions of Lanarkshire, in proportion to the extension in the numbers of the people, is taken into consideration. Four years ago, the Parliamentary Commissioners reported, that there were 66,000 human beings in Glasgow alone for whom there was no accommodation whatever in any place of worship, Established or Dissenting; and although within the last six years twenty additional places of worship have been opened in that city, by the unparalleled exertions of the opulent, and, we may add, almost exclusively the *Conservative ranks of society*, without the aid of a shilling from a Liberal Administration; yet such has been the simultaneous growth of population and the vast increase of destitute human beings, without either the means of obtaining, or the wish to acquire religious instruction, that there are at this moment *fifteen thousand more* persons in Glasgow without any means of religious instruction whatever, than there were when this great and noble effort of Christian benevolence was made by the really patriotic classes of the community. Eighty thousand human beings, in great part sunk in the lowest stage of sensuality, selfishness, or profligacy, are accumulated in that great city, without the slightest means of religious instruction; if the mining districts of the county are taken into account, where the population has doubled during the last ten years, this number will be found to be augmented by at least twenty thousand more. We are confident we are considerably within bounds when we say, that upwards of a Hundred Thousand Human Beings are to be found in Lanarkshire alone, who are not only unprovided with any accommodation in any place of worship, but entirely destitute, except by distant report, of religious impressions—whose worship is too often to their belly, and who live altogether without God in the world. And, unfortunately, this is the very class in which, from the recklessness and improvidence which generally pervade it, the growth of population has been most rapid of late years, while the insane divisions of the Scotch church have entirely stopped the great and beneficent, though hitherto unhappily most inadequate, efforts of the wealthier classes to mitigate the evil, by the progressive extension of the church establishment.

Another deplorable proof of the wretched condition to which a large proportion of the working classes is reduced under the present manufacturing system, in the great marts of that species of industry, is to be found in the immense increase of population in the central and most densely peopled parts of the city, without any proportional extension of the *buildings* which they inhabit. This remarkable fact, so clearly illustrative of the squeezing so many additional human beings into the same space, in consequence of the progressive degradation of their habits and increase of their destitution, is thus clearly stated by Mr Strang, who superintended the taking up of the census in the city of Glasgow:—"The

gross population of the royalty of Glasgow, which amounted in 1831 to 89,847, has now reached 122,878, showing an increase, in ten years, of 33,031, or no less an advance than 36·76 per cent. While the population has increased at this prodigious ratio, it ought to be particularly remarked, that the number of the inhabited houses has not increased in the same proportion. In 1831, there were 19,200 inhabited houses, whereas at present there are no more than 22,751, showing the increase only to be 3551. Had the houses increased in proportion to the population, taking that at 119,159, which is without the public institutions, the number of inhabited houses should have been 25,463 instead of 22,751, or 2712 *fewer houses for the present number af inhabitants*, than there were for the population at the period of the census in 1831. This is a very striking fact; and is, I fear, too manifest an index to the deteriorating character of the habitations of the great masses of the people. In the Blackfriar's parish alone, where there has been little or *no* building for ten years back, the population has absolutely increased upwards of forty per cent. This striking and no very pleasing feature in the condition of our population, may perhaps be accounted for when the nature of the great mass of our immigrating population is considered."

This deplorable increase of the number of people who are crammed into the same number of houses is, no doubt, in great part to be ascribed to the vast immigration of poor Irish, who have of late years overspread great parts of the empire. From the census returns it appears, that the number of Irish in the city and suburbs of Glasgow alone, amounts to the enormous number of 44,944. This immense multitude are there, as elsewhere, almost all employed in the humblest occupations of life, such as common workmen, carriers to masons, labourers, and the like, and they are all increasing with the wonted rapidity of the Hibernian race in every part of the world. It may safely be affirmed, that, if this prodigious increase of destitute pauperism from the sister island could be averted, or even mitigated, by providing the means of emigration of the destitute poor in that country to the colonies at the public expense, it would do more to diminish the distress felt by the destitute poor in the great towns of Scotland, than any other measure that could possibly be devised.

There are two other particulars which are brought out by the tables before mentioned, which are deserving of particular attention. The first is, the enormous extent to which—in consequence partly of the necessitous circumstances of a large portion of the poor of this city and its suburbs, and partly of the improvident habits which unhappily prevail among great numbers of them—the system of borrowing money upon the pledging or pawning of goods has been carried. It appears from Captain Miller's report, that there are upwards of 700 brokers' shops, licensed and unlicensed, in the city of Glasgow, and only 33 licensed. In fact, in the most populous districts of the town, almost every second shop is a spirit dealer's or broker's shop, or both combined. And the sums realized by these brokers are computed by Mr Porter, in his late valuable publication on the pawnbroking offices for Glasgow, at the enormous sum of L.504,000 a-year, lent out at the extravagant profit of L.433, 6s. 8d. per cent. per annum. A more striking proof of the state to which a large portion of the working classes have been reduced, and of the enormous gains which are made from their necessities or follies, can hardly be conceived.

The second is, that while the earnings of the skilled workmen in Glasgow are so great, and the general opulence of the community such as to have led to the immense consumption of spirituous liquors, which has already been mentioned, amounting to above a million a-year, the deposits annually put into the savings' banks by the factory operatives, who for the most part receive the highest wages in the community, are progressively and rapidly diminishing, while those from agricultural, domestic, and other servants and other mechanics, are rapidly and progressively increasing. This singular fact, so much at variance with what *à priori* might have been expected, is thus established by the return of the number and description of depositors in the National Savings' Bank in Glasgow for the five following years:—

	Deposits.				
	1836.	1837.	1838.	1839.	1840.
Domestic servants,	167	654	647	1132	921
Mechanics,	...	...	613	961	1014
Factory operatives,	489	491	315	111	168

Thus while the other portions of the community, enjoying for the most part less opportunities and lower wages, are rapidly increasing the number of their depositors, the number of deposits from factory operatives have declined so much in the savings' bank, that they have now become hardly a *third* of what they were at the commencement. The sum deposited in the saving bank at Glasgow is at present about L.140,000. If the factory operatives could be brought to deposit as much as they might do, with habits of frugality and sobriety, it would soon amount to upwards of a million sterling.

It augments the regret which all must feel on perusing these painful details, when co-existent with such an unexampled flood of commercial prosperity as Lanarkshire has exhibited during the last ten years, if we reflect that this destitution and misery has grown up to such an alarming height at the very time when the skilled workmen, at least in all the manufacturing trades, have enjoyed very high wages, and the amount of the sums which have been placed at the disposal of the working classes, as measured by the amount of their vicious indulgences, has been such as, if not proved by authentic documents, appear to exceed belief. Mr Alison stated, in his work on Population, that there were 3000 spirit shops in Glasgow, and that the amount consumed at them was L.1,100,000 a-year. This statement excited, as well it might, no small sensation in the community of Glasgow, and many, particularly those inclined to the Liberal party, endeavoured to represent it as an exaggeration. It is now established, however, by authentic documents, that the statement is perfectly correct; and it has startled so many persons, merely because, to those not practically acquainted with the real sources of evil in the manufacturing districts in the country, their magnitude exceeds belief.

It is stated by Captain Miller, the superintendent of the Glasgow police, in his late valuable work on the criminal statistics of that city, that there are 2300 licensed spirit shops in Glasgow; and this result was obtained by applying to the offices for issuing the excise licenses for the city and suburbs. This is independent altogether of the unlicensed places where spirits are obtained, which are probably at least 500 or 600 more. Of this there can be no doubt, and ample proof of it will be obtained when the census returns are published. In the mean time, their number may be judged of from the fact which Captain Miller's researches have brought to light, that, while the licensed pawnbrokers' shops in Glasgow are only 33, the unlicensed ones amount to the enormous number of 700; of whom 400 are in the city, and 300 in the suburbs. But, to be within the mark, let the number of shops where spirits are obtained be taken at the number of those regularly licensed, as ascertained by Captain Miller, at 2300. It cannot be supposed that the rent and taxes of each of these shops could have amounted to less, on an average, than L.30 a-year, and profits of the shopman devoted to his own subsistence less than L.50 a-year, being less than the yearly earnings of each operative cotton-spinner or iron-moulder who frequent these shops. The profits, therefore, of the spirit dealers in Glasgow must, at the very least, be L.184,000 a-year, being 80 times 2300; but a profit of L.184,000 a-year, made by the spirit dealers, implies gross sales by them, that is, money expended by the community on drink, to at least six times that amount; it being very rare even for spirit dealers to make on an average more than from 15 to 17½ per cent of profit on the sales they effect. L.184,000 a-year, therefore, would correspond to gross sales to the amount of at least six times that amount, or L.1,104,000—an enormous sum to be spent on the most noxious of all human luxuries in a single city, indicating at once the immense wealth which has been placed at the disposal of the more skilled portion of the working classes, and the improvident habits

which have devoted so large a portion of their earnings to low and degrading sensuality.

We have now done with these painful but highly interesting and important details, and it may be worth while to condense into one statement the results indicative at once of the vast increase of opulence and population, and of the simultaneous advance of the still more rapid growth of crime, heathenism, and pauperism, in the great commercial and manufacturing county of Lanark, during the last ten years.

1. The population during that period has increased 37 per cent, having swelled from 316,000 to 434,000.

2. Manufacturing produce, as measured by the harbour dues levied on the river Clyde, the great seaport of the county, has doubled.

3. A new source of wealth has been opened in the iron mines and manufactures, producing above L.1,500,000 a-year.

4. The average annual mortality in Glasgow has increased, during the same period, from one death in 41 to one in 31. Contagious fever has become so prevalent, that one in every 3¼ deaths in Glasgow is owing to that fearful disease, or some species of contagious fever.

5. Sixty-eight thousand persons in five years, have taken typhus fever, of whom 5884 died.

6. Serious crime punishable with death or transportation, has increased during *only four years* of the period from 1836 to 1840, above 50 per cent: that is, it has increased four times as fast as the number of the people.

7. The number of poor in the county, for whom there is no sort of provision whatever for attending any place of public worship, has grown up to 100,000.

8. The number of Irish in Glasgow, almost all in a state of penury, has swelled to the enormous amount of 45,000.

9. Six thousand persons are constantly in a state of unrelieved destitution, or destitution relieved so imperfectly that those who do obtain parochial relief are kept on the verge of starvation, by receiving only the pittance of three half-pence a-day.

10. Above two-thirds of the committed criminals have received the elements of education.

11. The spirit shops in Glasgow sell intoxicating liquors to the people, to the amount at least of L1,100,000 a-year.

12. The deposits from the factory operatives in the savings banks, is diminishing, while those from all other classes are increasing.

13. Five hundred thousand pounds a-year, is lent out annually to the most destitute classes, at a rate of interest exceeding L.400 *per cent* a-year.

This, then, is the result of the manufacturing system; and of that system, be it observed, under its most favourable and splendid auspices. Perhaps there is no parallel to be found in the whole annals of civilization, to such an extension of manufacturing industry and such a growth of manufacturing wealth, as has taken place in the city of Glasgow, and county of Lanark, during the last ten years. If, then, the only effect of that prodigious increase under such favourable circumstances, has been to bring so deplorable an augmentation of pauperism, pauper immigration, civilized heathenism, crime, contagious fever, and sensual extravagance, upon the community, what may be expected when the flood of prosperity has turned, as turned it will be at some period, to an ebb? If these are the results of our victories, what may be anticipated from our defeats? And what is to be the result to the community in general, and the manufacturing districts of it in particular, from a further extension of the national industry in this direction—subject to all the vicissitudes which political combinations, war, or national calamity may bring upon that most sensitive of created things, commercial credit?—It is awful to contemplate what would be the condition of the British islands, if this enormous mass of human beings, bred up in habits of improvidence, recklessness, and, too often, of sensuality and crime, were to be either suddenly, or hurriedly, deprived of employment, or thrown back, without any reformation in their habits, on the agricultural, or more permanent branches of industry in the state.

It is not to be imagined from these facts, melancholy and important as they are, and clearly as they indicate the unhappy tendency of the course which our social system has taken of

late years in these islands, that it is either expedient, or called for, to make any attempt to restrict the manufacturing industry of the country, or to endeavour, either by legislative, or any other means, to check the growth of those huge limbs of the community into which so large a portion of the life blood of the state has come to be poured. Most unquestionably it is expedient by every possible means, and above all, by the most sedulous attention to the growth of our colonies, to sustain and vivify the commercial industry of the country, But if a crisis have arrived, in which an attempt is made to elevate the manufacturing industry of the country, by measures, such as the abolition of the corn-laws, which, whether they are likely or not to have that effect, will unquestionably be attended with *discouragement to our agricultural interest*, and be the means of throwing vast numbers of agricultural labourers out of employment, it becomes of the highest importance to consider, whether the probable gain is worth the certain sacrifice, and what is the comparative character of the population which we are nursing up, and of that which we are destroying, by the legislative changes that are so strenuously recommended.

It would be injustice to the community of Glasgow not to add, that this deplorable increase of crime, pauperism, and degradation, in the habits of a large portion of the working classes, has happened notwithstanding the utmost efforts both of the opulent classes, and indeed of all the respectable portions of the community, to arrest the progress of the many evils by which they are surrounded. Perhaps there is not to be found in any part of the Christian world a community in which greater efforts have been made for the spread of religion, and the relief of suffering, than have been made in the city of Glasgow during the last ten years. When it is mentioned that nearly L.100,000 has been subscribed in Glasgow for church extension, and L.20,000 for houses of refuge for criminals, besides vast numbers of private charities of a costly nature, which are supported from no other source but private benevolence; and that there are several mercantile firms in Glasgow which spend from a thousand to fifteen hundred pounds a-year in public subscriptions alone, it may readily be believed that individual benevolence can never be expected to be exhibited on a greater or more magnificent scale. But these facts, so honourable to the religious and charitable portion of the community, tend only to strengthen the case against the existing social system in the manufacturing districts. They show that no relief can possibly be expected for these evils from the greatest possible efforts of individuals; and they point in the most decisive manner to a very material change in our social organization, before any effectual remedy for these manifold and increasing evils can be discovered.

In truth, the experience of the last ten years, and more particularly of the manufacturing districts during that period, is amply sufficient to demonstrate, that the system of leaving every man to take care of himself, and of consigning the removal of the evils of society to the unaided efforts of self-government, are in a great degree fallacious, and that, if carried into effect, without a due regard to the circumstances in which they are just, and those in which they are not applicable, they will inevitably prove destructive to the best interests of society. It is perfectly true, as Adam Smith long ago said, that every species of industry will, in general, be best protected by leaving it alone, and that the true foundation of national wealth is to be found in the protected, but unrestricted efforts of the country. But though this is quite true with regard to the augmentation of national *wealth*, it is by no means true with regard to the equally or still more important subject of the relief of national misery, the elevation of national character, or the repression of national depravity. These vital interests can never be left with safety to the unaided efforts of individuals. If they could, government would never have arisen in any part of the world; its existence every where demonstrates the entire fallacy of the principle of self direction, as applied to a large share of the social concern of nations. Communities, like single men, may be safely entrusted with the direction of themselves, in every thing that is likely to bring them

in a profit, or increase their present pleasures or gratifications; but they never can be entrusted with self government in matters where immediate sacrifices or coercion of desires is requisite. They may be safely entrusted with the direction of every matter where a dividend is to be got, but hardly ever, except under the pressure of immediate danger or necessity, where a restriction or a burden is to be imposed. Individual benevolence or local exertion may be sufficient to check the growth of social evils in an agricultural or simple state of society, but they are altogether inadequate to arrest their progres in an opulent commercial, or manufacturing community. In all matters unconnected with their own visible and immediate interest, the great body of mankind stand just as much in need of the direction of others, as children at school. Nay, more so, for the great bulk of them have the intellect of children, with the passions of men and women.

Self-government has been tried on the greatest scale, and under the most favourable circumstances, in Lanarkshire, for the last forty years, and it has landed that community in a hundred thousand practical heathens within its bounds—in the continual existence of upwards of six thousand unrelieved paupers in a single city—in sixty-eight thousand persons taking typhus fever in five years, being at the rate of nearly fourteen thousand annually—in the advance of serious crime, at a rate four times as fast as the increase of the people—in a diminution of the chances of life to an extent of five-and-twenty per cent. in ten years—in the lending of L.500,000 a year to the poorest classes at a rate of profit above four hundred per cent.; and in the progressive and rapid diminution of the investments of the most highly paid of the working classes in savings banks, and in the consumption of eleven hundred thousand pounds' worth of ardent spirits in a single city in a year! It is high time that serious efforts should be made to arrest these evils; but it must be done by the power of the state, and by the central government. They are far beyond the reach either of private benevolence or local legislation. The want of the age is a system of government, which, religiously providing for the security of property and the protection of national industry, shall effect a real reformation in the manifold social evils which, under the system of self-government, have grown up in the state. The man of the age would be he who, resting on Conservative principles, should apply them to their true and noblest end—the spread of religion, the relief of suffering, and the elevation of the character of the people.

HILLI-ONNEE.

The Whigs can boast of many a name,
  Great Normanby and Little Johnny;
But far their foremost child of fame
  Is he that owns fleet Hilli-onnee.

'Mong lords and legs a contest rose
  As fierce as e'er we fought with Bonny:
From words it almost came to blows,
  And still the theme was Hilli-onnee.

And some said this and some said that:
  No want there was of caco-phony:
With short and long, with sharp and flat,
  They sore misnomer'd Hilli-onnee.

Then one bethought him of a way
  To terminate this acri-mony;
He call'd as umpire of the fray,
  The lord that owns fleet Hilli-onnee.

His lordship, though a scholar once,
  At this appeal was much *étonné;*
But loth to be esteem'd a dunce,
  He search'd his books for Hilli-onnee.

No doubt he well remember'd yet
  Old Sophocles's *Hanti-gonnee;*
A clearer case he could not get,
  Nor more in point for Hilli-onnee.

But firmer proofs he sought and found;
  The Greeks, disliking mono-tonny,
Had accents to direct the sound,
  And these show'd here 'twas Hilli-onnee.

He wrote his answer, brief, yet bright
  With classic wit and keen i-ronny,
And having quash'd the Tories quite,
  He taught us all 'twas Hilli-onnee.

O, Peel! your guilt what tongue can tell!
  'Twas nothing less than rank fe-lonny,
To oust a lord who talks so well
  Of heathen Greek and Hilli-onnee.

Had I the might of Pindar's muse
  To sing the praise of Palmer-stonny;
The deathless prince of Syracuse
  Should yield to him and Hilli-onnee.

Pindar, alas! is in his grave;
  But this good page of old E-bonny,
For distant days the names shall save
  Of Palmer-ston and Hilli-onnee.

FUNCHEON WOODS.

BY B. SIMMONS.

Dark woods of Funcheon! treading far
  The rugged paths of duty—
Though lost to me the vesper star
  Now trembling o'er your beauty,
Still vividly I see your glades,
  The deep and emerald-hearted,
As when from their luxuriant shades
  My lingering steps departed.

That wild autumnal morning!—well
  Can haunted Thought remember
How came in gusts o'er Corrin-fell
  The roar of dark September,
When I through that same woodland path
  To endless exile hasted,
Where many an hour my lavish youth
  The gold of evening wasted.

Oh, for *one* day of *that* glad time!
  —Say, reckless heart, how is it
There's still so many a cliff to climb,
  And well-known nook to visit?—
The Filea's spring is gurgling near;
  And may I not, delaying,
One moment watch the glittering sand
  Beneath its crystal playing?

No!—"Onward!" cried the mighty breeze,
  "From all thy heart rejoices!"
And loud my childhood's ancient trees
  Then lifted up their voices,
As though they felt and mourned the loss
  (With heads bowed down and hoary)
Of him who, seated at their feet,
  First sang their summer glory.

Too like the fair belovèd group
  From whose embrace I wended,
In vain the Pine trees' shapely troop
  Their graceful arms extended;
And vainly fast as sisters' tears
  The pallid Birch was weeping—
While woke, like cousins' sad blue eyes,
  The winkle's flower from sleeping.

Farewell—I thought—ye only friends
  The heart can trust in leaving,
Untroubled by the primal curse,
  The dread of your deceiving.
I shall not see at least *your* fall,
  And so—when wronged and wounded—
Still feel secure of peace at last,
  By you, old friends! surrounded.

And since in nature's scenes, the grand
  Or beautiful or tender,
He who invests them with a light
  That sanctifies their splendour,
Finding no one abiding-place;
  Be his the deep reliance
That he for holier worlds received
  The bard's immortal science.

Green Funcheon-side! your sounding woods
  Heaved wide as tossing ocean
When my last glance that autumn morn
  Turned from their billowy motion—
Turned where the willow's tresses streamed
  Above the river stooping,
Dark as your own bright LADY's hair
  Magnificently drooping.

Ah, in that wild tumultuous hour
  When heaven with earth seemed warring,
And swept the tempest's demon-power,
  The landscape's lustre marring,
One gentlest spirit, (haply then
  Of Funcheon's beauty thinking)
A fading GIRL—like a tired child
  On Death's calm breast was sinking.

They've made her grave far, far from all
  The haunts she prized so dearly,
O, place no marble o'er its turf,
  For there shall flourish yearly,
Such flowers as in her Bible's leaves
  She loved to fold and cherish—
Pansies and early primroses
  That, as they blossom, perish.

Rave on, loud Winds, from tranquil rest
  Ye never more shall stir her;
And ye, fair Woods, now vanishing
  From memory's darkened mirror,
Farewell; what meeter time for thought,
  The lost and loved recalling,
Than in this solemn evening hour
  When autumn-leaves are falling.

October, 1841.

CANTON EXPEDITION AND CONVENTION.

We are no parties to the doctrine once so current—that British diplomacy, as a whole, is worse conducted than that of other nations. Still less are we parties to the doctrine equally current, but much more perverse—that British expeditions, reviewed as a total series, have been characteristically marked by failure. Both opinions—it gratifies our spleen to record—heartily we despise. Both are ebullitions of bad feeling, combined with ignorance. Both are illustrations of that significant jargon called *cant.* Of cant, however, there are modes and gradations. All are not alike odious. And wherever the appropriate knowledge has been little diffused, it may argue something amiable in the temper, because it argues a readiness to adopt popular sympathy, that a man should share in this cant. But with regard to expeditions, we cannot allow that there is any outstanding excuse whatsoever, to colour with the mere semblance of propriety that common random notion of their having, upon the whole or in the major part, been unsuccessful. The word expeditions we understand to mean martial enterprises depending upon a combined movement by land and sea. Now the very definition shows to any candid person a reason beforehand for expecting a high proportion of failure. For here are the separate contingencies and hazards upon each element united; and a further difficulty, involving many adverse chances, of organizing their simultaneous actions, or conveying their separate movements to a common centre. Even this last set of difficulties alone was sufficient to ruin many of the ancient expeditions. And, in particular, it may be said to have ruined the two most conspicuous expeditions, the most important by their objects, and the most splendid by their preparations, of Pagan ages; viz. the Athenian expedition, about the middle of the Peloponnesian war, against Sicily, and the first of Cæsar's expeditions against Britain. The former had been fitted out upon a prodigious scale for Athens; had been entrusted to experienced commanders; and yet, because the two services were powerful to fetter each other's movements, from the anxiety to combine them in a common system of operations, but eventually powerless to accomplish that object—in short, because what should have been their strength turned out their capital weakness, the expedition failed totally; and in its failure it involved utter destruction to all the soldiers concerned, except a few of the least distinguished. The later or Roman expedition was commanded notoriously by the most accomplished officer of all ages. And yet, from the same impossibility of determining (either in the sense of previously ascertaining or of previously controlling) the fluctuations of an element so fickle as the sea, it was ruined: and had the savages of Kent possessed the means and civilization of Sicily, it would have perished.

Mean time, the ancients—limiting that term to the great household of western nations—although resting in so much larger a proportion than the modern household of Christendom upon the sea in its great Mediterrannean basin, ventured their fortunes far less than we of maritime Europe, (through the last three centuries,) upon these perilous combinations of effort. And, as to their expeditions in the colonizing sense, these were exposed to any possible conflict with one main element of risk—viz. enormous distance from the mother country—in a proportion naturally nothing at all by comparison with ours. Confining our notice, however, to expeditions in the martial sense, when we fix our attention upon this one principal fact—that all the expeditions which were historically interesting, in their objects or associated feelings, have had a total success—it impresses us with some disgust, as at a folly wanting countenance even from appearances, to recall the popular sayings upon this subject. One or two expeditions, more than two centuries back, for the relief of our Protestant brothers in France, might reasonably fail, because accidentally entrusted to a court favourite, having little professional or local knowledge. But even these stand out in contrast to splendid successes forty and fifty years before, under the Elizabethan commanders, as well as others thirty years after under Blake, &c. But, limiting the review to those of times nearer to our own, the expeditions which assisted in purging Asia from French influence, that which purged North American from the French influence for

ever; or, coming down to the great Revolutionary war, the two expeditions which cleansed Danish Zealand from the seeds of Baltic vassalage, plentifully sown by Napoleon; the two which delivered Portugal from a horrible foreign yoke, (first, that of Junot, secondly, that of Soult,) were memorably successful; and the last, calamitously so to the French army. Of the two expeditions to Egypt, so romantically conspicuous from the names and memorials of the ancient world—the obscure latter one succeeded as an expedition, and was tragically overshadowed in its final movement only from the incompetence of the commander, and not from any defect of commensurate resources (had they been properly applied) in the composition of the forces. The former, it is unnecessary that we should say, was magnificently triumphant, terminating in the achievement of *every* object for which it had been undertaken; and summarily, without needing the aid of the collateral Indian expedition across the desert from the Red Sea, kicking the French army (*though in military possession*) out of Africa—as previously we had kicked them out of Asia and America. The countless expeditions for the capture (in every war) of West India islands, or of other settlements, French, Dutch, Spanish; the repeated captures of the Cape, that main Dutch colony for the expansion of population;—these, though uniformly victorious, we do not stop to reckon. But is it not enough to kindle lively resentment in any reasonable man, who is aware of the popular craze about British expeditions, barely to glance at a map, and, laying his finger on such vast fortresses as Barcelona or Gibraltar, then to recall to his mind with what magical ease these were captured at the beginning of the 18th century—and with such remembrances to contrast the fact, that the only one which we had any motive for retaining, has since baffled the recapturing efforts of France and Spain combined, displaying the whole pomp of the *fleur-de-lis* under two Bourbon kings, headed by princes of the blood, and at a period when we did not hold the undisputed monarchy of the ocean? The truth is—that the pages of later history are strewed with the wreck and ruin of French expeditions; whilst the Spaniards never had a successful expedition, upon any scale of grandeur, (for Lepanto was merely a sea-fight,) unless when they fought against Moors with vast advantages, or against the timid and helpless natives of Peru and Mexico.

Our English diplomacy, again, lies under the same rash popular sentence of disparagement as our expeditionary warfare. And shall we tell the reasons which, by a different course, in each separate case, leads to the same conclusion? One is—because our diplomacy engages by far too little attention, our expeditions each for itself too much. The last always carry with them an excitement too intense for calm judgment; the entire diplomacy of the nation none at all. Treaties, being the *nexus* between an existing state of things and the future, (often a remote future,) cannot be viewed except from two stations: they presume some historic knowledge; they presume some patient waiting, in order to compare their promises with their performances; and they concern a class of objects, as well as of interests, never fitted for popularity. Whereas every expedition, if not otherwise intelligible to the mob as regards its complex purposes, (especially because these oftentimes cannot be appreciated except as parts in a general *system* of hostility,) is at any rate always intelligible as regards one purpose—namely, as a trial of strength, as a means of measuring our forces against those of the enemy. Now, it has always been a great advantage for the expeditions of foreign powers, always a corresponding disadvantage for our own—naturally growing out of our more popular executive administration—that theirs were kept profoundly secret,* ours published to the four winds. Whence, besides the increased chances to the enemy of meeting us with appropriate obstacles, (as happened at Boulogne to Lord Cochrane, and at so many

* "*Profoundly secret.*"—Even the great Spanish expedition of the Armada against Protestant England, (though secretly preparing for years in every Spanish port,) was so thoroughly concealed as to magnitude and object, that its destination was only detected by an accident; viz. by the observation of an Italian banker on the altered current of bills and payments—coupled with the jealous sagacity of Sir Francis Walsingham.

other places,) arises of necessity a long growth beforehand of the public interest in the event, and an overstrained excitement, such as any, the least, proportion of failure is sure to mortify. And the result has been often disappointment, amidst a reasonable measure of success.

But beyond this cause—growing out of a faulty preparation in the public mind, which leads to an undervaluation of any martial triumph, because rarely it can correspond to expectations too highly raised—of any diplomatic triumph, because, generally, it must be remote, and is also *continuous; i. e.* of a nature to diffuse itself through a long tract of years, without any punctual concentration of lustre to fix the eye — there is a second cause operating in our land for ever, to exaggerate and strengthen the effects from this first. It lies in the fitness of any expedition, and more rarely of a remarkable treaty, or other diplomatic arrangement, to fall in with the purposes of some one political party amongst us. As party spirit, and even party violence—party rancour—party blindness, ought to be viewed in their relation to our civil liberty and our public spirit, but for which priceless blessings none of those aberrations could exist for a moment, we rejoice that it is so. But still, in relation to the just appreciation of national events, this temper of the public mind is a great present disadvantage. This value of either diplomacy or expeditionary strategies, for the momentary uses of political partisans, acts as follows:—A treaty has little party value in most instances, because it cannot be made, by any exposition, to fasten upon the popular sympathies. And then it is easily misrepresented, through general ignorance. Where, on the contrary, it *can* engage a public interest, and attach itself, like a fire-ship or *brulôt*, to personal character or to the prospects of a Minister, even a treaty may have a great popular value: as was seen with regard to the treaty of Utrecht, which was supposed, by the Whigs, to have been purposely negotiated with a view to the disparagement of the Marlborough victories so terrifically splendid, as though, after all, the provisions of the treaty reflected in a mirror the true practical value of those victories. But this was far too visionary for popular effect. It was more tangible, as well as much more true, to represent the treaty as framed with sinister and insidious views to the *future;* playing into the hands of Louis XIV., as the secret protector of the first Pretender, and sacrificing British in collusive exchange for Jacobitish interests. This was reasonable: and the Utrecht treaty told powerfully upon party politics. For Jacobites were they, and not Tories, under whose presiding views and calculations that famous treaty was negotiated. Another case of party value communicated to a treaty, arose at the peace of Paris, which closed the seven years' war in 1763. A strong taint of suspicion attached itself to the English Prime Minister, and to the King's mother, through the evidence of Dr Musgrave, and others, of having taken bribes from France, in connexion with that negotiation; and thus arose a public interest in the treaty itself. On the other hand, *all* expeditions have a value in party politics. And the dilemma which causes them uniformly to be misvalued is—that, whilst any such enterprise serves a purpose of party, it cannot be justly appreciated, nor even clearly understood—through many of its relations. And afterwards, when the time comes that all personal attack or defence has been forgotten, when the passions of that generation have faded, or linger only in rare survivors, the event might certainly now be philosophically weighed; but unfortunately the great tide of national interest, with all its heady waves, has gone down and retired to a vast distance from this monument of another age, leaving a free access for close examination to every body, but to nobody any further motive for using it. And thus the impassioned prejudices of one generation, that had no power to see the truth, become traditional rules of judging to another that has no adequate motive.

Such is the natural tendency, hurrying men to false conclusions, in either a diplomatic act or an insulated expedition. But what if both should be combined? This sometimes happens: and we are now summoned to witness an expedition combined with a convention—an expedition romantically successful — a convention enigmatically base. The first aspect of the Elliot convention of Canton struck most people in the true light; and they used the right word to describe it—the treaty was a bucaniering treaty. A happier expression could not be

found; and perhaps the whole circumstantial truth of this expression was not known to all who used it. Let any man look into Dampier's Voyages, and he will see the very model—the auspicious precedent—of the Elliot course in China, ruled and prefigured in all its parts by those great masters in the casuistries of marauding, the French flibustiers and the English bucaniers. It was well understood by authorities so learned in wholesale pillage amongst the Spanish settlements of South America—that little could be effected in the way of a personal scramble. One man could visit few houses or convents; and with considerable risk of assassination within their recesses. On the other hand, if they visited in bodies, that diminished their chances. The course adopted, therefore, was this:—they so arranged their men, for rarely could their ships be made available, that at a signal given the whole town which they assaulted might be set on fire. Or, if that plan were less applicable from local reasons, they seized upon some leading men in the town—civil authorities, rich merchants, or influential priests; then using their advantages, of whatever nature, in the way of a screw upon the great body of the inhabitants, they extorted from their terrors a heavy ransom in silver "pieces of eight." These learned thieves also first laid down the rule, and made it "absolute," that, in cases of "slow coaches," operations were to be quickened, and a loyal zeal excited, by the *lene tormentum* of a fine upon delays—graduated to meet the progressions of guilt. Captain Elliot has evidently taken this leaf also out of the bucaniers' code. And her Majesty's forces have been trepanned into loathing accomplices with a convention which they could neither tolerate in their honourable feelings, nor, without risking public service, could prevent by their acts. All might have been easily preconcerted down to the meanest details; and preconcerted conjointly with those whom Captain Elliot could have had no plea for slighting—the military and naval leaders. Nothing had happened but what must have been anticipated. Had any failure occurred in one of the attacks? Had any miscalculation disturbed a combined movement? Absolutely none. The very rigour of the plan had been realized; except that in degree the success had been more complete, and in point of time more rapid, than even a British scale of calculations justified us in presuming. After some days of preliminary operations, the British land and sea forces, acting with the utmost harmony, have planted the British ensigns upon all the outworks and places of advantage; they have carried forward their successive movements of approach until they have reached the very brink of the final catastrophe. At this point they rest upon their arms. Naturally, and in the spirit of Christian warfare, abominating all needless bloodshed—their leaders are anxious to win from the prudential terrors of the enemy those just concessions which at length it has become easy to extort from their sufferings. Up to this stage all has proceeded concurrently between Captain Elliot and the commanders of the expedition. Were it in mere courtesy, what could be so becoming as that in the succeeding stages the same concurrence should take effect, and those same officers should be consulted, through whose energy in the first movements the very opportunity had been obtained for the latter? But it was no case for mere courtesy or for mere insulated justice personally to Sir Hugh Gough and to Sir H. Senhouse. Considerations of the public service made it imperative upon Captain Elliot to communicate with those officers before concluding any treaty whatsoever, founded as this must have been upon representations emanating from a quarter so thoroughly suspicious as a Chinese authority. Captain Elliot reports his determination to Sir Hugh Gough; but he allows no time for receiving from that military commander any statement of his own position previously to the treaty, nor for receiving any remonstrance or important suggestion, subsequently to the signature of conditional preliminaries. With the furious haste of two cormorants precipitating themselves upon a banquet of carrion, the Chinaman and the Elliot rush into each other's diplomatic arms for purposes best known to each, but known well enough for the occasion to ourselves.

What was it, then—sing, heavenly muse!—that prompted this explosion of sudden love—love at first sight, one may call it—between the Elliot and the Commandant of Canton? Why did not a barbarian like the Chinaman apply his overtures by preference

to the military leader who held in his hands the uplifted thunderbolts? He *did*, as may be seen, in the first instance. For the instant purpose of arresting the bolt, he was cunning enough to understand the necessity of pushing his intercession in that quarter. And greatly it perplexed Sir Hugh, that no prosecution of this first overture followed throughout the 27th of May. But the Commandant knew better than that. He had his reasons for each movement. First, he made his preliminary address to Sir Hugh, because *he* had shown himself a man of action; and it might otherwise have happened that, whilst negotiations were attempted elsewhere, Sir Hugh suddenly performing "the trick," and with no more delay than in making his approaches, would have left no further subject upon which any British quality could display itself, unless it were that of moderation or of mercy. Having therefore first locked up, and suspended as it were, the "cloud-compelling" Gough, next he turns to that Elliot, in whose serene bosom both clouds and thunderbolts are phenomena unknown, but where perpetual sunshine reigns; sunshine of that order which melts and thaws all noble resolutions. Captain Elliot was "known" to him. If you have been presented at court in this country, and are anxious to found upon that presentation corresponding ones at continental courts, after suitable explanations, you receive from the Lord Chamberlain a card intimating, "Mr X. Y. Z. is *known* at the Court of St James's." In a sense even more emphatic, Captain Elliot may assure himself that, by this time, he is "known" pretty extensively *at* the Celestial Court. All functionaries whatever, small and great, E and Ke, Fang and Yang, how they will pray for ages that, in case their evil star should doom them to official intercourse with the outside barbarians, it may be with some children of the race Elliot! Oh, name of Elliot, well is it for thee, that more than fifty years ago thou wert made a consecrated name to England, by the Elliot of Gibraltar, or else too surely the very echo would startle the ear for two generations to come! It is easy, therefore, to understand why the Chinese Commandant should seek out Captain Elliot, by preference to men of sterner qualities, (and if possible to the exclusion of such men:) *that* is clear; but why did Captain Elliot rush so hastily to meet the Commandant's advances, and apparently sympathizing with his wish to exclude the British expeditionary leaders?

There lies the very central spring of what is most vicious, of what is most corrupt, in this remarkable convention. To put a buccaniering face upon any manifestation of British power—so thoroughly to disfigure the spirit of our policy, and to falsify our motives—may be thought doubly criminal in a region where we are not understood, and where no correction is applied to the effects of any one false measure by thousands of other measures in a more appropriate spirit. And yet, on the other hand, it is certain that no just, equitable, or Christian temper of action could be comprehended in China. It is not in the power of a Chinese public to comprehend the possibility or the simple rationality, for instance, of forbearance and moderation on the part of a government, excepting as a snare in the first place; or secondly, as a foundation laid in a foresight with a view to some speedy return; or, lastly, as a gross oversight from defective skill, and (more truly characterized) as arguing mere fatuity. The savage man of the woods, who thinks it a masterly trophy of warlike merit to have stolen upon his enemy from an ambush, and to have stabbed him in the back, would not regard our generous disdain of an unfair advantage in any light of a virtue too sublimated for human life and its necessities; not at all—he would regard it as the most asinine and brutal of follies. The Chinese government or public, in the very same spirit, would regard any act of moderation either under some one of the three forms we have mentioned, or they would begin to receive it as an argument that the fountains of our power at home, in that gloomy "outside" margin of the planet to which their own gross darkness confines us, were undergoing some dreadful disturbance or fatal revulsion. The Chinese, or any nation (and therefore any government) in *their* feeble twilight of intellectual glimmering, are incapable of conceiving the relation between any two states as other than that of utter dependency, as between mother and child, where either happens to be much weaker than the other—or that of fierce mutual defiance, as between murderous enemies, where

both are on the same level of power. And if we should blind ourselves to that condition of moral feeling in China; if we should ever be weak enough to rely upon Chinese sincerity, or to fancy that Chinese treachery will not spring forward with a tiger bound to avail itself of even a month's impunity, will pause or will retreat under calculations of reversionary vengeance, we shall weep in tears of blood our foolish unwarranted confidence. We understand nothing of the Chinese imbecility, if we trust to their low miserable cunning for some spurious fruits of sagacity. They *are* cunning: but their cunning is precisely that of an infant, whose limitation of intellect does not allow it to perceive that its wiles are looked through and through; understood and measured at a glance; and the Chinese are, besides, as short-sighted as they are imbecile. Were they to see an opening at this moment for exterminating every Englishman in the waters of China, it would as little lay any restraint upon such a bloody scheme, that an avenging English armament would make their houses a desolation in a few revolving months, as it would that they themselves were abusing confidence reposed, or pledges interchanged. A mere notional foresight is not that practical or operative prudence which arises in a profounder civilization.

Hence it becomes difficult even for a casuist to say—whether, as regards the Chinese, to have falsified and discoloured the spirit of English policy, were more or less criminal than a similar act of falsification in Europe. For if (on the one hand) we are far better understood in Europe, have means incalculably greater for rectifying any special case in which we are *not* understood, and at all events benefit by the perpetual correction applied to all such errors by the general tendency and spirit of our conduct; and thus far it may seem by much a less injury to England, that she should be slandered or perversely interpreted in Christendom, than amongst odious idolatrous nations, who need so much to be illuminated upon our principles of action; —yet, on the other hand, it is so merely hopeless to think of illuminating a vile Chinese brain upon a large question of moral feeling, (Chinese errors of this class not arising secondarily upon our individual case, but primarily upon the case generally of moral feeling, moral principle, and of actions as amenable to such standards,) that really in a practical sense we may almost acquit Captain Elliot of any injury done to our British character. Since, if he has forced upon the Chinese perceptions a distinct misrepresentation of our purposes in this expedition, most assuredly being left to themselves they would have created an equal misrepresentation; and universally the evil purpose, which had not been circumstantially explained to their understandings, they would have presumed and imputed to us from their inability to conceive any other purpose between nation and nation. Consequently, to have degraded us into mere bucaniers, however bad as regards the temper or the motives which permitted such a falsification of our character, is *not* bad—is very trivial, as regards the result. For the whole spirit of Chinese laws, and the very principle of that jealous exclusion which they have so long applied to foreigners, manifest too clearly that the Chinese people cannot so much as figure to their understandings the intercourse between nations, *except* as a bucanier intercourse. Here, therefore, we might have excused Captain Elliot—as one who did a great wrong, but a wrong which, without his interference, would not the less have been done. As there is a *damnum absque injuriâ*, so there is an *injuria absque damno;* all the intention and evil *animus* of wrong, yet from accident, not the effects of wrong. Such was Captain Elliot's treaty apart from its selfish object, to all the British parties concerned. But what are we to think of that real and perfect wrong, that *damnum* not less than *injuria* to all embarked upon the same interest with himself, which Captain Elliot committed in the secret motive of his treaty, as it transpired to all reasonable suspicion in his first wish to negotiate aloof from Sir Hugh Gough; and as it transpired past denial in his subsequent appropriation of the ransom money? The case is natural and intelligible: many a man has flourished in an eastern colony, belted with body-guards and honoured like a king, who, on returning to Europe, and resuming his place amongst modest citizens, has found himself persecuted by a whole nest of hornets for acts done in his days of irresponsible power. Usually these acts have been cases of doubtful oppression, or, perhaps, in a land like India, unavoidable stretches

of legal authority. For such alleged trespasses it was, that M. Lally in France, on returning with rash confidence from Pondicherry, found himself tormented through years, and finally brought to the scaffold. For such it was, that our Hastings found himself tied to the stake, and baited through seven years before the nation, besides sacrificing to his defence much of his honourably acquired fortune. Lord Clive even, and others almost as fortunate as he, did not wholly escape this painful necessity of facing that sad reversion of feuds inherited from official acts, when outliving the power which had protected them. These are bad. But what are these compared with feuds arising out of debts; and debts wilfully, violently, tyrannically created? Thence came Captain Elliot's furious haste to pocket the army's prize-money as his own redemption money. There is no such scorpion for scaring away sleep as that monster found in all climates—the creditor. But yet, what is the creditor, quiescent and *couchant*, as heralds say, compared to the same creature *rampant*, when he sloughs his skin and passes into the *dun?* And then to be dunned for a million or two of pounds sterling! Besides, on what, or whose account? For opium, never tasted by yourself or your own friends; for laudanum (the tincture of opium) tippled by your enemies; possibly the prime growths of this white-poppy vintage being, at the present moment, in the cellars of Sin, Yang, Fang, and "the Foo," and deposited in what, perhaps, they insultingly mark as the Elliot bin.

But, with this opinion upon the prospects of Captain Elliot, ought we not to pity him, and to allow for his anxiety to evade such a situation? And the more we swell the chorus of his woes, the more should be our pity. Certainly; and pity him we should; but then recurs the damning question —Who forced him into this situation? who tempted him?—What other than himself? His own miserable conceit that he could enact the diplomatist—could settle perplexed interests between nations—could replace a commerce, sick and languishing in every organ by which it moved, upon a permanent basis of renovation. In pursuit of which chimera he valued not the wrongs he might inflict, counted not the mercantile ruins he might scatter right and left, (for the connexions of the great opium-shippers are known only to themselves,) nor ever once asked himself for an account of those principles by which he meant to abide; upon what basis he hoped to found a compromise with Lin—upon what basis to found security for the interests of his countrymen.

First, look at his concessions to Lin. FOR WHAT did he surrender so much as a pound of opium? On what principle, for what consideration, in return for what equivalent? From the foundations of the earth was it ever heard that a man, not lunatic by repute, not moonstruck with despair, not drunk with new wine, not walking in his sleep, violently hurled, trundled, pelted with his own proper hands, millions of silver dollars into an enemy's keeping, one hundred thousand after another, up to the vast amount of fifty, (for the money and the money's worth is the same thing,) without having a dim conception in his own mind, why, or upon what motive he did so; staring distractedly if any man asked him; and then finally, upon an opening being made by others wheeling about, undoing as furiously as he had done, resuming all that he had paid, violently hurling, trundling, pelting with his own proper hands, dollars by hundreds of thousands at the heads of those from whom he had forcibly taken them? Is this the act of a person sound in his intellect? But, review the steps of the transaction, and the question will become more clamorous.

First, By what imaginable construction of rights could Lin, could the Chinese government, have any claim upon opium that only was, by remote hypothesis, to become Chinese? Why, if so, the same parties had a right to the poppy-beds in the several presidencies of India. At the very worst Captain Elliot might have replied to Lin's demand—"Why, then, you must go and fetch it;" an ugly errand, as Lin knew even at that time.

Secondly, It is granted on all hands that certainly the ships were all well able to weigh their anchors and sail, but that Captain Elliot had a compromise in view: he wished to purchase, with this property belonging to private owners, certain general advantages for the commercial world. What advantages? Let those be assigned, named, written down. But, whatever they were, did it never occur to him that a Chinese commissioner, who could be unprincipled

enough to offer him a future advantage, upon a stipulation that he should pay him for this article by instantly plundering all his own countrymen in the neighbouring waters, would be the last person in the world afterwards under no coercion to realize such windy promises? For, be it remembered, in estimating Lin's part of the transaction, that whatever Captain Elliot might know of just English parliaments, or sympathizing English publics, that would not submit ultimately to see a number of individuals ruined by way of purchasing privileges for the nation, Lin knew of no such resources. To *his* notions the ruin of all those individuals was sealed; and Captain Elliot must at least have known *that* concerning Lin, whether, as respected the public, Lin should subsequently keep his engagements or not.

Thirdly, Knowing by this time what Lin was capable of, knowing what a base, and, in his own meaning, irreparable injury he meditated to these unhappy merchants afloat in the river, would a child have neglected to proceed by instalments? So much opium, so much performance. "Lin in account with Elliot—Dr. to 10,000 boxes of best superfine opium, delivered to Lin's cooleys. Cr. by so much, or so many, of X," (the unknown quantity representing the supposed equivalent,) "lodged in the hands of Elliot." This course would have been taken even in Europe with a responsible Christian government; how much more with a gang of thieves publicly drawing praises from their own evasions, and glorifying themselves in frauds! But, say the Captain's friends, Lin's equivalents lay in non-tangible returns, (*there* they are right,)—in privileges that could not be tested by instalments; in commercial advantages that could not be paid down at sight. Why not? If a right or license is of such a nature as to allow of no partition, so that all must pass or none—as, for instance, liberty to trade upon terms assigned—at all events, the persons who are candidates for these privileges might be told off by sections, and might be admitted to graduate in Lin's college by stated numerical successions; and this, though a poor one, would always have been *some* test of Lin's sincerity. Ay, but (say the other party) Lin was a knave, and would have resumed ultimately whatever he might have conceded by way of snare. Exactly so: that is our own opinion. But, sharing in that opinion, how then could Captain Elliot have trusted to Lin for any thing? To plead Lin's power of resumption as a reason for dispensing with all instalments, just as you might plead, in excuse for not demanding a bill of exchange upon any debt accruing from a notorious swindler, that it would have been a mockery to take such an engagement from one who would never pay it when due, is precisely to repeat, in a stronger shape, all that we have urged.—Besides, though we lay little stress upon *that*, the maxim of *fieri non debuit, factum valet*, is not merely a rule of policy, but a rule of many men's indolence: they would not have fulfilled onerous engagements; but having fulfilled them, they may shrink from the energy and effort required to disturb them.

Fourthly, Look at the second article of the "agreement" granted to the Chinese: the money is there falsely described as being entirely (six millions of dollars are specified) "for the use of the crown of England." What has the crown of England to do with Captain Elliot's private debts; and debts which under no construction can be traced to any necessities imposed by his difficult situation? His situation was *not* difficult until he made it such by his own infatuation. The path was a clear one. He had to insist upon all the concessions which he deemed right: failing to obtain them, he knew that the conduct of the affair passed into other hands. But from the moment when he commenced those unlimited and extravagant acts of confidence in a party who was not "good" (to use the language of commerce) for the value of ten dollars, troubles thickened round him: he grew distracted: his better angel forsook his side: and from that fatal hour of fatuity his whole conduct has been one tissue of imbecilities. We have remarked, that those who go to the East with false prejudications as to the ideas and moral principles of oriental people, are but strengthened in error by familiarity with oriental usages. Captain Elliot's original blunder was, as to Chinese notions of honour and good faith. But, whatever they may have of such qualities between themselves, they recognise no such obligations as binding upon their intercourse with foreigners. It is not that they deny them. They do not compre-

hend them as representable ideas. To be a foreigner is to be a person in respect of whom they can have no duties: motives for reserve, motives for the policy of disguise, these may exist: but not duties. And least of all must we presume the existence of such solemn sanctions from the honesty (even that, however, very mixed in its quality) of commercial intercourse. The Hong is under penalties and coercions which enforce a kind of regularity: but that is under the sense of a mere necessity lying at the root of all reciprocal wants. And our commerce is much more important to the Chinese than has been perceived by our economists, or will ever be acknowledged by themselves. In reality, they themselves will never know the importance, until after a two years' suspension, when an insurrection in the provinces would open their eyes. But the quantity we take of their tea is so small! It is not small; it is enormous. Their population is not half of what they pretended to our embassies; and of that half not the tenth part can afford to drink tea. But if it *were* small, have the economists forgotten their own doctrine of rent? A very small quantity, indeed, by forcing the culture of but one inferior soil, will operate instantaneously upon every soil to enhance the price, by the new increment of cost. Mark how these foolish economists forget their own principles when they take effect upon a case not within their immediate experience! Instead of forty million pounds' weight, if we took but four million, it might require a new soil to be introduced into the scale—an inferior soil of course; or, generally speaking, it would have been used before. And after that, it is not the quantity which signifies, except as it tends downwards to develope still worse qualities of soil.

Captain Elliot fancied how glorious would seem to Lin one vast act of faith in his honour. Even in that light, Lin could not fail to perceive that, if he was trusted, others were robbed. But Lin regarded it in no such light. He understood the act, of course, as resting upon fear. We have seen how thoroughly the Chinese mistook their own warlike capacities in a struggle with the very *élite* of the house of civilization; and for *that* we do not despise them. Their ignorance and miscalculations were but natural. What we *do* despise, is their ineradicable perfidy and cruelty; and of these qualities the British public will have a further specimen—we hope not upon too large a scale—before they learn to appreciate their moral nature. They are not Mahommedans; let that be remembered. Islamism is a depravation of Christianity; and in pillaging the Scriptures, Mahomet could not but learn and transplant some great truths—the unity of God—the sanctity of moral obligations. Mahommedans observe treaties, are capable of an imperfect honour; but these people are idolatrous tribes, with the loosest notions of moral obligation.

Finally, mark these points:—In his hurry to obtain the dollars, like the bearer of a stolen cheque waiting in agony at a bank lest the owner should appear to denounce him before he can effect his *exit* with the cash, Captain Elliot forgets—leaves utterly unnoticed—every act of reparation. He allows our honourable and accomplished officers to be called "head thieves;" he allows innocent men to be kidnapped and murdered; the Chinese commissioners, in the very act of granting what he supposes to be, in our diplomatic sense, "full powers," (but which, in fact, mean nothing at all, as would soon have been found if, by hanging "the Foo," they could have resisted the payment of the dollars under the idea of the treaty being unauthorized,) he allows to use this mendacious expression—"the plenipotentiary of the English nation" (a mere forgery* of the interpreter's) "being *now* willing to observe a truce." This is a good specimen of the lie implicit. It is far more effectual for its purpose of deluding the Chinese, than could have been any explicit falsehood asserting that which it is meant to imply. It will be gathered, of course, from this expression, throughout Canton, that the Chinese commissioners had struggled earnestly for a truce, which either the English would not grant, or more probably had granted, but

* This we say upon sufficient grounds, as hereafter we may show. Meantime, in charging forgery, and not ignorance, upon the interpreter, need we go further than remind the reader of his making a Chinaman use the phrase *pro tempore*, and other Latin expressions. Next, we shall have him quoting Shakspeare.

had treacherously violated. The commissioners will have credit for seeking to evade bloodshed, and to arrange the affair amicably. We shall be dishonoured by the imputation of vindictive feelings, a wish to profit by confusion, and most assuredly of perfidy in some acts known to the commissioners. What was meant is not always easy to collect from translations so false in every line: false, we are persuaded, from utter ignorance of the language under insufficient competition. If our European translators in every nation are false and ignorant by vast proportion, as they are and always have been, even in translating French, so that hardly ten accurate versions exist perhaps in modern literature, how much more a semi-educated supercargo under no austere revision of a learned public! What was the real sense, may therefore be doubtful. The fraudulent intention is scarcely doubtful: and the popular construction is not doubtful at all.

We ask also, if any one pledge was asked, or thought of, for enforcing the removal of the army? In any case otherwise situated, the course would have been to deliver up some of the gates and central positions to the British army: from which, besides the more obvious uses, a facility might have been obtained for counting the troops leaving the city. Why these or similar precautions, so self-evident and common, were neglected—it is easy to understand. Arrangements of that sort would have brought on conferences with the military and naval heads. "The crown" of England in that case would have had its rights asserted. And then adieu to Captain Elliot's easy arrangement with his own creditors!

The character of the whole transaction, and the ease with which such a character is impressed upon it, even in those features which were not buccaniering, revolves upon us after all is over, in the way of treaty, through the official report of the emperor's nephew. A London journal observes, that this report is not in the usual style of bombast and gasconade. As to that we have our own opinion: it is very difficult, except in a song, to tell the fact of being kicked down stairs by an enemy—but

"with such a sweet grace
That I thought he was handing me up."

Stubborn facts cannot wholly be suppressed: or at least not where so ugly a result followed them, as that of paying an enormous ransom. But, if not strictly gasconading, the report is as false in spirit and virtue, as any other Chinese paper. It states the catastrophe pretty much in this light:—Sad work had gone on between the hostile parties, when suddenly, a truce was called for by the barbarians. Upon which the nephew, hanging his head from the wall, demanded what it was they wanted; and then took place an explanation, which quite altered the face of things. Mere necessity, it appeared, had driven the poor creatures to this violent course of outrages. Lin, or somebody else, had not paid for some opium he had imported. This non-payment naturally caused mere ruin to a petty tribe of thieves; and when the gracious nephew saw the affair in its true light, as an appeal to the bounty of the Celestial Emperor and the flowery people, he anticipated his Majesty's decision, and paid the rogues their little account, after which all settled back into halcyon repose. This nephew has besides taxed us with horrible offences upon helpless women, and even children; such as too certainly, we know, do not characterize any part of our native population; and when no storming of cities occurred, when all places were evacuated and left desolate on the first approach of the troops, and where a seasonable panic, on our side a most just one, of treachery and bloody severities, created a solemn interval between ourselves and the Chinese, how could opportunities occur for such excesses? Still we have debased foreigners of every eastern nation in our native Indian army: and such atrocities, as individual cases, were barely possible. But how came Captain Elliot to slight the call upon him for a public Chinese explanation upon this point? Were it only for our justification throughout Europe, where these papers will all be read with intense interest, as arguing the laying of a foundation-stone for a fresh extension of our Asiatic empire, he ought not to have left such an aspersion without the amplest letter of apology and reparation in the last place—of explanation, and enquring into the *where* and the *when*, in the first.

We pity Captain Elliot. He has got rid of his creditors; but in doing that, he has only effected a transfer of

enmity. He will be shot assuredly if he stays in the neighbourhood of an army composed of many nations, whom he has defrauded of a great prize. It is more by one fifth part than the booty of Vittoria in 1813, by which every man in an army of 70,000 men was, or might have been, made comfortable for a year or two. But here a larger prize would have been divided amongst 6000 men at the outside, including even camp followers. Still, all this is but a trifle by comparison with his gross sacrifices of his own pretensions to sanity, and of the national honour so far as it could have been vindicated by him.

A London journal of vast authority has affirmed—that "our sole connection with the *Celestial Empire* is mercantile; and in no other point of view need we care one farthing for China, or China for us."

Far different is our own view of the great scene dawning upon us. We are satisfied that a very different mode of connexion is now ripe for development, and cannot be much retarded. Let it be remembered, that ninety years ago our sole connexion with India was mercantile. Army we had none, beyond a few files of musketeers for oriental pomp, and otherwise requisite as a local police. Territory we had none, beyond what was needed for our cows, pigs, and a cabbage garden. Nor had we any scheme of territorial aggrandizement in those days, beyond what was strictly necessary as a means of playing into our commercial measures, were it by the culture of indigo for instance, and other experimental attempts, or with a view to more certain lines of transit and of intercourse, unfettered by hostile custom-houses. What was it that changed that scene? A quarrel with a native prince. By his atrocities, we were forced into ambitious thoughts. It happens too often in such countries—that to murder is the one sole safeguard against being murdered; insurrection the remedy beforehand against monstrous oppression; and, not to be crushed by the wheels of the tiger-hearted despot, you must leap into his chariot, and seize the reins yourself. We did nothing wrong, because nothing that was not essential to self-preservation. We usurped upon a pestilent usurper: and we consented to raise a great officer to the throne of his sovereign, because that sovereign had already placed himself under ban and anathema, by his infamous "Black-hole" massacre, and because, amongst his future schemes, the very foremost was our own extermination. With his murder, we had nothing to do. But unless it had been any duty of ours to lay our necks bare to the cimeters of the vilest amongst eastern bloodhounds, we were bound to take the steps we did. We could have taken none that were essentially different.

Such a quarrel has opened upon us in China; and it will revolve through all the stages of an oriental quarrel. That is, there will be no real termination of malice on the side of our hateful enemy. *Manet altâ mente repostum*, is the legend and superscription upon every memorial or record of an Asiatic quarrel. No forgetting from generation to generation—no forgiving. Such sentiments are unintelligible to such hearts. A mother who does not teach to her children, as her earliest lesson in morality, some catechism of vengeance against the supposed violator of the family rights or dignity, would not take rank in man's esteem as one who realized the ideal of gentle feminine and maternal nature, but as an abject brutified creature, incapable of raising her thoughts to the nobler duties of humanity. Even Greece, in elder days, as we know by the tragic tradition of the Heracleidæ—even the Jews when removed into captivity, as we know by the fearful vengeance of the gentle Esther upon the children and household of Haman—adopted that savage maxim, universally binding in the east—"Exterminate thine enemy root and branch, lest his children, if spared, should hereafter exterminate thine." Deadly will be the thoughts of vengeance over which the Imperial counsellors will brood in Pekin. And well it may be thought for us, should our Chinese counterpart of the Bengal tragedy—should our Chinese *Black-hole*—whensoever it occurs, involve no greater number of victims than in the original case. Of the treacherous resurrection to the Chinese vindictive subtilty, when we are thinking least of such an event, we feel perfectly assured; and from the generosity of English nature, its habitual tendency to bear no malice, its carelessness of confidence, and indisposition to suspect, we foresee a fatal catastrophe yet to come, and more than one, perhaps, as indispensable to place

us effectually on our guard. Be that, however, as it may, nothing can be more inevitable than the vast political connexion with China which will grow out of the present commercial quarrel. It cannot be evaded. *Now*, to maintain even our commercial connexion with this people, we must rise to the level of the exigency, and make our connexion more than commercial. More we must make ourselves, or the Chinese will make us less than nothing. Sir Henry Pottinger, from the semi-official explanations already made public, appears to have instructions for founding a number of presidential stations at Pekin, and the other great cities of China, on the model of those in India. But it does not follow that our Indian model of political influence and supremacy will be transferred to China, even by initial tendencies or preparations. There will arise, however, in this way, the occasions and handles for modifying, so as ultimately to revolutionize, China—so far as she can be prepared for centuries to face a thorough, searching, and creative revolution. The course which Sir Henry's foundations will take, after being vainly resisted with childish fury by the court of Pekin, will probably be this:—After the first return of tranquillity, when the political envoys are all posted at their stations, and the vigilance of suspicion has been calmed, some angry dispute will arise; a Mithridates frenzy, or a Sicilian vespers, will cause all the resident ministers to be strangled; a commission of vengeance will visit the land from Calcutta, sudden and stern; deep awe will be impressed; but from the shallow feelings of the people, and shortsightedness each way, backwards as well as forwards, for remembering the past or for calculating the future, another and another such tragedy will be repeated, until at length a necessity will be seen for taking military possession of a province, building a fortress for the safe housing of all English fugitives from treachery, and maintaining a permanent establishment of from six to ten thousand men, with every equipment of engineering, science, and modern improved warfare. To this result we shall come in the end. And then we shall wait on events as they arise, aided by the prodigious increase which we shall then begin to find annually in our statistical acquaintance with China. Then will the truth be known or guessed pretty nearly as to Chinese population, which (as we now conjecture) will turn out to be rather below than above eighty millions, instead of those hyperbolical numbers which their arrogance has hitherto imposed upon our too ready credulity. Then will vast accessions be made to all the objects which interest, and to all the subjects which employ, the naturalist. Then, also, will mighty deserts be discovered, such as may offer a new field of expansion to British population. And from such an inland centre it is, that eventually we shall operate upon China; for we must not believe that, because monstrous aggregations of human beings exist in the suburbs of mighty cities, there are therefore no vast unpeopled solitudes. Such there are and must be, in the real state of Chinese society.

Thus far we look forward, and with a general confidence that thus far in the great outline of our prospects we are right. Especially, we are confident that ten years a-head will carry us onwards to the provincial settlement and the establishment of our own local army as the only ultimate dependence of our own local envoys. This result we predict with firmness, using no other pretences to such a reach of foresight, but simply our reliance upon the exquisite imbecility and exquisite profligacy of Chinese nature. Both features concur to the same issue. We know and are assured, that the Chinese are too weak to resist with firmness any present temptation offered to their base principles of vindictive cruelty. They will acknowledge no ultimate restraint but that of physical force. The trumpet must often speak to them in tones of warning; many times must the artillery score its dreadful lessons upon their carcasses, before they will be healed of their treachery, or we shall be allowed to live in the diffusion of peaceful benefits.

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MODERN SCHOOLS OF ART IN FRANCE, BELGIUM, AND SWITZERLAND.

It is one of the best points in the French national character, that at almost all periods of the history of the Gallic people, they have retained and evinced a warm sense of art, a lively perception of the beauties of imitative skill, and an innate taste for well-conceived decoration. Not to allude to the French monastic painters of the middle ages, their architects, or their sculptors and monumental engravers, whose admirable works made France, and have even yet left it, such a rich mine for the archæological connoisseur, we may observe, that an immense impulse was given to French artistical genius, by the great men, native as well as foreign, of the days of Francis I. That period, which was so bright for most of the nations of western Europe in all that related to arts and literature, confirmed the existence of a French national school of art; and the stimulus then given to the taste and inclinations of the people, has made its effects felt even to the present day. It is not our purpose to dwell on the merits of Jean Goujon and Jean Cousin, or their followers; nor on those of N. Poussin and Philibert Delorme, of a subsequent period; nor even on those of Puget, Coysevox, Lebrun, Mignard, the Mansarts, and all the host of the reign of the "Grand Monarque"—the task has been already performed;—we wish to make a few remarks on the state of art in France at the present day—on the merits and demerits of the more eminent among her painters, sculptors, and architects; to add some brief observations on their imitators, if not their disciples, in Belgium and Switzerland, (the only two relative schools;) with a word or two of advice to the artistical world, and the amateurs of our own country.

We are far from wishing to proclaim ourselves universal admirers of the French; we have too often had occasion to point out defects in their political and social systems, to allow of our being suspected of such an inclination; but, after a careful examination and comparison of the actual state and progress of the French and the English schools in the various branches of art, and after a conscientious weighing of their respective excellences and defects, we cannot refrain from expressing our opinion *in limine*, that English artists, and especially English amateurs, are guilty of great injustice in making those sweeping condemnations of the products of their continental brethren, in which they are so fond of indulging. It is a painful thing for the connoisseur, for one who has studied the immortal masters of former days, to witness the fantastic and unnatural flights of fancy displayed by the daubers and plasterers of what is, in many points, a degenerate epoch; but it is scarcely less painful to the conscientious amateur, as he walks through the Louvre,

while the great spring exhibition of modern artists is open, to hear the flippant criticisms of the British loungers, nine-tenths of whom have never been initiated into the mysteries of the pencil, the palette, or the chisel, and who think to exalt the merits of their fellow countrymen by crying down those of all other nations. We wish to say this at the outset of our remarks, since our object is that of exercising impartial well-founded criticism; not with the view of discouraging the meritorious labourers of our own national school, but, on the contrary, to show in what points the French school is more or less advanced, and in what respects its artists may safely be imitated by those on the British side of the Channel. The justice and the necessity of making such a comparison, was most forcibly impressed on our attention, after a visit to the last exhibition at the National Gallery in London. We have already had occasion to record our opinion of that exhibition, and to notice the good and the bad things it contained; but we had previously inspected the annual exhibition, for 1841, at the Louvre—the *Salon*, as it is technically termed—and the comparison of the merits of the two exhibitions was mortifying to those feelings of national pride, from which a Briton is probably never exempt. The exhibition at the National Gallery was not striking for its excellence—certainly not; but we have seen many at Somerset House not a bit better; whereas the exhibition at the Louvre was complained of by every artist in France, as one of the weakest which had been witnessed for many years; nearly all the great names were absent from the catalogue; they were the tyros in art whose canvasses, drawings, and statues, filled the galleries; and the English visiters were more loud than common in their condemnation of its contents. We were greatly disappointed with it ourselves, and lamented what appeared to have been a year nearly lost to the arts. Well! after rushing impatiently to Trafalgar Square to appease our artistical longings, and after going there "determined to be pleased," we were compelled to admit, that what we had seen in Paris was far superior to what we then saw in London; superior not only in manual execution, and in the special technicalities of art, but also in the life and soul of imitative skill, in the poetry of painting, of sculpture, and of design; in all that forms the serious solid qualities of creative imagination and recordant observation. In the French exhibitions, we had seen the strongly pronounced features of a divided school; in the English, we found no traces of any school at all;—in the former case, it was evident that there was a corps of artists at work, who would gain a name and reputation in future times; in the latter, it struck us as doubtful whether there were any just claims to immortality.* We shall advert to the probable causes of this difference by and by; at present, we repeat our *caveat* against being supposed to wish to trumpet the praises of French rather than those of British artists, and we proceed with our remarks.

Towards the end of the last century, when the great Revolution broke out, the French School of Art had fallen into a kind of elegant enervation, not unlike that of the upper classes of French society. The painters who depended for their support on the taste of their noble and royal patrons, were forced to accommodate themselves to the ideas and opinions of the epoch; and the prevailing characteristic of the French school at that day, was mediocrity sustained upon an ancient foundation of scientific and practical tradition. Historical painting had dwindled away, till it was scarcely to be met with; landscape painting was tolerated rather than encouraged, and the principal occupation of a painter during the

* It may be said, that English artists are under a great disadvantage from having their works exhibited in such a place as the miscalled *National* Gallery; and the observation, as far as it implies comparison with the Louvre, is correct. Nothing can be worse than the rooms of the National Gallery in which the paintings and drawings are exhibited, except the hole in which the sculpture is piled; that at Somerset House used to strike us as the "lowest deep" for any purposes of this kind, but Wilkins's cellar is a "lower still," the very *bathos* of architecture.

latter half of the 18th century, was to delineate the portraits of all who claimed distinction or notoriety of any kind. We do not know of any remarkable historical paintings, by French artists, of that epoch, worthy of mention; among the landscapes, the large canvasses of Joseph Vernet, who was in every sense of the word a most eminent artist, are honourable and highly striking exceptions; while, for portraits, every gallery in France, every house, and every broker's shop, contain pleasing specimens of the courtly style which then prevailed. There was more of traditional skill in the French school of that day, than of positive pictorial science: painters then studied very little beyond the lineaments of the face—the severer labours of the studio, and the working from the living model, were not practised to a hundredth part of the extent to which they now prevail. There was no demand for any thing beyond the representations of well-bred faces, aristocratic hands, powdered perukes, and silk or satin robes; a correct delineation of the Torso would have puzzled a French painter or sculptor, in the time of Louis XVI.; and very few, if any, could have attacked with success, a stiff bit of mountain or woodland scenery. Animal painting and flower painting, on the other hand, were rather flourishing, because they fell in with the taste of the upper classes of society; and architecture still maintained itself at a respectable height of excellence, based on the recollections of the days of Louis XIV. The school wanted life, and energy, and originality; it was too formal, too conventional, too wide from nature and from simple truth. At this period, pictorial art was at a much loftier pitch in England. Sir Joshua Reynolds, the founder of the English school, and whose name each succeeding year shows more and more clearly entitled to rank with those of Titian and Velasquez, had attained the zenith of his fame. Gainsborough, too, and Wilson, the greatest landscape painters till then since the time of Gaspar Poussin, had shed a degree of illustration on art, never before witnessed in England. These were giants in art; they possessed all the bold vigorous qualities which French painters wanted, and they were justly entitled to fix their stamp and style on a school which must ever consider them with profound veneration. In sculpture, Nollekens was beginning to continue the masterly practice and scientific combinations of Roubiliac; but in architecture we had no name that could claim peculiar distinction, and English buildings of the latter part of this century, are monuments only of the absence of all taste and science. On the whole, art was more deeply and more truly felt, and more efficiently patronised in England at this period, than in France.

That melancholy and disastrous catastrophe, the great Revolution, put a momentary stop to all progress in art, as it did to all other things that were good; and it might have been expected that a total extinction of the French school would have ensued. Some of the richest collections in the country were dispersed and carried to foreign lands; the patrons of art and artists had lost either their lives or their fortunes; every thing that was noble and civilized in the nation had disappeared, and the people received that stamp of ferocious vulgarity which even yet prevails, and, under various forms, has totally metamorphosed the old and agreeable character of the French Art was dead, or dormant, for several years, and the merit of reviving it may be entirely attributed to the genius of the greatest man who has ruled France since the days of Francis I. The patronage given to artists of all kinds, when the First Consul had subdued the hydra of revolution at home, and had restored something like order and subordination to society—the importations of foreign collections resulting from conquest or spoliation, and probably his own innate love for all that was grand and beautiful—all this made the career of Napoleon one of hope and promise. The splendour of the empire, and the reviving taste of the nation, succeeded in placing the fine arts on their proper footing; and the comparative state of peace which has since ensued, added to an increased degree of public patronage within the last few years, has allowed of every thing that concerns art receiving considerable development. There was only one good effect that the Revolution produced in the French school, violent and lamentable as were the causes by which it was brought to pass—it was the complete sweeping

away of the old effete system of the ci-devant courtly painters, and the placing of artistical patronage on a much wider and surer basis. Instead of painters confining themselves to one or two branches of art alone, and those not the highest, historical painting came to be practised by them, and ultimately landscape painting was revived. The sculptors, too, again found employment; and architects, though for a time thrown into the background, were destined to enter on a new and more rational course of study and practice than they had before experienced. As, however, one of the fondest and falsest dreams of the revolutionary madmen who came into short-lived power on the downfal of the monarchy, was the Romanizing of every thing; and as even the state itself attempted to deck itself out in the ill-assorted paraphernalia of the Roman republic—so public taste took a similar direction, and all persons who cultivated the fine arts either followed the general impulse of their own accord, or else accommodated themselves to the turn of national fancy; hence the classical and heroical school arose. Architectural forms of all kinds, external and internal decorations, articles of furniture, and even parts of female dress, assumed a character more or less antique; the pseudo-Hellenists and the quasi-Romanists carried the day in all matters of painting, designing, or sculpturing: David and his disciples fixed the standard of public taste in these matters, and his *Leonidas at Thermopylæ*, with his *Rape of the Sabines*, may be considered as at once the types and the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the French revolutionary school. The dates of these productions are, it is true, posterior to the great cataclysm—but they are nevertheless the results and the crowning points of the system, beyond which it could not effect any thing better. The painters who were contemporary with David during the earlier days of the Consulate and the Empire, and who were employed in recording the victories and the deeds of Napoleon, were most of them below mediocrity. Their works have been lately collected at Versailles, and are ranged in the galleries which contain the Napoleonic series, where they form a curious assemblage of the most atrocious daubs and *croutes* that ever were misnamed paintings. They possess interest, indeed, from their subjects, and from the portraits, more or less faithful, which they contain; but as works of art, they are generally beneath notice. Some of David's own productions constitute bright exceptions, such as his large picture of the *Coronation of Napoleon*—which, though exceedingly poor in manual execution and colouring, is vigorous in its drawing, and is grouped with no small ability. It is by no means, however, one of his best paintings; and in the great Hall of the Guards at Versailles, where it stands, another picture by the same artist, on the opposite side—the *Distribution of the Eagles to the Legions in the Champ de Mars*—is a glaring example of all the defects of the Davidian school. One of the ablest painters of that day was Gros, as his *Battle of Aboukir*, placed by the side of the two pictures of David just mentioned, evinces; and as may also be inferred from his *Battle of Eylau* in the Louvre. Though he survived David a considerable time, and, in fact, terminated his life by his own hand only a few years ago, these two painters may be considered as the chiefs and masters of the Revolutionary and Imperial schools; and contemporary French artists, in all their works, painted, or tried to paint up to them. There was a sweet flower-painter pursuing his quiet career during this period—the amiable Rédouté; and his works, far above the other productions of his day in intrinsic merit, will survive in reputation the larger and more ambitious canvasses of his friends and companions.* Sculpture was almost in an embryo state during the Consulate and the Empire; and the name of Bosio (who still lives, and is, perhaps, the first of existing French sculptors) is almost the only one of distinguished eminence which can be connected with that of Napoleon. Sculpture, to be efficiently patronized, requires, more than painting or architecture, a period of political

* Rédouté's own private collection of pictures was sold a year or two ago in Paris; it contained numerous gems. He has had the great merit of founding a most flourishing school of flower-painters, male and female, at the Garden of Plants.

repose and national prosperity. No person, except the great and the wealthy, can foster this branch of art on any thing like an extensive scale; and it is only when noble and wealthy patrons are more intent upon recording the eminent deeds of their ancestors, than upon gaining power or renown for themselves, that a demand for sculpture exists. Napoleon did a good deal to encourage French sculptors; but nothing of any moment has been executed since the days of Louis XV. until within quite our own immediate time. As for architecture, during the Napoleonic era it displayed itself rather in projects than in actual erections. Noble works were undertaken and finished, in bridges and other monuments more nearly connected with public utility than with public ornament; but the numbers of great monumental edifices actually built during the empire, were as small as that of mediœval buildings destroyed was unfortunately immense. The buildings planned were some of them of august character, and reflected great honour on their architectural designers; among them may be noticed, at Paris, the great triumphal arch at the upper end of the Champs Elysées, the church of the Madeleine, and the palace on the Quai d'Orsay. To have imagined these there must have been a body of architects of considerable merit existing; but the private buildings erected throughout France at that period, were vastly inferior to what were constructed during the reign of Louis XV.; and on the whole, as a school of national architecture, the empire witnessed little that was really worthy of the name.

Napoleon had the good sense to maintain and encourage a Royal Institution, founded at Rome in the days, we believe, of Louis XIV.—the French Academy of Fine Arts; and by establishing a similar division in the Institute at home, where the directing impulse was to originate, he kept all the painters, sculptors, architects, and engravers of the epoch, in a well-organized national corps. The foundation of public gratuitous schools of design—the formation of a body of efficient teachers, who have since grown into the professors of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*—and the opening of all the great collections of objects of art to the public—these judicious measures gave the greatest impulse to public taste, and they constitute one of the chief glories of what was in itself a glorious era. The uniting of so many fine works of art at the Louvre, and the almost constant facility of access afforded to the public and to students, revived one of the sparks of civilization in the bosom of the nation. Succeeding years have blown these sparks into a flame; and whatever taste the French public now possess for art of various kinds, may be attributed in great part to the trouble taken by the successive governments to cultivate the national eye and the popular mind.

The grafting of the French school of painting of the present day on that of the empire, was effected during the restoration, or a little previous, when Géricault and Girodet produced, the former his *Wreck of the Medusa*, and the latter his *Endymion* and *Atala*, so well known to the visiters of the Louvre, and the collectors of modern French engravings. The latter painter, indeed, belonged to an earlier epoch; but we mention them together, because their productions formed a remarkable transition from the military and heroic style of David and Gros, to the more natural and more truly historical style of the present day. They were both painters of great merit, as their productions just named will ever evince; the example they set has not been lost on their successors; they led the way to a better and more enduring style of art; and they may be looked on as amongst the best French artists of this century. It was during the peaceful reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., that the fine arts in France acquired a wholesome degree of development. Those monarchs, themselves inclined to encourage merit of all kinds, devoted a due share of attention to this branch of national greatness; and though various political circumstances hindered both of them from carrying into effect all the good intentions they had formed, yet the degree of protection they afforded to artists of different denominations, and the regular action of the institutions mentioned above, effected much steady progress and solid good. The Royal School of Fine Arts, which was made an introductory establishment to the Academy at Rome, came to be well esteemed by the pub-

lic, and students flocked to it with regularity and eagerness. At this school a body of professors, selected from the ablest painters, sculptors, and architects of the capital, give public gratuitous instruction in their several departments to young men who wish to devote themselves to the arts, and who fulfil certain unimportant formalities at the time of their entering. Every year prize subjects are given out for competition; and the pupil who is fortunate enough to obtain the grand prize—the *Prix de Rome* as it is technically termed—is sent at the expense of government to the eternal city, where he is sumptuously lodged in the French academy—one of the noblest palaces in the capital, and maintained for five years. During the period of his stay in Italy, each pupil is bound to send home every year one or more productions, which are exhibited at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, and the artistical world, as well as the public generally, are thereby enabled to judge of what is the progress making by the younger competitors for artistical fame. On the return of the students from Rome, they are either employed by Government, or are already so well known by their works to the public, that their fortunes may be said to be secure, and their future career is one of comparative brightness. It sometimes happens that two grand prizes for the same subject are adjudged in the same year, or that a second candidate is thought worthy to be sent to Rome: so that, on the average, the French nation has always about twenty young men of especial promise, studying upon scientific principles at the very fountain-head of excellence. The post of director of the academy at Rome is one of considerable honour, and is conferred for five years: while the professorships in the same institution are objects of peculiar ambition to all who are able to compete for them. The course of patient study continued for several years at home in the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, and the subsequent advantages of the residence at Rome, seldom fail to produce an accomplished painter, sculptor, or architect: but even those candidates in Paris who miss the grand prize, are not therefore neglected; they are known to their professor, they become introduced to the notice of Government, and they attain public favour in proportion to their several merits. The operation of this gratuitous and perfectly open school, is admitted by the profession to be of the utmost use and value, both as a means of instruction and as a mode of encouragement. The gratuitous schools of design, intended for workmen in trades connected with ornamental operations of every kind, produce an under-current of art, which is not without its effect on public taste and public wealth. By their instrumentality, numerous young people of both sexes are annually sent out into the world skilful designers, and imbued with fixed principles of taste: and, were there no other proof of the value of these acquisitions in a national point of view, we would point to the rapidly increasing trade of France in all ornamental objects, in bronze works of a superior kind, in furniture, and in figured stuffs of every description, as a testimony of the good these institutions produce. The ability of French pattern-drawers is almost entirely attributable to these minor but useful institutions.

To return, however, from this digression to the actual French School of the Fine Arts, we will give a sketch of its principal members, and will begin with the highest department—that of Historical Painting. Horace Vernet, grandson or great-grandson of Joseph Vernet, is decidedly the chief and leader of the school: and on the whole, we do not know whether France possesses any painter of greater talent than himself. We are not aware under what master he first studied, except under Carl Vernet his father; but he was a most successful student of the school at Paris, and much distinguished himself at Rome. The *forte* of Horace Vernet is his extremely bold and accurate drawing, and his intimate acquaintance with anatomy both of men and animals. His delineations possess all the vigour of Rubens without any of that illustrious master's exaggerations, and his colouring in many instances has shown that he has been a careful student of the great Fleming's best qualities. He is not only bold, but very rapid in his execution, and anecdotes are told of some of his feats in painting against time that are quite surprising: the truth is, that he never had occasion to correct what he has once touched; and as he depends much more on his drawing than his colouring for effect, he can produce what he

desires in a comparatively short time. In all his larger canvasses he draws and paints in the broadest and boldest manner, yet without any exaggeration or mannerism, and studiously avoids all tricks of the art. His grouping is at once graceful and scientific, and while he attains much vivacity of action, he never descends to the ridiculous or the improbable: this constitutes one of his great excellences; and the extreme naturalness of all that he paints, is sure to be impressed on the most indifferent observer. It is not always that he attacks large canvasses: on the contrary, he often paints cabinet pictures, and then, going into the opposite extreme, finishes them with all the care that would be bestowed on a miniature. There are many of the smaller paintings of this master, the handling of which is equal to that of a Vander Werf, though it would be an exaggeration to say that it resembled that of a Gerard Dow. In all his smaller compositions great sweetness and delicacy of composition are to be observed, and we would instance the well-known groups of his Arab figures—his *Abraham and Rebecca*, his *Abraham and Hagar*, his *Lion Hunt*, &c.—as instances of what we have mentioned. His large pieces are nearly all military subjects, most of them relating to real actions of the present day, and a few of them ideal. Of the latter there is one at Versailles, *the Battle of Fontenoy*, which in many respects is the best painting he has produced: the design of the subject is graceful in the extreme, the moment being that when Marshal Saxe presents the British colours to Louis XV. and brings up a convoy of prisoners to the royal presence. The drawing is quite *à la Rubens*, only with greater delicacy of form; and the colouring is of the same school, only it is too light and too sketchily put on for a canvass of such large size. His *Storming of Constantina* is another of his capital pictures; and these, with his numerous other works, are sufficient to stamp him as the most vigorous and original of French painters since the times of Lebrun and Lesueur. He is at the head of a large school of pupils, by whom he is greatly beloved, as indeed he is by all the profession, being one of the most liberal open-minded men breathing, and spending the handsome fortune he has amassed in the most generous and honourable manner.* The second painter of the modern French school in the military line is Couder, who is very much in the same style with Horace Vernet; and though not possessed of the same versatility of talent, nor of the same vigour of conception, is still entitled to a high place in the annals of art. His pictures will live, and do him much honour in future times. There are several large battle pieces by him at Versailles of great merit, and one, a decidedly historical picture, *The Opening of the States-General*, which is as good a canvass as perhaps could have been produced on that subject. Alfred Johannot promised to be a first-rate painter in this line, but he has been prematurely snatched away by death: and the pictures he has left give more favourable indications of what he would have been than of what he actually was. This branch of the Historical School in France includes numerous followers, and among them are some young artists of great merit: Monvoisin, Fragonard, Bellangé, and Eugène Lami (though the two latter seldom paint any pictures but those containing small figures) are the best.

At the head of another branch of the French Historical School is Paul Delaroche, a master between whom and Horace Vernet it is difficult to draw a comparison, their styles being so widely apart; but if he yields in merit to any, it is to him alone. Paul Delaroche may be called a historical painter, *par éminence:* he seldom, if ever, touches a military composition, and his attention is generally turned to the tragic scenes of civil life. He possesses great science in drawing, though he has not the vigour and originality of Vernet; but his compositions, which are evidently the result of much forethought and labour, are almost faultless, and no painter better than himself knows how to tell a voluminous story with the aid of few figures. His chiaro-oscuro is full of breadth and force, and his colouring

* We are not aware that any of Horace Vernet's works are in England, but there are several, we believe, at St Petersburg.

rich and harmonious: his principal fault is in the handling, which is deficient in firmness, and he proceeds far too much upon the opaque principle —the besetting sin of the French school. Three of his pictures will be sufficient to stamp his merits in the eye of the British connoisseur—one, in the Palace of Luxembourg, which goes by the name of the *Enfants d'Edouard*, the subject being the young King Edward V. and the Duke of York in the Tower—well-known from the masterly engravings that have been taken of it: the others are in the possession of Lord Francis Egerton, and are *Strafford going to Execution*, and *Charles I. insulted by the Parliamentary Soldiers*. We have no painter in England that could produce pictures such as these. Paul Delaroche, like Horace Vernet, is at the head of a most numerous school of pupils, and is very popular among all his brethren of the palette. There are numerous artists who follow in his wake; one of the best known among whom is Steuben; but in our opinion his merits have been greatly overrated: his colouring is too gaudy, and his handling woolly and otherwise faulty: he is, notwithstanding, an immense favourite with the French public—we do not say with the artistical world; and his pictures are readily bought and quickly engraved. A much more masterly painter, and second only to Paul Delaroche, is Tony Johannot; he is one of a severer class than the leader of this division of the school, and possesses great originality and energy of conception; he is famous for painting conspiracies, or councils, or murders, and carries into practice upon his canvass some of the best principles of Vandyke. Alaux is a rising artist, who, though not on a level with Johannot, has of late produced some historical pictures of no small merit; but he must yield the palm to a younger competitor, Gigoux, who is one of the best hopes of the French school, and who, for powers of drawing, comes near upon the footsteps of Horace Vernet. His spirited illustrations of the late French edition of *Gil Blas*, are well known to the European public. This subdivision of the historical school is very numerous, as we have already stated; and, though we do not mention their names, contains a strong corps of really able artists, far outweighing, both in number and merit, their rivals on this side of the Channel. There is one among them, however, who for his eccentricity, if for nothing else, cannot be passed over in silence—Eugène Delacroix. This artist is a better poet and a better musician than he is a painter, and yet, in his latter qualification, is the envy or the terror of almost the whole French school. He has taken a great master for his model in colouring, Paul Veronese; but he exaggerates the principles of that admirable painter to a fearful degree, and indulges in most unjustifiable *tours de-force* with cerulean-green and brownish-purple tints, &c. His drawing is often faulty, but his compositions are masterly and original. He copies from no one, and in his handling and rapidity of painting throws most of his contemporaries into despair. He is not at all understood by the public, but in every *atelier* in Paris his name is mentioned as an object either of intense admiration or undisguised astonishment. A *Medea killing her Children* is one of his best works. There are two painters in this division of the Historical School whose names must be mentioned, not for their excellence, but for the contrary qualities. The first, Court, made his debut some years ago by a masterly production, now in the gallery of the Luxembourg, of *Mark Antony haranguing the Romans over the dead body of Cæsar*; but since that time, though he has been largely employed by the present Government to paint public subjects, he has been getting deeper and deeper into the bathos of painting, till at last he has nearly forfeited all claims to excellence. Sometimes he turns out a good portrait; but that is the utmost he can do. The other is Deveria, a painter as much employed in Government orders as Court, and nearly as bad an artist. He has done several good things in former days, and he still retains a certain degree of boldness of drawing, but he is getting worse and worse every year. *Louis Philippe swearing to the "Charte-verité," in the Chamber of Deputies*, is one of his largest and worst productions: it is kept at Versailles, along with other delineations of equally notorious acts of the "Best of Republics." M. Schnetz,

who is now Director of the Academy at Rome, which honourable post he obtained as a matter of Government favour, not from his individual merit, may be ranked among the third or fourth-rate painters of the same division.

There is rather an important class of painters who compose what may be termed the third subdivision of the Historical School. We allude to those who treat of religious and sentimental or poetical subjects. Great demand exists in France for pictures to adorn the churches, and, though high prices are seldom paid for such productions, yet a considerable number of artists make a good living by it. The head of this division of the school, though not so much in the religious as the poetical line, is Ary Scheffer, one of the most accomplished painters of whom France can boast, and quite entitled to take his stand by the side of Horace Vernet and Paul Delaroche. He used formerly to paint military subjects; but of late years he has had the good taste to leave that branch of the art, for one which is much higher, and in which he has attained the greatest eminence. He hardly ever exhibits any of his productions, considering it, as many of the more notable French painters do, to be *infra dig.*; but his pictures, whenever they are to be met with, excite the warmest approbation. He chooses subjects from Goethe's ballads, or some of the more poetical episodes of the Scriptures, and he treats them as no one else of his countrymen can do. In 1839, he exhibited at the Louvre an *Agony in the Garden*, which was in every respect a *chef-d'œuvre*, together with a *Faust and Margaret*, a *Mignon*, and a *King of Thule*, than which we never saw more beautiful paintings of the present century. He was the master of the unfortunate Princess Marie; and on all hands, both by artists and amateurs, he is considered, with justice, as at the head of his own peculiar line. His drawing is bold and firm, without any exaggeration of nature; his light and shade very broad and forcible; his colouring transparent, rich, and warm, yet any thing but glaring. If any painter in France can be said to resemble Cornelius of Munich, it is Ary Scheffer. The three painters who generally turn out the best sacred subjects from their *ateliers*, after Ary Scheffer, but far below him, are Hess, Decaisne, (we are not sure whether he is not a Belgian,) and Brune:—they stand nearly on a level for ability, though differing much from each other in their practice, and their pictures are fairly entitled to respectable places wherever they are exhibited. On the whole, though we could name a dozen more artists of real merit in this subdivision, it is not a branch of art in which the French school shines. Perhaps in future years, if the national taste continues steady, it may acquire increased importance.

The fourth and last division of the Historical School is the mythological and the heroic. The chief painter in this, though he continually produces sacred subjects, is Ingres, late Director of the French Academy at Rome, and who is generally admitted to be the fourth great painter in the historical line. This artist is full of science and experience in his profession, and has studied the ancient masters more perhaps than any of his contemporaries. He has selected an admirable model, Raffaelle, and keeps his drawing and his composition strictly within the limits observed by that immortal painter. All the works of M. Ingres are full of scientific design, and are forcible for their chiaro-oscuro: as compositions too, though sometimes stiff, they are always pleasing; but he has committed the fatal mistake of disregarding colour, or rather of establishing one fixed and uniform olive-green tint, which pervades every corner of his palette. One would say that his eyes laboured under some physical infirmity, such abhorrence has he to prismatic rays; the evil, however, is not confined to himself, for his disciples, and they are numerous, have carried out his prejudices or principles to a false extent; and an artist of his school, an *Ingrist*, as the French would term him, is signalized by the flatness and viridescence of his canvass in a moment. Ingres has lately returned to France from Rome, and has been received in the most enthusiastic manner. The artists of Paris gave him a public banquet, and he is constantly a guest at the table of Louis Philippe. A *chef-d'œuvre* of his execution, a *Madonna*, has just been painted for the Emperor of Russia; and another, a

Stratonice, for the Duke of Orleans. His works, in general, are seldom seen; but he is now engaged on a large composition, the ceiling of the New Chamber of Peers in the Luxembourg Palace. Of his pupils, M. Flandrin, a young man, has attained the greatest reputation; but he fails greatly from the monotony of his colour, which detracts from the effect which his Raffaellic drawing would otherwise produce. Papety, another pupil, still at Rome in the Academy, gives high promise of future excellence. There was a painter who was rather of the same way of thinking as Ingres, and who would perhaps have supplanted him, Sigalon; but he was prematurely cut off by fever, a few years ago, in Italy.

Next after what is most commonly understood by the Historical School, comes one to which it is difficult to apply a generic name, and equally difficult to assign any approximate limits. It includes all the smaller historical works, cabinet pictures, *Tableaux de Genre*, comic pictures, and a heterogeneous assemblage of productions, numerous as the "leaves in Vallombrosa." Within it are ranged some painters who have every title to be considered as historical painters, properly so called, if we look at some of their productions; and we are compelled to include in the same class all those who have failed in the higher branches of art, and yet retain some pretensions to thrust their thumbs through a palette. This, with the class of landscape-painters, is always the most numerous in the French and every other school. Contenting ourselves with the general remark, that there are a considerable number of very meritorious artists in this division, we will single out the four leaders and types, whose productions are already not a "little known to fame." Robert Fleury stands in the first rank: he is a serious painter, though, when he likes, he can paint festive or fairy scenes with a truly magic touch. As a colourist, he is perhaps the first painter in France, both for the richness and transparency, as well as for the science and harmony of his tones. His handling is bold or delicate, according to his subject: his drawing is very able and vigorous: and his breadth of light and shade is, at times, marvellous. To instance among other subjects some that he exhibited at the last *Salon*, and that of the year before, we may point out the *Tortures of the Inquisition*, the *Death of Ramus in the Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve*, the *Council of Divines at Poissy*, *Michael Angelo and his sick Servant*, and a large picture of *St Genevieve*, as admirable examples of his style. If we might venture on a bull, we would say that his pictures are all bought long before they are painted. Camille Roqueplan is the second of this division; nearly equal to the preceding, and superior to him in some points from the lovely landscapes he can turn out: his failing is that of indulging in a little mannerism, and in not sufficiently subduing the warmth of his colouring: he is just as red as Ingres is green. Jacquand, the third, is one of the sweetest painters that ever touched a palette or a brush: rising at times to the highest points of historical dignity, and the next moment indulging in all the breadth without any of the coarseness of an Hogarthian caricature. His rich interiors of feudal palaces or monasteries are well known, not only from the original pictures, but from highly popular engravings; and one, *Gaston de Foix*, or another, *Louis XI.*, are so familiar to the lounger in all print shops, whether of London or Paris, that they need no further specification. His comic subjects are little known out of his own country, where, however, they are highly valued; and they are certainly the acme of comedy in genteel life. He is one of the most fortunate among the brothers of the brush in the French capital: he has realized a handsome independence, and a picture of his is not to be got for love or money. His *Gaston de Foix* was purchased by the *Société des Amis des Arts* at Lyons, and on being drawn for by lottery among the members, fell into the hands of an honest *epicier* of that city, who stuck it up in the back parlour of his shop. Jacquand was in despair: he set off for Lyons immediately: offered the astonished tradesman 10,000 francs for the picture, (it had been sold to the Society for 8000 francs;) came with it in triumph up to Paris; and then started with it for Rotterdam, where a distinguished collector purchased it for 12,000 francs. This serves to show the *animus* of the

artist. The last of the four is Biard, a sort of universal painter, who can execute any thing he takes into his fancy; and who, in the same *Salon*, will exhibit four or five different kinds of pictures. He is, however, chiefly known as the comic painter, *par excellence*, of the French school; and his *Strolling Comedians* in the Luxembourg, his *Suite d'un Bal Masqué*, his *Post-Office*, and his *Confessional*, are certainly not surpassed by any thing that Hogarth ever did. Biard has been to "many a place that's underneath the world," and he has consequently been able to depict a *Shipwreck among the Cannibals of the South Seas*, a *Passing of the Line*, a *Scene in an African Desert*, and a vast series of *Views from Spitzbergen and Lapland*, all with equal force and facility. There are very few painters in any country who can at all approach him in versatility of talent, and he resembles our own lamented Wilkie in a very remarkable degree. Charlet, the caricaturist, may be appended to this class: but his paintings are very seldom seen, and he is too much of a mannerist.

The portrait painters form a class quite by themselves, though there are many among them who are also known in other lines: but in the French school the distinction is tolerably decided, and those who are eminent among them are strong only in their own way. By far the ablest painter in this branch is Charpentier, who produces, from time to time, canvasses not unworthy of Sir Joshua. Without being a disciple of that great master, whose pictures, perhaps, he has seldom seen, he has arrived at similar results by his own talent, or rather by following the same rules; and he paints with a breadth, boldness, richness of surface, and warmth of tone, that are quite admirable. He is by no means a flatterer, and hence he is not a fashionable painter: but his portraits of Monsieur George Sand, Mademoiselle Rachel, and other celebrities, have stamped his reputation beyond the possibility of dispute. Chatillon and Béranger follow him in many points, and so does Schlezinger: they are all three of the school of Sir Joshua. M. Amaury Duval is an *Ingrist*, but not a green one, or not much so: he possesses wonderful powers of delineation, but is too fond of exhibiting *tours de force*, such as rosy complexions on pink backgrounds—a yellow drapery on a sky-blue ground, and other incongruities, under which any but a skilful man would infallibly break down. Winterhalter is a young man rising fast into note, and possessed of the wherewithal to make a good artist; but he has latterly got too much about the Tuileries, and has adopted a bad style of designing, probably to be accounted for from the models he finds there, which if he does not hasten to lay aside will cause him to degenerate. There is only one man in France who can paint children, and that is Jules Laure: he has adopted Sir Thomas Lawrence for his model, professes an enthusiastic admiration of our late President; and has been fortunate in having some of the loveliest English children that have been taken to the French capital to sit by the side of his easel. The fashionable portrait-painter of the day in France is Dubufe, the most fortunate painter in Europe, if the smallness of his artistical means be taken into account. He is a dauber in the real sense of the word, wretched in handling and in colour, and without the least spark of poetry in his imagination;—but he is an unhesitating flatterer, can give a fashionable air to a vulgar subject, and can hit off a silk velvet robe in a dashing manner that catches the undiscerning eye. He has had the dubious honour of painting most of the personages, male and female, who form the present court of the Tuileries, and has contrived to amass a very respectable income. Some of the principal French historical painters, such as Ingres and Paul Delaroche, condescend at rare intervals to paint portraits; but, notwithstanding their contributions, we doubt whether, as a division of a general school, there is not a stronger corps of portrait painters in England than in France.

We now come to that large and important division in the French school that includes the painters of landscapes, marine subjects, and architectural views, whether of the exterior or the interior of buildings:—that department in which the English school is richer than perhaps all the world besides. Till lately, no school of landscape painting worthy of the

name existed in France: the love for the picturesque was not known in the time of Napoleon, and the Champs Elysées or the Bois de Boulogne were in those days considered as the *ne plus ultra* of all out-of-door beauty. The present painters of this division therefore—for the same remark will apply to the marine and the architectural painters—are all the founders of the school: they have been their own teachers; they have had no theories to follow but those of their own establishing; and, hence, their methods and their progress become objects of peculiar artistical interest. French landscape painters are divided into two distinct and hostile camps: the one adopting the transparent and laborious—the other the opaque and the off-hand principle:—the one conforming to the traditions and practice of the old masters—the other following ideas of their own. We need hardly say which is *a priori* the most likely to succeed; but, what is of more importance, antecedent speculations are in this case fully justified by the result. We will begin with what we consider the better and more important subdivision of the landscape painters, and at their head we place—though he does not hold the post without a rival—Decamps. This great painter, or rather master—for he is worthy of the name—is possessed in his peculiar province of almost the versatility of Biard: his taste leads him to choose, nearly exclusively, eastern subjects, such as views in Syria and Asia Minor, or Egypt, streets in Turkish villages, interiors of caravansaries, &c.; and he treats them in a manner entirely his own, and of wonderful power. His colouring is necessarily rich, but not too much so for the scenes he represents; he has studied all the hues of Oriental nature on the spot, and has imbued his soul with all the warmth and variety that Asiatic climes can impart: his drawing is bold and masterly; and, reposing on his own accurate observation, is exceedingly effective in giving the most vivid delineations of the scenes he selects. He draws men and animals of all kinds with the same power that he represents inanimate objects; and his pictures are commonly full of living objects. His colouring and handling go jointly on the transparent system, with a copious use of well-planned glazings, and the effect of his surfaces is unusually rich and substantial. His brethren reproach him with laying on his colours too thick; and there is a well-known caricature of this artist studying at his easel with a *hod* of colours and a trowel, building upon the canvass a regular wall of paint: it is said, in fact, that some of his earlier pictures are beginning to crack and peel; if so, it is a great pity, for they are all gems. He will choose a simple subject, such as *Arab Children playing with a Tortoise by a Wellside*—a group of camels with their drivers near the edge of a rocky ravine—*(Joseph sold by his Brethren)*—a dusty valley in Syria with a fight of the natives—*(Sampson and the Philistines)*—or any thing else of this kind, and he will work into his picture such an infinity of details, that the spot or country he represents is brought before the spectator in all the vividness of reality. His skies and distances are wonderfully wrought, and it is an object of no small curiosity to the connoisseur to trace, one under the other as they appear at intervals, the different coats of colour by which the ultimate effect is produced. We cannot compare him with any English painter, because we know of no one that proceeds on the same code of principles as himself, nor who treats of the same class of scenes. He is also famous for painting dogs and monkeys—especially the latter! and we doubt whether Landseer himself could hit off our first cousins in a more effective style. There is only one opinion among all his contemporaries as to his merits: he is above the reach of praise or of envy, and he is followed by a crowd of imitators. It is almost superfluous to add, that his pictures fetch extravagant prices: he never touches even a small canvass under 2000 or 3000 francs: his whole soul is given to his art, and he paints all day and every day. His rival in landscape painting is Jules Dupré, who takes Ruysdael for his model with as much success as Decamps has adopted Salvator Rosa. Jules Dupré is one of the enthusiasts in painting that have hardly ever been met with since the days of Raffaelle and his compeers: he lives only in his art, he is identified with his pursuit, and knows no other occupation, no other enjoyment,

than that of investigating silvan nature in her wildest recesses, and in transferring the results of his observations to canvass. He is a just theorist in his practice, and has laid down for himself a code of laws, from which he never departs: thus, while he paints upon nearly the same principles as his friend Decamps, he allows many months to intervene between the superposing of each coat of colour, and he piques himself on a picture, even the smallest, never quitting his easel under two years; we have seen some of his productions, not very large, which have been *five* years in hand. His reason is, that the vehicle of the colour takes a much longer time to dry than is commonly imagined; and that it is essential for each tint to become, at least a little, modified by time before a fresh one is laid upon it. He boasts that his coats of colour are as hard and tight as stone, and that they will never chip or crack: his glazings are laid on over and over again, and all his colours are applied nearly dry. As a peculiarity of his handling, we may mention that he works with brushes, the handles of which, even for the smallest quantity of bristles or sable, are made extra thick and heavy on purpose—and, for his finest as well as for his boldest touches, he never allows his hand to approach within eighteen inches of the smallest picture. And yet he works with surprising delicacy, quite in the old Flemish style at times, and produces pictures of which Ruysdael himself would not have been ashamed. His peculiar subjects are glades in woods, scenes from the picturesque country of the Limousin, from the south of Devonshire, Brittany, and other similar spots. There is not a thread of canvass that comes into his *atelier* but is bespoken for some noble or royal patron, not in months, but in years to come, and he does not possess a finished picture, nor hardly an oil sketch of his own. When he is not painting, he reads Shakspeare or Walter Scott. A pupil of Dupré's holds a very high place among the painters of this portion of the school—Troyon, who, though a young man, like his master has produced some astonishing pictures on the same principle, but with greater rapidity of execution. He, too, adopts silvan scenes, and is fond of introducing a good many figures into his compositions: he has not, however, the same delicacy of taste as Dupré, nor the same firmness of touch; but he is, notwithstanding, an artist of high promise. Some of his large paintings put one quite in mind, for the tone of their colouring, of the best of the few good landscapes that remain to us of Gainsborough. There is another young artist, Cabat, who partakes of the best qualities of both Decamps and Dupré, but yet is entirely an original painter: he has taken Gaspar Poussin for his authority, and he produces pictures which, without being copies of that great master, run very close upon his heels. The year before last he exhibited a picture of this kind, the *Good Samaritan*, a fine woodland scene in Italy; and the year before that a similar subject, the *Road to Narni*, which made an immense sensation in Paris, and put the seal on his reputation. He is the pupil of Flers, a meritorious artist of the same kind of style, but whom he has far surpassed. Marilhat is a disciple of Decamp's: like him, he has travelled much in the east; and, like him, paints eastern scenes with great vigour. Some recent views in Egypt, in the Delta, at Cairo, &c., which he has exhibited, have added considerably to his reputation. Chacalon is of the same school, and so are Diaz and Jeanron, each of great merit. All these painters proceed upon the transparent principle, and adhere to the precepts and practice of the old masters: their names and their works will live. They differ materially from any of our own painters in the immense masses of colour they employ: there being as much weight of colouring matter on some of their canvasses as would cover an English painter's picture of three times the dimension.

The opaque division of the landscape school is headed by Jules Coignet, an artist of great reputation and success, who can command an host of pupils and followers, and who is not unworthy of his fame. His chief qualification is that of admirable drawing: there is, perhaps, not such a landscape draughtsman in France; and his intimate acquaintance with, and observance of nature in all her forms, confer on him a great advantage: there is no one who can *draw* a tree better than Coignet, however many there may be who can *colour* it more natur-

ally or more poetically. He is famous for his stumps of trees, brook-side scenes, pools with cattle in, &c.; he is also a first-rate painter of game pieces, and there are few painters better acquainted with Swiss scenery: but his main faults are his too glaring colours, the rawness of their tones, resulting from their entire opacity, and his persistance in finishing his outlines in too decided a manner, transgressing thereby the scientific rules which Harding has expounded and practises in such a masterly manner. His works do not resemble those of any ancient master, and we confess we do not think they will stand the test of time. Another artist of the same division, only indulging a little in transparency, is Lapito: he, too, is a first-rate draughtsman, but a raw colourist; and even his beautiful Italian scenes have an unpleasing effect from this circumstance. Hostein is a painter of woodland scenery on the opaque plan, but, notwithstanding, gets out of the scrape better than might be expected: he has executed several good works, especially Swiss scenes. Justin-Ouvrié is in the same division, but inclined to be transparent in some of his compositions; he is perhaps a better painter of architectural subjects than that of champaign scenery, and possesses much merit as a water-colour draftsman. Giroux, son of the well-known colour dealer, is a painter of vast promise, who redeems the fault of opacity by the boldness and skilfulness of his handling. In 1837, he exhibited at the Louvre a large view of a *Ravine in the Alps*, which was by far the best picture of the year. Mozin is a skilful delineator of coast scenes, something in the style of Callcott, but at a great distance behind him: he has a true perception of colour, and his effects are always natural. The opaque division of the French landscape school, includes nine-tenths of all who aspire to the name of landscape painters: the transparent division consists only of a select few, but the works of those few are destined to live in future times.

Among the painters of marine subjects, there are two who stand decidedly at the head of their class; rivals in almost all respects, and so nearly equal in merit, that it is difficult to decide on their respective claims to pre-eminence—Gudin and Isabey. They are both excellent landscape painters, and the latter has the advantage of being a first-rate painter of rich interiors, alchemists' studies, and so forth: he also paints vessels better than Gudin, having much more practical knowledge of them; but he cannot give the same effects either to his sky or his water. Gudin is a painter full of poetical imagination: one who, for the radiancy and warmth of his sunny dreams, resembles Turner, without running into any of his mad conceits: he can paint morning and evening skies, as no one, save Claude, ever did before him; and he knows how to give his waves that lucid effect which none but those who have long studied the sea can attain. He works with extraordinary rapidity, and inclines to the defect of making his paintings too sketchy; he is the most transparent of all French painters, putting on a thin but warm ground, and then, with a few opaque touches, bringing out his subject in all its details. No painter in France is so completely master of his brush as Gudin; he can do any thing with the merest stump, and he seems to take delight in setting all means and appliances of art at nought. At the same time, he is a most careful and scientific observer of nature, and the variety of forms under which he has depicted the ocean, is quite astonishing. A few years ago, he exhibited a celebrated picture of a shipwrecked sailor clinging to a mast in a deep blue sea, with the sun setting in one corner of the canvass, and the moon rising in the other: (he is very fond of the effect of the double light.) This was one of the most beautiful things ever painted, and he was immediately commissioned to execute three or four of the same subject—one was sent to the Emperor of Russia—and they all fetched 15,000 francs a-piece. On another occasion he exhibited a single wave in a stormy sea—nothing but a wave with a white curling top; there never was such a piece of accurate painting witnessed before or since: it was a perfect *chef-d'œuvre*. In the last *Salon* but one he had his sketches of Constantinople and Gibraltar, two brilliant gems, especially the latter. He is one of the most fertile painters in the world, but has fallen into the serious fault of allowing his pupils to paint considerable portions of his pictures, giving a few

finishing strokes himself, and then affixing his name—an act of high treason, we hold; but even his own genuine pictures come off his easel in astonishing numbers, and the prices they produce are always extravagantly large. He is believed to be in the receipt of 70,000 or 80,000 francs a-year. He is a great personal favourite of Louis Philippe, by whom he is most extensively and liberally employed: he lives like a prince; and if report does not belie him, has not a *sol* in his pocket! Isabey is not a court favourite; there is hardly a touch of his on any royal wall; but he is in most extensive and substantial practice; and to procure a picture from him, is a favour to which few persons can aspire under several years. He is well known for his great naval battles, and for his fishing-boat scenes. He seldom attempts the atmospheric effects of Gudin, but he commonly introduces portions of rocky coast scenery into his compositions, and in executing them, is beyond all rivalry. One of his principal works is now in the United States, representing an action on one of the North American lakes during the last war, in which the English were defeated. It is a large canvass, fifteen feet by ten; he was assisted in some parts of it by Morel Fatio, his pupil: but from the first stretching of the canvass on its frame to the time of its shipment for New York, the period that elapsed was under two months. He is a transparent painter, but not so much so as Gudin, and in many respects he resembles Callcott: his interiors, which are very scarce, are invaluable; and the principal one is in posssession of the Duke of Orleans. Isabey is a good-natured little man, just like a sailor, with a great deal of the Englishman about him: keeps a small yacht of his own; sails about all the summer; paints only in winter; is a good *père de famille*; and lives as happy as a king on his 30,000 francs a-year. Lepoitterin is an able young artist, who partakes of many of the good qualities both of Isabey and Biard. He paints all sorts of things—no subject comes amiss to his easel: but his principal strength lies in marine pieces—battles and storms—in the execution of which he is to be ranked next after Isabey. He has been much patronized both at St Petersburg and Berlin. Morel Fatio, mentioned above, has been in the navy, and is therefore quite *au fait* in the delineation of shipping. He has not as yet got into the poetic region of his art, and paints rather crudely; but, on the whole, he must be classed among the good painters. There is a very promising artist of Boulogne, named Delacroix, whose marine subjects are daily gaining for him increased public approbation. He delights in groups of fishing-boats, and sometimes treats market-scenes on the coast in a very able manner. Dubois, Tanneur, and two or three others, sustain the reputation of the French marine school, which, though of not more than ten or twelve years' standing, has already reached a point of great excellence, and promises to be one of the best departments of French art.

We now come to the painters of architectural subjects, exterior and interior. Of those, Dauzats is one of the most able. His pictures are rarely to be met with, but they are painted with great force and breadth, are firm in their touch, sober in their colouring, and always mathematically exact in their drawing. His labours have been principally in Spain. Sebron is a most excellent artist, whether for interiors or exteriors; but he chiefly devotes himself to the former. He commenced his artistical career by painting the dioramas, which all the world has been taught to ascribe exclusively to Daguern and Bontas, his employers, and the accurate drawing he displayed in them is well known all over Europe. Of late, he has been treating Spanish and Italian subjects with great skill, and has produced a series of views of St Mark at Venice, and the Duomo at Milan, which are works of the highest merit. Joyant is an imitator of Canaletti, whom, *pace suâ* be it said, we think he in most points greatly excels. He resides entirely at Venice, and paints nothing but Venetian subjects. These, however, he treats in the ablest manner; and from the results he has obtained by copying Canaletti, there is little doubt but that when he strikes out an original style for himself—for he is still young—he will become a painter of great eminence. Frère is a young artist, who has been much at Algiers and in Egypt, and he has re-

turned from thence with his mind well stored with Eastern scenes, and the rich effects of southern climes. He paints with astonishing breadth, and has a certain wholesome tone of colour in all that he does, with a bold masterly style of handling, which show that he is destined to rise high in the ranks of his profession. Lafaye is very able in his delineation of old rooms, furniture, &c.; the first, indeed, in that line. Granet, as a painter of interiors, has established his fame by good works done in former days: he is now, however, a *pictor emeritus;* and if he could be persuaded to leave off exhibiting, would follow one of the soundest maxims, for his own sake, that Horace ever laid down. This division of the French school does not number many followers, but it is one of a fair degree of promise; what it wants is more encouragement.

Until within the last few years animal painting had hardly been heard of in France since the times of Louis XV.: the great Revolution, and the pecuniary distress entailed thereby on the country, had entirely extinguished a branch of art which can only flourish among a people who are rich and prosperous. Of late, however, it is coming into vogue, and there are several painters of merit under this head who deserve to be noticed. Alfred Dedreux is celebrated for his spirited delineations of horses, and the "animals" that mount them—jockeys, grooms, and tigers: in the drawing and painting of subjects of this kind he is of extraordinary force, and surpasses, we think, many of our animal painters, strong as they really are. He paints with great boldness, and depends perhaps more on his drawing and his chiaro-oscuro than on his colouring, which, however, is exceedingly correct. In the management of his shadows his science makes him stand quite alone, his bits of landscapes are generally good, and there is a certain style about his productions which no one but himself can attain. He spends his whole life in studying the animals he loves to paint; has a beautiful black Arabian mare in his stable, is well-known on the turf at Chantilly and Newmarket, and is one of the greatest dandies in Paris. Jadin is the rising Landseer of France—an able young painter, who has got the spirit of our great master upon him, and who in time, if he attends to Landseer's transparent colouring, may rival him in reputation. He cannot, however, boast of that universality of talent which falls to Landseer's share; but he draws figures notwithstanding in a skilful manner, and on the whole is full of brilliant promise. Robert is a careful and delicate, yet spirited, painter of animals and birds, especially the latter: and has lately exhibited some elaborate canvasses at the Louvre which reflect on him the highest credit. There are several other artists practising in the same line, but their numbers are comparatively small.

The flower school has always been a respectable one in France, and at the present moment can boast of a master who has not been equalled since the days of Van Huysum—we mean M. Jacobber. He studies on the same principles as the great Dutch painter, and follows him in practice closely. He is not such a master, however, of light and shade, as Van Huysum was, otherwise he would approach him more nearly. There are several painters in the same branch, all of considerable merit, and most of them have been pupils of that admirable institution, founded under Rédouté, at the Garden of Plants. Here a certain number of young artists of promise, male and female, study botanical painting under the directions of the ablest teachers and professors of the capital. The hot-houses are at their disposal, and they are constantly occupied in producing a series of drawings for the government, which are afterwards preserved in the botanical library of the institution. Their practice is almost exclusively (at least for the exhibited subjects) on vellum. The number of female painters who are thus put in an independent and honourable position, is considerable. There is another royal establishment which we may mention, in this place, as having been productive of the best results, and which is daily gaining ground in public reputation; we mean the school of painting attached to the Royal Porcelain Manufactory of Sevres. A large body of artists, of whom Jacobber is one, are here constantly employed and maintained; the most promising are sent to Rome at the expense of the king, and the rest are always sure of a respectable main-

tenance. Their works are magnificent, and are known all over the world, not being confined to objects of pottery, properly so called, but extending to large slabs of porcelain, upon which many of the most celebrated portraits by Raffaelle, Titian, and other masters, have been copied, and similar subjects from original designs executed. Madame Jacotot is at the head of this branch of the fine arts, and is in every respect a wonderful painter. There are several ladies attached to the establishment, and there has been added to it a school for painting on glass, which is making rapid progress. The private porcelain manufactories and glass houses in France, also give occupation to large numbers of artists; and since the laudable spirit of restoration for all mediœval monuments has come into existence, glass-painting is daily becoming more and more important both as a branch of art and a source of trade.

Water-colour painting is what the French are weakest in; and it is so little practised that we are afraid their inferiority may last many years. Huber is the first and best painter in this line: his subjects are landscapes, almost always on a large scale, and his abilities would entitle him to an honourable place even in our own water-colour school. The late Alfred Johannot used to paint historical groups in water-colours with admirable skill, and there are one or two female artists, Mademoiselle Taurin especially, and Mademoiselle Boulanger, now treading in his steps, and likely to do well. In pastoral painting and in pencil drawing, the French are doing great things, and every year's exhibition produces a series of subjects, principally figures, executed in these styles, which are of high excellence. In miniature painting, the French school always has been, and always will be strong: it is a branch of art exactly suited to the taste of the nation, and universally patronized, a considerable portion of it being executed by females. The accurate principles of drawing prevalent among the French painters, are of no small value in keeping their miniatures above the insipid things done in other parts of Europe; and though wretched daubs are palmed off in Paris on the inexperienced foreigners, there is no place except London where such a strong body of miniature painters exists.

The French school of engraving is not so rich in good artists as might be expected, when the high condition of other branches of art in that country is considered. It has not yet recovered from the effects of the great Revolution, and it is still too much indebted to the assistance of foreign artists to claim the degree of original merit to which we would wish it were entitled. Calamatta and Forster, the first an Italian, the second an Englishman, are the two chief engravers of Paris: next to them come Dupont and Prudhomme, Estève and Aubert, sen.; all in the line department, and the last affecting principally small landscapes on steel. The school, however, is progressing, though it cannot as yet compete with that of England, and still less with that of Germany. In etching, great things have of late been done by the French artists; and we have no one in England who can approach Dubigny for the delicacy and the science of his touch. Paul Huet is also getting a master in this line. In wood-engraving, the French artists, originally taught by English ones, are now so much encouraged by the public, that in some branches they equal, if they do not excel their instructors. It should be observed that French engravers, in all styles, complain of their inferior means for printing from plates or blocks; English machinery and English workmen in this line being infinitely superior to any thing known in Paris.

The sculptors of France, considering the few years in which they have had to re-organize their school, must be admitted to have made great progress. This branch of art, one of the most sublime and the most lasting, is of slower growth than any of the rest; it necessarily occupies a much smaller number of artists than the more easy and expeditious methods of delineation with less stubborn materials, and it requires, more than any other, the fostering hand of Government to favour its progress. Notwithstanding the unfortunate condition in which France has been placed during the present century, and in spite of the uncertainty of her actual position, her sculptors have shown a spirit of zealous perseverance, that does them much honour. Great

credit is due to Bosio, the father and founder of the present school, who with David, Cortot, Gayrard, sen., and some others, have instructed and chiselled out most of the young sculptors of the present day. We are not prepared to place Bosio on the same level with Chantrey, nor can we single out any French sculptor whom we can compare to Gibson; but notwithstanding this, there is a large amount of skill and science in this division of the French school, which must ultimately produce its effect; and we have little doubt that, if it could be insured another twenty years of quiet steady patronage, that school would produce some works destined for immortality. Bosio himself is a most scientific and accomplished sculptor, though now old, and waning in his manual skill: David (a nephew, we believe, of the painter) is full of life and energy, but too much given to the stiffness of the Napoleonic school. Bosio's busts and statues are every where; and among the latter, though by no means one of his best, may be mentioned the bronze figure of Napoleon on the column at Boulogne. David's largest work is the pediment of the Pantheon at Paris, the stiffness of which is painfully evident. His busts, however, and single statues, are full of spirit, and, in many respects, he is considered the ablest sculptor in France. Cortot, Etex, Pradier, and Lemaire, are four names which honourably maintain the reputation of this school. Their works are numerous in the galleries of Versailles, and many of them may be seen on the *Arc de Triomphe* at the Barrière de l'Etoile, on the pediment of the Chamber of Deputies, by Cortot, and that of the Madelaine, by Lemaire. The latter artist is now engaged at St Petersburg in executing one of the pediments of the cathedral of St Isaac. In a softer style of the art it is impossible not to mention, with the deepest regret, the name of the lamented Princess Marie d'Orleans, whose *Jeanne d'Arc* at Versailles, though almost a solitary work, is sufficient to place her name in the first rank of modern sculptors. Jouffroy, Simart, Maindron, Lescorné, and Debay, are some of the most distinguished among the younger sculptors of the day, and their works, especially those of the second and third, are, with justice, highly appreciated. The two Dantans, and the younger Gayrard, are well known to the European public for the busts and statuettes, some serious, some comic, of which casts are to be found in almost every collection. Their portrait-busts have obtained great celebrity, and the command they have over their spatulæ and their chisels entitles them to it. A subordinate branch of the art—if, indeed, it may be called so—the sculpturing of animals, is practised in the French school to an extent, and with a success, of which we have no idea nor instances in England. Fratin, Rouillard, Mêne, and some others, are of great ability in this line; and Triqueti, in the sculpturing of vases and other similar objects, has a taste of composition and a delicacy of execution which are very remarkable. We must not omit to state, that many of the sculptors of Paris are under the greatest obligation to Messrs Soyer and Inge (the latter of English extraction) for the improvements they have introduced in the founding of all kinds of metal, especially bronze; the column on the Place de la Bastille was fabricated by them, and the capital was cast in a single mould. There is a large body of inferior artists and workmen in France engaged in ornamental sculpture and bronze work, who are justly entitled to be noticed even by the side of the strictly professional sculptor. The new buildings of the capital, the numerous works of art in bronze, which form so important a branch of French commerce, are all indebted for much of their beauty to this lower school, which is formed principally from the pupils of the gratuitous schools of design; and at the present moment, there is a body of intelligent workmen in these lines collected in the French capital, who can hardly be matched in any other city in the world. We may append to the school of sculpture that of medallic engraving; but French medals, especially those of the Napoleon series, the executors of which are, many of them, still practising, are too favourably known to need eulogium. With the exception of Wyon in England, and one or two names at Rome, we would place those of Barre and other Parisian numismatic artists before those of any other school in Europe.

The modern school of French architecture is, in our opinion, decidedly a

strong one; reposing on sound principles formed according to a good method, and favourably placed for developing its power by practice. It is true, that the principal patrons of architecture in France are the Government and municipalities; but they patronize liberally, and the works they cause to be executed are on a large scale; they take care, too, to foster the rising architectural genius of the country, and by means of the Royal School of Fine Arts, and the Academy at Rome, they have formed an efficient body of able men. This is not the place to enter into a dissertation on the principles of architecture, nor to compare the relative merits of the French and other schools; the subject is far too extensive; it is sufficient to observe, that the French go much more upon the sensible plan of suiting their building and styles to the exigencies of locality or purpose, than of sacrificing every thing—comfort, utility, and even effect itself—to the abstract rules of any given order of architecture. As yet, though they have done much in effecting the restoration of mediœval buildings, they have erected very few new ones in any of the pointed styles; they have built much in that of the Renaissance, the most pliable and one of the most generally effective of all, and the capital has gained greatly by its introduction. The taste of the nation is not yet completely won over to mediœval architecture, but it is fortunately no longer obstinately wedded to that of the classic orders, and in adopting the middle style of the days of Francis I., a field is opened both for fancy and for innovation, which is highly agreeable to French feelings. This style, too, has all the merit of being a strictly national one, well suited to the climate and to the genius of the people. The oldest of the architects now practising is Fontaine, who was architect to Napoleon, and to both the predecessors of the present king; he has had so much influence in modifying or restoring many monuments of importance, and in particular in superintending the late alterations at Versailles and Fontainbleau, that his name will always assume a distinguished place among French architects. M. Huyot, who built the *Arc de Triomphe* de l'Etoile, and was president of the Academy of Fine Arts, has been lately cut off after a short illness—otherwise he would have been the first architect of his day, and would have carried the school to a great height. M. Duban, architect of the Ecole Royale des Beaux Arts—that beautiful building—M. Lebas, of the Palace on the Quai d'Orsay—and M. Lassus, restorer of St Germain l'Auxerrois—are all of great eminence in their profession. M. H. Labrouste and M. Viollet Leduc, are two architects, who, from their long residence in Italy, and their travels in various parts of Europe, are amongst the most able of their contemporaries. Nor should we omit M. Albert Lenoir, who is a profound authority in matters of mediœval architecture, and professor in that branch at the Bibliothèque du Roi. There are several of the architectural pupils at Rome who promise great things, and among them one in particular, M. Clerget, has long been known for his admirable drawings and his extensive archæological researches among the ruins of the Papal capital. To the architects of France, we must add, as we have done in the case of the sculptors, the large body of builders and masons who have been instructed by their superiors in the profession, and have become almost architects themselves. France is very rich in intelligent men of this kind, and the numerous public works executed in all parts of the country, testify that sound architectural knowledge and practical skill and taste, are widely disseminated among the people.

Our notices of the various divisions of the French school of the fine arts in general, apply (with one exception) only to the persons professionally engaged in such delightful pursuits: but it should be remembered, that in France, as in England, there is a large body of amateur artists of all kinds, of great skill and taste. It would be indelicate to single out names; and it is sufficient to observe, that any body acquainted with good French society, cannot but know how intensely art is felt among them, and how much it contributes to the intellectual enjoyment of the best portion of the community. In these occupations, the ladies take a prominent part: and among the professional portion of the artistical world, female artists are in a large relative proportion compared with the whole number; but we know

of many amateurs, painters, sculptors, architects, and even engravers of both sexes in France, whose works would be honoured with warm admiration if they could be exhibited.

The Belgian school of fine arts is rising, and some of the actual members of it have attained no small celebrity on the continent. The first is Gallait, the historical painter, who indeed resided so much at Paris, and practises there to such an extent, that he may as properly be attributed to the French as to the Flemish school. His principal production is the *Abdication of Charles V.*, which was exhibited at the last *Salon* of the Louvre, and was painted for the Belgian Government. It is a grand picture, showing its author to be a careful student of Vandyke, and to possess a science in colouring with a vigour of drawing that place him very near Horace Vernet and Paul Delaroche. For this picture, which is of great dimensions, the Belgian Government had agreed to give M. Gallait 70,000 francs: but, on its being brought to Brussels, it produced so much admiration, that the Minister of the Interior informed the artist that the original agreement was cancelled, and that he had only to name whatever sum he should choose to fix. The town of Tournay, his native place, had thoughts of giving him a pension for life for this work, but has since made him a magnificent present of plate instead; and he has been feasted in a sort of artistical triumph at Ghent, Bruges, Antwerp, and other large cities. There are some capital works by him at Versailles, such as the *Battle of Cassel;* and he has produced numerous sacred pieces and portraits. M. Debiefre is next to him in order of merit for historical subjects; and after him M. de Keyser—the latter in particular is full of good promise: and these three artists together are sufficient to establish the character of the school. Wiertz is a young painter, who has fallen into the mistake of exaggerating the extravagances of Rubens, and, though not devoid of talent, is fond of painting things which are more extraordinary than agreeable. Wappers is another of the rising men in Belgium; and there are several more of which their country has reason to be proud. Wallays, as a painter of interiors, is a very remarkable artist; and Brakeleer for *Tableaux de Genre*, is of much merit. On the whole, however, we doubt whether the Belgian school of painting can be called an original one: it came into existence after the French, and many of its members are palpably imitators of their Parisian contemporaries. The Government is doing much to protect art and artists, and private patronage is warmly exercised in Belgium: pictures are bought readily—schools of art have been founded at Brussels and Antwerp; and the public as well as private collections of pictures in that country contain so many fine works, that all the elements of a good school of painting seem to be formed. If the country should continue tranquil for a considerable period of time, many hopes may be formed: but there is always a danger of Belgian artists, like Belgian statesmen, becoming either apes of the French, or else remaining in a bastard state, half-French half-German. It should be added, that the most eminent sculptor in Brussels is M. Geefs, a man of real talent.

The Swiss school of painting—that is to say, the School of Geneva—is fully entitled to the distinction of an original one. It comprises, however, only two divisions—landscape painting and portrait painting—in which its artists have risen to celebrity: but it should not be inferred from this that it is destined to remain stationary. The school is but of recent growth; and if the Helvetic confederation advances in prosperity like other neighbouring states, there is reason to expect that her school of art will receive a corresponding development. Diday is the founder of the landscape school, and he has confined his practice, almost exclusively, to the Alpine grandeur of his native country. In delineating these he has certainly attained great skill, and has produced works which will live: his colouring is, on the whole, true; and it is easy to see that he is a conscientious student of nature. In all the qualities, however, of a great painter, he is far surpassed by his pupil Calame, one of the most rising artists of Europe. He, like his master, has a certain rawness of colouring to correct, and a poorness of handling to alter; but his drawing is bold and accurate in the extreme: he is full of the poetry of nature, and he repre-

sents the Alps with a vividness of effect which no one before him has ever attained. One of the great characteristics of these two artists is that neither of them exaggerate: and this is one of the most valuable qualities a painter can be endowed with. There are some young artists studying under these masters, and great things may be expected from them. It should be mentioned that Calame is a first-rate etcher and lithographer; and he has recently sent out a numerous series of Alpine views, in aqua-fortis, of extraordinary power and originality. There is a celebrated portrait painter of Geneva, Hornüng, whose works have been exhibited in London and Paris, where they have been much approved of by amateurs. So warm, indeed, has been the encomiums pronounced on him, and so liberal has been the patronage he has met with, that we are conscious of incurring odium when we venture to dissent from the opinion commonly received on this point. He possesses great powers of accurate delineation, draws forcibly, and produces, we must admit, a fac-simile likeness; but there our praise must end: we consider his colouring glaring and untrue, his handling meretricious, and his whole practice as evincing a greater attention to the tricks than to the nobler principles of art. If the varnish were stripped off his pictures, the inexperienced amateur would not be able to recognize them; and in a few years, when time shall have tested his colours, we are confident that a very different opinion will be formed of his merits. He is worthy of great praise, however, as being a laborious artist, and as having given a considerable stimulus to the cultivation of art in Switzerland. Hornüng is followed by some young artists; and on the whole, though the Swiss school is still small, it is in a healthy condition of vigour and originality.

We must not omit to observe, in adverting once more to France, that there are some foreign artists, resident and practising, in Paris, the merit of whose works is sometimes carried to the account of the French school instead of their own countries. Thus of our own countrymen there is Wyld, a most able oil painter of landscapes, whose Venetian views entitle him to rank high among our own artists: Callow and Boys, two water colour painters of great merit: Barker, the animal painter—Skelton, the engraver—and Mr Daly, the architect, who, as founder of the *Revue de l'Architecture*, has done good service to his profession in all parts of Europe. Of the Italians, there is Marochetti, who in his own line is *facile princeps*, and who has received the most signal testimonials to his wonderful abilities, from the jealousy his fame has excited both in England and France. Because he has produced the best equestrian statue in modern Europe, he is hardly to be allowed to try his hand at one for the Duke of Wellington, even after he has been regularly commissioned for that purpose; and he is not suffered to execute the tomb of Napoleon, even after the Minister of the Interior had formally ordered him to do so. However, he can easily put up with these petty annoyances; he is a nobleman of birth and title, the possessor of a good fortune, and a man of singular beneficence and urbanity. Bartolini is another Italian sculptor resident at Paris, who has recently produced some works beautiful enough to merit for him an host of enemies.

It has been often objected to the French school in general, that it is too fond of theatrical effect and unnatural exaggeration; but this reproach, which we admit to have been true for the Davidian school, is becoming every day less and less founded. It should be remembered that the French, like all the southern nations of Europe, are a much more animated and lively set of people than the sober-minded Quaker and Methodist of the British side of the Channel, and that they will always be apt to transfer some of that animation to their canvasses, just as we are inclined to aim at a total absence of all spirit and animation whatever. If it be a fault, it is one which is fast disappearing, and there is every reason to augur the best things of their historical school. Their colouring, too, has been cried out against as too glaring; here the fault applies only to the younger painter, not to the master of the school. Their colouring is indeed richer than that of their English rivals, but for glare it is less offensive; the science of colour is in reality one of those qualities in which English paint-

ers are often very deficient. The chief excellence of the French is in their drawing and composition, in which they have not only more science but more invention than our own artists; and this is to be attributed mainly to their much more extensive practice as historical painters. In England, three or four historical painters starve by their profession, while in France, three or four dozen make handsome incomes by it. This gives a stimulus to all the school, and produces a constant succession of young artists ready to maintain its character, and to gain for it fresh titles to superiority. We shall never have an historical school in England —it is impossible;—the principle of our governments—Whig or Tory, all the same—is to give the *least possible* encouragement to public—that is, historical painting. In France, on the contrary, it is one of the main objects of the state to give as much as possible. No doubt, nine out of ten of the paintings lately executed for Versailles, might safely be burnt without any loss to the world of art; but the encouragement given by the order for those paintings, bad or good, has been immense:—King Louis Philippe has spent five or six millions of francs, (L.200,000 to L.240,000,) in *historical pictures alone*. Landscape painting, animal painting, and other minor branches of art, want little or no encouragement from the state—they thrive well enough on the generosity of private patrons; but historical painting, historical sculpture, and monumental architecture, must be fostered by public patronage, or they will degenerate, and ultimately become extinct; and until John Bull chooses to give a few of his many superfluous guineas, not to his butcher, fishmonger, fruiterer, and wine merchant, but for the public and enduring encouragement of the higher branches of art, he may assume to himself the credit of being a warm admirer of pictorial productions, but he must not expect to possess a body of painters, who can record, as they deserve, the glorious deeds of his ancestors. Our landscape school, our portrait school, and our sculpture school, are quite strong enough; but in historical painting and its subordinate branches, British artists cannot pretend to any but second or third-rate places. Public and private flattery at home, may indeed exalt the names of favourite artists above the skies; but the general voice of Europe pronounces another verdict, which future ages will certainly confirm. Not that we have not the wherewithal to make great painters; we have got plenty of the stuff on hand, but we refuse to fashion it; and as long as the state declines to do what it is impossible for private individuals efficiently to perform, the task must be abandoned as hopeless.

One thing we could greatly wish to see realized, and that is a general international exhibition of works of art, at stated periods, from all the living schools of Europe;—a congress of art, if it might be so called, at which the leading masters of each school might show to their rivals and pupils their own productions, and at which the relative merits of the various systems might be fairly compared and appreciated. The interchange of ideas, the communication of practice, the establishing of sound fixed principles, and the universal correction of all extravagances which such a concourse would produce, could not fail of working wholesome changes, and effecting much real improvement. Petty jealousies and rivalries would be softened down; artists would learn to esteem each other; and patrons would be thrown into contact with all the best painters of each country. But even for this, the assistance and protection of government would be wanted; and in the furtherance of a plan of this nature, a step of no small importance would be taken towards advancing the general civilization of Europe, and towards the maintaining of mutual good-will between the various countries of which it is composed. That any thing of the kind will be done, we have, we confess, more hope than we have expectation.

HINTS TO AUTHORS.

Second Series. No. V.

ON THE EPISTOLARY.

Some people have a horror of house-breakers. A great strong fellow in a fustian-jacket, with a piece of crape over his face and a pistol in his hand, is certainly a disagreeable visiter to a quiet country gentleman in the middle of a dark night in December; the hoarse whisper, conveying a delicate allusion to your money-bags or your life, is far from a pleasing method of carrying on a conversation; and therefore, without descending to any more minute particulars, or pluming myself on my personal immunity from such visitations on the score of having no house, I agree at once that a house-breaker is a detestable character, and worthy of all condemnation. A murderer, also, I am not prepared to vindicate; for though instances may occur—such as in the case of annuitants and superannuated relations—where murder becomes a virtue, if not a duty, still, on the whole, it cannot be defended on its own merits. A knife forced into the stomach of an elderly gentleman in a half-sleepy state after a bottle of old port—a razor drawn across a beautiful bar-maid's throat—or a bullet scientifically inserted through the ear-hole of a deaf old lady, engaged in secreting her half-year's dividends in a black trunk in the garret—are disagreeable objects of contemplation to the philanthropic mind; and I therefore at once coincide in the fervent execration in which a murderer is held by every person I have ever conversed with on the subject, except some students of anatomy, and two or three popular authors of the convulsive school. But there is another miscreant for whom I have no commiseration—a wretch, compared with whose atrocities house-breaking becomes meritorious, and murder innocent; before whose negro-like blackness—to borrow the language of Charles Phillips—the darkness of annihilation becomes white as snow; whose benediction is a curse; whose breath is a pestilence; whose name is a hell; over whose sunless memory shall settle the conflagration of a fury, and whose soul shall shudder beneath the appalling convulsions of a fathomless doom for ever! After this description, need I say that I mean a scoundrel who neglects to pre-pay the post?—a fellow who, to make the paltry saving of a penny, forces his correspondent to an outlay of twopence? You will also uniformly find that the unpaid letter is of a most disagreeable nature in other respects; that it twits you with a deficiency in memory—whereas you have vainly flattered yourself that you have an excellent recollection; that it dwells particularly on the ancient date of your habiliments—whereas you have deluded yourself with the belief that your clothes were nearly new; and finally, that it glaringly protrudes before your eyes the total sum to which a column or two of smaller figures amounts, as if your education had been so grossly neglected that you could not run up a simple sum in addition. But no sum in addition, whether simple or compound, will the unconscionable rascal allow you to run up; and therefore you have no resource but either to refuse all unpaid letters, or to change your name, and take lodgings in a different street. The latter process admits a man, even in his lifetime, to the enjoyment of a little posthumous fame, and enables him to arrive at the unbiassed judgment of an impartial posterity. I remember when I was the Honourable Reginald Finsborough, in a dark-complexion and splendid apartments in Sackville Street, being very much delighted with the astonishing reputation I had acquired in the name of Captain Sidney Fitzherbert de York, with light brown hair, thin mustaches, and a suite of rooms in the Albany. All my jocular efforts to amuse my mercantile friends, by leaving them in the outer passage while I slipped down by the front window; all my philanthropic endeavours to inculcate on them the virtues of patience and resignation; all my self-denying ordinances, which compelled me to dismantle the apartments which I considered too handsomely furnished, and dispose of mirrors and chandeliers to the highest bidders—all were kept in fond record

by the various tradesmen to whom I had distributed my patronage, and related with fitting comments to me—the Honourable Reginald Finsborough—by tradesmen whom I had not condescended to employ as Captain Sidney Fitzherbert de York. A similar satisfaction awaited me in regard to the Honourable Reginald, when I was the Reverend Jeremiah Snuffle, a clergyman of highly evangelical principles, with a pair of black gaiters and plated spectacles—so that I can seriously recommend any person who is oppressed with unpaid letters, at once to look into the Court Guide or the Congregational Magazine, and select a good name. If he is afraid of having that filched from him by some of the myrmidons of the law—a process which, as Shakspeare says, leaves him poor indeed, and not enriches them—I see nothing left for it but to follow my example one step further, and write a religious novel. It needs no intellect, no learning, no research; all that is wanted is a prodigious power of hypocrisy, and some strongly-coloured descriptions, which you can borrow from the last glaring trial for divorce. If you prefer Socialism and theft, on the plea that your conscience won't allow you to descend so low as to compose a religious novel, sir, I honour your magnanimity, and have nothing further to say to you. My hints are addressed only to persons of a literary turn of mind, and by no means to gentlemen who keep a conscience.

Great fault was found with the alteration of the rates of postage as a matter of finance, but I can confidently say that I consider it a very excellent measure indeed, in a financial point of view; and the only amendment I should like to have introduced into the bill, would have been a clause enabling any gentleman who disapproved of the new system, to pay for his letters according to the old. If money is to be given for a letter at all, for heaven's sake let it be as small a sum as possible; for epistolary literature has fallen so low in England, that I am not prepared to say that even the present extortion of a penny for a letter is not a great deal more than it is worth. At the same time, it shall not be my fault if my country is not improved in this respect, for I intend to lay the whole art and mystery of letter-writing open to the dullest comprehension; so that hereafter, if any man is not an agreeable correspondent, he will have nobody to blame for it but himself. The French have no Milton, no Shakspeare, no Walter Scott, no Burns, no Hogg, and therefore, of course, no Bacon; but to make up for their deficencies in the epic, the universal, the inexhaustible, the spontaneous, the natural, and the philosophical, they certainly have managed to invent a style of writing letters which most people have looked upon with no little admiration. Every body goes mad when they talk of the correspondence of Madame de Sevigné; it is so plain, they say—so neat, so pointed; and the same thing is uttered in universal chorus about the letters of Voltaire, and De Deffand, and Diderot, and half a hundred more; but 'tis all trash, my public—a most palpable instance of the facility with which John Bull chimes in with any thing that is dinned into his long ears, more particularly when it seems to bear a little hard upon himself; and I do not despair of seeing the time when John will be persuaded by the Prussians that *they* won the battle of Waterloo, and by the French that they were the very reverse of beat. I can assure John Bull, that if he only attends carefully to the following pages, he will beat the French as completely at letter-writing as at Trafalgar; so bear a good heart, John, mend your pen, and prepare to listen to the secrets I am now going to reveal, in strict confidence, of course—or, as the vulgar hath it, between you and me, and the post.

The only difficulty I can see in the composition of a letter is, that you may perhaps not exactly know the character and disposition of the person you are addressing; for, as the main object of a letter, like that of poetry, is to please, you would be a great fool if you filled your epistle with any thing disagreeable. You will, therefore, take care not to introduce any disquisitions on the advantages of the voluntary system, or of free trade in corn, sedition, or blasphemy, to Sir Robert Inglis; nor any allusion to Greek bonds to Mr Hume, or Greek accents to Lord Palmerston. But as the surest means of making your letter please, fill it with flattery; for, however people pretend to despise the

ancient style of dedication—turning up their sanctimonious eyes in sheer disgust at the sycophantic addresses of Dryden, and even Shakspeare himself—you may depend upon it, if the same cart-load of butter were administered with any thing like propriety, to the same individual in the very act of turning up his eyes as aforesaid, he would very soon see the propriety of your language, and be delighted with your modest humility; for praise to others consists very much in depreciating ourselves. The following therefore, I think, may do as a tolerable sample of the epistle dedicatory:—

To Samuel Stubbs, Esq., sugar-baker, Aldermanbury, London.

"Sir,—When I had completed the revisal of my new edition of the works of the immortal Newton, I hesitated for a long time whether to usher it into the world without a dedication, or trust to its own unaided merits. Where, I exclaimed, can I find a man fitted by the gigantic vigour of his intellect to do honour to the greatest genius the world has ever seen; to enter into the full sublimity of his noblest conceptions; to attemper the daringness of his aspirations with the ponderous sobriety of an unequalled judgment,—a man who can trace, with perfect ease, the whole course of our present human knowledge, from the period when intellect could scarcely articulate the promptings of its first experiences, till it rose into the radiated apex of a Newton, and threw a halo of glory round his fellow men? Where, I exclaimed, shall I find a man who, in addition to those noble prerogatives of the soul, has also the befitting amenities of the heart?—the philanthropy that shudders with irrepressible agony at the thoughts of but one black man being apprenticed to a white master, though for excellent wages, in any quarter of the globe—the liberality that subscribes in every advertisement to every charity—the urbanity of manner that makes him a model for the courtier, the nobility of disposition that makes him a model for the man? This dedication to you, sir, proves that I have at last discovered the person of whom I was in search; and if, sir, in the midst of your honourable avocations, it appears presumptuous in one so humble as myself to intrude upon your attention, you will forgive it, to show your appreciation of the author whose works I now place under your august protection; and to give a convincing proof, if proof were wanting, that the highest powers of the intellect are, in your instance, softened and subdued by the more endearing qualities of the benefactor and the friend.—I have the honour to be, sir, your most devoted humble servant,

"The Editor."

Now, let us analyse Mr Stubbs' feelings on receipt of this epistle. He is a great coarse man, with two hundred thousand pounds in the bank, and no more idea of who Newton was, than any other sugar-baker whatever. At the same time, he does not wish other people to know that he knows nothing about Newton, or, in fact, that he is ignorant of any thing that an educated gentleman ought to know; for you are to be aware, that though Mr Stubbs is a sugar-baker in Aldermanbury, at Muswell Hill, nay, near Harrow itself, he is a very different personage. His soliloquy, therefore, is something like this:—

"This here fellow lays on the butter uncommon thick. Vell! And so he ought; for he's as poor as a church mouse. As to Newton, and intellect, and all that, that's all stuff, that there is. I never heared of the man before in my life, except that he was one of them 'ere chaps they call philosophers; but it's a fine thing to be thought to know all about philosophy and suchlike, by the rest of the world. When my neighbours in the country read this, they'll have rather a higher opinion of Mr Stubbs than they had before. My chums in the city won't know nothing about it, for most like they'll never see the book; and really it's uncommon well written that 'ere preface, or dedication, or whatever they call it; so sensible, too, that 'ere allusion to my charity, and that 'ere about philanthropy. He's a wery sensible man that 'ere editor, and I'll see if I can't get him a small employment somewhere, and in the mean time I'll send him a ten-pound note, and ax him down to the country. A good dinner won't do him no harm no how."

But a man's patrons can't be all sugar-bakers, and with some people the swelling inflated style of the foregoing would hardly go down. There

is a smart dashing flippant sort of letter, which may perhaps be useful in the case, for instance, of a young mediciner dedicating his work to an old one—*e.g.*:—

To Thomas Allfee, Esq., M.D., &c. &c.

"Sir,—I dedicate this book to you, because I walked St Thomas's long enough to know why the students thought no small beer of Abernethy. —Yours," &c.

The butter here is too thinly spread. A compliment by implication will never do in print, though it sometimes tells very well in conversation. Therefore, be more open; tell a man he's a great man at once, and do not leave his greatness to be gathered from his resemblance to any body else. A soldier may be a great hero though he never studied the tactics of Whitelock, and a sailor may earn a peerage without bearing any resemblance to Admiral Elliot. But the epistle dedicatory may now, I think, be left to every one's own taste; and, with the emphatic word, butter! butter! butter! I proceed to the next branch, the epistle dutiful.

Every person who was ever in love, must have perceived what very disagreeable individuals fathers and mothers could make themselves; or rather, what an uncomfortable provision of Nature it was that there should exist such beings as fathers and mothers at all. Their optics seem differently formed from those of other people, and have lost the power, or never had it, of perceiving roses and lilies on the cheeks of undowered maidens, or grand expression and handsome figure in briefless barristers and half-pay lieutenants. The epistle dutiful is, therefore, very difficult; for it is addressed to people who can never enter into one's feelings, or understand what you would be at. Awkward questions are asked in reply; such as whether the aforesaid lilies and roses will pay a butcher's bill; or whether the grand expression and handsome figure of our legal or military friend can be made available by way of a settlement. Strong recommendations are also held out of bandy legs and fifteen hundred a-year, or of stockbrokers' widows with good jointures. At eighteen the bandy legs have no chance; at five-and-twenty, the fifteen hundred a-year is irresistible. So that dutifulness at those two periods is a very different matter. I borrow from the English-German Letter-Writer, by J. Williams and H. Doering, a specimen or two of a good German's ideas of the dutiful. Beginning at the age of fourteen or fifteen, let us hear a boy and girl at school on the approach of the holidays:—

From "my Son, sir."

"Honoured sir,—In a few days I shall have an opportunity of visiting H., and of renewing those pleasing scenes which have been interrupted by being at school. The separation has been attended with very pleasing effects; for, had I never been divided from you, I should never have felt that lively joy which now plays around my heart, and will endear our meeting. I flatter myself that my improvements will equal your wishes, and that you will have no occasion to tax me with negligence. Mr and Mrs D., beg their respectful compliments; please to accept of, and present, my duty to my mamma; respects to all my friends, and love to my brothers and sisters.—I am, honoured sir, your dutiful son."

From "my Daughter, sir," on the same occasion.

"Dear mamma,—You speak, in your very kind letter, of the pleasure you promise yourself in my company these Christmas holidays; I beg leave to offer you my most sincere thanks, for your obliging expressions; the satisfaction I feel from them, can be better conceived than committed to paper. It shall be my constant desire to merit similar sentiments from you; and may every wish of your heart be as completely gratified as I trust this will be, the 21st being fixed for our going home.—I am, your most dutiful and affectionate daughter."

The great beauty of these two letters is the easiness of the style; no stiffness nor formality; and, above all, not the slightest possibility that my worthy friends the schoolmaster, or the head usher, (famous for his eloquence and politeness,) assisted in the composition of the boy's epistle; or that my prim acquaintance, the principal of the ladies' seminary, suggest-

ed to the daughter any of the pretty natural thoughts that made the respective old fathers and mothers so proud of their boy and girl, that they nearly killed them with buns and sweeties all the six weeks' vacation. But, in the course of ten or twelve years, the letters from those admirable young people, though still full of every thing proper and becoming, are somewhat different in their style. Habbakuk—for that, I believe, is the name of the dutiful boy—Habbakuk Baggs writes to Susannah Sudds, and nothing, I think, can be finer than the respectful way he addresses her. I copy still from the German-English Letter-Writer:—

HABBAKUK to SUSANNAH.

"Madam,—Those only who have suffered them, can tell the unhappy moments of hesitative uncertainty which attend the formation of a resolution to declare the sentiments of affection. I, who have felt their greatest and most acute torments, could not, previous to my experience, have formed the remotest idea of their severity. Every one of those qualities in you which claim my admiration, increased my diffidence, by showing the great risk I run in venturing, perhaps, before my affectionate assiduities have made the desired impression on your mind, to make a declaration of the ardent passion I have long since felt for you. My family and connexions are so well known to you, that I need say nothing of them. If I am disappointed of the place I hope to hold in your affections, I trust this step will not draw on me the risk of losing the friendship of yourself and family, which I value so highly, that an object less ardently desired, or really estimable, could not induce me to take a step by which it should be in any manner hazarded. —I am, madam, your affectionate admirer and sincere friend."

THE ANSWER—SUSANNAH to HABBAKUK.

"Sir,—I take the earliest opportunity of acknowledging the receipt of your letter, and the obligations I feel to you for the sentiments expressed in it; and assure you, that whatever may be the event of your solicitations in another quarter, the sentiments of friendship I feel from a long acquaintance, will not be in any manner altered.

"There are many points besides mere personal regard to be considered; these I must refer to the superior knowledge of my father and brother; and, if the result of their enquiries is such as my presentiments suggest, I have no doubt my happiness will be attended to, by a permission to decide for myself. At all events, I shall never cease to feel obliged by a preference in itself sufficiently flattering, and rendered still more so by the handsome manner in which it is expressed; and I hope, if my parents should see cause to decline the proposed favour of your alliance, it will not produce such a disunion between our families, as to deprive us of friends who possess a great portion of our regard.—I am, sir, your sincere friend and humble servant."

With such models as these, it is impossible for any young couple to go wrong; and I think it shows no little magnanimity in me, to talk so flatteringly of a book that may materially interfere with my own reputation as a teacher of the sublime art of letter-writing. I wish I had it in my power to inform the sympathizing reader of the issue of Habbakuk's solicitations in the other quarter so modestly alluded to; but though I have no positive proofs on the subject, I conclude that, if the father and brother had been foolish enough to throw any obstacles in the way of so unobjectionable a match, a special miracle would have been wrought to bring it about; and therefore we may rest pretty well assured, that the parson was consulted on the matter in a very short period after the swain had screwed his courage up to the popping point. But it is not every courtship that shows such smooth sailing as this; and there is sometimes another style to be adopted, in addition to the dutiful, and that will best be shown in a specimen or two of the Epistle Confidential. And, it is needless to add, that letters of this description are rarely addressed to fathers and mothers. The principal writers of letters of this description, are young ladies of romantic propensities, who think the chief end of woman is to have a sensitive mind. There are generally half-a-dozen damsels of this kind in every parish, and it is for their

edification principally, that I lay down the rules for this particular style. Imprimis, put every thing in the superlative; secondly, make yourself the heroine of the whole epistle; thirdly, put a thick dash under every third or fourth word—the less important the word is, the better; as a really important word stands in no need of italics, whereas a weak one does; fourthly, introduce as many quotations as you can, for it is the surest sign of your being sincere, and not writing for effect. The following is a letter from a young lady, aged twenty-seven, who is on a visit at Bath, to a confidant in the country:—

"My dearest, *dearest* Emily—Your enchanting note distresses me dreadfully. How *could* you *fancy* I was cold *and* distrustful. 'Can I forget thee? ah! no, no.—I ne'er can forget thee—no, no, no!' But I have so much to tell my sweet Emily, that I must lock the door. Yes, dearest, I *have* a *secret*. Deep in my *soul* the *tender* secret *dwells*. Ah, Emily! when I remember our *young* days, I am *very* sad—'love's *young* dream; there's *nothing* half *so* sweet on *earth*, as *love's* young *dream*.'—I was giddy and foolish *once*, and I can *truly*, from the bottom of my heart, wish him happy. 'Though they tell me your heart is another's.' Yes, I have got over my *grief*. *He* was *false*, and married a *person* I never *could endure*; but the *soul*, secured in her *existence*, *smiles* at *the* drawn *dagger*. Of *that* no more! Emily! we have been friends from *youth*, and I *invoke* you never to allude by *word* or *look* to the *past*.—Never *mention* what I have *told* you *about* ——. I cannot trust myself to *name* him. Does he remember the path where we met *long*, long *ago*—long, *long ago?* I *hope* not!—for I would *fain* forget it.—Let him *go!* Yes, Emily, I have *cleansed* my heart *of* all previous *recollections*—for at last 'my *bosom's* lord sits *lightly* on his *throne*.' Yes, my bosom's lord!—but I will be as collected and calm as I can. The lady my aunt and I board with, is *quite* a *lady*. Her *husband*, who died, *after* holding a high *government* situation, left her a *helpless* widow. But she found friends, and, *as* I said *before*, is quite *the lady*. At her house all the first people are to be met—a delightful society; and my aunt and I pay only three guineas a-week, *washing included*. When we had been here about a *week*, we *became* very intimate *with* Mrs Snubber—that is *her* name; and *she* entered *so* kindly *into* all our *concerns*. And, *as* my sweet *Emily* knows *the* open-heartedness *of* her friend, *she* will *easily* conclude that I *told* her all; yet not all—oh, no! 'I have a secret sorrow here,'—but I told her all about my fortune—the three thousand pounds I was left by my father, and the six hundred left me *by* my *dear*, *dear* grand*mamma!*—I *told* her all *about* my friends,—shall I need to tell you that my *darling* Emily *was* not forgotten? She knows you *intimately*, and loves you *dearly* from my *description*, and *even* bids me *say*, that she hopes if *you* ever come to *Bath*, you will take up your residence at her *house*. She is *so* kind!—I send you her card with terms, &c. I had not been here long, when one morning I was surprised to see in the drawing-room a gentleman I had never seen before. He was tall and handsome—oh, darling Emily, such fine bold resolute eyes and large mustaches! He rose as I came in, and handed me a chair. He wore a long blue surtout with frog buttons, close at the throat—trousers *tight* at the *knee*, and Wellington *boots* with *long* military *spurs*.—Something told me he was doomed to be my master! yes; from the first glance I gave I felt that he was 'too fair to worship—too divine to love.' I *think* he *is* at least *six* feet *high*. I suppose I felt *embarrassed;* for before I had time to *recover* myself, he had *taken* my hand to reassure me, and *squeezed* it,—oh, my sweetest friend, you can have no idea what remarkable squeezes Edward's are—so *soft*, so *thrilling*. He is a nephew of the *late* Mr *Snubber*, and very like his *aunt's* description of his *uncle*. He says his ancestors were O'Snubbers, kings of *Tyrone* in *Ireland*—real sovereign *kings;* and Edward would do honour to a *throne!* Yes; but, oh, the *choice*, what *heart* can doubt of cots with *love*, or *thrones* without? He is not the *least* proud, in *spite* of his high *birth*, and serves a rival sovereign, the Queen of *England*, without any *repinings* over his *overthrown* dynasty. For Edward is a *soldier*, a brave defender of his country; 'and 'tis always the *spirit* most gallant in *war* that is *fondest* and truest in *love*.' A week ago—'twas in his aunt's private room—he made me

the *offer* of his *hand* and *fortune!* We were sitting quietly at work—my aunt had gone to her own apartment—I had gone down stairs to spend the evening with *dear delightful* Mrs Snubber—when, about ten o'clock, we heard a noise in the passage, and my palpitating heart told me in a *moment*, that one of the voices we *heard* was my *Edward's*—the other *voice* was rough and *vulgar;* and I heard the fearful words—*prisoner! custody!* What could it *be?* Mrs Snubber *rushed* to the door. I *followed* her. There we saw Edward strongly *excited;* but oh, how brilliant in his anger! with his collar *grasped* by a *great* ugly man *with* a short *staff* in his *hand.* 'Come, no *gammon!*' the wretch exclaimed, 'I can't take bail.'

"'What! not if *he's* married to a lady of *immense* fortune?' said his aunt.

"'That might perhaps do,' said the man.

"'Then take my word for it,' said Mrs Snubber, 'my nephew is engaged to a great heiress.'

"'*Engaged!*' I faintly screamed, and fell on the floor. The sudden breaking of the dreadful intelligence was too much for me. I never knew till that moment how *truly*, how *sincerely* I *loved him.* When I came to my recollection I looked around; I was in Mrs Snubber's arm-chair—she was *standing* at my side. Edward *was* on *one* knee *before* me, holding my hand in his. I withdrew my hand, *darting* a look of *anguish* at the *kneeling* youth—'You are *engaged,* sir!' Edward sprang to his feet.

"'That all depends on *yourself,*' he said. On *me!* fancy, darling Emily, fancy my amaze!

"'Yes, my friend,' said Mrs Snubber, 'Edward is *wildly* in *love* with *you.* If you reject him, he will die.—Won't you, Edward?'

"'Won't I?' he said—'*every* word auntie *says* is as true as *gospel.*'

"'But the *fortune!*' I said.

"'Do you think *it's* your *fortune* I *want,* sweet creature?' he cried, and took my hand again and carried it to his lips! Could I *doubt* his *sincerity* after *that?* his aunt told me he was the most *disinterested* being in Bath.

"'And who was that *dreadful man?*' I *enquired*—sinking back in my chair supported on Edward's arm.

"'Oh, *that?*' he said, 'I've been challenged to fight a duel, and that is a *magistrate's* officer sent to *prevent* me.'

"'A *duel!* oh, heaven be gracious!' I *said,* and *shuddered.* 'Oh *dreadful!*'

"'Yes,' his aunt said, 'Edward is too generous and noble. He offended a very great man in this neighbourhood, by defending a poor widow and a large family from his *oppression* and *tyranny.*'

"'I *honour* him for it!' I exclaimed, and *made* no *resistance* when he pressed me in his arms.

"'Is it a *settled thing?*' he said.

"'*Surely!*' his aunt replied, seeing me too much agitated to speak, 'you may get a special license as soon as you like. The *duel* may take *place* yet, if you are not *married.*'

"And my *consent,* sweetest Emily, has prevented the effusion of blood! Do you not envy me my feelings? They wish the *ceremony* to be strictly *private;* and as I have told them my fortune is entirely at my own disposal, they assure me I need not employ any lawyer. Edward *tells* me he *will* not accept a settlement of any portion of it on himself; but marry me without any *settlement* at all! Isn't he a *generous, noble* fellow? I wish you could see him. His aunt has undertaken to provide every thing; and has laid out five hundred pounds of my money, for which I gave her an order, in a way, she says, she is *sure* I shall be *pleased* with, but she *will* not tell me what it is. What *can* it *be?* I am all impatience. Keep this letter *strictly private,* my sweetest friend; or, if you please, you may just mention to the Dodds's and Browns that I am to be *married* to a *very handsome man* of great *fortune* and high *rank.* It will tease them, I know, the spiteful creatures; and perhaps *some* people will perceive that *other people* are not so blind as *they* were. But be hushed, my dark spirit! Answer me immediately. I am in a *fever* of expectation of your *congratulations.* Ever yours, *dearest, dearest* Emily."

This is the female confidential; but this style of literature is not unknown to the masculine gender. If young ladies, addicted, like the authoress of the foregoing epistle, to having her hand squeezed by mustached young gentlemen of six feet high, were to hear the comments made on them by the heroes of such adventures, it occurs to me they would be no little as-

tonished. It has often struck me as a very curious thing, how completely in the dark all womankind seem to be about the real characters of us dashing young men about town. And no wonder; for I flatter myself we are pretty tolerable actors in our way, and can give a touch of Joseph Surface on all fitting occasions. As a general rule, the greatest *roué* appears among ladies—the most innocent of men. A power of blushing is of incalculable benefit; and a little modest hesitation is by no means to be despised. Hear Mr Lothario Griggs after dinner among his friends; and at an evening party among the ladies, you'll be very much inclined to think it is his sister sporting his clothes; modesty, deference, respect. I wonder very much if they would believe their ears or their eyes, if by some chance they were to be witnesses of his ordinary life and conversation. They will, of course, think the epistle of Mr Snubber, the hero of the preceding letter, rather unnatural; but I know better—so here it is:—

"Dear Hookey—I told you I thought there was something in the wind when my old auntie sent for me in such a hurry. When I arrived, she told me she was as much stumped up for blunt as I was, and, unless I did something, there was no help for us, and she must come on me for a bill I signed as security for a hundred and fifty. I said I was up to any thing. And she told me there was a raw country girl from Glos'tershire, newly come to the house, that I might have for the asking; for she was very romantic, and a regular flat. She said she was no beauty, but had nearly four thousand pounds. Here was a go! I got out my frog-button coat, and put on the military. I've sported the spurs so long, that sometimes I really believe I'm an officer in good earnest. Auntie had crammed her at no allowance about my rank in the army, and so forth; and you may be sure I was all alive, too, to catch such a bang-up fortune. I saw her in the drawing-room: and, in the first half hour, drew it so strong, I had a hold of her hand and looked at her till she blushed blue. A pale-faced, sharp-nosed, sighing sort of concern—and I soon saw all was right. She's fond of high family; so I tipped her a stave about the O'Snubbers being kings or popes long ago, (confound me if I recollect which,) and auntie had told her my father held a great Government appointment—and so he had, for he was green-grocer to the king for Londonderry—and every thing was going fifteen miles an hour. But yesterday we were all as nearly spilt as could be. Just when I was going into auntie's room, where she had told me to come and have a meeting with Dulcinea, who the devil should touch me on the shoulder but old Harryson the bailiff, for fifty-four pounds at the suit of Wheeler, for a variety of articles now in custody of my uncle of Three Ball Castle. There was no talking away the writ, and I was just on the point of being walked off to my old quarters in quod, when auntie came to my assistance and actually got the girl to consent to marry me, with the bailiff a witness to it all. He saw all was safe, and behaved like a trump. I played my cards so well that it is now all settled; we are to be spliced next week; and I have already drawn her for five hundred. Auntie fought hard to keep it all, but at last we have divided it; so you see I'm in cash. Won't you have a spree, old boy, as soon as the knot's tied, for there is to be no settlement, and therefore she hasn't a shilling of her own? She can go and live very well with her old aunt in Glos'tershire, for it would never do to be bothered with a petticoat." (Here follow sundry directions, which I hope Mr Hookey executed to his correspondent's satisfaction, but with which it is of no use to trouble the reader; and the letter concludes with a powerful exhortation to his friend to follow the writer's example, and make his fortune in the same easy and honourable manner.)

Letters of business are all easy enough; but the triumph of my art is to instruct the rising generation in the true method of overcoming difficulties; and it is allowed, on all sides, that the diplomatic style is the hardest of all. I shall, therefore, lay down a few rules by which this peculiar branch of the epistolary art will be made as easy as lying. In the first place, never give a direct answer; in the second place, be particular in criticising the letter you are replying to; if by any means you can find out a sentence that will bear a different

meaning from the plain and obvious one, complain of obscurity, and request an explanation; and lastly, be loud in praises of your own disinterestedness, and all the virtues you think it worth while to be possessed of.

These directions will infallibly make you write a diplomatic epistle; and you are not to think for a moment that diplomacy is limited to ambassadors and ministers for foreign affairs, or even envoys extraordinary to the Celestials. Sir Harry Pottinger, I am sorry to perceive, is no diplomatist but goes strait to the point at once, as if he had determined to be led in no respect by the example of his predecessor — a fearful innovation, and of evil omen to mandarins, great and small. All men ought to be able to write diplomatically; for occasions may occur when the faculty will be required even where it is least expected.

One of my pupils, young Lucius Barton, the son of old Lucius Barton of Leicestershire, has lately shone very much in this department. Two such pleasant fellows as father and son are seldom to be met with in the same parish, much less in the same family; but so it was and is, that old Lu and young Lu are never so pleasant as when they are together. The same fine open countenance, stately build, and jovial manner, characterise them both; with a family likeness so remarkable, that, making allowance for the difference of size, they are as like each other as a violoncello and a violin. They are both great hunters; and this is the point I am proudest of, that the best sportsman in Leicestershire should have followed my lessons so exactly as to have written some letters worthy of Talleyrand or Metternich. The occasion was this: —Young Lu had gone on a visit to a very rich old gentleman in Cambridgeshire, and had become acquainted with Lord Protocol of Hillyhoney Hall, near Newmarket. Whether from imitating that distinguished character, or induced by some other reasons that may perhaps come out in the course of his correspondence, young Lu was a changed man from that hour. No more straight-forward answers, no open merriment, every thing precise and formal, and with such an air of ineffable importance bestowed on trifles, that you would have thought the tie of a neckcloth a more awful mystery than those of Eleusis; and as to finding out any fault in a horse he was about to sell, you would have had a better chance of finding out the longitude. His father got melancholy at the sight of such a change, and swallowed his second bottle in silence, vainly perplexing his brain to find out what could be the cause of the alteration. A second time young Lucius went down to Cambridgeshire, and at the end of a month gave no hint of any intention to return, though the hunting had just begun, and his six horses were in excellent condition. Hereupon the old squire took an opportunity, one forenoon when there was no meet, to indite an epistle—not of any style included in my rules—but a good sensible letter notwithstanding:—

"What is the meaning of my not hearing from you, for this month past? Do you think I am to have all the trouble of managing your stable and selling off the screws you left to be disposed off? I don't know what to make of it, and must beg you'll come home directly. I can't think what's grown the matter with you lately. Are you in debt—or in love?—or what the deuce is it?—
Yours, "L. B."

The penny post brought the reply in due form:—

"Dear Father,—With reference to your note, which I have marked No. 1, in which you put a question to me to the following purport —namely, what is the meaning of your not hearing from me for this month past? I have the honour to reply that the month consists, in some instances, of thirty-one days; in a few, only of thirty; and in one instance, of twenty-eight or twenty-nine. This month has the fullest compliment; and therefore, as I have only been absent thirty days from home, I cannot quite understand what is the precise meaning of the expression. It will, therefore, perhaps be sufficient to remind you that your imputation on my silence is totally unfounded. The succeeding sentence is one which I confess my inability to

decipher. As near as I can guess, it expresses a wish to know whether I expect you to take care of my horses, and sell off the refuse. If I am right in this explanation of your meaning, I at once answer yes; for how could I put those matters into better hands? We shall, therefore, if you please, consider it a settled thing that you do me the favour to get every thing into exactly the same order as if I were at home. You conclude with three enquiries, namely whether I am in debt —or in love—or what the deuce it is? If I am to answer those interrogatories separately, I might perhaps compromise myself in the present state of my negotiations; and I feel certain you are too honourable, and have too much reliance in my discretion, to embarrass me by interfering at this stage of the business. If, on the other hand, you demand one answer to them all, I again confess my total inability to do so. Is it, in short, three questions totally distinct, or one question consisting of three branches? I must represent to you, that till you write to me more openly and intelligibly, I must decline giving any reply. I avail myself of this opportunity of expressing to you the high regard and affection with which I have the honour to subscribe myself your most obedient servant and son, "L. B."

Old Lucius to Young Lucius.

"I no sooner got your letter than I galloped off and showed it to Dr Squills, thinking you had, perhaps, had a fever, and gone off in the head. What's the use of all that infernal rigmarole? are you coming home or not? or am I to believe the report true, that you are caught by one of George Holloboy's daughters? and so you won't draw up with our next neighbour, Miss Sourings, that I have recommended you to look after this many a day. Old Holloboy is a cursed Whig, and a regular miser, and won't come down with a shilling, and I'll never give my consent. So come home, there's a good fellow, and write no more stuff like your last. We meet on Friday, three miles from Melton, and expect a capital run.—Yours, "L. B."

To which the juvenile responded in the following terms:—

"With reference to the enclosure marked No. 3, the undersigned has the honour to recall to his paternal progenitor's recollection certain occurrences now of rather an ancient date. Two years ago, the undersigned was requested to make advances towards a union of Barton Manor and Nelfield, by offering his hand to Letitia Sourings. The undersigned has the honour of reminding his progenitor, that even at that early period, certain negotiations, into which he had entered, had assumed such an appearance, that he did not think it consistent with the interests of either party to enter into any arrangement of the nature proposed. Since that period, the undersigned has been frequent in his visits to Cambridgeshire, and so far from finding the individual alluded to so disrespectfully in the despatch now received, he found him all that the noblest natural disposition can be perfected into, by the deepest knowledge of the world, and the highest principles of honour. The undersigned can therefore only claim a categorical reply to the following interrogatory. On what does his progenitor found his anticipations, that the distinguished person above alluded to, will not advance a shilling, or, in short, will not at once settle half his fortune, if he shall see fit, on either of his daughters? Pending the reply to this enquiry, the undersigned has the honour to assure his progenitor, that he departs in no respect from the affection so justly due to so excellent a man, and so near a relative; and seizes with avidity this opportunity of reiterating the expression of the respectful consideration which he offers to his progenitor, in subscribing himself his most obedient humble servant, "L. B."

"P.S.—The undersigned thinks it proper to bring to the knowledge of his progenitor, that the undersigned avails himself of the assistance of the individual so disrespectfully alluded to, in the composition of his communications on this most interesting and agitating subject.—L. B."

The return of post brought the reply:—

"I don't think it right, at my time of life, to swear much, except when in the field, when it does the dogs good; therefore, I don't write down

upon paper what I think of you and your rascally old adviser, old Holloboy. I don't see the drift of your letters; but I guess by your not coming home, that there's no good in them. I know old Holloboy too well to be taken in by his fine speeches. Nelfield is worth at least fifteen hundred a-year, and though Miss Sourings is no beauty, you will be a great ass if you throw it away. Mind my words. We have been great friends up to this time; but I won't stand any nonsense. Therefore come home. —Yours truly, "L. B."

A week elapsed, and no answer arrived at the Manor, and the irate progenitor was just on the point of starting across the country to seize his son *vi et armis*, when a queen's head added to his bewilderment by the following lines:—

"An application was addressed to the writer of the enclosure, No. 3, calling on him for an unconditional reply to the following enquiry; namely, what grounds, if any, he had for making any insinuation against a distinguished individual's liberality. As no answer is vouchsafed to this question, the undersigned deeply regrets that he is obliged to interdict all intercourse for a time between Holloboy Hall and Barton Manor.—L. B."

While deeply meditating on the contents of this epistle, he received a letter from no less a personage than the much injured Holloboy himself.

"Sir,—With reference to several despatches lately received from you, and marked respectively 1, 3, and 5, I have the honour to submit the following statements to your consideration—Your son, Lucius Barton, has done me the honour frequently, during the last two years, to reside in my house. He has, in the most flattering manner, assured me that he derives not only great enjoyment, but instruction also, from my conversation; and under my auspices, and those of a distinguished nobleman now forced by an envious public into the shades of private life, he has made such progress in the science of diplomacy, that if fortune should ever restore my patriotic friend to the helm of foreign affairs, I have no doubt my pupil would be considered peculiarly qualified for the Chinese, or other interesting mission. I myself, sir, was designed, I have every reason to believe, for a mission to the Court of Tameehameeha, in Otaheite, had my party continued in power, and I rejoice to be the means of imparting to my youthful friend those principles which raised me to such an elevation. He has written most of his letters to you at my dictation, or in order to show to me his proficiency in the science I have cultivated so long; and, sir, I have the honour to tell you, that your taunts have only endeared him to me the more; that I have proved this by giving him the hand of my youngest daughter, Georgina, and that I have settled on him one-half of my estate, and twenty-five thousand pounds in hand. I call on you, sir, for nothing in return; for I consider you unworthy of such an offspring. I avail myself of this opportunity, &c.

"Sir,

"George Pighead Holloboy."

On the following day, old Lucius was made his own man again, by the following *un*diplomatical epistle:—

"Dear Father,—I have no doubt my good father-in-law's letter has opened your eyes to the uses of my diplomatic correspondence. At the end of a month I shall be home at Barton with your new daughter, never more to enter into training for an ambassador. Write a softener to the old governor, for he is a good chap in the main, and has come down like a trump. —Your affectionate son, "L. B."

SKETCHES OF ITALY.

No. II.

Ancona—Antiquarians.

Have those uneconomic Savings Banks, from whence we draw consular coins and Hadrian's halfpence, with the accumulated interest of ages, correspondents with whom they carry on telegraphic communications?—and did our friend at Foligno describe and consign us to *his* friend at Ancona? or how else—unless indeed antiquary be stamped on our brow—were we here seen and known simultaneously? The waiter had hardly shown us our room, before he thrust into our hand Papal and other medals, and a few "piccole cose" in bronze. We are scarcely seated at dinner when some one taps at the door. Come in! It is an old man, (an antiquary, of course;) he is sorry to disturb us, but he has a few things—a *very* few things at his disposal. We can see them at our leisure—buy or not as we please. He leaves his card, (Marquis!!!) bows, and retires. Tap, tap, again—another visiter. What an ill-timed visit! We admit another old man, whose carriage waits to take us to his magazine! Engaged already to go to a rival house of this same kind, we make our excuse, and will call on him later; while he, as he leaves us, looks significantly, and bids us "beware of *Antonio.*" He is hardly gone when another knock is heard. We will not rise again; so a fellow stalks in silently, and commences to unswathe a much shrouded picture—a battle-piece—and of course a *Borgognoni!* We are sorry for the trouble he has had—we never buy *battle-pieces*—we prefer *landscapes.* "*Addesso! Addesso!*" says our ready friend, meanwhile tugging away at the envelopes of another picture. In this composition we have the red flank and profile of a cow, the shaggy Angola fleeces of one recumbent and one standing sheep, a white goat, with fore-feet in act to climb, a dark rock with dark trees on its summit, and another against which leans a shepherd, piping to a non-descript dog. The evidence is complete, and we ourselves exclaim, "*Rosa di Tivoli!*" "*Bene,*" encouragingly returns the dealer. Some, now, would have said, "*Vogliono che sia di Salvator Rosa,*"—but he will not deceive. "*Caro Lei*"—"it *is* Rosa di Tivoli." We find fault with its size. He has yet another—an unquestionable *Bassano.* But we are forgetting our promise to call on the Marquis. We must leave him to pack up and decamp at his leisure. We are really going to the palazzo of a marquis!

> "Ah! little think our noblemen, who live at home at ease,
> What barons and what marquises are found across the seas."

Who would believe there could be Italian marquises of A and of B—rich in ancestral honours and ancestral patrimony—rich, too, in specimens of *cinque cento* chivalry, who, while they greet you with apparent courtesy, are yet base enough, in conjunction with the jackall who leads you to their den, to endeavour to ensnare your judgment, and obtain your *scudi?* Bowing with assumed consideration, he welcomes us, and forthwith points out his treasures. Presently leaving us, our guide, who has hitherto contented himself with an occasional exclamation of admiration, whispers to us that the Marchese occasionally disposes of things. Do we, for instance, covet that ivory snuff-box?—Shall he ask about it for us? Now comes the alternative. If we say yes, the scruples and bashfulness of the noble marquis are to be overcome—coqueting with his own consequence and our credulity, he will name a price at which we, all too polite for the ways of the antiquarian world, hesitate. If we say no, the needy marquis, throwing aside his dignity, assumes the air and language of an importunate needy broker; for those who venerate *verdigris,* and find in parchment and old silk a smell unknown to vulgar nostrils, he has in store plenty of dainty costly baits, which, by way of tempting us to buy, he tells us we can sell for as much again in England. Finding we prefer bright silver to tarnished copper, and covet not mouldy coins, he tries us with old crockery of *Urbino,* or with the produce of that greater delphic oracle, *Faenza:* then we come

to buckles and greaves, hatchets, helmets, and horseshoes, which the vulgar regard merely as old iron, but which antiquarians value. Not yet caught! Stay till he has dusted some old yellow lace, and tried your taste in the fripperies of your great grandmother. Obdurate still!—then, as a last trial of his skill, where extraordinary pertinacity fights without making much way against equally enduring patience, he exhibits a gallery of Madonnas and saints suffering a second martyrdom, on whose lacerated and peeled faces the rogue will spit as he rubs them down with his coat-sleeve, inured to the service, pronouncing their expression of quiet suffering *divine*, repeating the operation as often as St Sebastian's eye grows dim, or the glories of St Cecilia's halo fade on her head; "they need but a little cleaning to fit them for a distinguished place in any gallery in Europe," himself, meanwhile, with ourselves, whom he would make his dupe, affording a fitting pendant for the Caravaggio he now shows us. Not wishing, however, to gratify him, by playing the fair-skinned simpleton to this brown-skinned, keen-eyed villain, in a *tableau vivant* we take our leave of him. To those possessing more money than wit, and in search of antiques, of all places in the world we would commend them to Ancona.

The Opera.

Ancona has its opera-house, a fine façade without, a liberal display of gilt cornice and saltatrice dancing in fresco within. We found the boxes filled with ladies, who still justify the reputation of the *domus Veneris* of the goddess, who might still, or travellers belie us, rejoice on the shores of Eryx or of Cyprus in the perpetuity of her works. Indeed, it is with us almost an hypothesis that the ancients planted the temple on spots which the divinity *in that line* had already claimed. (The inconstant goddess was suitably lodged amidst the winds of Præneste, or on the rocky shores of Antium,) and the women of Ancona are lovely to this hour. The scenery of the stage and its decorations were well painted; the dresses rich as Venice satin and spangle could make them; the service and retinue of the house well conducted and ample; and a noble chandelier *rained* light upon us, and showed off to the greatest possible advantage an *eidoranion* of beauties blazing in constellation in the front row, or twinkling alone in the private box. But they do want a livelier *prima donna;* and, when they next give their *Moses in Egypt,* they could do with fewer brazen serpents in the orchestra. None certainly but coppersmiths, anvil men, and those indulgent Anconians, could tolerate such discordant, vehement, and incessant noise, under the pretence of orchestral performance. Of a surety, such grumbling and rumbling—such variety of discord—never beat together on our tympanum before. We felt like the nervous female who lodged between two chemists, an old one and a new, and awoke, (she told her doctor,) every morning by the "*linger 'em on*" of the shop of the heavy old pestle, and the active "*kill 'em quick*" of the new settler. The orchestra of Ancona seemed to have studied these two *mortars* thoroughly. Rather than have sat where that unhappy wight the prompter was doomed by office to sit, and hear for three hours those marrow-bones and cleavers, we would be closeted in the belfry when great Tom begins to wag his tongue, and announce to Bagly Wood or Iffley *Lock* the aristocratic importance of Christ Church. The *prima donna* is past her prime: an untravelled canary-bird is she, that has been confined to her present "gilt cage" ever since she began to twitter. Become too old for the stage, she is also much too self-possessed, and too *much at home* there. She could *count out the house* as composedly as a grazier his sheep, and stare a full pit full in *its* face. Her gait is irregular and unrythmical. Her walk is like that of a tame ostrich before company at the Zoological; and, when she drew in the long lean muscles of her neck to *scream,* as the part required, three such screams issued from the throat as might have been heard halfway to Dalmatia—we never before heard *screams encored;* but, as she could not repeat them, she signified her sense of grateful acknowledgement to the uproarious approbation by putting her hand upon her heart, and smiling at us, amidst dys-

pnœa and palpitation, through a thick coat of rouge! She had feet not at all according to the Ancona tariff, and a *train* of an *aulnage* beyond any heroic precedent. Surprised by her lover, and obliged suddenly to turn upon him, she meets the said train, which had been going the other way. The Trojan ἑλκεχιτῶνες must have managed it better. Ludicrous enough was the position as she strutted away, like some angry peacock conscious of its glorious encumbrance, and screaming as he adjusts it. Ballets we hold to be a permitted indecency every where, and could never find much grace in seeing the handsomest limbs move counter to nature's intentions. We must concede something to habit; but our concession is strictly limited to the flexibility of young members. At Ancona we beheld middle-aged people, dressed juvenile, sustaining all the honours of the ballet: two pairs of ancient legs vie for the admiration of two thousand connoisseurs. We did pity the poor souls who had to play Psyche and Zephyr! They began, as they all do, by twisting their dislocated members into all those sorts of attitudes which are practised by Japanese superstition, or pictured on the Etruscan jar—feats difficult to be done, and would they were impossible! Out of breath, and suffering the torments of cramp, they affect an easy abandonment; and, gasping a second or two in each other's arms, start off again like hares from the form, and bound from place to place, and recede to the bottom of the stage, only to come back to the lamps in flying leaps and tip-toe twirlings—she whisking up her airy petticoats, as often as they began to be decently composed round her limbs, and he taking an ambitious series of capers, to drop *aplomb* before us, and finish off with a twirl and a valedictory bow. These were not the dangerous exhibitions denounced in this country by the great satirist.

Senegaglia—Sena Gallica.

"Quæ Sena relictum
Gallorum a populis servat per sæcula nomen."—Sil. Italicus.

The town of Senegaglia is cheerful; the streets are by no means empty, though it is not yet "fair time:" when this occurs, an indraft of 20,000 upon a fixed population of about half that number, usually takes place. They talk a good deal about it long before it arrives, and places to let for the *fiera* are advertised in the windows. At that season, Mussulman and Christian, Jew and Frenchman, all meet here with their respective wares, and oriental ambers vie with Lyons velvets, German bookstalls, Italian sculpture, English cutlery, and Paris horologerie. In this part of Italy—a country so little eminent for stationary commerce, and destitute of the useful arts—there must be twenty days of pleasant idleness, and of abundant temptation. One of the *resident* booksellers of this place, who had passed all his life amongst large margins, rare MSS, black letter, quaint device, and illuminated vellum, showed us a book for which, if he spoke truth, he had recently refused 900 francs—viz. a Polybius published by Perotti in 1473, and now offered by him for 1000 francs, (L.40.) It was a very small book, to read which had been a real infliction, let alone paying for it. He had also an Artemidorus, to be sold (if a purchaser offered) for 500 francs, (L.20,) which might, for aught we know to the contrary, be cheap at the money. We had seen too much "picture" lately at Rome, to care for any wayside celebrities of the art; so we abstained from a Perrugino—*the* Perrugino of Senegaglia—and did not profit by the waiter's offer to take us to see *the* descent from the cross by "Barrochio," but went in preference to visit a young antiquarian lawyer, of whose collection of curiosities much had been said to interest us at the inn. Him we were fortunate enough to find at home—(your lawyers, like spiders, seldom go far from home.) He received us with gratifying attention, and presently began, as he found us out, to speak deferentially of any judgments that escaped us on what we saw. We had soon seen his whole museum—had said the civil things that men say when they don't intend to purchase—

and were on the very threshold of his door about to retire, when, lo! a maid and a service of ices came upon the scene, and an ice per man made it impossible to stir. We were *frozen* to the spot, and so we talked away from ices to bronzes, and other objects of vertù; and then came to business, and we bargained, and bought, and parted company on the best possible understanding. "A gentlemanly man that lawyer," observed one of our party.

Fano—Fanum Fortunæ.

Onwards from Ancona, the seashore of the Adriatic is a flat sandy coast, not unlike that from Brighton to Worthing, and as devoid of objects of interest. At Fano, we visit the *Arch*, so damaged by the soldiers of Julius the Third, and by the people of Fano, who fought in defence of their town from its summit, that the inscriptions which would have ascertained its date, together with its ornaments, have perished. A dirty ancient gateway, and nothing more, is the Arch of Fano. A thing, like many other things, to be seen simply because it is ancient, and has been "booked" among the "sights." The fire-fly seems to be a capricious visiter. We had scarcely seen one since we left Rome, three weeks ago; to-day, the 19th May, they came out in vast numbers to light us into Fano, sparkling in every hedge, corn-field, and plantation, with a brilliancy which those who have once seen never forget, and of which those who have not can have no adequate idea.

We saw here the ceremony of reconducting to her chapel on the Piazza, a certain Madonna, who had been about making visits in procession all day, after a very long discourse by the Bishop of Camerino, who happened to be passing through the town. There was an immense crowd—every peasant was ambitious of holding a candle in the procession, which, so soon as the bells began to ring, were all lighted; and, on a signal being given, off went the slow cortège, which presented *an avenue of candles*—very long large moulds indeed!—a bespangled picture, set round with the customary trophies of hands and feet, and dilated hearts of very thin silver walls, with a faded nosegay or two, were all disposed under a blue silk awning, and the whole apparatus, borne on poles, nodded as it went over the bareheaded populace. The figure stopped, and was made to turn round for a few seconds upon the crowd at the church door, and then entered as it had issued in the morning, and was soon safely lodged again in its shrine.

The passion for collecting, and selling the things collected, has descended here to a very low rank of life. It will be a long time before a tavern-waiter in England, even in London, will tell you, as ours did, that he had recently sold 2000 silver coins, consular and others, to a nobleman in the neighbourhood, and that he had friends among his townsmen who collected whatever the peasants picked up, (and hereabouts they are always picking up something,) and classed and arranged them according to their abilities. Such persons, he added, became at last very expert and knowing, and would seldom part with their treasures. Valery states, that elephants' tusks have been found on the hills' sides adjoining Fano, remains, it is conjectured, of Asdrubal's army, who was slain on the banks of the Metaurus.

Pesaro—Pesaurum.

——— "Moribunda a sede Pesauri
Hospes, inauratâ pallidior statuâ."—Catullus.

Happening to be somewhat in the condition of Catullus' Hospes at Pesaro, we wrote an "ordonnance:" but having misgivings about its being properly made up, we sent for the "man of art," who, not knowing the capacity in which he was called for, put on his *clinical* black coat, and tapped at our bed-room door, hoping, doubtless, that a nervous countess had

fallen to his lot, though our "come in" must have dissipated the illusion. He advanced with a professional expression of face, an "agro-dolce" mixture of tenderness and gravity, at which our souvenirs of such things made us smile. "Had he any *Plummer's* pill?" *Plummer—no, Plenek si!* —The only English "pharmacon" he had by him was Dr Smith's "sarsaparilla pills," which are meant to purify the blood from Indus to the Pole—[See the advertisement.] His bottles, however, were far enough from being empty: they were, on the contrary, filled with a whole pharmacopœia of *syrups*, such as sick *flies* might doubtless take with advantage and delight, and to those we left them.

Pesaro is the birthplace of Rossini, and is further celebrated by Valery as possessing a valuable library, and a knot of agreeable "notabilités," besides, one thing *we* saw, which the indefatigable librarian of Versailles had not seen: this was the collection of old plates belonging to as great a curiosity in his way as any specimen he possessed. Cavalier Domenico Mazza is "*un enfant d'une bonne pâte*—ninety years of age, without a tooth in his head; he received us with an old man's smile, and being too stiff in the lumbar vertebræ to make a bow, welcomed us by words to an unlimited exploration of his treasures, and introduced our ignorance to the "capi d'opera" of his rooms. A prisoner, by reason of infirmity, amidst these precious but brittle household gods, such is his pride in the collection he has formed, that he scarcely feels the confinement. His brother is lately deceased, also at a very advanced period of life. A nephew and niece, who inherit his good-humour, will soon come to inherit his money; but not his crockery, which is to be sold by auction, and will be bought, they say, by the "commune;" the money to be employed in the erection of some building for charitable purposes in his native town. The name of Maestro, *Maestro Giorgio*, the great *figulinus* of his century, was ever on his lips, as he took us from room to room, really admiring much, but exhorted to save our admiration for more; there never had been, said *our Delphic* oracle, but four places in Italy where delf was manufactured — Gubbio — Urbino — Fossombrone, and Pesaro. We saw fine specimens of each. Like services of *Sèvres* or *Dresden* in later times, the Dukes of Urbino in those days made presents of their plateaux, with designs by Raphael and his favourite pupils, just as French kings have sent their whiter clay to foreign courts and princes. "Master George" derives part of his celebrity from having succeeded in giving a certain iridescent hue, like shot silk, to some of his colours—a discovery which perished with him. The *cavaliere*, for he was a knight, told us, with the necessary exultation, that his own was the most valuable collection of old plates extant; and that the Duke of Tuscany's was small, and comparatively of little value. Finally, he offered us coffee, and gave us a printed harangue, by the professor of eloquence of Pesaro, in praise of him and his old pottery.

Rimini—Ariminum.

Honoratus Hercules Rufus is a watchmaker, whose shop is on the "Piazza" at Rimini. A soldier in his youth, he had served his campaigns under that able general Pius VI.; of whose memory, however, he spoke rather irreverently, nor wholly, as it seemed to us, without reason: Braschi had employed him, not in honourable warfare, but in hunting banditti across the Campagna. "Placed here or there according to his holiness's orders, like weasels before rabbit warrens, we had cruel work of it; sometimes we had to bivouac in the precincts about Baccano, where we were sure of catching fever if we caught nothing else; sometimes we had to defend the hill of La Storta from the Pope's own subjects; then we were ordered to scour the open country at a great rate, to surprise rogues of whom we had got notice; or preparing for an onslaught on the steep sides of Mount Orestes, (Soracte.) All very well, sir, for three months; during which time we were, however, reduced to a third of our original numbers—thanks to our scanty fare, the banditti, and the malaria! But about this time so many of my friends found their way to the hospital, and did not come out again,

that I became very impatient; and feeling already somewhat out of condition, I determined that my escape must be then or never! So I deserted, and returned barefoot to my native town—having got more practical wisdom in these few months, than some men attain in a vulgar fighting campaign of as many years. In order to make some atonement to society for this misspent portion of my life, I took to a trade which should necessarily remind me of the progress of time, and became, as you see, a watchmaker. I have a son, George by name, who was *born* a watchmaker—engendered with innate ideas on wheels, scapements, and going fusees! When he opens a watch, people watch him; if he looks grave, the *hours* of that watch are numbered, and its 'death-tick' is at hand; but if it only wants repair, none finds out what is the precise thing to do so readily, or executes it so well, as '*quel Giorgio mio!*'"

We talked of agriculture—of Julius Cæsar, (whose traditionary haranguing-stone he showed us in the fruit-market)—of the Malatestas—of Isabella Istotæus, the distinguished "blue," who married one of these heroes, and had medals struck in her honour, which they continue to perpetuate every year at Rimini, by a new issue for strangers.

Signor Rufus was vastly obliging. We sallied forth with him to see the objects of curiosity of the place. "There," said he, pointing over a tray of Malatesta medals, which we had been looking at, to a bronze statue seated in the midst of the "piazza"—"that old ruffian is Pope Paul V., he who ordered the execution of Beatrice Cenci; and here is our fish-market, which employs not less than 200 fishing-smacks, and brings us in an annual revenue of not less than 200,000 scudi." (Hoc PRETIUM SQUAMÆ!) He took us to one end of the town, to see the magnificent arch in honour of Augustus, which offers its broken entablature, and exhibits its four fine Corinthian columns as double sentinels on either side of the road, as you enter from Pesaro and Catholica. Rimini possesses also the *bridge* that still bears his name. Of this monument Forsyth praises the strength and beauty, but would demolish the "arch" by the epithet *gaping*. Gape it must, to let passengers through; and this being over a great highway, ought to open its mouth wide! We think it gains in grandeur by this increase of span: a shark's jaws cannot be too far apart! We thought of Temple Bar, and Winchester, and Southampton, and St Bevis, and such poor un-Augustan remains.

The pound of bread, of meat, and of fish, here, is eighteen ounces: a pound of every thing else is twelve ounces. Bread costs for five ounces, one halfpenny; meat, fourpence per pound.

Our cicerone was generous enough to take us to eat strawberries, over which we descanted very learnedly on the *Rubicon*. We allowed ourselves to be instructed—we afterwards met with the statement in print, that three out of the four *soi-disant* Rubicons could have no such pretensions; but about nine miles off, near the sea, there is a confluence of two small rivers, called "The Two Mouths," where a ring was found with Cæsar's name on it, and his effigy and a lamb on the reverse. This supposed Cæsarean signet-ring was found in the bed of the river, and offered to him, in 1836, by a countryman, for two Napoleons. Of course he did not then think its evidence very great, since he declined the purchase. It was picked up by a Frenchman shortly afterwards, who carried it off, and sold it to the French Museum for 100 Napoleons; and our informant said it procured for him the "legion of honour" besides!

We passed the old marble bridge, and saw at a distance the neighbouring republic of St Marino. Hereabouts we strike off, through a suburb of fishing-huts, into an immense strawberry garden which lies beyond, where every evening, when the shops close, and the fire-flies have lit their lamps, out streams half the population of the town to eat strawberries at a penny a basket, and to drink wine on terms equally moderate. Here we linger awhile, and then return to our hotel.

CESENA.

It is about 11 A.M. when we complete our three hours' drive from Rimini. It was delightful to quit the hot, dusty road, on which—save an occasional

snake making for a dry ditch; or lizards, who perked out their sly faces, and seemed quizzing us from the walls; or a mixed swarm of horse-flies, house-flies, hornets, and wasps—we saw no living creature but our suffering selves; and enter the town gate, where arcaded streets displayed under their shade cherry and fennel stalls in abundance, and where coffee-houses and lemonade-booths hung up their timely notice, "Ice to-day!"—"*Oggi si gela!*" This is the third day of prayer for rain; but the sky is quite as *blue* as the farmers, who are in alarm for their crops. In our way to the hotel we pass a colossal statue, jammed in between the walls of two small houses. It is of Pius VI., a native of Cesena; and, as usual in these sitting figures of the Popes, a bronze brocade, in enormous drapery, heavily fills the chair. The family of Pius VII. (Chiramonte) is also still resident there, and in one century has furnished two Popes. It is now, however, far from rich; and one of the *nepoti* is, they tell us, going to marry a certain Signora Moscha of Pesaro, who brings 20,000 scudi (L.4500 English) for dowery—a large Italian fortune. We visited all the jewellers for coins, &c.; but a Roman scout—and too often we fall in with such on our journey!—has recently been through, and borne off all the recent gleanings from the soil. Too much annoyed at this intelligence to care about visiting the public library, where, Valery assures us, is to be seen the MS *Etymologies* of St Isidorus, Bishop of Seville—(which is perhaps the oldest encyclopædia in existence, and dates from the 8th century!)—we went on to Forum Livii, or

Forli.

If we were obliged to say something of every place as we passed through it, we should speak of the excellence of the bread of Forli, and of its fine streets. Its Corso, or principal one, extends from really a Hyde Park-looking walk beyond the Cesena gate, to a handsome broad square within, in about the centre of the town, surrounded with fine buildings, and overlooked by a high brick tower. Coffee-houses of seductive exterior, under the shade of the colonnaded streets, where *dames de comptoirs, à l'instar de Paris,* dispense the supplies to well-dressed officers, and others, who are studious of pleasing the sex by attending to their toilettes—show that Forli is a town of pretension. Then there are shops fit for ladies to repair to, and an air of cheerfulness and activity abroad, which always result from a lively retail commerce, and are very unusual things in Italy. Here, as at Cesena and elsewhere, they have been praying all day to a Madonna in the cathedral for the *rain,* which threatened to spoil our evening's walk; for, after three days' importunity, the thunder pealed, the sky grew slowly blacker and blacker, till the inky mass was fairly over the town; there it hung like a black pall for some time, riven occasionally by the fork-tongued lightning across; while the thunder was bellowing for the suspended deluge: it came at length—first in large, heavy, sullen drops, which were instantly absorbed in the hot pavement; then in full stream, turning the streets into rivers, and driving even the street dogs under cover! In half an hour, however, the spirit of the storm was appeased. We again saw the distant mountains—the sun shone forth in all his power, and the vault overhead seemed as if that deep-blue enamel had been burnt into it.

Faenza—Faventia.

—— "*Fictilibus* cœnare pudet."—Juv.

The clay and the potter's wheel of Faenza, is supposed to have given the name of the city to the coarser species of earthenware manufactured in France, as delf did to that of Holland; but the *faïence* of Faenza at present has no claim to celebrity. We visited the chief manufactory, and were equally surprised at the quite inferior quality of the hardware, and the high

price put upon it. The glories of Italian *faïencerie*, when painters of the school of Raphael made the designs, are indeed past! "Melioro fingere *luto*" is the demand of the age, and few are now the museums which contain fine specimens of a branch of the arts of design ill-lavished on such fragile materials.

The rain at Forli had extended to Faenza; as we entered this place, the streets steamed with the warm shower. There was a great ringing of bells; the pavement was carpeted with flowers while a procession passed, at which all the trades, with their patron saint at their head, assisted. These were followed by a tribe of ancient and very plain women, labouring under the double reproach of celibacy and doubtful parentage; an elemosynary institution to which they belonged, once flourishing, was now almost unsupported, and we saw probably the last of these "cinque cento" antiquities. Then came a large body of Capucins, of the rigid sort called "Osservatori," who live (if they live conscientiously) not only to humiliate the flesh, but to make the noblest prerogatives of our being, and our heart's best affections, useless. A sickly melancholy troop are they, of whom few become, what most of them already appear, old; passing their days in vision, pain, and abstinence, they close their *unlettered* life in an ecstasy, or in a madhouse! We also saw figuring in this procession those tormentors of the people, and tyrants of the "press," the still existing brotherhood of the Inquisition; they are for the most part old men, and though their day of power and mischief is fortunately over, and their past history is too well known, a certain outward respect still meets their keen, cold glance.

Every one knows that that power was nearly unlimited, and always unquestioned; they might make any one disappear, and no question asked —Popes did not venture to investigate their proceedings. There is a story of his present "Holiness" requesting to see a certain person, who was not forthcoming; and of his intimating to the general of this body, that he must be a state prisoner till the missing Padre P—— could be found—of the hint being taken, and of the Pope rescuing his friend from the horrors of a secret dungeon, in the 19th century! After the Dominicans came a large body of orphan girls, controlled by three or four very forbidding sisters: it was a gala day for these poor "zittelle," whose doom was, unless they married before twenty-one, to lose their asylum. On this fete, at which we "assisted," the Madonna of the church came to salute another Madonna on the piazza; and when the two Madonne were within sight, the bells began to ring, and the people to prostrate themselves, and all the windows to hang out the gay coverlets of beds, and supernumerary curtains, and all the tapestry of the household. This mummery is common and uninteresting, except to the *painter*, to whom it certainly furnishes some rich *morceaux* for the easel or the Bristol-board.

The bread here is excellent, that is, the "pane di lusso," (fancy bread,) sold under this title: the "*d'ogni farina*," and "*bruno*," we did not taste. The prices are imposed by an "edile of the people," who, under that sounding name, signs his own to the *assise*.

We saw here a very valuable collection of silver consular coins, belonging to one of the tradesmen of the place. Amongst others, we notice the names *Natta*, (of the family Pinaria,) and *Pansa*, (the family Vibia,) both mentioned so unfavourably by Juvenal; the collection of upwards of 2000 pieces is the result of twenty years' sharp look-out within a circuit of twenty miles round.

On the doors of the town, and even on mean ones, we notice some magnificent *knockers* of "cinque cento" workmanship in bronze, which, on London doors, would attract amateurs by day, and collectors of a particular description by night.

Ravenna.

——"Certis ubi legibus advena Nereus
Æstuat, et pronas puppes nunc amue secundo
Nunc redeunte, vehit; nudataque litora fluctu
Deserit, Oceani lunaribus æmula damnis."—Sil. Ital.

The approach to the ancient church of St Apollinarius, which we saw "muros egressi Ravennæ," looks just as unwholesome as it turns out in fact

to be. This basilica is about two miles out of the city, in an unwholesome swamp. A powerful sun glowed from a sky without a veil on the vast treeless plain, but had not power to disperse the perennial shallow ponds that stagnate on various parts of it. Frogs croaked in the deep broad ditches almost on a level with the raised causeway; while the dragon-fly, that delights in water and in sunshine, librated his long light form of every colour, and in countless variety, on the congenial bank, sparkling out of sight, nor warning his admirers off from exhalations in which he lives unharmed. There wanted but a boat to cut its way among the weeds, to make out the picture of bygone centuries on this spot.

——"Gravi remo, limosis segniter undis,
Lenta paludosæ proscindunt *Stagna Ravennæ.*"

This church, like so many others, is a *glaring* absurdity, from its position. Martyred saints in malarial regions, make martyrs of their votaries. Look at the magnificent new Basilica, erecting to St Paul, *fuori le mure*, at Rome! a site so destructive of life, that the very monks who serve the altar desert it in July, and even the soldiers at that season are withdrawn from their then untenable barrack. It would seem to be even worse at Ravenna, to judge by what we collected from a sickly-looking man who inhabits this swamp, not to speak of an inscription, from which it would appear that the monks had been obliged to shift their quarters, and only come from time to time to do duty on the spot. As to the biography of the patron saint, it is curious. St Peter himself sent Apollinarius to Ravenna to be bishop of this city; he deserted it in one of the early persecutions, and went beyond seas, where the Princeps Apostolorum again encountered him with the question, "Did we not constitute thee Bishop of Ravenna?" The fear of martyrdom being pleaded, the answer was, that the foreknowledge of that event constituted *part of the appointment!* So he went back and suffered in his turn, and is represented in this his church half scourged and half stoned to death; the very stone which deprived him of life is kept in the cathedral, where people, led by a strange perversion, kiss the instrument of his murder, and come from miles round to do so. The church is light and lofty, but its most striking character is derived from twenty-four Greek marble columns of light blue colour, and all alike to a shade. The effect of this colour, so unusual in marble, and of so exact a match, is inconceivably pleasing; for in the numberless instances, in Italy, of churches decorated at the expense of temples, the columns, however rich, seldom consort well, and are often in violent contrast of colour, height, diameter, and ornament. How odd (to compare small things with great) would the neatest built carriage look if mounted upon four wheels of different colours, or axles of unequal depth, and spokes differently *dished!* Even so does the most venerable and authentic Basilica of the reign of Constantine show, with a roof supported upon fine pillars ill assorted.

On our return, we spent a long day in looking into the churches within the town, till we found that a sort of kaleidoscopic vision, composed of bits of windows, old mosaics, frescoes, and oil paintings, was all that remained. A dove, somewhere between two windows, indicates that the small building is dedicated to the Holy Spirit, but indicates much more. The inhabitants of Ravenna say and believe, that their city has been the scene of eleven *visible descents* of the Paraclete, who first descended on St Severus. This saint was a "calzolajo" by trade, and had his *stall* just opposite. Being in a crowd in the cathedral to witness the ceremony of making a bishop, the mystic "dove" settled upon his shoulder; he drove it away as an ordinary pigeon, but it always returned, and its character was soon known; for though hitherto unable to speak grammatically, and destitute of learning, the thus designated saint proceeded to mount the pulpit, and there delivered one of the most marvellously eloquent discourses ever heard. But similar events have occurred elsewhere. At Rome, they say that this visible descent of the Holy Spirit has occurred twelve times.

The palace of Theodoric is indicated by a broken porphyry bath, wrought into the wall of a dwelling-house, with arched windows and stone fret-work, of which the tenant is bound to leave every thing as it is, the house being the property of the

commune. A stranger seeing us occupied in examining this piece of antiquity, drew nearer and looked at us, and we at him, as folk and dogs do, before they begin to speak or bark in the respective cases. This gentleman was the surgeon, and had studied in London, where he had spent two years. "How did we leave *quel caro, Sir A. Cooper?*" and "how did *quel 'uomo 'stimable Lawrence* go on?" and "*quel bravo amico suo Billing*, was he getting into practice?" and so on;—then came our turn, and we asked not after doctors, (*endemics* every where,) but the peculiar diseases of this sea-swamped, and worse than Pontine marsh. Many fevers are here, AND MUCH CONSUMPTION; not a few dropsies and store of enlarged spleens, all which might be expected *except* phthisis, according to a mistake which, in England, has become medically popular. We refreshed at the coffee-house, opposite to which Byron used to sit at the window with the vulgar little mistress, on whom his own vanity conferred the double claims of beauty and *esprit*. We asked what had become of the Guiccioli, for there is a sort of toleration for a poet's, or, more properly speaking, a poetical mistress, and, "Gira sempre," was the brief reply. The Palazzo, like the countess, is only such by courtesy and adult baptism. What changes does not time accomplish! With how much more interest did we once read of this freak of Byron's, and willingly give him a Laura or a Beatrice, especially when we saw the portrait of a handsome lady in the "keepsakes" of fifteen years ago!! Of the *wine* of Ravenna, we have nothing favourable to report; and, if it had been ever so good, it is one of the last places where we should like to drink it; nor desire we to possess either a *cistern* or a *vineyard*, unless, with Martial's notion, for sale.

"Sit cisterna mihi, quam vinea malo Ravennæ,
Cum possim multo *vendere* pluris aquam."

BOLOGNA—BONONIA.

"Ocni prisca domus, parvique Bononia Rheni."—SILIUS ITALICUS.

Perhaps no Italian city shows to such advantage, either in the approach to, or when you have passed its gates, and are fairly in it, as Bologna. A fine broad suburb, a sort of "urbs in rure," with good houses and gardens, and a famous road, delivers you, with expectations still increasing, to the city gate: when you have been allowed to enter, and begin forthwith to rattle down a street of handsome houses, with here and there a café, a church, or a palace, and have admired for nearly half a mile these enviable residences and the cool shady arcades, you arrive at that tower of towers, which is one of the most striking things you have yet seen in Italy. It ought to have been stone; yet if lofty brick towers at home invariably suggest the mephitis and the misery of the loom, such a feeling will never be excited by the "torre Asinelli!" After nearly another mile of high streets, and off streets with gay shop-windows, and barbers and bootmakers of pretension, as if you were in Paris, you arrive at the *Place*, where, by an exhaustless fountain, which plays all round his awful proportions, stands the "Neptune," in heroic but not indecent nudity, amidst his water nymphs; his anatomy is all too vast to be reprehensible. The very patron saint of Bologna sits by unscandalized; but if, after all, Prudery does *not* approve of the figure, it may listen with delight to the refreshing music of the welcome water! What is the first sight to see? we demanded; and the consul, to whom we addressed the question, answered that the "public cemetery" was perhaps the most remarkable object, on account of its site, area, and details. You approach the precincts of this city of 140,000 dead, which is one square, a mile and a quarter in extent, by an arcade of a mile and a half long: this great work was commenced forty years ago, and completed by degrees, by general contributions of all classes, not excepting servants and day-labourers. The cemetery is scarcely more voiceless now amidst its marble monuments, than in bygone times, when the gloomy Carthusian was settled here, ever pointing to the sad relics of mortality, and keeping his dreadful vow on the continual verge of suicide or

madness. To smile but once, and that once when about to die, was an engagement surely dictated by the spirit of evil, rather than the announcement of good tidings and of great joy. Who can look on the fine picture by Cesis, here preserved, and contemplate the wild ecstasy of the half dead eye, or the dark opening of those bloodless lips, and not rejoice at one arbitrary act of Napoleon, who humanely suppressed this detestable association! Of these melancholy men, however, a few still survive, who would fain, they say, return to the scenes of their fasting and penance, and glide about once more amidst the graves, and devote, or imagine they devote, thirteen hours of every day to self-abasement and prayer. The boon was refused by the present government to their deputation; but the uncaptivating error has still too many other permitted sites on which to instal itself and make new proselytes. One very important fact should long ago have extinguished Carthusianism; in the different sects or orders, the Carthusian outnumbers most others; but the Roman calendar has adopted three individuals only among her saints, and this might be expected. The Carthusian does nothing for mankind, or even for religion; his sufferings are indeed terrible, but they are personal sufferings, merely endured, not that his fellow-creatures, within or without the cloister, may reap the advantage, and God the glory, but in reference entirely to his own spiritual condition: hence, doubtless, their small influence in the Catholic Church. The general plan of the burial-ground is a series of rectangular arcades or streets of marble monuments on either side—ambitious inscriptions, as elsewhere, over rich men's bones, and unepitaphed parterres for the rest, divided into separate sections for men, women, and children. Amongst the monuments we noticed one bearing so late a date as 1780, to a female professor of Greek, "Clotildæ Tambroniæ quæ linguam Græcam publicè docuit." About the same period Laura Bassi taught metaphysics, and *Anna* Manzolini, *anatomy!* her wax-work modellings or preparations are now in the public museum. The chair of jurisprudence itself was once filled by La Signora Betisa Gazadini; nor was it till within the last few years only, that a law passed to forbid ladies to assume the tasselled gown. The most painful object we saw was poor Guido's skull, preposterously and indecently deprived of the rites of burial, in a city full of his admirable and exquisite creations. Our British consul, we find, does not fancy modern saints, or believe in modern miracles; the convents here, he tells us, are filled with men, either too criminal to be abroad with safety, or too idle to work. Upon my insisting to read to him what an *avocato* of Bologna had lately published respecting the blood which he affirmed might be really seen, at times, to flow through the fingers of St Catharine, his vehement negation was amusing. We went with him to the "Palazzo Baijocchi." Old Baijocchi, who had scarcely been dead a week, was a Corsican, married to Napoleon's sister, Elise, by whom he has one daughter, married to Prince Piombino; in this *ménage*, the uncle's cocked hat seems to have descended to his niece. Scarcely had the prince made himself the happiest man in the world, in obtaining her hand, when they fell out about the quality of the ware upon which the bridal dinner had been served. Elise chiefly resided in a palace of her own, near Trieste, nor did she return to live at Bologna, till, her father dying, she came to resume her ancient authority in this fine palace. She came armed with a case of pistols, and attended only by a single maid, and, as she passes for a good shot, she came unmolested. Her husband presented himself to congratulate her upon her return, and her succession. She received him politely, asked him to dinner, and dismissed him next day to his place near Ancona. So much for gossip. It is a fine palace this Palazzo Baijocchi, has a noble stair, with statues all the way up; but the only modern work worth seeing, is a fine statue of Napoleon himself. His unamiable, long-nosed, high-waisted, female relatives, his vulgar, heavy-looking series of brothers, were certainly not worth painting, nor are the paintings worth notice. There was pointed out to us, on the street, a curious little device in rude stone-work, in the side of a very handsome building, now crowded with shops and artists' studios, but formerly the prison of the city: a man carries another in a sack with his head out,

and above an old woman screams from a window. "You behold there," said our cicerone, "the origin of the name of one of our oldest families in Bologna, the Marchese 'Scappa.' The man in the sack is a captive of distinction, a prisoner of state, who had nearly got out, and in the way you see, when an old woman, thinking it was a common thief carrying off a sack of flour, called out 'Scappa! Scappa!' The supposed thief was stopped, the important discovery made, and she obtained the above title for herself and heirs." We heard an amusing anecdote or two of English importunity. "I was deputed," said a gentleman resident here, "by my Lord H——, to call on a Bolognese nobleman, and to communicate to him that he, Lord H——, had fallen in love with the scagliolæ floor of his drawing-room! must have it, but would give a liberal price! A few days later, a Mr B——, an ex-M.P., falls in love with a picture, which was forthwith to be picked out of a ceiling in the palazzo A——. This last gentleman succeeded; the picture came down on his own terms, and, flattered to find itself noticed, blushed itself into a 'Guido.' But I could not succeed," said our informant, "with the *floor*. Why should I take up my floor? I don't want Lord H——'s money—the floor looks very well—it shall stay where it is—and so Lord H—— was *floored!*" We were amused here by the absurdity of a dentist—his name hangs opposite our hotel, over some red "molares" in carved wood: this person, who was tall, large-whiskered, and over-dressed, being sent for, came into our room with the air of a foreign potentate, and proceeded to inform himself whose mouth owned the tooth that was to have the good fortune of his opinion. When he had looked at the tooth full in the face, then taken diagonal views of it over and over again, and made sundry wry faces at it, and smiled upon its enamel, he turned up his coat-sleeves, gave us an encouraging wink to come forward, folded his arms in a senatorial manner, (like Canning about to address Parliament in Laurence's picture,) and began to make cutting observations upon the dentists who had preceded him in the charge of the unfortunate tooth. We never knew teeth so *grandly* treated; if he had *sown* teeth they *must* have come up *dragons*. He seemed familiar with none but great men's jaws, and spoke as if he had been professor of dental surgery to Jupiter and his court!

Shrine of St Catharine.

We should not like to incur Protestant censure by telling of all the saints, male and female, whose shrines we have visited, or for whose miracles within the last two months we have had vouchers; but there are a few to whom a short introduction may be at least a novelty—a blackfaced St Catharine, whose veracious mummy is preserved at Bologna, is, after St Dominick, of whom anon, the most important. "Come and see the body of the blessed St Catharine," said to us the great penitentiary of her convent, the incorruptible conservator of her remains; "Come! but leave that little dog behind; for, unlike St Roch, our St Catharine is not fond of dogs. Twice since I have taken care of her shrine, animals that have stolen in or followed their masters have been suddenly convulsed, and died before her footstool!" Now, our little dog had a fairy's name, which may have protected him from convulsions: his was an old case of asthma when he went in; and when he came out, for he did come out alive, he had it still! We entered the well-lit chapel, and were forthwith struck with an assemblage of offerings—some splendid, others mean, and not a few disgusting. Before us sat the dried old saint with her jewelled cranium, her figure unsupported, they say and print it, and the like may be said of the assertion. They also say that blood may be occasionally seen to creep through her veins—the moment it does so we become Catholics! Whether she sat upon something or upon nothing, she is a hideous thing: her skinny fingers, all adorned with tight-fitting emerald and ruby rings, and a glittering tiara over her brow, in achromatic brilliancy! Her feet protrude from under her dress into a glass box, called rock crystal. Her neck and wrists are naked, her cheeks and brow corrugated, and mahogany coloured; but her lips,

(and this was occasioned by her devoutly and continually kissing that small crucifix you see opposite to her four centuries ago,) her lips are white and ghastly as those of a recent corpse, —a clever bit of embalming this, to say the least of it! Enveloped in her chair of state, attired in sumptuous silk, and alcoved in bed-curtains, *à la Français*, with wax angels ministering to her, and lighted up by massive silver lamps, of wicks innumerable and always burning, this costly scarecrow welcomes alike heretic and Catholic, Jew or Gentile. The identical fiddle on which she scraped, two nails of the cross, and a cup of amber-coloured sweat, thick and oily from age, and looking vastly like old sherry, which indeed it may be, for it is hermetically sealed to prevent evaporation, and kept in a small safe or cupboard like a fine liqueur, as it is, are among the treasures. The upper portion of the skull of another saint, a female friend of St Catharine's, is also here, wearing a ball dress of precious (or not precious) stones. Does the saint ever work miracles now? we asked. Within how long? enquired the rev. gentleman. Say the last five years, said we negligently. Look there, said the old priest. We looked, and beheld a small picture of a man falling down a corkscrew stair head-foremost, its date 1837; hæmoptysis its consequence, and St Catharine's intercession the perfect cure. When he had shown us the shrine, the old priest took us to his private studio, where we saw several white-brown paper editions for the people "of the works of the saint;" there was poetry and prose, and some pictures which were declared to be by her hand. He also showed us his own sister's portrait in her convent dress. He announced himself as "*penitencier en chef* to her and to her society." "I confess the sisters, I preach occasionally, and I am *custode* of the shrine—these are my offices." He might have added, "I impose on travellers, I beg alms for the Church, I sell my books and pictures wherever I can; these latter being my contingent avocations." All for the love, no doubt, of that unattractive thaumaturgist, St Catharine, who, being an Italian and *precocious*, made a vow of chastity when she was only seven years old, and adhered to it through life!

The Shrine of St Dominick.

"Notice, without appearing to do so, that old man," said our guide, as we entered the church to visit the shrine of St Dominick; and saw in the distance a Dominican occupied in *scraping candles* in the choir. He is an inquisitor, second in his convent, a great tyrant, very much disliked, was banished formerly from Rome, and amuses himself here with looking out for "Bestemmiatori," to whom he may send summonses to answer for the incautious use of their tongues. He is a jackall to the "General," who resides at Rome. We went up and made him such a bow as we thought a Dominican and an inquisitor would like. He did not accept the salute, but turned round for a second, and looked at us as Marsyas was probably looked at by Apollo before he flayed him; and then, without saying or looking one word, went on as before scraping his candles! Still we were not to be put down—"Those are *fine candles*," said we, amiably determined to make him speak; and so he did, but not to the purpose. Our guide had informed him we were desirous to see the saint's shrine. "What's the use of showing shrines," said he, "when nobody pays?" We said, "we should be happy to visit that of St Dominick, even on such a condition." "No doubt, till it has been seen," said the churl; "and then, like the three families who were so anxious to see it this morning, *half a paul* is mustered amongst them for the custode, and—bon giorno!" and he recommenced scraping away at the wax-lights harder than ever. "Oh, ho! Padre Antonio here?" interposed a new voice, "scraping away as usual;" and then, claiming as a brother of the convent the privilege of bantering, as he looked into the cornucopia containing these economies, "why, you must have at least a *pound of wax already; pazienza*, and you'll soon have another." Very wroth looked Father Anthony at this professional pleasantry, but said nothing; our guide laughed out, and we looked very demure,

repeating what we had said before, "What very fine candles!" "Ay," said the lover of candles, with a bitter smile, as if the joke were at least worth the candles, "ay, so thought the *thief* who *stole* one last night!" We then wondered how a man *could* carry off such a column of wax without detection, or *would*, for conscience sake, if he could. Old Caustic dryly replied, that rogues were not to be hindered by trifles, and doubted whether even "the *Apostolic candles* themselves would not be rather safer for being watched," looking at us as if we came to Italy on purpose to rob shrines,* or as Sir R. Birnie looks at some old acquaintance on the wrong side of the bar. However, he fumbled for his keys, and moved on towards the *depositum* of the founder of his order—in front of which, pointing in silence to certain frescoes on the walls which represent his history, he began to poke and croak at the old lock, which opened at last, and in we went. Here we see St Dominick, represented calming down an immense sea which half fills the chapel, and is swelling and boiling against the rock on which he stands; and opposite is represented a subject which the reverend bibliographer of rare editions, and other odd things, could alone describe—the "*burning of the books!*" Such fine large copies! such margins! such bindings! and the incremation is begun! Even the monks of his order seem to have a touch of the "collector" about them, and show small alacrity in tumbling these precious fagots on the pile! Nor are there wanting amongst them some reverend old gentlemen, who are slyly peeping over the forbidden text *before* it goes; but there is no help for it, for there stands St Dominick with his dog, holding the lighted torch—meet device was this *dream* of his parturient mother, and worthy to be adopted by an order who are at once the bloodhounds and the firebrands of the Church! A fine picture by Guido crowns the vault, and under it is the marble shrine with its many figures, amongst which none will fail to notice that little *bijou* in sculpture, an angel by Michael Angelo, whose genius here condescends to be lovely, (12 scudi its original price!) In the chapel opposite is Guido's tomb, unadorned with sculpture or with painting—a plain slab, and an inscription with his name, and without comment! After endeavouring to satisfy the sour old gentleman who had accompanied us to the shrine of St Dominick, we went—but not with him—to visit the cloisters of his convent. Here we read this queer sententious inscription—"Theseus est nomen, Stirps Odda, Perusiæ castrum, Ars bellum, Pubea Ætas, Mors febris desita." Near it is the tree of his order, borne by St Dominick, a fruitful *umbelliferous* old stem, laden with cardinals' hats of full size, hanging on all its principal branches. The French soldiers, formerly quartered within the walls of this convent, have injured many a fine monument. The cloisters were *stall'd* off for their *horses;* nor could the venerable figure of St Dominick, temptingly perched on a needle of the cathedral, protect him from being made a mark. He was often hit, and looks, thus mutilated, a more venerable martyr than ever! He still stands amidst soldiers, for the convent has been divided by the civic authorities—the Dominicans have the upper story and the German soldiers the ground floor. In a chapel near the burial ground, we were struck by observing certain chains suspended along its walls. We counted as many as twenty-four; the history of their hanging there is to record the ransom of certain Bolognese, bought off from the *Algerines*, who had kidnapped them, by their fellow-citizens; below, are the respective dates and prices paid for delivery. One good man cost, we see, 3783 crowns; another, only 265; no animal is of such various price or value, as man. The first capture occurred in 1632, the last in 1752. We were struck here, as afterwards at Venice, with the quantity of soapy-looking marble employed for monuments, or in the interior of churches. It is a *Dalmatian* marble, brought to Venice when she had the command of the Adriatic, and so procurable at a

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* ——————— "Sacrilegus qui
Radat inaurati femur Herculis, et faciem ipsam
Neptuni, bracteolam de Castore ducat."—Juv.

cheaper rate hereabouts, than the marble from the more distant side of the peninsula of Italy. In the small picture gallery are some of the finest paintings in the world! The Domenichinos are indeed sublime! Who has not admired that old grenadier, in the "Adieux of Fontainbleaux," hiding his face to hide his emotion at the downfall of his emperor? But who must not see and *feel* how much more admirable is that weeping angel, (*weeping in heaven!*) over a model of the hateful cross! or that younger cherub, who has *wounded his finger* in handling the "*crown of thorns*," amidst a group that is all tenderness and love! Shall we confess it, we admire less cordially that other, yet more celebrated picture by *Guido*, the "Massacre of the Innocents;" those young mothers are too like picked Prima Donnas, who open their mouths *à la Grisi*, and pour forth, in modulated soprano, the music of the stage. Poussin may be less flattering to the sex, but he is more true. If those sweet young women were wailing their lap-dog, or their sparrow, or any other little family pet, Guido's picture had been *perfect;* but their first-born!!—oh, no; they are not *half unhappy enough for us!* The most afflicted is she whose hair yonder soldier has seized from behind, and *her* exclamation amounts to no more than an expression of sharp physical pain.—No! the wailing for children, and the refusing comfort "because they are not," is nowhere seen in this beautiful assemblage of lovely females. So moderate is their grief, that one's first impression and one's last, is positively of gallantry—to give them a kiss all round, and *then* to ask what has occurred!

THE PEAK OF DARRA.

BY B. SIMMONS.

PART I.

GAUNT Peak of Darra!* lifting to the sky
Thy height scorch'd barren by the howling North—
Still toss the tempest, as it hurtles by,
From that jagg'd rampart scornfully forth!
Still let the growing Thunder o'er thee brood,
Gath'ring from each stray cloud its sulphurous food,
Till in some midnight of oppressive June,
When under Clare affrighted drops the Moon,
Out bursts the horror—brattling wide, and rending
Each lesser mountain with a single blow;
Whilst thou unscarr'd, unstagger'd, hear'st descending
The loosen'd ruin on the Vale below.

Fair be the memory of that dreaming Valley!
A tiny strip of green and sparkling turf;
Sparkling and green for ever with the sally
Of one abounding streamlet's silver surf
Bubbling away amid the solid blocks—
That wall'd the glen—of everlasting rocks,
Within whose fastnesses the Peasant's cot
Glanced here and there, a solitary spot.
Whether mid-winter or soft May was reigning
That crag-girt valley like an infant smiled
By giants watch'd—supremely o'er it leaning,
Wedging the sky, thy Peak, huge Darra wild!

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* An incident resembling that versified in the following stanzas has been related in some of the *Ana*—amongst others, in one published a few years ago by Mr Charles Knight.

Oh, soaring Peak! as now I watch at eve
The rising stars rest on thee one by one,
In their bright journey upwards, Thought would cleave
(Boldly as thou) the mist reposing on
The track-ways of a past and pleasant time,
When up thy rifted height were seen to climb
Two white-robed children, gladsome sparkling things—
As stars that bless thee with their visitings,
A gentle pair—The little Maiden's eyes
Borrowing the blue of their unclouded gleam:
The Boy, his laugh of beautiful surprise,
From that deep Valley's ever-jocund stream.

Kindred in love, though not in race, were they—
From separate homes amid those humble walls
That stud the glen, they came each holiday
To weave together wild-flower coronals,
And, hand in hand, (the bolder-hearted boy
Cheering his partner's steps of timid joy,
Oft pausing to recruit her efforts weak,)
To clamber up and up the desolate Peak,
And hang their chaplets on its topmost stone,
The nearest to the moon; then crouching, weary,
Laugh down the day upon that granite-throne,
Till evening's breeze blew chillingly and dreary.

Months roll'd to years, and still the girl and lad
Sought in their constancy the cliff's huge crest.
And while the Lark—sole rival that they had—
(That star of noontide with the glistening breast!)
Twinkled below them, their undoubling looks
Perused wild legends and romantic books,
Such splendid tales as Eastern climes supply,
That sound more strange beneath a sullen sky,
And much they linger'd over Crusoe's page,
Turning in comment to the horizon's brim;
Watching, as watch'd the world-divided sage,
Each disappearing sail, and pitying him.

Within the shelter of that sterile hill
Nor shadowy bower nor arching grove was seen,
Their only song the warbling of the rill,
The bank that border'd it their only green;
And so their childhood, ripening into youth,
Made play-ground, bower, and trysting-place, in sooth,
Of that precipitous crag, where o'er them bent,
As if in love, the lonely firmament;
Until the stars from ocean's azure field
Familiar friends to Paul and Bertha grew—
Till the cloud-scattering Eagle, as he wheel'd
Against the sun, their very voices knew.

Gentle but wealthless was their parents' lot,
And youth's gay idlesse may not always last;
The Boy has vanish'd from his native cot,
The Maiden's shadow from the stream has past.
Like one pure rill that sudden shocks divide
In separate channels, they have parted wide,
To seek and fret their way into the main,
But till they reach it never meet again.
Yet long as Memory's trembling hand unrolls
To them the records of Life's early day,
Gray Cliff of Darra! thou upon their souls
Hast left a shade that shall not pass away.

PART II.

The day is burning over India's land!
Lo, tall white fane and colonnaded hall,
And glorious dome, like snowy frostwork, stand
Amid the noontide of superb Bengal!
No breezy balm as yet is floating there,
To cool the fervid suffocating air,
The palms that lift their light green tufts so high
Seem solid emerald carved upon the sky,
No sound is heard that Land's luxuriance through;
The mighty River, glowing in the trance,
Fringed with bright palaces sleeps broadly blue,
Untouch'd by oar throughout its vast expanse!

At such an hour, within a stately room,
Through whose silk screens and open lattices
Struggled the freshness of the Mat's perfume,*
Lay Beauty sinking under slow disease.
Dusk-featured slaves like spectres watch'd the doors,
And mournful women o'er the marble floors
Gliding, with folded arms, in silence gazed
Where, on a couch of downiest pillows raised,
The Lady of that proud pavilion lay;
While on her broad and yet unwrinkled brow,
And purest cheek consuming fast away,
Keen Fever redden'd and Delirium now.

Oh, who could mark, untouch'd by grief and fear,
The glassy brightness of that sufferer's eye—
Its large full orb, unmoisten'd by a tear,
Fix'd wide and sleepless upon vacancy.
The last paroxysm of that fiery mood
Had pass'd and left her—Strength and Sense subdued—
Wandering in reason and debarr'd of speech,
Outworn as wave expiring on the beech.
No quick restorative—no subtle skill
Of Leech or Pharmacy remain'd untried—
Their art exerted to be baffled still,
The smooth physicians even had left her side.

'Twas then, when fail'd all wealth and life afford,
A Hindoo Girl stood forth that hopeless hour,
(Like her who, to the Syrian Leper-lord,
Proclaim'd the Prophet's sanatory power;†)
And told how, in the neighbouring city dwelt—
In the same home where she a child had knelt—
A man from Land, 'twas thought, beyond the seas,
In magic versed and healing mysteries,
A traveller he, now waiting to depart
With the first sail that swell'd for Europe's shore,
Would he were summon'd that his wond'rous art
Her Lady's dread disorder might explore!

No voice responsive a reproval show'd—
E'en as she spoke a messenger had flown
(The sorrowing slaves of that serene abode
Their early-widow'd mistress served, alone;)

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* It is the practice in parts of India to enclose the verandahs of some dwellings with a peculiar kind of fragrant matting, which being kept carefully wet, imparts an agreeable coolness and odour to the apartments.

† 2 King, v. 3.

The summon'd stranger came, a grave-eyed man,
Travel or Time had touch'd his temples wan,
Deepening his gracious features; but the stamp
Of Thought shone through them like a lighted lamp.
Not much enquiry of th' attendant throng,
To the sick chamber guiding him, he made,
But entering there, with deep emotion, long
That Lady's aspect silently survey'd.

On the hot azure of her aching eyes
His shadow fell, but she regarded not,—
He touch'd the pillows where her fair head lies,
Nor stirr'd its drooping from that downy spot,—
He press'd her passive hand, but from his own
Released, it dropp'd down heavily as stone.
The breathing only of her parted lips
Show'd life not wholly in its last eclipse.
Bending, at length, unto her vacant ear,
As if some potent spell-word he would speak,
"Dear one!" he said, in tend'rest accents clear—
"*Rememberest thou cold Darra's distant Peak?*"

Some change like that which shakes an exile's sleeping
When mournful music his lost home recalls——
Or thrills the famish'd Arab when the leaping
He hears afar of rocky waterfalls ——
Was seen to lighten through that Lady's frame,
And slowly, sob by sob, volition came,
Along her brow twice pass'd her lifted hand,
As if to free some overtighten'd band;
Then all at once, as from a sultry heaven
Sweeps in an instant the collected rain,
The loosen'd waters of the fountain riven,
Rush'd in wild tears from her long-clouded brain.

Mysterious Memory!—by what silver Key,
Through years of silence tuneless and unshaken,
Can thy sweet touch, forgotten melody
In the dim Spirit once again awaken?
Long fell the freshness of those tears, and fast,
Melting to slumber on her lids at last.
So waned the night, and with the morning came
Healing and hope to her recruited frame,
Day after day health's roses round her head
More brightly bloom'd beneath the STRANGER'S care,
Who, though for Europe many a sail was spread,
Was still a dweller in that palace fair.

* * * *

In the stern shade of Darra's northern peak
A summer-bower has risen like a dream,
From whose white porch, when Evening's rosy cheek
Rests on yon crag above the dancing stream,
Two pensive friends, at times, are seen to glide
Winding together up the mountain side,
With looks less radiant and with steps more slow
Than when they trode it long, long years ago:
But steadfast light of calmer joy is round them,
And PAUL and BERTHA therefore come to bless,
In the old haunts where first Affection bound them,
Their lot of later holier happiness.

PHILOSOPHIC NUTS.

PHILOSOPHY is an excellent thing in its proper place, shape, and season. Nuts also are in themselves admirable, particularly the small Highland nut—the sweetest of its species. But "philosophic nuts" is an ominous combination, and sounds mightily like philosophic nonsense. As the inscription of a book, it bespeaks a vain effort to reconcile the *utile* and the *dulce;* and already, before we try them, we pronounce the philosophy to be dull, and the nuts to be deaf.

Whether a modest assurance is to be reckoned a fault or a virtue in the writer of the work we are now to notice, the candour of his avowals is at least meritorious. With laudable frankness he reveals in his preface the aspirations of his self-complacency, while describing one of his main inducements to undertake this monthly publication.

"Another motive was to supply a light, yet useful and philosophical, reading for those who have not time for much *continuous* study, and who, though perfectly competent and even anxious to understand philosophical subjects, would be frightened at the sight of a ponderous volume. *I hoped a work of this kind might advantageously supply the place of the Pickwick and Nickleby literature of the present day.* For this reason I publish it periodically in parts, and in the light unrestrained form of conversation, as best adapted for the convenience of those who can only read at odd hours during the cheeseparings of time. By these means I venture to hope the 'Philosophic Nuts' may afford occasional morsels of food, on which the mind may chew the cud while the hands are otherwise employed. Papers like the Pickwick, &c., though excellent *of their kind,* can only afford a half-hour's amusement, *and are useless for the rest of the month, and indeed for the rest of life.* But I trust the present papers will be taken up and laid down, *over and over again,* till they shall have been read through many times, and thoroughly digested. It is to be hoped, too, that they will offer many subjects *for little fire-side discussions,* during which little bursts of light will every now and then unexpectedly *flood the mind,* illuminating many objects before wrapt in darkness; just as the solution of an enigma, jumping into the mind all at once, suddenly dispels the darkness, and makes all so clear and intelligible, that the puzzler wonders how it happened that he could not make it out before. But the solution would never have jumped into his mind if he had not *talked* about it, and *thought* about it.

"Thus it is hoped these papers, unlike those above mentioned, will afford continual amusement during *the whole of each month,* and knowledge which shall be useful for the rest of the reader's days. If I might presume so far, I would have the reader look upon each paper as a sort of *monthly study.*"

The announcement thus made in the end of last year of a periodical work, or, in technical terminology, a "serial" from the pen of "Edward Johnson, Esq. Author of *Life, Health, and Disease,*" which was "advantageously to supply the place of the Pickwick and Nickleby literature of the present day," came like a thunderbolt upon more persons than one. Every species of light periodical scrip became immediately heavy, and stood at a discount. The issue of Humphrey's Clock fell off, we believe, 50,000 in one forenoon, and on the principle that "tua res agitur paries quum proximus ardet," we ourselves trembled lest our circulation should lose the odd half-million, and had serious thoughts of allowing "Ten Thousand a-Year" to remain in the state in which Milton laments that "the story of Cambuscan Bold" was left by Chaucer. We felt that a moral Father Mathew was arisen among us to enforce a system of total abstinence more ruinous to us, if not to the excise, than that which has appeared across the channel; and we saw no remedy but to rummage our balaam-box for any neglected articles on metaphysics, and include them in our monthly bill of fare as a counterpoise to the "Philo-

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Philosophic Nuts; or, the Philosophy of Things as developed from the Study of the Philosophy of Words, by Edward Johnson, Esq., Author of "Life, Health, and Disease," No. 1—9. London and Ipswich, 1841.

sophic Nuts," under the rival names of "Intellectual Olives," "Argumentative Anchovies," or "Logical Lollypops." From some cause or other, however, our apprehensions have not yet been realised, and the general panic seems for the present to have passed away.

Had we been in a less hostile mood, we might from the first have been pleased with the amiable ambition indicated by Mr Johnson, that his book may offer "many subjects for little fireside discussions;" and when we found that his topics were chiefly derived from Locke and Horne Tooke, we saw at a glance the probability of his success. The ordinary themes and amusements that hover around a household hearth are obviously unsuitable to our present advancement in civilization. Laughter and liberty, "the harmless jest and pointless repartee," the song or the story, must now give place to Mr Johnson's new discovery. Even in the kitchen on Halloween night, the lasses, instead of the established practice, must read their future fortunes, by each putting into the fire, to see how they will burn, a pair of Mr Johnson's etymologies, as emblematic of themselves and their sweethearts. As to light reading, its doom is sealed, though circumstances may have given it a momentary reprieve. The delineation of human character by the pencil of genius in its various aspects of imaginative combination, the trials and sufferings of ideal innocence and virtue, the temporary triumph and final overthrow of folly and vice, the thousand flowers that fiction can strew on the humblest and ruggedest paths of life, the lessons of hope and humility, of patience and peace, which it can infuse without seeming to play the teacher—are all as nothing compared with the pleasure and profit of cracking, from month to month, the harvest of philosophic filberts here served up to us, and of which it is our present purpose to give our readers a specimen.

To the virtue of candour, Mr Johnson adds undoubtedly that of courage; and by the freedom of his opinions as to others, he challenges the most open criticism upon himself. His dedication to "the members of the Provincial, Medical, and Surgical Association," not only throws down the gauntlet in favour of medicine against the other black graces, but maintains the fight by striking at all other knowledge, except that which is acquired by medical students. Classical learning is merely *learning to read.* "It matters not whether it be *learning to read* Greek, or *learning to read* Latin, or *learning to read* Hebrew, or Arabic, or Sanscrit. It is still and nevertheless simply *learning to read.*" The classical scholar, after years of study, has only mastered, and this imperfectly, "the science of alphabets."

"But he has stored his mind with the wisdom of the ancients! Has he so? I will thank any one to tell me *wherein the wisdom of the ancients consisted.* Was it in their belief of witchcraft and divination, auguries and oracles? Was it in their belief of countless numbers of presiding deities? In the doctrine of the Monad, Duad, Triad, and Tetractys? In the dreams of the theorists and speculations of the Sebastikoi? I will thank any one who has Plato and Aristotle by heart, and the Greek historians and tragedians at his fingers' ends, to inform me of any one *philosophical truth* which he has derived from them. With the sole exceptions of geometry, and something *approaching* the truth in astronomy, what knew they of the laws of nature—the sole foundation of all knowledge? *Their history is a fable, and their philosophy a farce.*"

Read this, ye worshippers of Homer, ye admirers of Eschylus! Read it, ye who think you have got understanding from Aristotle, inspiration from Plato, and experience from Thucydides! Read Mr Johnson, and set fire to your bookshelves!

After such passages as we have quoted, we are tempted to ask with Horace, and for the benefit of Mr Johnson, as a despiser of the classics, we subjoin a translation:—

"Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?"

"How will this braggart keep his big-mouthed boast?"

If haply the next words of the poet should be realised—"Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus"—(no translation can here be needed to a medical man who has, doubtless, in his day, dabbled in the obstetric line,) if, peradventure, any of Mr Johnson's facts should prove fables, and any of his philosophy a farce, he cannot complain that the same measure he has meted to others,

should be measured to himself. In such an event, we foresee already the subject of a light periodical, to be entitled "The Mountain and the Mouse, or Every Man his own Accoucheur."

Mr Johnson has stated in his preface, that in order the better to supplant Pickwick and his party, he has published his thoughts in "the light unrestrained form of conversation." Of the existence of these qualities in his style, our readers will have personal opportunities of judging before the close of our remarks. We may observe generally, that the personages chosen for the purpose, are invested with a delightful individuality, indicated, indeed, by the very names selected for them, which are no other than those of A and B, while the interest thus excited is fully as intense as that which we generally feel in the characters of an algebraic equation. The dialogue, however, is not altogether conducted on the system of reciprocity, and has the same right to be called a conversation, as the one-sided brawl mentioned by Juvenal had to be considered as an altercation.

"Si rixa est ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum."

"If this, indeed, a conflict may be call'd,
Where you're the mauler only, I the maul'd."

The way in which A engrosses the whole talk, is quite shameful in these days of anti-monopoly. He generally spins a long and ropy yarn of several pages, while B is restricted to a thin flimsy thread of about as many lines, and indeed, can often help on the "conversation" only by the occasional interspersion of "assuredly," "undoubtedly," and the other auxiliaries of good listeners. Altogether, we must pronounce the second personage in the play, to be rather singular; for we observe, that, while he starts a variety of difficulties, which are no difficulties at all, or which are removed by his companion in the twinkling of a bed-post, he bolts without scruple some of the most indigestible propositions which we have ever met with.

Mr Johnson's book consists partly of philosophy, and partly of philology. Of his philosophy we shall merely say that it seems to us to be a caricature of the most mechanical part of Locke's system, until it approaches alarmingly near to materialism. Of his logic we give a favourable specimen in the following vindication of Lord Tenterden's decision, that a man accused of stealing a duck, could not be convicted, when it turned out that the duck had been dead.

"But one would have supposed that there could have been no need of any argument to prove that a duck and a *dead duck* are two distinct things, it is so broadly manifest; and even our common forms of speech acknowledge the difference. For if they be the *same thing*, why do we call them by *different names?* What need is there to use the word DEAD at all, if it be not to point out a distinction? But there can be no distinction between things which are *identical!* Again, if a duck and a *dead duck* be the same thing, why can we not speak of killing a *dead duck* with the same propriety that we speak of killing *a duck?* Again, is yonder bird which I see swimming in a pond *a duck?*

"B. Yes.

"A. Is it a *dead duck?*

"B. Certainly not.

"A. If that which is a duck be *not* a dead duck, I cannot conceive how a dead duck can be that which is a duck. For that is the same thing as though you were to say that a thing is that which it is *not*. For to affirm that *white* is not *black*, is the same as to affirm that black is not white. In both instances what you affirm is simply that the *two things are not identical*—and this affirmation remains the same *whichever* of the two terms you mention first—that is, whether you say that a *duck* is not a *dead duck*, or whether you reverse the proposition, and say that a *dead duck* is not a *duck*. It makes not the slightest difference in the nature of the affirmation whether I say, 'a man is not a horse,' or 'a horse is not a man'—in both instances I merely affirm that there is a difference between a horse and a man. Wherever it can be affirmed that A is not B, it can also, and with equal truth, be affirmed that B is not A. If, therefore, it can be affirmed (as you have just seen it can be) that a *duck* is not a *dead duck*, it can also with equal truth be affirmed that a *dead duck* is not a *duck*."

We have no quarrel with Lord Tenterden's law; but we humbly hope that his judgment rested on better reasoning than that of Mr Johnson, whose line of argument would be equally available to prove that a *black man*, whom we have so often heard described as a man and a brother, is *not a man* at all. That a *man* and a *black man*, are not identical, is "broadly manifest." "For, if they be the

same thing, why do we call them by *different names?*" But, if not identical, then a *man* is not a *black man;* consequently a *black man* is not a *man;* and the Slave Emancipation Act should never have been passed.—Q. E. D.

In philology, Mr Johnson is a follower of Horne Tooke. Of that school, we understand the principal characteristics to be arrogance and ignorance; and although we hesitate to assert that Mr Johnson surpasses his great master in either of these qualities, he does his best to follow in his footsteps. He repeats, as if they had not been again and again refuted, all the inconsistent and incoherent speculations, and all the false and foolish etymologies, which are to be found in the Diversions of Purley: and in some of his original contributions, he has even, perhaps, out-Horned Horne Tooke.

We subjoin a few of Mr Johnson's etymological discoveries, in the hope of their affording in the sample, some of that amusement, which we fear would not be their effect in the stock.

After being perplexed by A in the most inhuman manner, as to what the word *better* means, and as to the supposed inconsistency of one and the same thing being *better* than a *worse* thing, and *worse* than a *better*, poor B, whose initial seems to stand for Bauldy, or Barnaby, or some similar appellation, bursts out into this nicely prepared interrogatory.

"B. What in the world does the word *better* mean then? For according to your previous assertions every word has its own appropriate meaning—this, therefore, amongst others—and I confess myself quite at a loss.

"A. I believe it is only a different and more ancient way of spelling our word *beater*—i. e. striker, smiter—one who does or can strike, smite, or *beat* another. The word was anciently written *bett* or *bet*, out of which the Anglo-Saxons formed their verb *betan, to make amends.* Now the Mœsogothic *bot* signified amends, reparation, or compensation for injury done; out of which word the Mœsogoths made their verb *botan, to make amends, or compensation for injury done.* And as the Anglo-Saxon verb *betan*, and the Mœsogothic *botan*, have the same signification, so I suppose *the words from which they were formed* had also the same *signification.* I believe, therefore, that the Anglo-Saxon *bet* is no other than this same Mœsogothic *bot*, differently spelled because differently *pronounced* by different northern tribes, and signifies *compensation* or *amends.* Our word *better* is still frequently pronounced by the lower orders in some of the provinces, batter, butter, and botter; and if they had occasion to write the word, they would write it as they pronounce it. But I believe the word *betan, to make amends*, is the same word as *beaten, to beat;* since to *beat* a man who has done you an injury, is, in fact, *to make yourself amends* for that injury. If this is not the fashion now-a-days, it certainly was with our ancestors. But we still say, 'I will have satisfaction—or I have taken satisfaction—or I will give him satisfaction'—meaning, 'I will fight him—or have fought him.' In this mode of speaking, the two phrases, *to fight*, and *to take satisfaction*, i. e. compensation or amends for an injury, are used synonymously, and both have the same meaning. As the Anglo-Saxons used one word (beaten) to signify both *to beat*, and *to take compensation*, in like manner we use the modern word *punish.* When we mean, 'I will beat you,' we frequently say, 'I will *punish* you.' But *punish* comes to us through the Latin *punio*, from the Greek *poinao*, which signifies to *take compensation.* The third person singular of *beaten* is *bet, he beats.* The third person singular of *betan* is also *bet*, he makes *amends.* I conceive, therefore, that these two verbs are the same, and both signify *to beat.* Now, the Anglo-Saxon word *beatere* signifies a champion—one who is ready and thought to be able to *beat* all comers. Our word *better* is identical with this word *beatere*, and signifies what we should now express by the word *beater*—that is, one who does or can *beat, thrash, overcome*, others. We still use the word *beat* as expressive of superior excellence. And we mean the same thing whether we say, 'my horse is *better* than yours'—or 'my horse can *beat* yours'—or 'my horse is the *beater* of yours,' that is, the *better* of the two. We use other words of the same kind in the same manner; 'I can *thrash* you at chess'—'I received a terrible *thrashing* at billiards last night'—and the Americans say, 'America *flogs* the world.' All these words, thus used, signify *to overcome, to conquer.*

"B. But you say this extraordinary word *better* was anciently written *bet* or *bett.* How did it acquire the last syllable ER?

A. You know that we call him who supplies us with milk, a milk-*man*, and him who supplies us with butter, a butter-*man;* him who rows us across the ferry, a ferry-*man*, or water-*man;* him who

keeps an oil shop we call an oil-*man*, and him who brings food for the cat, a cat's-meat-*man*, and her who washes our clothes, a washer-*woman*. The Anglo-Saxon word *wer*, sometimes written *were*, signifies a man, and they used it in the same way. Sometimes they put it *before* the word to which they joined it, and then they preserved the *w*, as *were*-wulf, a *man-wolf*—*wer*-had, *man*-hood—*wer*-gyld, *man*-money, that is, the fine for slaying a man—*wer*-lic, *man*like, or *man*ly. Sometimes they put it *after* the word as we do, and then they dropped the *w*, as pleg-*ere*, a play-*man*, or player—sæd-*ere*, a sow-*man*, or sower—writ-*ere*, a writ-*man*, or writer—beat-*ere*, a beat-*man*, or beater, that is, a man who is able, or thought to be able, to beat other men—a champion. We frequently drop the *w* in the middle of a word in the same manner. Thus we do not say an-*swer*, but an-ser, when we pronounce the word *answer*. Nor when we pronounce the word *Warwick*, do we say War-wick, but War-rick. Our ancestors dropped the *w* in the same way, and as they spelled as they pronounced, they also dropped it in their writings. Thus the word *bett*, *he beats*, became *bett-wer*, and finally dropping the *w*, as we do in the word *answer*, it became *bett-er*, *better*, that is, a *bett*-man, or a man who can *bett* or *beat* others. So much for the word *better*—I have cracked this one nut somewhat out of place, before dinner as it were, by way of sample:"

This is really so fine a cobweb that we grudge to take our broom to sweep it away, and we shall not often repeat the operation; though, if we did, we have no doubt, that in spite of all our efforts, its author would soon be found at his work again, spinning the slight, self-pleasing thread anew. The word *better*, as every body sees, consists, as well as *beater*, of two parts—the root and the termination; and in both their elements, *better* and *beater* are radically distinct. The root of *better* as appearing from the rules of comparative philology, is *bat*, the root of *beater* is *baut*. Mr Johnson mumbles at Mœsogothic as if he had been medical attendant to Ulphilas himself, and we willingly follow him to that field. The two words in Gothic would have been *Batiza*, melior, AS. *betere*; and *Bautareis*, percussor, AS. *beâtere*. Without any profound knowledge on the subject, the simplest consideration would show that the termination *er* in *better* is the sign of the comparative, while in *beater*, it is the sign of the agent. But a reference to the oldest Teutonic language puts the difference beyond doubt. The sign of the comparative appears there in its primitive form of *iza*, which, according to a well-known rule, is changed in English into *er*; as *aldiza*, elder; *fawiza*, fewer; *sutiza*, sweeter, &c.; a form which harmoniously connects the comparative and superlative: *batiza*, better, and *batists*, best, for betst. The termination denoting the agent, again, is in Gothic, *areis*, as *bokareis*, a bookman; *laisareis*, a teacher, (*lehrer* Germ.) &c. He who could confound words thus essentially and palpably different, may identify any two things in the world that he chooses to lay violent hands on.

Again, in an evil hour, our friend B asks the difficult question, "what is sensation?" which A. refuses to answer until B shall tell him what *is* means. B being unable to say any thing better than that *is* is *is*, A asserts his superiority, and proceeds, after sundry digressions, thus to lay down the law on the origin and meaning of the substantive verb.

"But now let us return to the word *be*. Are you quite sure you have not already forgotten what I have just told you about the word *to?*

"B. Quite sure.

"A. Very well. The word *be*, then, is an old northern word, signifying a house, or habitation, of any sort, of which fact you may readily convince yourself by consulting Jamieson's Hermes Scythicus (a very different sort of Hermes, I trow, from the Hermes of Mr Harris), Dr Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Lexicon, &c. The word *be*, therefore, signifying a *house*, the *verb to be*, is exactly equivalent to our verb *to house*. And what is the meaning of the verb *to house?* Observe, I do not say to house goods, or to house from the storm, but simply *to house*. If, as you assured me just now, you have not already forgotten what I told you was the force of the word *to*, you will see in an instant what must be the meaning of the verb *to house*. It means to do that with regard to a house which those things do which possess houses—that is, to dwell sometimes in a house—to go in and out of a house—to perform the actions of those things which possess houses. But what are those things which possess houses? Living beings. All living things have houses—dwelling-places. The fox has his hole, the rabbit its burrow, the hare its

form, the eagle her eyrie, the smaller birds their nests and trees, the lion his lair, the caterpillar its leaf, the whale has the whole ocean, the eel its hole in the mud, the very earth-worm its tiny burrow in the soil, the snail carries his house upon his back.

"To house, therefore, is to do what those things do which have houses. But as living things only have houses, to house is to do what *living things* do; that is to say, to perform the actions of living things—in one word, to live—to have life—to move in and out of a house as living things, and no things but living things, do or can do. I say *to be* is exactly equivalent to our verb *to live*. It means to *make use* of a house and to perform other actions, *after the manner* of those things which have houses, viz. living things. The *to* denotes *the something done to*, and the *be*, or the house, defines the nature of that something, by suggesting to the mind those particular actions which are already associated (in the memory) with the sound of those words."

We had always thought that the Sanscrit *bhu*, the Greek φυω, the Latin *fui*, the Celtic *bu* and *bi*, the Teutonic *be*, &c., were primitive verbs, directly denoting *existence;* and that the Teutonic *bauan*, to plant, cultivate, build, had a secondary origin and signification. But Mr Johnson knows better, and we submit. *To be*, is *to house*, or to do what those things do which have houses.

We would urge, however, that the explanation of *be* as meaning *to house*, does not dispose of the word *is:* for although practically *be* and *is* are joined together to patch up a defective verb, they are etymologically different. *Is*, we understood, was connected with the Latin *esse*, and traceable through its disguised form in Greek to the Sanscrit *as*, which appears in Gaelic as *is*. All these words we held as denoting *existence*, and they at least, have no appearance of any connexion with *a house*.

But then, what *is* existence? Ay, there's the rub. Existence *is*—but here again we are getting out of our depth, and must take hold of Mr Johnson to keep us up above water.

"The verb *to exist* is a Latin word transplanted into our language, and is equivalent to our verb *to stand*. But it is no more an English word than an African black would become an English man by being transplanted into an English hospital, and there having both his legs amputated. It is equivalent with our verb *to stand*, and since the two words mean the same thing, it is indifferent which we use; but, being Englishmen, let us talk English. We do not want this word *exist*—we have an equivalent word in our own language—then why not use it? Why should Englishmen talk Latin? Why should they speak to each other in a foreign language which they *do not understand?* There is no reason why they should speak in Latin—but there is an excellent reason why they should *not*, viz. because, not understanding the language in which they speak, they cannot, of course, understand each other. For instance, if this foreigner—this exotic word *exist*—had never been introduced—if we had always continued to use our own equivalent word *stand*—we should never have quarrelled about those mysterious non-entities called existences, substances, &c. And I think, even now, we shall cease to quarrel if we will but take the trouble to remember that *to exist* is a Latin verb which we use instead of our own verb *to stand;* and that when we say, 'does so and so exist?' we are talking Latin; and that, when we translate what we say into English, it will be, 'does so and so *stand?*' And that when we talk about existences, substances, &c. we are merely using Latin words which, being translated into English, signify *things which stand*. Our forefathers were satisfied to use their own language, and therefore always understood each other. Where we now say *to exist*, they said *standan*. And they also said *standan* where we now say *to stand*.

"Our word *to stand*, then, is exactly equivalent to the Anglo-Saxon word *stand-an*, and to the Latin word *exist*. But *stand* signifies a rock, (!) and *to stand* (in the ordinary and limited use of the word) signifies to hold one's self erect as the rock does. But this is only its *particular* meaning. But *to stand*, when used as we use the word *to exist*, and as our forefathers actually did use the word *stand*, has a general sense, although it still signifies to do what the rock does—viz. to *occupy room* in the universe *after the manner* of a rock, and all such things *in general*, which, like the rock, are destitute of life, and *not after the manner* of the things which have houses, viz. living things. The word *to*, as usual, signifies something *done*, while the word *stand* (or *exist*) signifying a rock, suggests to the mind what that particular something is, viz. to occupy room, or a place, or space, in the universe, and *nothing more*.

"The sum of all this is that the verb *to be* signifies, to occupy a place in the universe after the *manner* of things which

have houses. While *to exist*, or *to stand*, signifies to occupy a place in the universe after the *manner* of a rock, or any other unorganized mass of matter.

"B. It seems to me that any word which necessarily suggests to the mind actions which can only be performed by living beings would do as well as the word house.

"A. Exactly. And accordingly the Latin word signifying *to be*, viz. the word *esse*, does, in fact, SIGNIFY TO EAT—and its force is to occupy a place in the universe *after the manner* of THOSE THINGS WHICH EAT, viz. living things. (!!!)

"And so also any word which necessarily suggests to the mind the one sole act or fact of occupying place *merely*, without the ability to perform any living action of any kind, will do just as well as the Latin word *exist*, or the Anglo-Saxon *standan*. For the object of having two words at all —viz. *standan* and *bean*—that is to occupy space after the manner of rocks, and to do the same thing after the manner of things which have houses—I say, the object merely is to distinguish between things which live, and things without life. Any other word, therefore, such as pebble or stock, made into a verb by prefixing *to*, would do just as well as to exist, or to stand. To pebble, or to stone, or to rock-stock-and-stone, would signify exactly what is signified by the verb to stand, when used in its general, and not in its particular sense. To rock-stock-and-stone, would mean to occupy place after the manner of rocks, stocks, and stones, and *not* after the manner of things which have houses.

We feel that this is enough. *To be* is *to house*; or to occupy a place in the universe after the manner of things that have houses—*to exist* or *stand*, is "to pebble, or to stone, or to occupy a place," &c., after the manner of rocks, stocks, and stones. *Esse* in Latin from *sum*, is the same with *edere* from *edo*, because *edere* is contracted into *esse*, and "it does in fact *signify to eat*, or to occupy a place in the universe after the manner of those things that eat!"

Really, in Mr Johnson's own phraseology, this *eats* too much. His discoveries will *house* the death of us, for human nature can *rock-stock-and-stone* it no longer.

In answer, probably, to all our objections, Mr Johnson will say of himself, as he says of Horne Tooke in reply to Lord Brougham, that he is not an etymologist or grammarian.

"How clearly does this prove that Lord Brougham was wholly incapable of fathoming the depths, and of understanding the scope, tendency, and spirit of Horne Tooke's philosophy! Horne Tooke an etymologist and grammarian! I could as easily fancy him a manufacturer of babies' rattles! *He* a grammarian! *He* a gerund-grinder! *He* a quibbling dealer in words! *He!* who scorned openly them and their art! *He!* who throughout his two quarto volumes never misses an opportunity of laughing them to scorn! *He!* who has said there is but one kind of word, and that is the name of a *thing!* *He* a grammarian! *He* an etymologist!"

Be calm, my dear Mr Johnson, be composed and hear us. You are *not* a grammarian; you are *not* an etymologist, any more than Horne Tooke was. *Neither* of you knows any thing of *either* grammar or etymology. That is not what we charge you with. But we charge you with this: that being wholly ignorant of *both* grammar and etymology, you promulgate speculations which are not intelligible or maintainable without that grammatical and etymological knowledge of which you are utterly destitute. If you can produce an *à priori* theory that needs no knowledge of languages to support it, do so, in the name of absurdity, and see what you can make of it. But for your own sakes, don't resort to etymological illustrations which prove your theory to be nonsense, and yourselves to be ignorant of the first rudiments of what you profess.

We have no doubt that Mr Johnson is a respectable private person and a useful medical attendant. But let not the apothecary overstep his pestle, or the leech his lancet. He may distinguish himself in his own sphere, without *having learned to read* a vocable of the Codex Argenteus, or being able to soar an inch above the Latinity of a Pharmacopœia, or to crack, without destruction to his jaws, an etymological nut, either of foreign or domestic growth. But proud pretension, followed by a disastrous downfall, is always ridiculous; and we are tempted to suspect, that he who knows not where he is ignorant, cannot have very much on which he is well informed.

HOMER AND THE HOMERIDÆ.

Part III.

VERDICT ON THE HOMERIC QUESTIONS.

We will now, reader, endeavour to give you the heads of a judgment or verdict on this great question, drawn up with extreme care by ourselves.

I. Rightly was it said by Voss—that all arguments worth a straw in this matter must be derived from the internal structure of the *Iliad.* Let us, therefore, hold an inquest upon the very body of this memorable poem; and, first of all, let us consider its outside characteristics, its style, language, metrical structure.

One of the arguments on which the sceptics rely is this:—a thousand years, say they, make a severe trial of a man's style. What is very good Greek at one end of that period will probably be unintelligible Greek at the other. And throughout this period it will have been the duty of the *rhapsodoi,* or public reciters, to court the public interest, to sustain it, to humour it, by adapting their own forms of delivery to the existing state of language. Well, what of that? Why this—that under so many repeated alterations, the *Iliad,* as we now have it, must resemble Sir Francis Drake's ship—repaired so often, that not a spar of the original vessel remained.

In answer to this, we demand—why a thousand years? Doubtless there was that space between Homer and the Christian æra. But why particularly connect the Greek language with the Christian æra? In this artifice, reader, though it sounds natural to bring forward our Christian æra in a question that is partly chronological, already there is bad faith. The Greek language had nothing to do with the Christian æra. Mark this, and note well—that already in the æra of Pericles, whose chronological locus is 444 years B. C., the Greek language had reached its consummation. And by that word we mean its state of rigid fixation. Will any man deny that the Greek of Thucydides, Sophocles, Euripides, who were in the fullest sense contemporaries with Pericles, that the Greek of Plato or Xenophon, who were at least children of some growth before Pericles died, continued through all after ages, (in the etymological sense of the word) *standard* Greek? That is, it was standing Greek; Greek which *stood* still and never after varied; so that eighteen hundred and ninety years after, at the final capture of Constantinople by the Ottomans, it remained the true familiar Greek of educated people; as all educated people talked; and removed even from the vulgar Greek of the mob only as the written language of books always differs from the spoken dialect of the uneducated. The time, therefore, for which we have to account, is not a thousand years, but a little more than one-half of that space. The range, therefore, the compass of time within which Homer had to struggle with the agencies of change, was about five centuries and a half.

Now the tendency to change is different in different languages; both from internal causes, (mechanism, &c.,) and from causes external to the language, laid—in the varying velocities of social progress. Secondly, besides this varying liability to change, in one language as compared with another, there is also a varying rate of change in the same language compared with itself. Change in language is not, as in many natural products, continuous: it is not equable; but eminently by fits and starts. Probably one hundred and fifty years at stagnant periods of history do less to modify a language than forty years amidst great struggles of intellect. And one thing we must insist on, which is, that between Homer and Pisistratus, the changes in Grecian society, likely to affect the language, were not to be compared for power with those acting upon English society ever since the Reformation.

This being premised, we request attention to the following case. Precisely on this very summer day, so bright and brilliant, of 1841, are the five hundred years completed (less by forty-five years than the interspace between Homer and Pisistratus) since

Chaucer was a stout boy, "alive," and probably "kicking:" for he was fined about 1341 for kicking a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street; though Ritson erroneously asserts that the story was a "hum" invented by Chatterton. Now, what is the character of Chaucer's diction? A great delusion exists on that point. Some ninety or one hundred words that are now obsolete, certainly not many more, vein the whole surface of Chaucer; and thus a *primâ facie* impression is conveyed that Chaucer is difficult to understand: whereas a very slight practice familiarizes his language. The Canterbury Tales were not made public until 1380; but the composition was certainly proceeding between 1350 and 1380; and before 1360 some considerable parts were published. Here we have a space greater by thirty-five years than that between Homer and Pisistratus. And observe —*had Chaucer's Tales the benefit of an oral recitation*, were they assisted to the understanding by the pauses in one place, the hurrying and crowding of unimportant words at another, and by the proper distribution of emphasis every where—(all which, though impracticable in regular singing, is well enough accomplished in a chant or λόγος μεμελισμένος,) there is no man, however unfamiliar with old English, but might be made to go along with the movement of his admirable tales, though he might still remain at a loss for the meaning of insulated words.

Not Chaucer himself, however, but that model of language which Chaucer ridicules and parodies as becoming obsolete in his days, the rhyme of Sir Thopas—a model which may be safely held to represent the language of the two centuries previous—is the point of appeal. Sir Thopas is clearly a parody of the Metrical Romances. Some of those hitherto published by Ritson, &c. are not older than Chaucer; but some ascend much higher, and may be referred to 1200, or perhaps earlier. Date them from 1240, and *that* places a period of six centuries complete between ourselves and them. Notwithstanding which the greater part of the Metrical Romances, when aided by the connexion of events narrated, or when impasioned, remain perfectly intelligible to this hour.

"What for labour, and what for faint,
Sir Bevis was well nigh attaint."

This is a couplet from Bevis of Southampton; and another we will quote from the romance of Sir Gawaine and Sir Ywaine. In a vast forest, Sir G., by striking a shield suspended to a tree, had caused a dreadful storm to succeed; which, subsiding, is followed by a gloomy apparition of a mailed knight, who claims the forest for his own, taxes Sir Gawaine with having intruded on his domain, and concludes a tissue of complaints, with saying that he had

"With weathers waken'd him of rest,
And done him wrong in his forèst."

Now these two casual recollections well and fairly represent the general current of the language; not certainly what would now be written, but what is perfectly luminous from the context. At present, for instance, *faint* is an adjective; but the context, and the corresponding word *labour*, easily teach the reader that it here means *faintness*. So, again, "weather" is not now used for storms; but it is so used by a writer as late as Lord Bacon, and yet survives in such words as "weather-beaten"—"weather-stained."

Now, we say that the interval o. time between these Romances and ourselves is greater than between Homer and the age of Pericles. We say also, that the constant succession of metrical writers connecting the time of Homer with that of Pericles, such as the authors of the *Nostoi*, (or memorable Returns homeward from Troy,) of the *Cypria*, of the many Cyclical poems, next of the Lyric poets, a list closing with Pindar, in *immediate* succession to whom, and through most of his life strictly a contemporary with Pindar, comes Æschylus, close upon whose heels follow the whole cluster of dramatic poets who glorified the life of Pericles—this apparently *continuous* series of verse writers, without the interposition of a single prose writer, would inevitably have the effect of keeping alive the poetic forms and choice of words, in a degree not so reasonably to be expected, under any interrupted succession. Our Chaucer died an old man, above seventy, in the year 1400, that is, in the concluding year of the fourteenth century. The next century, that is, the fifteenth, was occupied in much of its latter half by the civil wars of the

two Roses, which threw back the development of the English literature, and tended to disturb the fluent transmission of Chaucer's and Gower's diction. The tumultuous century which came next, viz. the sixteenth, the former half of which was filled with the Reformation, caused a prodigious fermentation and expansion of the English intellect. But such convulsions are very unfavourable to the steady conservation of language, and of every thing else depending upon usage. Now, in Grecian history, there are no corresponding agitations of society; the currents of tradition seem to flow downwards without meeting any thing to ripple their surface. It is true that the great Persian war *did* agitate Greece profoundly; and, by combining the Greeks from every quarter in large masses, this memorable war must have given a powerful shock to the stagnant ideas inherited from antiquity. But, as this respects Homer, observe how thoroughly its operation is defeated:—For the outrageous conflagration of Sardis occurred about 506 B.C.; and the final events of the war, Salamis, Platæa, &c. occurred in 480 B.C. But already, by Pisistratus, whose *locus* is fifty years before the affair of Sardis, Homer had been revised and settled, and (as one might express it) stereotyped. Consequently the chief political revolution affecting Greece collectively, if you except the Dorian migrations, &c., between Homer and Pericles, was intercepted from all possibility of affecting the Homeric diction, &c. by the seasonable authentication of the entire Homeric text under the seal and *imprimatur* of Pisistratus. Here is the old *physical* guarantee urged by Æsop's lamb *versus* wolf, that Homer's text could not have been reached by any influence, direct or oblique, from the greatest of post-Homeric political convulsions. It would be the old miracle of the Greek proverb (Ἀνω ποταμῶν, &c.) which adopted the reflux of rivers towards their fountains as the liveliest type of the impossible.

There is also a philosophic reason, why the range of diction in Chaucer should be much wider, and liable to greater changes, than that of Homer. Revise those parts of Chaucer which at this day are most obscure, and it will uniformly be found that they are the *subjective* sections of his poetry; those, for instance, in which he is elaborately decomposing a character. A character is a subtle fugacious essence which does, or does not, exist according to the capacity of the eye which is applied to it. In Homer's age, no such meditative differences were perceived. All is *objective* in the descriptions, and external. And in those cases where the mind or its affections must be noticed, always it is by the broad distinctions of anger, fear, love, hatred, without any vestige of a sense for the more delicate interblendings or *nuances* of such qualities. But a language built upon these elementary distinctions is necessarily more durable than another, which, applying itself to the subtler phenomena of human nature, exactly in that proportion applies itself to what is capable of being variously viewed, or viewed in various combinations, as society shifts its aspects.

The result from all this is—that, throughout the 445 years from Homer to Pisistratus, the diction even of real life would not have suffered so much alteration, as in modern times it would be likely to do within some single centuries. But with respect to poetry, the result is stronger. The diction of poetry is every where a privileged diction. The antique or scriptural language is every where affected in serious or impassioned poetry. So that no call would arise for modern adaptations, until the language had grown unintelligible. Nor would *that* avail to raise such a call. The separate non-intelligibility of a word would cause no difficulty, whilst it would give the grace of antique colouring. For a word which is separately obscure is not so *in nexu*. Suppose, reader, we were to ask you the meaning of the English word *chode*, you might be a little puzzled. Yet it is an honest and once an industrious word, though now retired from business; and it stands in our authorized translation of the Bible: where, if you had chanced to meet it *in loco*, you would easily have collected from the context that it was the past tense of *chide*. Again, what Southern reader of Sir Walter Scott ever failed to gather the full sense of the Scottish dialect? or what Scotchman to gather the sense of the Irish dialect so plentifully strewed in modern tales? or

what landsman to gather the sense of the marine dialect in our nautical novels? In all such cases, the passion, the animation and movement of the feeling, very often the logic, as they arise from the context, carry you fluently along with the meaning.

Equating, therefore, the sleeping state of early Greece with the stirring progress of modern Christian lands, we come to this conclusion, that Homer, the genuine unaltered Homer, would not, by all likelihood, be more archaic in his colouring of style than the *Froissart* of Lord Berners is to ourselves. That is, we equate 445 early Greek years with the last 320 English years. But we will concede something more. The common English translation of the long prose romance, called *Mort d'Arthur*, was composed, we believe, about the year 1480. This will therefore be 360 years old. Now, both Lord Berners and the *Mort d'Arthur* are as intelligible as this morning's newspaper in June 1841. And one proof that they are so is, that both works have been reprinted *verbatim et literatim* in this generation for popular use. Something venerable and solemn there is in both these works, as again in the *Paston Letters*, which are hard upon 400 years old, but no shadow of difficulty.

B. *Homer's lexis.*—Now, reader, having stated, by practical examples, what effect was to have been anticipated from age, let us next enquire what effect has taken place. Observe the monstrous dishonesty of these German critics. What if a man should argue thus:—"This helmet never can have descended from Mambrino; for, if it had, there would have been weather-stains, cracks, dints of swords," &c. To which it is replied:—"Doubtless; but have you looked to see if there are *not* such marks of antiquity?" Would you not think the disparager of the helmet worthy of the treadmill, if it should turn out that he had never troubled himself to examine it? These Germans argue *à priori*, that, upon certain natural causes, there would arise a temptation to the Homeric chanters for adapting the diction to their audience. Conditionally we grant this—that is, if a deep night of darkness fell suddenly upon the language. But our answer is, that this condition never would be realized; and that a solemnizing twilight is the very utmost which could ever steal over Homer's diction. Meantime, where is the sense of calculating *à priori* what would be *likely* to happen, when by simply opening a book we can see what *has* happened? These Germans talk as if the Homer we have now spoke exactly such Greek as Euripides and Sophocles. Or, if some slight differences are admitted, as though these were really too inconsiderable to meet the known operation of chance and change through four and a half centuries. To hear *them*, you must suppose that Homer differed little more from the golden writers of Greece than as Pope's diction differs from that of 1841. Who now says *writ* for *wrote* and for *written*? Who says *'tis* and *'twas* since Queen Anne's reign? There are not twelve consecutive lines in Pope, Swift, Addison, which will not be found marked by such slight peculiarities of their age. Yet their general agreement with ourselves is so striking, that the difficulty is to detect the differences. Now, if Homer were in that condition relating to the age of Pericles—were it even that he exhibited no more sombre hues than those which Æschylus exhibits, as compared with his younger brothers of the drama, we should grant at once that a case is made out calling for some explanation. There has been a change. There is something to account for. Somebody has been "doctoring" this man, would be the inference. But how stands the truth? Why, reader, the Homeric *lexis* is so thoroughly peculiar and individual, that it requires a separate lexicon; and if all men do not use a separate lexicon, it is only because that particular vocabulary has been digested into the series of general vocabularies. Pierce Plowman is not half so unlike in diction to Sir Walter Scott as is Homer to Euripides. And, instead of simply accounting for the time elapsed, and fairly answering to the reasonable attrition of that time, the Homeric diction is sufficient to account for three such spaces. What would the infidels have? Homer, they say, is an old—old—very old man, whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door; and, therefore—what? Why, he ought to look very

old indeed. Well, good men, he *does* look very old indeed. He ought, they say, to be covered with lichens and ivy. Well, he *is* covered with lichens and ivy. And sure we are, that few people will undertake to know how a man looks, when he is 500 years old, by comparison with himself at 400. Suffice it here to say, for the benefit of the unlearned, that not one of our own earliest writers, hardly Thomas of Ercildoune, has more of peculiar antique words in his vocabulary than Homer.

C. *Homer's metre.*—In this case, the Germans themselves admit the extraordinary character of the Homeric *rhythmus.* "How free, how spirited in its motion!" they all exclaim; "how characteristically his own!" Well now, did the father of sophisms ever hear of such stuff as this, when you connect it with what these Germans say elsewhere? As well might a woman say, that you had broken her china cups, but that you had artfully contrived to preserve the original Chinese designs. How could you preserve the form or surface if you destroyed the substance? And, if these imaginary adapters of Homer modernized his whole diction, how could they preserve his metrical effects? With the peculiar word or idiom would vanish the peculiar prosody. Even a single word is not easily replaced by another having the same sense, the same number of syllables, and in each syllable the same metrical quantity; but how immeasurably more difficult is this, when the requisition is for a whole sentence or clause having the same sense in the same number of syllables and the same prosody? Why, a man would not doctor three lines in a century under such intolerable conditions. And, at the end of his labour, like Addison's small poet, who worked for years upon the name of "Mary Bohun," in order to bind its stubborn letters within the hoop-ring of an anagram, he would probably fail, and go mad into the bargain. If the metre is characteristically Homeric, as say these infidels, then is the present text, (so inextricably co-adunated with the metre,) upon their own showing, the good old Homeric text—and no mistake.

But, reader, the Homeric metre is not truly described by these men. It is certainly *kenspeck*, to use a good old English word—that is to say, recognizable; you challenge it for Homer's whenever you meet it. Characteristic it is, but not exactly for the reason they assign. The fact is, though flowing and lively, it betrays the immaturity of the metrical art. Those constraints, from which the Germans praise its freedom, are the constraints of exquisite art. This is a difficult subject; for, in our own literature, the true science of metrical effects has not belonged to our later poets, but to the elder. Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, are the great masters of exquisite versification. And Waller, who was idly reputed to have refined our metre, was a mere trickster, having a single tune moving in his imagination, without compass and without variety. Chaucer also, whom Dryden in this point so thoroughly misunderstood, was undoubtedly a most elaborate master of metre, as will appear when we have a *really* good edition of him. But in the Pagan literature this was otherwise. We see in the Roman poets that, precisely as they were antique, they were careless, or at least very inartificial in the management of their metre. Thus Lucilius, Ennius, even Lucretius, leave a class of faults in their verse, from which Virgil would have revolted. And the very same class of faults is found in Homer. But though faults as regards severe art, they are in the very spirit of *naïveté* or picturesque naturalness, and wear the stamp of a primitive age—artless and inexperienced.

This article would require a volume. But we will content ourselves with one illustration. Every scholar is aware of the miserable effect produced where there is no *cæsura*, in that sense of the word *cæsura* which means the interlocking of the several feet into the several words. Thus, imagine a line like this:—

Urbem Romam primo condit Romulus anno.

Here, the six feet of the hexameter are separately made out by six several words. Each word is a foot; and no foot interlocks into another. So that there is no *cæsura*. Yet even *that* is not the worst fault of the line. The other and more destructive is—the coincidence of the *ictus*, or emphasis, with the first syllable of every foot.

Now in Homer we see both faults repeatedly. Thus, to express the thundering pace with which a heavy stone comes trundling back from an eminence, he says—

"Autis epeita pedónde kulindeto laäs anaides."

Here there is the shocking fault, to any metrical ear, of making the emphasis fall regularly on the first syllable, which in effect obliterates all the benefit of the cæsura.

Now, Virgil has not one such line in all his works, nor could have endured such a line. In that verse expressing the gallop or the caracoling of a horse, he also has five dactyles—

"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum."

But he takes care to distribute the accents properly, on which so much even of the ancient versification depended: except in the two last feet, the emphasis of Virgil's line never coincides with the first syllable of the foot. Homer, it will be said, wished to express mimetically the rolling, thundering, leaping motion of the stone. True: but so did Virgil wish to express the thundering gallop of the horse, in which the beats of the hoofs return with regular intervals. Each sought for a picturesque effect—each adopted a dactylic structure: but to any man who has studied this subject, we need not say, that picturesqueness, like any other effect, must be subordinated to a higher law of beauty. Whence, indeed, it is that the very limits of imitation arise for every art, sculpture, painting, &c., indicating what it ought to imitate, and what it ought not to imitate. And unless regard is had to such higher restraints, metrical effects become as silly and childish as the musical effects in Kotzwarra's *Battle of Prague*, with its ridiculous attempts to mimic the firing of cannon, groans of the wounded, &c., instead of involving the passion of a battle in the agitation of the music.

These rudenesses of art, however, are generally found in its early stages. And we are satisfied, that as art advanced, these defects must have been felt for such; so that, had any license of improvement existed, they would have been removed. That they were left untouched in the ages of the great lyrical masters, when metre was so scientifically understood, is a strong argument that Homer was sacred from all tampering. Over the whole field of the Homeric versification, both for its quality of faults and its quality of merits, lies diffused this capital truth—that no opening existed for the correction, in any age after the perception of a fault (that is, when the temptation to correct) could first have arisen.

D. *The Homeric Formulæ.*—Here is another countersign for the validity of our present Homeric text. In our own metrical romances, or wherever a poem is meant not for readers but for chanters and oral reciters, these *formulæ*, to meet the same recurring cases, exist by scores. Thus, every woman who happens to be young, is described as "so bright of blé," or complexion: always a man goes "the mountenance of a mile," before he overtakes or is overtaken. And so on through a vast bead-roll of cases. In the same spirit, Homer has his eternal *τον δ' αρ' ὑποδρα ἰδων*, or *επεα πτεροεντα προσηυδα*, or *τον δ' απαμειβομενος προσεφη*, &c.

Now these again, under any refining spirit of criticism, at liberty to act freely, are characteristics that would have disappeared. Not that they are faults: on the contrary, to a reader of sensibility, such recurrences wear an aspect of childlike simplicity, beautifully recalling the features of Homer's primitive age. But they would have appeared faults to all common-place critics in literary ages.

We say, therefore, that first, the Diction of the *Iliad*, (B;) secondly, the Metre of the *Iliad*, (C;) thirdly, the Formulæ and Recurring Clauses of the *Iliad*, (D,)—all present us with so many separate attestations to the purity of the Homeric text from any considerable interference. For every one of these would have given way to the "Adapters," had any such people operated upon Homer.

II.—The first class of arguments, therefore, for the sanity of the existing Homer, is derived from language. Our second argument we derive from THE IDEALITY OF ACHILLES. This we owe to a suggestion of Mr Wordsworth's. Once, when we observed to him, that of imagination, in his own sense, we saw no instance in the *Iliad*, he replied—"Yes: there is the cha-

racter of Achilles; this is imaginative, in the same sense as Ariosto's Angelica." *Character* is not properly the word; nor was it what Mr Wordsworth meant. It is an idealized conception. The excessive beauty of Angelica, for instance, robs the Paladins of their wits; draws anchorites into guilt; tempts the baptized into mortal feud; summons the unbaptized to war; brings nations together from the ends of the earth. And so, with different but analogous effects, the very perfection of courage, beauty, strength, speed, skill of eye, of voice, and all personal accomplishments, are embodied in the son of Peleus. He has the same supremacy in modes of courtesy, and doubtless, according to the poet's conception, in virtue. In fact, the astonishing blunder which Horace made in deciphering his Homeric portrait, gives the best memorandum for recalling the real points of his most self-commanding character:—

"Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat armis."

Was that man "iracundus," who, in the very opening of the *Iliad*, makes his anger bend under the most brutal insult to the public welfare? When two people quarrel, it is too commonly the unfair award of careless bystanders, that "one is as bad as the other;" whilst generally it happens that one of the parties is but the respondent in a quarrel originated by the other. Homer says of the two chiefs, διαστητην ερισαντε, they stood aloof in feud; but what was the nature of the feud? Agamemnon had inflicted upon Achilles, himself a king and the most brilliant chieftain of the confederate army, the very foulest outrage (matter and manner) that can be imagined. Because his own brutality to a priest of Apollo had caused a pestilence, and he finds that he must resign this priest's daughter, he declares that he will indemnify himself by seizing a female captive from the tents of Achilles. Why of Achilles more than of any other man? Colour of right, or any relation between his loss and his redress, this brutal Agamemnon does not offer by pretence. But he actually executes his threat. Nor does he *ever* atone for it. Since his returning Briseis, without disavowing his right to have seized her' is wide of the whole point at issue. Now, under what show of common sense can that man be called *iracundus*, who calmly submits to such an indignity as this? Or, is that man *inexorabilis*, who sacrifices to the tears and grey hairs of Priam, his own meditated revenge, giving back the body of the enemy who had robbed him of his dearest friend? Or is there any gleam of truth in saying that *jura negat sibi nata*, when of all the heroes in the *Iliad*, he is the most punctiliously courteous, the most ceremonious in his religious observances, and the one who most cultivated the arts of peace? Or is that man the violent defier of all law and religion, who submits with so pathetic a resignation to the doom of early death?

"Enough, I know my fate—to die; to see no more
My much-loved parents, or my native shore."

Charles XII. of Sweden, threatened to tickle that man who had libelled his hero Alexander. But Alexander himself would have tickled master Horace for this gross libel on Achilles, if they had happened to be contemporaries.

The character, in short, of the matchless Pelides, has an ideal finish and a divinity about it, which argue, that it never could have been a fiction or a gradual accumulation from successive touches. It was raised by a single flash of creative imagination; it was a reality seen through the harmonizing abstractions of two centuries; and it is in itself a great unity, which penetrates every section where it comes forward, with an identification of these several parts as the work of one man.

III.—Another powerful guarantee of the absolute integrity which belongs to the *Iliad*, lies in the Ionic forms of language, combined everywhere (as Plato remarks) with Ionic forms of life. Homer had seen the modes of Dorian life, as in many cities of Crete. But his heart turned habitually to the Ionian life of his infancy. Here the man who builds on pretences of recasting, &c., will find himself in this dilemma. If, in order to account for the poem still retaining its Ionic dress, which must have been affected by any serious at-

tempts at modernizing it, he should argue that the Ionic dialect, though not used on the continent, continued to be perfectly intelligible; then, our good sir, what call for recasting it? Nobody supposes that an antique form of language would be objectionable *per se*, or that it would be other than solemn and religious in its effect, so long as it continued to be intelligible. On the other hand, if he argues that it must gradually have grown unintelligible or less intelligible, (for that the Ionic of Herodotus, in the age of Pericles, was very different from the Homeric,) in that case, to *whom* would it be unintelligible? Why to the Athenians, for example, or to some people of continental Greece. But on that supposition, it would have been exchanged for some form of Attic or other continental Greek—to be Ionian by descent, did not imply the use of a dialect formed in Asia Minor. And not only would heterogeneous forms of language have thus crept into the *Iliad*, but inevitably in making these changes, other heterogeneities in the substance would have crept in concurrently. That purity and *sincerity* of Ionic life, which arrested the eye of Plato, would have melted away under such modern adulterations.

IV.—But another argument, against the possibility of such recasts, is founded upon a known remarkable fact. It is a fact of history, coming down to us from several quarters, that the people of Athens were exceedingly discontented with the slight notice taken of themselves in the *Iliad*. Now observe, already this slight notice is in itself one argument of Homer's antiquity; and the Athenians did wrong to murmur at so many petty towns of the Peloponnesus being glorified, while in *their* case Homer only gives one line or so to Menestheus their chief. Let them be thankful for getting any thing. Homer knew what Athens was in those days much better than any of us; and surely Glasgow or Liverpool could not complain of being left out of the play, in a poem on the Crusades. But there was another case that annoyed the Athenians equally. Theseus, it is well known, was a great scamp; in fact, a very bad fellow indeed. You need go no further than Ariadne (who, by most tradition, hanged herself in her garters at Naxos) to prove *that*. Now, Homer, who was determined to tell no lies in the matter, roundly blurts out the motive for his base desertion of Ariadne, which had the double guilt of cruelty and of ingratitude, as in Jason's conduct towards Medea. It was, says the honest bard, because he was desperately in love with Aegle. This line in Homer, was like a coroner's verdict on Ariadne—*died by the villany of Theseus*. It was impossible to hide this conduct in their national hero, if it were suffered to stand. An attempt was, therefore, made to eject it. Pisistratus is charged in this one instance, with having smuggled in a single forged line. But, even in his own lifetime, it was dismally suspected; and, when Pisistratus saw men looking askance at it, he would say—"Well, sir, what's in the wind now? What are you squinting at?" Upon which the man would answer—"Oh, nothing, sir, I was only looking at things in general." But Pisistratus knew better—it was no go—*that* he saw—and the line is obelised to this day. Now, where Athens failed, is it conceivable that any body else would succeed?

V.—A fifth argument, upon which we rely much, is the CIRCUMSTANTIALITY of the *Iliad*. Let the reader pause to consider what *that* means in this particular case. The invention of little personal circumstances and details, is now a well known artifice of novelists. We see even in our oldest metrical romances, a tendency to this mode of giving a lively expression to the characters, as well as of giving a colourable reality to the tale. Yet, even with us, it is an art that has never but once been successfully applied to regular history. De Foe is the only author known, who has so plausibly circumstantiated his false historical records, as to make them pass for genuine, even with literary men and critics. In his *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, he assumes the character of a soldier who had fought under Gustavus Adolphus, (1628–31,) and afterwards (1642–5) in our own parliamentary war; in fact, he corresponds chronologically to Captain Dalgetty. In other works he personates a sea captain, a hosier, a run-

away apprentice, an officer under Lord Peterborough in his Catalonian expedition. In this last character, he imposed upon Dr Johnson, and by men better read in history he has actually been quoted as a regular historical authority. How did he accomplish so difficult an end? Simply by inventing such little circumstantiations of any character or incident, as seem by their apparent inertness of effect, to verify themselves; for, where the reader is told that such a person was the posthumous son of a tanner; that his mother married afterwards a Presbyterian schoolmaster, who gave him a smattering of Latin; but, the schoolmaster dying of the plague, that he was compelled at sixteen to enlist for bread—in all this, as there is nothing at all amusing, we conclude, that the author could have no reason to detain us with such particulars, but simply because they were true. To invent, when nothing at all is gained by inventing, there seems no imaginable temptation. It never occurs to us, that this very construction of the case, this very inference from such neutral details, was precisely the object which De Foe had in view, and by which he meant to profit. He thus gains the opportunity of impressing upon his tales, a double character; he makes them so amusing, that girls read them for novels; and he gives them such an air of verisimilitude, that men read them for histories.

Now this is one amongst the many acts by which, in comparison of the ancients, we have so prodigiously extended the compass of literature. In Grecian, or even in Roman literature, no dream ever arose of interweaving a fictitious interest with a true one. *Nor was the possibility then recognized of any interest founded in fiction, even though kept apart from historic records.* Look at Statius; look at Virgil; look at Valerius Flaccus; or look at the entire Greek drama: not one incident beyond the mere descriptive circumstances of a battle, or a storm, or a funeral solemnity, with the ordinary turns of skill or chance in the games which succeed, can be looked upon as matter of invention. All rested upon actual tradition:—in the *Æneid*, for instance, upon ancient Italian traditions still lingering amongst the people; in the *Thebaid*, where the antiquity of the story is too great to allow of this explanation, doubtless they were found in Grecian poems. Four centuries after the Christian era, if the *Satyricon* of Petronius Arbiter is excepted, and a few sketches of Lucian, we find the first feeble tentative development of the romance interest. The *Cyropædia* was simply one-sided in its information. But, in the *Iliad*, we meet with many of these little individual circumstances, which can be explained (consistently with the remark here made) upon no principle whatever except that of downright, notorious truth. Homer could not have wandered so far astray from the universal sympathies of his country, as ever to think of fictions so useless; and if he had, he would soon have been recalled to the truth by disagreeable experiences; for the construction would have been—that he was a person very ill-informed, and not trustworthy through ignorance.

Thus, in speaking of Polydamas, Homer says (*Il.* xviii. 250) that he and Hector were old cronies; which might strike the reader as odd, since Polydamas was no fighting man at all, but cultivated the arts of peace. Partly, therefore, by way of explaining their connexion—partly for the simple reason that, doubtless, it was a fact, Homer adds that they were born in the same night; a circumstance which is known to have had considerable weight upon early friendships in the houses of Oriental princes.

Ἕκτορι δ' ἦεν ἑταῖρος, ἰὴ δ' ἐν νυκτὶ γένοντο.

"To Hector now he was a bosom friend,
For in one night they were born."

Now, we argue, that had Homer not lived within a reasonable number of generations after Troy, he never would have learned a little fact of this kind. He must have heard it from his nurse, good old creature, who had heard her grandfather talk with emotion of Troy and its glorious palaces, and of the noble line of princes that perished in her final catastrophe. A ray of that great sunset had still lingered in the old man's youth; and the deep impression of so memorable a tragedy had carried into popular remembrance vast numbers of specialties and circumstantialities, such as might be picked out of the *Iliad*, that could have no attraction for the mind, but simply under the one condition

that they were true. An interval as great as four centuries, when all relation between the house of Priam and the surrounding population would have been obliterated, must have caused such petty anecdotes to lose their entire interest, and, in that case, they would never have reached Homer. Here, therefore, is a collateral indication that Homer lived probably within two centuries of Troy. On the other hand, if the *Iliad* had ever become so obsolete in its diction that popular feeling called for a *diaskeué*, or thorough recast; in that case, we argue that all such trivial circumstances (interesting only to those who knew them for facts) would have dropped out of the composition.

VI. That argument is of a nature to yield us an extensive field, if we had space to pursue it. The following, which we offer as our argument, is negative: it lies in *the absence of all anachronisms*, which would most certainly have arisen in any modern remodelling, and which do in fact disfigure all the Greek forgeries of letters, &c., in Alexandrian ages. How inevitable, amongst a people so thoroughly uncritical as the Greeks, would have been the introduction of anachronisms by wholesale, had a more modern hand been allowed to tamper with the texture of the poem! But, on the contrary, all inventions, rites, usages, known to have been of later origin than the Homeric ages, are absent from the *Iliad*. For instance, in any recast subsequent to the era of 700 B. C., how natural it would have been to introduce the trumpet! And cavalry again, how excellent a resource for varying and inspiriting the battles: whereas Homer introduces horses only as attached to the chariots; and the chariots as used only by a few leading heroes, whose heavy mail made it impossible for *them* to go on foot, as the mass of the army did. Why, then, did Homer himself forbear to introduce cavalry? Was he blind to the variety he would have gained for his descriptive scenes? No; but simply upon the principle, so absolute for him, of adhering to the facts. But what caused the fact? Why was there no cavalry? Evidently from the enormous difficulty of carrying any number of horses by sea, under the universal non-adaptation to such a purpose of the Greek shipping. The "horse marines" had not begun to show out; and a proper "troop-ship" must have been as little known to Agamemnon as the right kind of Havanna cigars, or as duelling pistols to Menelaus.

VII. A seventh argument for the integrity of our present *Iliad* in its main section, lies in the *nexus* of its subordinate parts. Every canto in this main section implies every other. Thus the funeral of Hector implies that his body had been ransomed. That fact implies the whole journey of Priam to the tents of Achilles. This implies the death and last combat of Hector. But how should Hector and Achilles have met in battle, after the wrathful vow of Achilles? That argues the death of Patroclus as furnishing the sufficient motive. But the death of Patroclus argues the death of Sarpedon, the Trojan ally, which it was that roused the vindictive fury of Hector. These events in their turn argue the previous success of the Trojans, which had moved Patroclus to interfere. And this success of the Trojans argues the absence of Achilles, which again argues the feud with Agamemnon. The whole of this story unfolds like a process of vegetation. And the close intertexture of the several parts is as strong a proof of unity in the design and execution, as the intense life and consistency in the conception of Achilles.

VIII.—By an eighth argument, we reply to the objection sometimes made to the transmission of the *Iliad*, through the *rhapsodoi*, from the burden which so long a poem would have imposed upon the memory. Some years ago was published, in this journal, a paper on the Flight of the Kalmuck Tartars from Russia. Bergmann, the German, from whom that account was chiefly drawn, resided for a long time amongst the Kalmucks, and had frequent opportunities of hearing musical recitations from the *Dschangœriade*. This is the great Tartar epic; and it extends to 360 cantos, each averaging the length of an Homeric book. Now, it was an ordinary effort for a minstrel to master a score of these cantos, which amounts pretty nearly to the length of the *Iliad*. But a case more entirely in point is found in a minor work of Xenophon's. A young

man is there introduced as boasting that he could repeat by heart the whole of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*—a feat, by the way, which has been more than once accomplished by English schoolboys. But the answer made to this young man is, that there is nothing at all extraordinary in that; for that every common *rhapsodos* could do as much. To us, indeed, the whole objection seems idle. The human memory is capable of far greater efforts; and the music would prodigiously lighten the effort. But, as it is an objection often started, we may consider it fortunate that we have such a passage as this in Xenophon, which not only illustrates the kind of qualification looked for in a rhapsodos, but shows also that such a class of people continued to practise in the generation subsequent to that of Pericles.

Upon these eight arguments we build. This is our case. They are amply sufficient for the purpose. Homer is not a person known to us separately and previously, concerning whom we are inquiring whether, in addition to what else we know of him, he did not also write the *Iliad*. "Homer" means nothing else but the man who wrote the *Iliad*. Somebody, you will say, must have written it? True; but, if that somebody should appear by any probable argument, to have been a multitude of persons, there goes to wreck the unity which is essential to the idea of a Homer. Now, this unity is sufficiently secured, if it should appear that a considerable section of the *Iliad*—and that section by far the most full of motion, of human interest, of tragical catastrophe, and through which runs, as the connecting principle, a character the most brilliant, magnanimous, and noble, that Pagan morality could conceive—was, and must have been, the work and conception of a single mind. Achilles revolves through that section of the *Iliad* in a series of phases, each of which looks forward and backward to all the rest. He travels like the sun through his diurnal course. We see him first of all rising upon us as a princely counseller for the welfare of the Grecian host. We see him atrociously insulted in this office; yet still, though a king and unused to opposition, and boiling with youthful blood, nevertheless commanding his passion, and retiring in clouded majesty. Even thus, though having now so excellent a plea for leaving the army, and though aware of the early death that awaited him if he staid, he disdains to profit by the evasion. We see him still living in the tented field, and generously unable to desert those who had so insultingly deserted *him*. We see him in a dignified retirement, fulfilling all the duties of religion, friendship, hospitality; and, like an accomplished man of taste, cultivating the arts of peace. We see him so far surrendering his wrath to the earnest persuasion of friendship, that he comes forth at a critical moment for the Greeks to save them from ruin. What are his arms? He has none at all. Simply by his voice he changes the face of the battle. He shouts, and nations fly from the sound. Never but once again is such a shout recorded by a poet—

> "He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
> Of hell resounded."

Who called? *That* shout was the shout of an archangel. Next we see him reluctantly allowing his dearest friend to assume his own arms; the kindness and the modesty of his nature forbidding him to suggest, that not the divine weapons but the immortal arm of the wielder had made them invincible. His friend perishes. Then we see him rise in his noontide wrath, before which no life could stand. The frenzy of his grief makes him for a time cruel and implacable. He sweeps the field of battle like a monsoon. His revenge descends perfect, sudden, like a curse from heaven. We now recognise the goddess-born. This is his avatar. Had he moved to battle under the ordinary motives of Ajax, Diomed, and the other heroes, we never could have sympathized or gone along with so withering a course. We should have viewed him as a "scourge of God," or fiend, born for the tears of wives and the maledictions of mothers. But the poet, before he would let him loose upon men, creates for him a sufficient, or at least palliating motive. In the sternest of his acts, we read only the anguish of his grief. This is surely the perfection of art. At length the work of destruction is finished; but, if the poet leaves him at this point, there would be a want of repose, and we should be

left with a painful impression of his hero as forgetting the earlier humanities of his nature, and brought forward only for final exhibition in his terrific phases. Now, therefore, by machinery the most natural, we see this great hero travelling back within our gentler sympathies, and revolving to his rest like the sun disrobed of his blazing terrors. We see him settling down to that humane and princely character in which he had been first exhibited—we see him relenting at the sight of Priam's grey hairs, touched with the sense of human calamity, and once again mastering his passion—grief now, as formerly he had mastered his wrath. He consents that his feud shall sleep: he surrenders the corpse of his capital enemy; and the last solemn chords of the poem rise with a solemn intonation from the grave of "Hector, the tamer of horses"—that noble soldier who had so long been the column of his country, and to whom, in his dying moments, the stern Achilles had declared—but then in the middle career of his grief—that no honourable burial should ever be granted.

Such is the outline of an Achilleis, as it might be gathered from the *Iliad;* and for the use of schools we are surprised that such a beautiful whole has not long since been extracted. A tale, more affecting by its story and vicissitudes, does not exist; and, after this, who cares in what order the non-essential parts of the poem may be arranged, or whether Homer was their author? It is sufficient that one mind must have executed this Achilleis, in consequence of its intense unity. Every part implies every other part. With such a model before him as this poem on the wrath of Achilles, Aristotle could not carry his notions of unity too high. And the unifying mind which could conceive and execute this Achilleis—that is what we mean by Homer. As well might it be said, that the parabola described by a cannon-ball was in one half due to a first discharge, and in the other half to a second, as that one poet could lay the preparations for the passion and sweep of such a poem, whilst another conducted it to a close. Creation does not proceed by instalments: the steps of its revolution are not successive, but simultaneous; and the last book of the Achilleis was undoubtedly conceived in the same moment as the first.

What effect such an Achilleis, abstracted from the *Iliad,* would probably leave upon the mind, it happens that we can measure by our own childish experience. In Russell's *Ancient Europe,* a book much used in the last century, there is an abstract of the *Iliad,* which presents very nearly the outline of an Achilleis, such as we have supposed. The heroes are made to speak in a sort of stilted, or at least buskined language, not unsuited to a youthful taste; and from the close convergement of the separate parts, the interest is condensed. This book, in our eighth year, we read. It was our first introduction to the "Tale of Troy divine;" and we do not deceive ourselves in saying, that this memorable experience drew from us the first unselfish tears that ever we shed; and by the stings of grief which it left behind, demonstrated its own natural pathos.

Whether the same mind conceived also the *Odyssey,* is a separate question. We are certainly inclined to believe, that the *Odyssey* belongs to a post-Homeric generation—to the generation of the *Nostoi,* or homeward voyages of the several Grecian chiefs. And with respect to all the burlesque or satiric poems ascribed to Homer, such as the *Batrachomyomachia,* the *Margites,* &c., the whole fiction seems to have arisen out of an uncritical blunder; they had been classed as Homeric poems—meaning by the word "*Homeric,*" simply that they had a relation or reference to Homer, which they certainly have. At least we may say this of the *Batrachomyomachia,* which still survives, that it undoubtedly points to the *Iliad* as a mock-heroic parody upon its majestic forms and diction. In that sense it is Homeric—*i. e.* it relates to Homer's poetry; it presupposes it as the basis of its own fun. But subsequent generations, careless and uncritical, understood the word Homeric to mean—actually composed by Homer. How impossible this was, the reader may easily imagine to himself by the parallel case of our own parodies on Scripture. What opening for a parody could have arisen in the same age as that Scriptural translation? "Howbeit," "peradventure," "lifted up his voice and wept," "found favour in thy sight,"—phrases such as these have, to our modern feelings, a deep

colouring of antiquity; placed, therefore, in juxtaposition with modern words or modern ideas, they produce a sense of contrast which is strongly connected with the ludicrous. But nothing of this result could possibly exist for those who first used these phrases in translation. The words were such as, in their own age, ranked as classical and proper. These were no more liable to associations of the ludicrous, than the serious style of our own age is at this moment. And on the same principle, in order to suppose the language of the *Iliad*, as, for example, the solemn *formulæ* which introduce all the replies and rejoinders, open to the ludicrous, they must, first of all, have had time to assume the sombre hues of antiquity. But even that is not enough: the *Iliad* must previously have become so popular, that a man might count with certainty upon his own ludicrous travesties, as applying themselves at once to a serious model, radicated in the universal feeling. Otherwise, to express the case mechanically, there is no resistance, and consequently no possibility of a rebound. Hence it is certain that the burlesques of the *Iliad* could not be Homeric, in the sense which an unlearned public imagined; and as to the satiric poem of the *Margites*, it is contrary to all the tendencies of human nature, that a public sensibility to satire should exist, until the simple age of Homer had been supplanted by an age of large cities, and a complex state of social refinement. Thus far we abjure, as monstrous moral anachronisms, the parodies and lampoons attributed to Homer. Secondly, upon the *Odyssey*, as liable to heavy suspicion, we suspend our judgment, with a weight of jealousy *against* it. But finally, as regards the *Iliad*, we hold that its noblest section has a perfect and separate unity; that it was therefore written by one man; that it was also written a thousand years before our Christian era; and that it has not been essentially altered. These are the elements which make up our compound meaning, when we assert the existence of Homer, in any sense interesting to modern ages. And for the affirmation of that question in that interesting sense, we believe ourselves to have offered more and weightier arguments than all which the German army of infidels have been able to muster against it.

A CHURCHYARD ECLOGUE.

BY THOMAS AIRD.

A BROODING silence fills the twilight churchyard;
Not even the bat stirs from her cloister'd rift,
Nor from her tree the downy-muffled owl,
To break the swooning and bewilder'd trance.
A crowding stir begins; the uneasy night
Seems big with gleams of something, restless, yearning,
As if to cast some birth of shape from out
Her hutching loins upon the waiting earth.
The smother'd throes are o'er, the darkness melts
Into a glistering troop of blessed ghosts;
And thus the thinned and relieved air
Lends modulation to their spiritual meanings:—

FIRST GHOST. Disembodied, we on high
Dwell in still serenity.
Name not faculty nor sense,
Where the soul's one confluence
Of clear knowledge, and of praise,
From the Lord's unsealed ways,
And joys in his sustaining might,
In his love and in his light.
Yet we, the waiting dust would don,
With our dear bodies cloth'd upon;
Loving (for he wears the same,)
Jesus through our earthly frame:
Then we'd sit at Jesus' feet,
Then our Heaven would be complete.
Therefore, for the body's sake,
Oft its semblance do we take,
Thin-fashion'd from our Paradise,
Thus to visit where it lies.
And with the assumed eye we're fain
To see our mother earth again;
Renewing, as we feebly can,
Thus the blessed speech of man.

SECOND GHOST. Through the alternate day and night
Whirls the glimmering ball of earth;
Swifter far our vision'd flight,
Swifter than a thought has birth.

THIRD GHOST. O'er the shadowy vales we go,
O'er the silent hills of snow,
O'er the city, and its cries
Heard from Belial's nightly sties,
And deserts where no dwellers be,
O'er the land and o'er the sea;
Till from the east the o'ertaking light
Co-mingles with the rear of night.

FOURTH GHOST. I had a wife; what earnest, trembling pen
Shall tell her love for me? what words of men?
Spouse of my heart and life! how harsh the pain
To go from thee, and from our children twain!
Unborn unto his sorrowful entail,
The unconscious third could not his loss bewail;
Yet nature reach'd him when his father died:
Fed on blind pangs within thy widow'd side,

And dry convulsive sorrow, bitter food,
He took a deeper stamp of orphanhood,
Than if, life-conscious, he had seen me die,
And wept with many waters of the eye.
This very eve I heard my wife, where she
In saintly calm, dwells with our children three;
Their low sweet voices of my name were telling:
O! how I yearn'd around their little dwelling!
I could not enter in, I could not make
My presence known, one kiss I could not take!
Yet I rejoice; the heavenly watch are keeping
Their nightly vigil o'er the dear ones sleeping.

Fifth Ghost. Guard the young lambs, ye angels; Jesus bids,
Who laid his hand on little children's heads!
From sin defend them, thou, O! Spirit Good!—
None other can—from sin still unsubdued,
Plague still permitted! Here wide-glorying crime
Slays half the kingdoms of man's mortal time;
There pleasure's form belies the ancient pest,
For whom, in sackcloth must the worlds be dress'd:
She drugs the earth; then by fierce gleams of haste
The false allurements of her eye displaced,
By scorn, by cruel joy her prey to win,
The hoary shape of disenchanted sin,
Above the nations bow'd, beneath her spell
Seals the pale covenant of death and hell.

Sixth Ghost. From the dungeon, from the cave,
From the battle, from the wave,
From the scaffold and its shame,
From the rack, and from the flame,
From the lava's molten stone,
Like a river coming on,
From the Samiel hot and swift,
From the earthquake's closing rift,
From the snow-waste's faithless flaws,
From the monster's rending jaws,
From the famish'd town, possess'd
By the blue and spotted pest,
From the lazarhouse of pain,
From the madhouse and its chain,
From the deathbed, even the best,
Where a mother sinks to rest,
With her children bowing near,
And their blessings in her ear,—
Day and night, day and night,
(Could we hear its gather'd might)
What a cry, what a cry,
Prayer, and shriek, and groan, and sigh,
(Ev'n the dumb have burst to speech,
In strong yearnings to beseech,)
Has gone up to Heaven from earth,
Since that curse of sin had birth!

Fifth Ghost. Not the fierce-peopled forest with such stress,
When night has lock'd up the black wilderness,
Cries unto God for meat: its cry is less.

Sixth Ghost. And that column'd sorrow bores
Through the bright eternal doors,
Mighty, mighty, piercing on
To the Hearer on his throne;
And it cries with a strong supplication,
At the head of the God of Salvation.

SEVENTH GHOST. With forces and with influences dumb
Wrapp'd round, from God the souls of infants come;
They fight through life, they swell that upward cry.
But—hardest thing to nature!—man must die.

FIRST GHOST. The glistening infant dies in its first laugh,
Like flower whose fragrance is its epitaph.

SECOND GHOST. Of pearly Venus let the fables tell,
Young Aphrodite in her rose-lipp'd shell,
Fresh from the white foam of the morning sea
Into the birth of beauty; ne'er was she
A lovelier emanation to the sight,
Than earth's young virgin in her dewy light.
But see her now!—a faded drooping thing,
(Her blue vein'd finger wears death's smallest ring,)
Sliding from off the marble seat of life,
She grasps the slippery polish:—useless strife!
Shuddering and shrinking o'er death's misty jaws,
They suck her down, the shade of what she was!

THIRD GHOST. Yon glorious youth! what time the sun's first light
Flames in the tree tops on the eastern height,
And high-wing'd eagles through the morn repair,
To clear their green eyes in the dew-cold air,
Forth steps he on men's gaze! The stains of fire
Are in his eye, so full of large desire;
Power on his strenuous forehead, o'er his face
Young hopes and ardours run their spangled race,
Hopes of high fame: nor earlier shall he miss
The living praise that waits on youth like this;
Pure friendship shall be his, love's holiest hour,
And beauty light'ning from her laticed bower.
But see, but see! death strikes the aspiring mark,
And slings his name for ever down the dark.

FOURTH GHOST. Manhood cut down, falls in his noon of day;
And like a shadow age declines away.

FIRST GHOST. Would the body's death were all
Might the sons of men befall!
But where the spent assault of light
In crystal tremblings dies away
Into the absorbing waste of night,
Beyond it I had power to stray:
Far beyond the voice of thunder,
Through the silent lands of wonder,
As they wait the birth of being,
I was given the power of seeing:
And I saw that baleful place,
Void of mercy and of grace,
For the outcasts of our race!
On the scath'd shore, as of a flood
Of fire, a naked creature stood,
Forlorn; and stooping, with his hand
He wrote along the barren sand
Remember'd things of upper air,
And earth so cool, and green, and fair.
But strong regrets convulsed his frame,
As aye he traced his mother's name,—
Regrets subdued to many a tear,
Down dropping on that name so dear.
Sounds through the darkness came; and lo!
Gleams of a fiery-crested flow!

The molten flood with crowding sway,
Near, nearer, lick'd those lines away,
Then rising with a sudden roar,
(The levell'd mist stream'd on before)
With horns of flame push'd out, it chas'd
That being o'er the sandy waste;
Till turning round, with blasphemies
Glaring from out his hollow eyes,
He dared the wrath that, ill defied,
Went o'er him with its whelming tide.
And sights and sounds I cannot name,
Were in that sore possessing flame.
Oh! place of anguish! place of dread!
Vail the eyes, and bow the head!

Second Ghost. A change comes o'er the night: how gracious soft
This light of upper earth to that sad dwelling!
The firmament is full of white meek clouds,
And in them is the moon; slowly she sails,
Edging each one with amber, as she slides
Behind it, and comes out again in glory.
Darkness falls like a breath, and silent brightness
Touches the earth alternately: how sweet!

Third Ghost. But who is this her vigil keeping
O'er a grave?

Fourth Ghost. The maid is sleeping.
I knew her in my earthly days,
A child of duty and of praise.
With her old widow'd father she
Dwells in her virgin purity.
And oft when he retires to rest,
She, with her holy thoughts possess'd,
Comes hither at the shut of day
To sit beside her mother's clay.
Hither this evening come again,
By slumber she is overta'en,

Fifth Ghost. Filial piety, how sweet!
Kiss her head, and kiss her feet!

Sixth Ghost. May these kisses, dove, infuse
Power to bear the nightly dews!

Fourth Ghost. How pleasant to renew my thoughts of earth,
Telling of all this damsel's early ways,
Left by her mother in her infant days,
Her father's only hope—his gladness from her birth!
Oft to the moorland places he his child
Led by the hand, or borne upon his back.
The curlew's nest he show'd her in their track,
And leveret's dewy play upon the whinny wild.
The while he dug his coat she quaintly dress'd
With flowers, aye peeping forth lest he might see
The unfinish'd fancy; then how pleased when he
Much wondering donn'd her work, when came his hour of rest!
Down sat she by him; and when hail or rain
Cross'd that high country with its streaming cloud,
She nestled in his bosom o'er her bow'd,
Till through the whitening rack look'd out the sun again.
And when his axe was in the echoing wood,
The wild and woody puzzle threading oft,
She o'er the rotting ferns and fungi soft,
Through boughs and blinding leaves her bursting way pursued.

The dry twig, matted in the spear-like grass,
Where fresh from morning's womb the orbed dew
Lies cold at noon, crack'd as she stepp'd light through,
Startling the cushat out close by the startled lass.
Her fluttering heart was ready then for fear;
Through the far-peeping glades she thought she saw
Forms beckoning, luring her; the while with awe
The air grew dark and dumb, listening for something drear.
The ferns were stirr'd, the leaves were shaken, rain
Fell in big drops, and thunder mutter'd low;
Back burst the flush'd dishevell'd girl, and O
How glad was she to hear her father's axe again!
Blythe sitting in the winter night, he made
Or mended by the fire his garden gear;
She with her mates, their faces glancing clear
From shade to ruddy light, quick flitting round him play'd.
And aye some sly young thing, in rosy joyance,
Look'd up between his knees, where she was hid;
Silent he work'd till she was found, then chid,
But in a way that just lured back the dear annoyance.
Up grew the virgin in her blooming beauty,
Filling her father's order'd house with grace.
And even o'er the Word she bow'd her face,
Binding her days and nights in one continuous duty.
When Sabbath came, she pluck'd him mint and thyme,
And led him forth, what time from farms around
By stile, and sunny croft, and meadow ground,
The parti-coloured folk came to the bell's sweet chime.
The simple people, gather'd by the sod
Of the new grave, or by the dial stone,
Made way, and blest her as she led him on
With short and tottering steps into the House of God.
And holy was their Sabbath afternoon,
The sunlight falling on that father's head
Through their small western casement, as he read
Much to his child of worlds which he must visit soon.
And if, his hand upon the book still laid,
His spectacles upraised upon his brow,
Frail nature slept in him, soft-going now
She screen'd the sunny pane, those dear old eyes to shade.
Then sitting in their garden plot, they saw
With what delicious clearness the far height
Seem'd coming near, and slips of falling light
Lay on green moorland spot and soft illumined shaw.
Turn'd to the sunny hills where he was nursed,
The old man told his child of bloody times,
Mark'd by the mossy stone of half-sunk rhymes;
And in those hills he saw her sainted mother first.

FIFTH GHOST. And the damsel came this eve,
O'er that mother's dust to grieve.

FOURTH GHOST. She would fold her arms, and go
To the dark of death below;
Might a space her mother be
Let up the gladsome day to see.

SIXTH GHOST. But with thoughts eternal now
Gather'd on her sober brow,
And in her clear and awful eye,
Purged with heavenly sanctity,
What to her were joy and mirth,
All the light and love of earth?

SEVENTH GHOST. By the embers' dying light,
In the drowsy wane of night,
Her spouse would see come in,
Slowly entering without din,
Sweetly solemn, seal'd from sin.
Trembling, rising, going near,
Of her welfare fain he'd hear:
Is she well? And does she live?
Milk and honey he would give.
A holy joy, but no excess,
Through her pure body passionless
Would thrilling go, to hear that voice
Which made her wedded days rejoice.
In silence gazing still on him,
Till tears her spiritual eyes bedim,
Sweet murmurs bless him; round she flings
A glance on old remember'd things;
Another gaze on him; and then
She's vanish'd from the world of men.

FIRST GHOST. Lo! on the maiden's knee the Book of Life!
Kiss every leaf—kiss every wondrous leaf!
The charter of the paradise we've won,
And heaven we hope for—kiss each blessed leaf!

SECOND GHOST. Had we, some eighteen hundred years ago,
Been passing through a certain eastern village,
We might have seen a fair-hair'd little boy
Stand at his mother's door; in no rude play
Joining his fellows; grave but holy, sweet
Of countenance. Who's that little boy? The God
Who made the worlds—the very God of heaven!

THIRD GHOST. Love to man, and great salvation!
Wondrous, wondrous incarnation!

FOURTH GHOST. Ever going to his bed,
At his little feet and head
Looks his mother, laden she
With her burden'd mystery;
Still with tears of wonder weeping
O'er the mystic infant sleeping:
He's her Son, but he's her Lord!
O! the blessed, blessed Word!

FIFTH GHOST. This book's his Word, and He himself's the Word!
This book is the white horses of Salvation,
The chariot this, and this the Conqueror!
Go forth thou Lion-Lamb, far forward bending!
Strike through dark lands with thy all-piercing eyes!
See, see the shadows break—tumultuous stir,
Masses, abysses! But among them stand,
Pillars of steadfastness, majestic shapes,
Grizzly, the principalities and powers
Of outer night, wearing upon their brows
Defiance and the swarthy bloom of hell.
Go in among them, Thou, go down upon them,
Queller of all dark kings, Great Head of Flame!
Them with thy lightnings and compelling thunders
Smite, bow them backward, sweep them to their place!
Burn with thy wheels! Trample the darkness down
To melting light, and make it thy clear kingdom!

SIXTH GHOST. Worthy is the Lion-Lamb!
Glory to the great I AM!

SEVENTH GHOST. The slacken'd stars burning reluctant through
Time's gather'd fur obstructive, shall be clear'd,
And beautified, and quicken'd; with new light
The moon shall fill her spiritual horns; the sun
Shall be replenish'd with an ampler flame;
And all the spheres retouch'd to harmony.
Sin-spotted youth, world-wearied; difficult age,
Cramp'd down with stiff-bow'd torments; homeless outcasts,
Lying in destitute benumbed caves;
And wanderers reasonless, fantastical,
Gibb'ring abroad, what time the moon is hunting
In thin white silence in the shadowy woods;
And stricken creatures in the lazar-house,
Who know no kin, in whom care more than pain
Drinks up the eyes and blood in the night watches,
Or the half draught of suicidal poison
(Remorse and shudd'ring nature spilt the rest,)
Holds its pale quarrel at the heart's red gates;
And they whose hearts are lock'd up by despair,
And the key flung into the pit of hell,—
Even these, all wasted and imperfect natures,
Shall be renew'd and finish'd, and shall walk
Like angels in the white millennial day,
Day of dead war and of consummate peace:
And that upgoing pillar'd cry of sadness
Shall be an equal sound of praise and gladness.

FIRST GHOST. This little Book the instrument—shall be
Fill'd with the spirit; kiss it reverently!

SECOND GHOST. And this virgin bless again,
Free from sin, and free from pain!

THIRD GHOST. Her no fabled cestus, wrought
In the magic looms of thought,
Of Gorgon hairs, and coldest gleams
From Dian o'er the morning streams,
And plumes which staid Minerva gave
At midnight from her bird so grave,
Tissued in mystic warp with rays
Pluck'd from Apollo's head a blaze,
And stings of wit, whose arrow-tips
In poignant wrath he keenly dips—
A woven dream—encircles round.
A better girdle she has found
In her filial piety,
And that good Book for ever nigh,
In angels, and the Comforter,
Whom her dear Lord has sent to her.
Be she where the tempests blow
O'er the North the hail and snow;
Be she where in Southern lands
Hot winds lift the winnow'd sands,
Peace with her shall still abide,
The peace that comes from Jesus' side.

FOURTH GHOST. Child of duty, child of honour,
Thus we breathe our wish upon her:
Bless her to death's earnest gates,
Leading to the separate states;
Bless her to the judgment-seat—
Bless her to the heavens complete!

FIFTH GHOST. But, ha! I smell the breath of day;
Come away, come away (THE GHOSTS VANISH.)

THE WORLD OF LONDON. PART VII.

STRANGERS IN LONDON.

The reader, who may have travelled with us as a traveller should, observing, combining, and reflecting as he goes along, will by this time have justly concluded that all the materials of this series are so many corollaries deducible from the magnitude of the place, and that all our observations upon life and character are so many involutions of the great problems of extension and space in the world of London. It is to the magnitude of the banquet set before us, that we are indebted for the opportunity of culling, at our pleasure, the most tempting dishes; it is the breadth of our canvass that enables us to work our lights and shadows with a bold and liberal pencil, and to give distinctness and individuality to the characters that form the foreground of our picture. To-day, reader, we are about to set out on our travels: we purpose visiting Ireland, Scotland, Wales, without stirring from our easy-chair: we behold these nations through the medium of their representatives, sitting in the great congress of this vast metropolis: we observe their physical and moral characteristics, habits of life, modes of thought, and turns of expression, with such modifications only as result from their transference from their country to ours; and although we are able to form no ideas of the aspect of their country, the magnificence of their public buildings, their church steeples so many hundred feet high, their galleries of pictures, their palaces and gardens, or their great men, we can yet approximate somewhat to an estimate of their national character; since no man, of whatever country, when thrown abroad into the world, fails to retain more or less of the individuality which distinguishes him from other members of the great family of man.

In contemplating these exotics, we must make certain allowances for change of soil and climate, and we must also beware how far we identify the national character with the examples afforded us in London life, since, when we turn to the contemplation of strangers in London, we must necessarily see numbers of adventurers: of the men of any country, unlike her commodities, the most favourable samples are not always selected for exportation.

One of the most striking—if not, indeed, *the* most striking proof, at once of the immensity of London, and of its resources, is the general asylum it affords adventurers of all ranks and countries.

London! the needy villain's general home, is the remark of Samuel Johnson; and it is true, although not coming with the best grace from *Samivel*, who, at the time he wrote the imitation of the satire of Juvenal which brought him into notice, was little better than a needy villain himself.

However, London is not only large enough, and rich enough for the support of her own children, but is enabled to supply the means of life to thousands upon thousands "of little adopted" denizens of all lands, whose children have any thing, whether of hands or head, to furnish, which can minister to her necessities, luxuries, or enjoyments. We have, on a former occasion, likened the city to the *heart* of this great body corporate, and the circumjacent neighbourhoods to the extremities: for the purposes of our present enquiry, we may borrow an illustration from the parent country, represented by the heart, and her thousand colonies, gathered round her for protection and convenient intercourse, represented by the borough districts of London. The character of the population differs materially in the city and surrounding metropolitan districts: the hereditary Cockney flourishing in the former, while the transplanted provincial finds his abiding place in the latter. The franchises, privileges, and immunities of the city of London, although less valuable to individual members of the several corporations than formerly, have still sufficient attraction to induce the natural born citizens to remain within the walls, where strangers from the provinces, or from other countries, obtain a footing with difficulty.

Without the walls, however, the case is reversed; there you find three-fourths, at least, of the professional, trading, and labouring population are contributions from the provinces: enter a dozen shops and enquire the *natale solum* of the occupiers, you will find one or two from Kent, one from Essex, one from Norfolk, three or four, perhaps, from the midland counties; one from Scotland or the border, and the remainder native-born metropolitans. Impelled from all quarters by their several ambitions and necessities, but chiefly from the all-absorbing desire of gain, adventurers from all quarters, and of every class, are attracted to the metropolis; of these, many succeed in establishing themselves here, but many more failing, retire again to the provinces, where, since they cannot gratify the darling wish of their heart to live in London, they contrive to borrow some distinction even in leaving it: if it be not their fate to remain there, it is something to *have been* there, as the inscriptions over the doors of the shops of provincial traders abundantly testify.

We have all heard and laughed at the anecdote of the provincial *snip*, who, finding his genius unappreciated in this vast metropolis, where, probably, he never rose higher in his profession than the manufacture of military inexpressibles at fourpence a pair, returned in disgust to his native village, where his presence was sufficiently indicated by a capacious signboard over his door, bearing the inscription, in flaming yellow—"SNAGGS, tailor, from LONDON." The veteran aboriginal *schneider* of the place, who had never stirred more than a day's journey from his native village, stared through his tear-dimmed barnacles at this, to him, signal of a speedy transference of custom to his learned friend on the opposite side.

Nor was he disappointed: the tailor "from London" for a time carried all before him, when a happy idea struck his discomfited rival. Procuring a board of the shape and dimensions of his friend over the way, the veteran had *his* denomination painted upon it in letters of the like size and colour, thus—"BAGGS, tailor, *never was in London!*" The villagers enjoyed the joke, and, what was more to the purpose, returned to their allegiance to their native "king of shreds and patches."

Not having the particulars of the recent census before us, we cannot inform our readers in what proportion the several counties of England and Wales furnish their migratory quota to swell the full tide of human existence in the metropolis: the counties bordering London, however, do not contribute in the like ratio of those at greater distance: this may probably result from the population of the immediately suburban counties being chiefly agricultural, and therefore less adapted to administer to the wants and requirements of town life: it is from those parts of the country abounding with towns that London is mainly recruited, the natural tendency of the labourer, artizan, shopkeeper, and professional person, being to escape from the narrower to the wider sphere of action.

From the manufacturing towns, for example, the *elite* of the workmen in their respective handicrafts migrate to London: Birmingham and Sheffield furnish workers in brass and iron: Bristol, hatters and sugar refiners: and all other places in like manner, which produce in common with the metropolis, send forth their first-rate hands; these, together with the vast numbers of home-manufactured artizans, who are usually of a superior clsss, have raised the character of London manufactured articles wherever British enterprize has carried them—that is to say, to the furthest ends of the earth.

There are minute traces of provincialism notable in the natives of almost every county in England, and although the asperities of manner may be rounded off by collision in London, still some trifling marks of their characteristic peculiarities will remain: the accent betrays in an instant the man of Yorkshire, Cumberland, Westmorland, and Somersetshire: the former, moreover, is distinguished by his attachment to broad brims and brass buttons, and by his lamb-like innocence in all matters relating to driving a bargain, especially in the article of horse-flesh. The Norfolk man is characterized by his devotion to dumplings—the Cornish man, on the contrary, glories in his proverbial attachment to pies: these last pride themselves much on their personal strength, and have annual Olympic games at Chalk Farm,

where extraordinary feats of strength and activity are performed. The Welsh, now that they have got a prince of their own to brag of, it would be little less than treason to omit from our catalogue, preserve even in London the distinctive traits of the ancient Briton: irascible and peppery, as are all primitive nations, he is generous and hospitable—fond of cherishing remembrances of the ancient glories of the bards and heroes of his country: the adventure of Fluellen and his leek is sure to throw him into an ecstasy, and he is decidedly of opinion, that the two greatest men in Europe are Sir Charles Morgan and Sir Watkyn.

Of mere strangers, foreigners in fact, though not in law, the Irish in London have the numerical majority, amounting, as near as we can guess, to about two hundred thousand: giving them the benefit of precedence, we shall find an interest in observing their peculiarities, individual and national.

The Irish in London may be divided into three classes or denominations—the high Irish, fine Irish, or Irish absentee; secondly, the middling, intermediate, or adventuring Irish; and thirdly, the low, labouring, or mere Irish—this last being the class that determines, in the eyes of the Londoner, the character of the entire nation. The high or absentee Irish abound in London; it is calculated that at least four millions of pounds sterling are withdrawn from their native country by this class, a considerable proportion being of course expended in the metropolis, the remainder dissipated upon the continent, and at the watering places throughout the empire. The only national distinctiveness of this class, is their anxiety to avoid the suspicion of nationality: you may detect them in society, by their extraordinary exertions to convince you that they are not Irish, in the same way that you may identify a suspicious individual, by his protestations of his honesty of purpose and integrity of character.

One of this class is also easily recognized by his volunteered hostility against his countrymen and country, if that man can be said to boast either the one or the other, whose chief object is, to revile the former, and deny the latter. Conscious of his neglect of those natural duties imposed by Providence upon the possessor of property of whatever kind—much more that particular property with which the comfort, prosperity, and even existence of his fellow-creatures are entwined—he justifies himself by affecting to believe, that those who depend upon him are unworthy his paternal care: they are ignorant, therefore they are to be left uneducated; filthy and squalid, therefore they are to be deprived of the benefit of resident examples of tidiness and comfort; turbulent and riotous, they are therefore to be abandoned to turbulence and riot, instead of being led through the paths of plenty into pleasantness and peace. Many of these Irish, in Saxon clothing, never cease to earn contempt for themselves by bespattering their country: they are Irishmen, they will tell you, by maladventure; by accident, not choice; nobody, they say, can help his misfortunes, and to have been born in Ireland is one of them: with a thinly disguised brogue, redolent of Munster, they will discourse of the barbarous accent of their compatriots, and with a face of the symmetry and complexion of a pink eye potatoe, they will animadvert upon the defects of Milesian physiognomies.

This class of persons have much to answer for: they complain as bitterly of the state of their country as if its pre-eminently wretched condition is not in a great measure attributable to their desertion and neglect of that country: they expect that their dependents should regard with respect and affection those who, with education, station, leisure, and the finest field for the exercise of practical patriotism that ever lay beneath the eye of man, choose to forget that they have a country; who imagine that, while neglecting their own duties as the natural protectors of their people, the government of the country shall be enabled to supply their places, and render Ireland prosperous, contented, and happy. The contrast between the English and Irish landowner is by no means favourable to the latter. Whatever may be the political or religious opinions or prejudices of the landed proprietor on this side the water, he is never found to indulge in expressions of contumely or disrespect towards his own countrymen. He does not carry vindictive antipathies to the parish school, the cottager's

fireside, or the bench of justice: he does not consider that the whole duty of the tenant consists in making the rent, and the sole obligation of the landlord in spending it as soon as he gets it.

The Irish aristocrat in London is distinguished only as an aspirant to the paradise of the exclusive—a distinction he rarely attains. The world of science or of letters owe him nothing. He is great in horse-flesh, a keen hand at the whist and hazard table; although never taking a decided position as a man of *ton*, he is tolerated as a capital *raconteur*, jolly good fellow, and boon companion. With this success his poor ambition is satisfied, and through an undistinguished and useless life, he clings with desperate fidelity to the outskirts of fashionable society.

The middling, intermediate, or adventuring Irish abound in London, not from choice, but of necessity; their own country affording no facilities of getting a livelihood. Under the late *paternal* government, (long may it be the *late*;) the mere fact of being a native of that country was a sufficient disqualification for any aspirant to an office which an abandoned *roué*, broken down turfite, or brother bumpkin of my Lord Morpeth, from this side the water, would condescend to accept: even the office of Under Secretary of State, always under a Conservative Government conferred upon a native of Ireland, was bestowed, with characteristic effrontery, upon a person of whom the country knew nothing, or who knew nothing of the country. In a country where, by some strange infatuation, every sort of practical business-like education is considered mean and derogatory, it is not wonderful that gentlemen of talent, as they are called, should become a drug in the market; nor, in a country where the patronage of government is to the educated classes what the possession of land is to the peasantry, the means, and the *sole* means of life, is it to be wondered at that there should be multitudes of gentlemen of talent upon whose heads the patronage of government should fail to fall? These multitudes find their way to London; and in the whole range of London adventurers there is probably no style of man so ill adapted for success. He seems altogether to overlook the important truth, that London is not a literary, but a commercial city. Without the slightest pretension to a commercial education, without commercial experience, without ever having been initiated in the art of buying cheap and selling dear, pre-eminently the art of London life, he throws himself into the midst of the great bazar; and when we add that he is without capital, the *life* of London life, we are at no loss to draw our conclusions as to the causes of his non-success.

He is a martyr to the impracticable education in vogue with his countrymen. Latin and Greek, wit and humour, he has in abundance, and those are almost the only articles for which there exists, in London, no demand. You need not be at the trouble to enquire what your adventuring Irishman is doing in London—he has but one ostensible occupation, which he seems to think the only pursuit worthy his extensive talents—the pursuit of the bar. He is always coming to the bar, and subsists, *ad interim*, by reporting for the public press, for which he has established a reputation of peculiar talent. Occasionally he makes his way, with difficulty, to the sub-editorship, or even editorship of many of the provincial, and a few of the metropolitan journals; but as his habits are understood to be convivial, and as his means are rarely more than adequate to the necessities of the day, he seldom rises to the dignity of a share in the proprietary.

He is, moreover, a labourer in other departments of periodical literature, contributes to the magazines and reviews, and is an important personage in managing that great intellectual cemetery, the Library of the British Museum. It is true, the literary resurrection-men, who swarm there in multitudes, countless as musquitoes battening upon the carcass of a dead nigger, are of all nations, climes, and even colours; nor do they carry on the trade of depredation in the silence and darkness of night, like their more modest brethren, the purveyors of the dissecting rooms; but may be seen, in the full blaze of the garish day, scraping away at the bones of monkish chroniclers, dragging from their graves compilers of musty manuscripts, putting an old poet bodily into their bag, or scooping the brains out of the skull of a Scotch metaphysician.

If the originality of these gentry was in any thing like the ratio of their industry, what treasures of literature should we not soon possess! Here, you see an attendant tumbling a wheelbarrow full of books to the feet of a transcribing author, busy getting up, at fifteen shillings a-week, the materials of a penny magazine; there, a genius of high intellectual powers, phrenologically developed in the smooth expanse of his *os frontis*, sits in the midst of a pile of ponderous tomes, like another Marius, looking round the room with poetic frenzy; a third, unwashed, unshaven, in a seedy suit of black, lays down his pen, while he scratches the shrubbery on the top of his head for a creeper or idea; a fourth, smelling intensely of onion, furtively munches the bread and cheese deposited in the pocket handkerchief in his lap; here and there you may see, thumbing some trashy novel, a literary lady, (ugly, of course, and usually with a hole in her stocking,) who takes this desperate mode of recommending herself to the notice of the surrounding literary hodmen; and here we may be permitted to observe, how utterly perverted from its purpose is this valuable place:—if an old woman has forgotten how to make black puddings, she flies forthwith to the British Museum, and writes an order for a cookery book: if a parcel of brats of boys desire to study "Little Red Riding-Hood," or the "Adventures of Mother Goose," they must needs squat themselves down in the British Museum: if a forlorn *blue*, verging towards the desperation of six-and-thirty, wishes to peruse the "Comical struck Cobbler," or some other interesting new work of fiction, instead of paying twopence for that privilege at a circulating library, she is off to have a spell for nothing at the British Museum. The consequence is, that what with the mob, the noise, and smell of cheese and onions, no scientific, professional, or literary man, who may require works of reference, and for whose use and benefit the Library is intended, can abide the place; and if they do venture, the odds are ten to one the transcribing authors, brats of boys, old women and literary ladies, have not left the poor man a seat to sit down on; and yet, in the teeth of all this, do we find the editors of newspapers pestered with epistles from "Pedagogus," and "Vesperus Scholasticus," and "Philo-Bookus," to implore the Trustees to turn the reading-room into an evening school for all the "tutorers" and twopenny-halfpenny a week schoolmasters of the metropolis. Why does not Lord Brougham, who seems at his wits' end for something to do, establish a dispensary for these houseless and destitute book-worms, where trash adapted to their tastes and constitutions may be administered *gratis*, whereby the treasures of that noble library may be rendered accessible to those who require, and who know how to use them? If a benevolent institution of this sort were set agoing, and a workshop, with scissors, paste, manifold copybooks, calculating machines, pewter pots, and the like suitable apparatus, provided for the transcribing authors, where the good old English of our classic authors may be conveniently translated into the unknown or Cockney tongue, and if all persons were excluded from the reading-room *who have no business there*, we should soon see the effects of this blessed change on our national literature.

Here, as they have little else to do, we find your adventuring Irishmen in abundance; here some study, and others kill time, the implacable and unrelenting enemy of the unemployed of London.

In another defect of this class of men, you may discover the effects of their impracticable and unbusiness-like education: we allude to their disposition, the result of circumstances, to make their way to fortune by the by-roads and crooked paths of life. One hears that Corney Mulligan (whose father is no more than a poor huxter in Tralee) married a tailor's daughter with thirty thousand pounds; our hero, considering himself as tall and proper a man as Corney, sees no reason in life why *he* should not marry another tailor's daughter with another thirty thousand—as if tailors' daughters with thirty thousand pounds were as plenty as plums in a dumpling. Another sees Vincent Macsweeny, who qualified as member for Ballyraggget, out of ten acres of turf-bog, sporting a blood bay in the Park on Sundays: he *has* heard that Vincent "shakes his elbow" to some purpose, and thinks, *if he had any luck*, he might be able to sport his bit

of blood as well as Vincent Macsweeny. A third hears that Jack Maguire is getting on famously at the bar, and forthwith resolves to emulate the fame and fortune of Jack Maguire. We, however, who know Jack better, are aware that the poor fellow has spent a snug little property in the pursuit of his profession, his emolument therefrom consisting in a guinea a circuit for the defence of some unlucky delinquent; the profits of his practice at Westminster you might put all in your eye, and see none the worse for! For the steady contemplation of his prospects in life, for a severe calculation of probabilities, or for a self-denying determination to select and pursue, with English perseverance and English industry, an humble but lucrative line of life, our too well educated friend from the sister isle has no talent whatever; his education, while giving him much that a gentleman should not want, deprives him of the faculty of stooping to conquer that which a gentleman *must* have, namely, a gentlemanly independence; rendering him keenly sensitive to slight the ideas he has imbibed at home, deprive him of much of the inclination, and of all the power, to put himself in those worldly circumstances upon which the world looks not slightingly; he has his pride, and it may be a worthy pride, but it is a pride opposed to the pride of an Englishman, and therefore *here* it is in many cases offensive, and in all ridiculous.

Hence it is that you hear so many complaints, from Irish gentlemen, of the aversion and hostility with which they imagine they are regarded by Englishmen; to hear them talk, you would imagine that all England was in a conspiracy against them to crush their rising talent, and to put them down. Never was prejudice so unjust. An Englishman deals with the adventurer of other countries in a spirit worthy his commercial character;—he examines him; if he finds he suits the market, he buys him; if otherwise, he will have nothing to do with him. Now the fact is, the great majority of the class we are considering do not suit the English market; the Irishman is ardent, vivacious, enthusiastic, impulsive; the Englishman calm, sober, deliberative, persevering. The pride of the latter is his industry and enterprize, that of the former a less practical pride; but it does not follow, that because men or goods will not suit a certain market, that they are therefore either hated or despised. A dolphin is a noble creature in his proper place; but his gambols and vagaries give him no title to estimation when mingling in the society of whales.

We could adduce many creditable instances of Irishmen taking a highly respectable rank in various phases of London life; but we know not one solitary case wherein the character of such individuals was not either originally akin to the English character, or tamed down by observation, judgment, and discretion, to the sobriety of character pre-eminently the characteristic of the people of this country. He who would get on in London, be he of what country he may, must not only have a character, but an Anglicised character; it will not do that he is hospitable, generous, warm-hearted, open-handed, talented, capable, quick; qualities such as these, although leaning to virtue's side, are apt to be counterbalanced by corresponding disqualifications, such as improvidence, intemperance, unsteadiness. In London, men must do as men do in London. You must be sedate, industrious, economical, persevering to the end; cautious in your dealings, hard in your bargains, prompt in your payments, punctual in all your engagements; modest in dress and deportment, not a loud dogmatic talker; unskilled in tavern politics and pothouse theology. You must put on a pair of moral winkers, so that you may only see straight before you in the path you have chosen to pursue through life. You must marry, prudently if you can, but society demands security for good conduct, and you must marry; be you of what country you may, we tell you, despite the grumbling of gin-and-water tavern-haunters, you will be well received and well esteemed in London; and with health, strength, and the blessing of God, you cannot fail to obtain an honest, which is an honourable, living. If, indeed, you would be distinguished and eminent; if you aspire not merely to independence, but to independence with renown, you have proposed to yourself neither less nor more than to climb a precipice; ease, repose, and leisure

must be strangers to you; the tender domesticities of life you must eschew, the delightful intercourse of friends you may not indulge in; toil by night and day, unintermitting toil, must be your portion; and, in addition to all this, you must be gifted in no ordinary degree by nature. But

——— "Whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or, darkling, grubs this earthly hole
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious *self-control*
Is wisdom's root."

We must not be understood, in our advice to strangers either now engaged in London life, or meditating a trial of fortune there, to mean, that it is either necessary, advisable, or right to de-nationalize themselves, and to endeavour to forget that they have a country. We should no more inculcate such infamy as this, than we should advise the perpetration of any other unnatural crime: your citizen of the world is generally a cold-hearted, selfish, good-to-nobody-but-himself sort of fellow: what we would insist on is, that if a man wishes to succeed, he should adapt himself to the constitution of the country wherein he desires adoption, so far as that adaptation may be consistent with good taste and honesty: if he should have had the misfortune to spend his early days in a country where humble industry is derided and contemned; where babbling, bullying, and outrageous talking seem to form the business of men's lives; where from boyhood to extreme age, rabid religious and political bigotry prevail; where every man of education spends his life earwigging third-rate officials for a pull at the public pocket; where the social amusements of gentlemen consist in horse-racing, punch-drinking, card-playing, and pistoling; and where *blarney*, that native dialect of political and religious humbugs, paid patriots, and slaves, is cultivated with enthusiasm, the sooner he forgets his early education, and goes to school with sensible men, the better.

Another defect, observable in the conduct of Irishmen in London, which we have often heard severely animadverted upon by Englishmen, is a propensity to indulge in a low, backbiting vituperation of the character and conduct of any of their countrymen who may happen to come upon the *tapis*. We have heard an Englishman—a sincere and warm friend of natives of the sister island—declare that he never heard the character of one Irishman canvassed in a company where there was another Irishman, that the latter had not something to say against the former, in depreciation of his birth, family, or religion, or in vituperation of his political or social behaviour—and this, too, from the lips of those who made themselves conspicuous as the loudest and most dogmatic eulogists of their common country. This we believe to be quite true; and we take this to be mainly the cause of whatever aversion gentlemen of the Emerald Isle may be regarded in this country: surely, when you see two birds of the same nest bespatter one another, it is a fair and logical conclusion that they are birds of an unfavourable feather. The persons who indulge in this shameless conduct do not appear to know that a portion of that contempt they so liberally express for their own countrymen must fall upon their country, that is, upon themselves; and so sure as no man ever yet came off with flying colours in a row with his own relations, so sure is it that he will reap nothing but his fair share of contempt, who expresses himself contemptuously or depreciatingly of those who are connected with him by the endearing relationship of a common country. If serious in his libels (for in this course of conduct truth is a libel) he injures those who have never injured him, by creating a perpetuating prejudice: if jocose, for some of these vituperators are diverting vagabonds, he propagates contempt: in either case, the course we have known to be attended with the most salutary effect is, to receive gentlemen of this stamp on the first or second floor, and when they commence operations, either as satirists or buffoons, to give them five minutes to *prove* their assertions, and, in case of failure, to assist them in making their *exit* with all imaginable velocity from the most convenient window.

That we may not be accused of exaggerating this peculiarly Hibernian characteristic, we will take the trouble to transcribe, *verbatim*, from our short-hand notes, a politico-religious pothouse conversation we had

the misfortune to be compelled to listen to, at one of the taverns greatly frequented by your houseless Irishmen in London.

The reader will picture to the eye of his imagination a dingy parlour, wainscoted with imitation oak, lighted by half a dozen tallow eights, and plentifully besprinkled with saw-dust, somewhere in the immediate neighbourhood of the Theatres-Royal. The *dramatis personæ* consist of a plethoric, well fed, tidily togged Englishman, a yard of clay in his mouth, and a tankard of Kennet ale before him; a couple of Irishmen, puffing away at cubas, sixteen a shilling, moistened with the customary potable whisky-punch; some trivial observation upon a paragraph in the evening paper opens the question, and the question is no sooner opened than the discussion begins. Upon this eventful occasion, the conversation we carefully noted, screened from observation by an intervening hat; the Englishman opened the ball, observing that the election of O'Connell as Lord Mayor of Dublin, was confirmed in the *Globe*.

First Irishman. Yes, sir; the Liberator is the man; and the Orange corporation is for ever extinct.

Second Irishman. The Liberator! a vile, cowardly, begging impostor, not fit, by ——! to clean——

First I. The moral regenerator, sir, of his country; the greatest——

Second I. Thief, knave, rascal, blackguard middleman, low, vulgar—

First I. Washington, Napoleon, Kosciusko of——

Second I. Every thing that is low, base, mercenary, selfish——

First I. Exalted, high-minded, patriotic, self-denying——

Second I. Greedy, needy, blarneying, bullying, swaggering, intense—

First I. Patriotism, private virtue, public honesty, political——

Second I. Profligacy, knavery, irreligion, d——n me, that ever disgraced the name of a——

First I. Great, glorious, and free people; yes, sir, "hereditary bondsmen, know ye not, who would be free, themselves must"——

Second I. Hang up all the priests on one gallows, and O'Connell dancing at the end of a rope: by the Lord, I would go a thousand miles with peas in my——

First I. Opinion is, that without O'Connell, by the powers, Europe would relapse into——

Second I. Peace and plenty, by the holy, that's what we want—none of your d——d, infernal, rascally, knavish——

First I. Autocrats and despots stand in awe of his little finger: gentlemen, I propose the right hon——

Second I. Glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and good——

First I. Daniel O'Connell, M.P., Lord Mayor of Dublin, who——

Second I. Delivered us from Popery, slavery, wooden shoes, and brass money; may he that will not drink this toast be rammed and crammed into the great——

Englishman. *Globe* says that Mr O'Connell is a very fit man for the office, now I think the——

Second I. Blue pills of perdition and popery——

First I. Descended in unbroken succession from the Apostles and Saint——

Second I. Blazes! what a speech, when we all know, as well as we know the taste of whisky, that every devil of a Pope kept as many——

E. Pints of alf and alf, screws of tobacco, goes of gin, and——

First I. Self-denying, virtuous, temperate people of——

Second I. Hordes of thieving, murdering, bigoted priest-ridden savages, ready for every——

First I. Quiet moral revolution, worked out by the——

E. *Globe* says that O'Connell is a very fit man for the office, now I think——

Second I. H—ll and perdition! talk of M'Gillicuddy being a judge of horses? may I be d—d if his father didn't sell my uncle Tom a rascally hack for two hundred pounds, and by the same token his mother was caught in the bed with——

First I. The archbishop of Dublin, sir, is a patron of the National System of Education; not because he got his situation from the Whigs, but because——

Second I. Hookey! we know all about that: you recollect the two little girls we met on Sunday forenoon at the corner of——

First I. Canada, sir, and Ireland, are in precisely similar circumstances

with respect to the monstrous tyranny of——

Second I. Joe Macarty, indeed! don't I recollect when not one belonging to him had a whole breeches; and when my uncle Tom of Tommy-View used to lend him one of his eleven hunters, just to——

First I. Extinguish despotism, and secure the inevitable extinction of a diphlogisticated anarchy in the habitable——

E. Globe says that Mr O'Connell is a very fit man for the——

Second I. Just so, my old buck: and that reminds me that I forgot to propose the Pope in pillory, the pillory in——

First I. Heaven and earth! Is not the accursed Union the cause of all the misery and degradation in——

Second I. H—ll, and the devil pelting priests at——

First I. The shade of the mighty Napoleon——

E. The *Globe* says——

Second I. Talking of Napoleon reminds me of Bob Beamish: he wore a cocked hat, but no matter; his father was only a pig-butcher in the beautiful city of——

E. The *Globe* says that Mr O'Connell is a very fit man for the office; now I think a decided political partisan is not a fit man to hold the office of Lord Mayor.

With this profound observation we had hoped the discussion would have come to an end, but it appeared it was merely beginning; looking over our notes, and discovering, as we thought, nothing either original or profound, we concluded that the wisdom or wit would not wax more abundant as the evening grew late and the disputants muzzy: paying the reckoning, we took our departure, no way surprised at the quiet contempt with which the sober, self-restricted Englishman must regard these rabid wretches, who, not caring for aught save the gratification of their own mutual hate and folly, must needs strip naked their absurdities of speech, thought, and action, and turn them loose upon the town, to the infinite injury and discredit of every man who would add to the respectability of his country by respecting himself, and who exhibits his pride of country by so comporting himself that his country may be proud of him.

Perhaps we are expected to give our readers some idea of the outward and visible man of the middle class Irishman in London: whether in a coffee-room or on the street, you can hardly mistake him, if your eye has been accustomed long to the contemplation of national physiognomies—tall, athletic, robust, he has not either in face or figure the breeding or feeding of the Englishman, through whose hereditary blood the nutritive and chylofactory roast beef and strong ale have been amalgamated since the days of Edward the Confessor: he is sometimes a good-looking fellow, but more frequently partaking of the raw-head-and-bloody-bones school, like his brethren the Picts: he rejoices in a amplitude of whisker, flourishing luxuriantly even to the corners of the lip, and growing halfway down the esophagus, for all we know to the contrary; of this he is ridiculously vain, attributing to his hirsute luxuriance some capillary attraction with the fair sex, the nature whereof passes our powers of comprehension to divine: his gait is usually a semi-military march, the hat cocked a little on one side, the wearer regarding you with somewhat of a defiant air: he is sometimes over, usually under, seldom well dressed, and his *tout ensemble* is generally that of a man not on the most familiar intimacy with the money market.

Scotchmen are to be found in London, as every where else, but not in that proportion you would be led to expect from the immensity of the place. The practical shrewdness and intuitive plain sense with which natives of that country are so bountifully endowed, and which have become so interwoven with the national character, that one overlooks the advantage of their admirable system of education, and imagines that Scotchmen are *born* with a sharp eye to business, enables them to see, that unless they have a connexion established, the capitalists of London are too heavy metal to contend with. Accordingly, you see very few Scotchmen in proportion to other adventurers hanging loose upon society in London: in this particular he differs materially from the Irishman, who when he quits London thinks he quits life. The Scotchman regards London with a view to bettering his condition or making his fortune: the Irishman regards it as a pleasant place to live in, and his

ambition is satisfied if he earn a living, because a living is success to him who cannot get a living at home.

Sandy, however, is a long-headed fellow, and looks a great way beyond the end of his nose: he knows his sound, worldly, hard-handed habits will gain him a living any where, but that does not satisfy him: his dreams by night, for he is wide awake in the day transport him to some sweet little vale among the braes of Balwhidder, where he was reared, and where he means to return a nabob, like Jemmy MacPherson, and buy up the whole territory: his desire is to aggrandize Scotland in his own person, and therefore looks out upon the wide world as the field for the accomplishment of his purpose, indifferent whether his fate consigns him to the Arctic or Antarctic Pole. No man is better calculated to rub along than your Scot: of a hardy race, inured to labour, and no way fastidious in his living, he is sure to fall upon his legs, wherever you fling him. But it is to his education he owes every thing: he has it at his own door, under the keen eye and watchful care of educated parents; and when we say *educated*, let it not be understood to mean pedantical humbugs, inflated with Horatian metres, or stuffed up to the gorge with catalectic dithyrambic-iambic anapæsts, which, we are given to understand, are the nicknames of crippled syllables that hop up and down the classical world like beggars upon crutches; but men who have studied the philosophy of history in the heroic struggles of their fathers for independence, political and religious, who have acquired their proverbial habits of industry in forcing a niggard soil against nature to be productive, and whose rules of life, conduct, and conversation must be the best, since drawn from the pages of that blessed Book given by God to man for his guide and instructor in his pilgrimage from this world to the world to come. The independence of their country, secured by the indomitable might of men in whose eyes slavery was the worst of deaths, and death in resisting tyranny but the beginning of a better life, has given the sons of Scotland a moral elevation, which is their first and best letter of recommendation. Their mode of life, equally removed from squalid poverty which knows no hope, and luxury which enervates while it refines, adapts him for wrestling with the world, whether abroad or at home, while his system of early education is that best calculated to attain independence, and to teach him to enjoy with moderation and sobriety the blessings independence can bestow. The Scot is never ashamed for a moment of his country; nay, we will go further, and say, that we have never known a Scot indifferent to, or forgetful of, his country; he has a pride in his accent, his physical characteristics, and the garb of Old Gaul. The bagpipe sounds in his ear like the voice of a clansman, and his penny is always ready for the brother Scot who extricates, from elbow-strictured bag, every variety of intonation from grunt to squeak, mellowed into tenderness by the rich luxuriance of the ever-rumbling drone. If you are skilled in the mysteries of the tartan, you need hardly enquire his name; for in vest, trousers, cap, or neck-kerchief, you will be sure to decipher whether he is a Mackintosh, a Macfarlane, or a Murray. He dresses plainly, but with neatness, and always according to his means and station; he affects gaiters, and is fond of enveloping in weather-defying galligaskins the nether extremities of his visible man. Remembering his primeval attachment to the kilt, we always quote this peculiarity as one of the most striking examples of the strong propensity of human nature to run into opposite extremes. Grave and sober in his general deportment, he is fidgety and touchy in the extreme upon every question, whether great or small, affecting the honour, character, and conduct of the greatest or meanest of his countrymen, in which he sees involved the honour and character of his country; if you wish to throw him into a nervous fever, you have only to observe, that from the *Pastor Fido* Allan Ramsay may have derived the idea of the "Gentle Shepherd," or, if he be a Highlander, to hint a suspicion affecting the authenticity of Ossian. He is accused of loving Scotland better than truth, and this, which was intended as a calumny, is one of the highest compliments we can pay him; the manual of his youth, the companion of his manhood, and the consolation of his age, has recorded for him the infamy and punishment of the son who dis-

played the nakedness of his father; he regards his country as he does his parent, and would as soon suffer imputation upon the one as upon the other. He lives rarely by his wit, for he knows that wit, like service, is no inheritance; still more rarely by his *wits*, for in addition to the objections of his bringing up, he is well aware that honest enterprize and continuous industry pay better in the long run. He has humour, but it is dry, and for that reason, probably, he is fond of moistening his humour with whisky toddy; whisky toddy, however, potent as it is, cannot overcome his habitual gravity; if he forgets himself so far as to get drunk, he gets drunk soberly and with discretion.

As we have said, his spirit of nationality is evidenced alike in great and little things. Although living at the uttermost ends of the town, he will toddle through, wet or dry, to attend public worship at the National Scots Church in Regent Square or Swallow Street; he will "cry tails" with you for a bottle of Edinburgh ale, and walk seven miles to drink it at the sign of the "Three Thistles." If you talk of cookery, he silences you at once with sheep-head broth and haggis; they who hear him upon those appetizing dainties, have no need of dinner.

His views being directed mainly to commercial pursuits, you will find him lodging somewhere in the city, at the house of a countryman of course; but, as we have before said, you seldom find him the *habitué* of taverns or coffee-houses, for if he does not find a ready market in London for his services, he speedily transfers his services elsewhere. For almost every situation of active and business life he is well qualified; but there are pursuits which he monopolizes, and makes exclusively his own. He is the gardener and practical agriculturist of the eastern and the western hemisphere; he carries the art of production over the globe, and leaves a comparatively niggard soil to fertilize lands more fertile by nature than his own. He is the sheep-farmer of the boundless pastures of Australia; in Canada the pioneer of civilization; he is the confectioner and baker of the three kingdoms, and in London we are mainly indebted to him for our daily bread.

He is the working engineer, too, over half the globe; the gigantic power developed, nay, for practical purposes created, by one of his countrymen, he delights to subserve; he is the architect, the controller, and the *valet* of the steam-engine. He is a labourer, and a successful one, in science, literature, and the arts; trite and tedious would be the task to enumerate the catalogue of eminent persons who claim kindred with him in the range of the learned and other professions. In the church alone do we find Scotland tenacious of the talents and virtues of her sons; physicians, lawyers, merchants, she gives us in abundance, and even presents London with a Lord Mayor; her Chalmers, on the contrary, she refuses to part with, and retains for herself alone.

He is great in trade and commerce; nor do the nobility of his country disdain to identify themselves with those pursuits from which so great a proportion of our true glory is derived. We have seen with pleasure the name of the Honourable Mr Frazer figuring upon a brass plate on the door of an eminent mercantile house in the city; and we are vulgar enough to imagine the scion of a noble house looks quite as much to advantage in that place as on the steps of Crockford's, or in the profligate society of the saloon.

But it is the excursive character of his enterprize that more than any other quality distinguishes the adventurer of Scotland:

> "All nations that the eye of heaven visits,
> Are to the wise man ports and happy havens."

He teaches his necessity to reason thus, for

> "There is no virtue like necessity."

The wide world to him seems only a great adventure, and nations merely objects of speculation. He will set off to colonize the undiscovered continent of the southern latitudes, for he knows the early bird catches the worm; finding this "no go," he is neither disheartened nor disappointed; he makes experiments to discover whether the icebergs will grow larches; failing in that, he concentrates his energies in the destruction of the whales: he goes out for a fortune, and without a fortune he will not return; *do* or die is his motto, and he sticks to

the world like a limpet. There are no such things now-a-days as desolate islands; every desolate island is sure to furnish its enterprizing Scotchman. The coast of Africa has no terrors for him; Borneo is not too hot to hold him: he warms his toes on the banks of Slave River to the tune of Tullochgorum, and displays his Paisley shawl or Kilmarnock nightcap to the admiring gazes of Topinambo or Timbuctoo.

We happened to be in the tavern, hight Edinburgh Castle, one evening, musing, as is our custom, upon men and manners, when an original in pea-green coat, brass buttons, and thorough-bred plaiding trews, entered, taking his seat *vis-a-vis* to our bottle of ale; remarking, that he "kittled it was Embro'," and having, upon tasting the liquor, pronounced it "unco guid," we fell naturally enough into conversation. Our North British friend had come up to town in the hope of investing his little capital, amounting only to a few hundred pounds, in some mercantile speculation, but in vain: many were the tempting offers made, as he informed us, of so many hundred per cent for his money in this adventure and in that: he was too far north, however, even for the matchless money-snatchers of London; and wherever a *bona fide* investment offered itself, the capital he possessed was no object.

"Hech me, sirs!" exclaimed he, "thae Lunnon lads talk o' hunners o' thoosans o' punds sterling, as if they were sae mony chucky-stanes! Hech me! it's the place for thae monied whales to mak sma' wark wi' siccan a sprat as I am; sae, I hae jist made up my mind to work my passage till California, whar I hae a brither in the hide an' tallow business. Noo, as ye seem a duce lad, we'll e'en crack anither bottle thegither; ye can pay for't, and I'll do the same for you, the neist time we hae the luck to forgather."

The probabilities of success of adventurers in London may be estimated from the short, and for that reason imperfect, sketch we have given of their peculiarities: that their advancement can in any degree be accelerated or retarded by the circumstance of their being strangers, we must be permitted to doubt: by far the greater amount of the London population is denizen: if there are here none of the neighbourly sympathies of citizenship, neither are their here its neighbourly aversions. In insignificant or remote places the arrival of a stranger may be regarded with aversion, as taking the bread out of somebody's mouth: in London the success of every man depends not upon his neighbours, but upon himself. It cannot be denied that he has difficulties to contend with, but the difficulty of prejudice is not one of them: the graduate of Cambridge or Oxford settling in the back-wood of America, will find himself far outdone in his clearing operations by the native Yankee pioneer of civilization, though the bears, 'coons, and wild Indians, like John as much as Jonathan; so it will be in London, where the difficulty of strangers will be found to lie in the want of the same knowledge of business, the same amount of capital, or the same enterprize, as his London competitor.

It might be as well imagined that the turbot sold this morning at Billingsgate will not be eaten this evening in Bond Street, because taken in the net of a Dutchman; that the butter we consume at breakfast will be rejected, because the product of the dairies of Cork or Waterford; or that the mutton expected to-morrow in Leadenhall market will remain unsold, because fattened north of the Tweed; as that industry and enterprize suited to the market, (for every thing centres in that,) will not find in London, as elsewhere, its just and legitimate reward.

THE TITTLE-TATTLE OF A PHILOSOPHER.

Professor Krug of Leipsic is a person of no small consideration in Germany. It is true that the philosophers of the high transcendental school look upon him as the very dirt beneath their feet. They speak of him as belonging to that class of authors of whom it is said—*Ils se sont battus les flancs pour être de grands hommes;* but let him batter his sides, say they, till they ache again, he is unable to give utterance to a single note of genuine philosophic inspiration. Mystical dreamers, retorts the professor, are ye, one and all of you, you transcendentalists. Your world is but a phantom, and is peopled with phantoms. Your theories are utterly repudiated by common sense, and, unlike the rest of mankind, you make it your pride to be seen walking on your heads. It may be so, answer the transcendentalists, but you have no head to walk upon, worthy Professor Urceus.

Still, notwithstanding these asperities, and although our professor is altogether disowned by the genuine children of speculation, it must be admitted that the man who was deemed worthy to be the immediate successor of Kant, in the Chair of Philosophy, at Königsberg, and who presided with courage and ability over the University of Leipsic during the memorable crisis of 1813, when that city, like a convulsed human heart, was the bloody nucleus around which was raging the battle of a nation's life—it must be admitted that such a man has some claims on the consideration of those who are interested either in literary or military history. The industry of Professor Krug has been indefatigable, and the versatility of his talents is prodigious. For the last forty years, scarcely an event has occurred, scarcely an opinion has been broached in Germany, without his having come forward and taken part in the discussion. No subject comes amiss to his hand, from the philosophy of ancient down to the liberation of modern Greece. We are not, however, going to follow him through his multifarious undertakings. We shall merely attempt to lay before our readers an undress picture of the man as he himself has painted it in his autobiography, using our own discretion in curtailing the light-hearted, though somewhat exuberant loquacity of the original. His work is divided into six stages.

Stage the first. My Childhood—1770, 1782. I was born, says the professor, at Radis, a small village near Wittenberg, at the midnight hour, between the 21st and the 22d of June 1770. There was not at that time, in all Germany, a more secluded spot than the hamlet in which I first saw the light. But the loveliness of nature is doomed to be every where violated by the march of modern improvement, and the house in which I was born, and the garden in which I played in my infancy, were long ago swept away in order to make room for the great highway which now stretches its weary length between Leipsic and Berlin.

The period at which my birth happened, gave rise to much controversy in our small community. My father insisted that the midnight hour belonged to the 22d of the month; and accordingly maintained that I was born on that day. On the other hand, the parson reckoned it to belong to the preceding day, and entered me in the parish-register as born on the 21st. Leaving the world to side with either of these worthies as it pleases on this important point, I may remark that, in my progress through life, I have extracted from this uncertainty an advantage not enjoyed by those who have only one birthday to come and go upon. In early life, when one is proud of being thought old, I always declared myself in favour of the 21st; but now that I am getting into the sear and yellow leaf, my predilection for senility is considerably abated, and I am decidedly of opinion that the 22d was the day of my birth.

I have been informed, that at the time of my birth a still more animated

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Meine Lebensreise. In Sechs Stazionen; von Urceus. My Journey through Life. In Six Stages; by Urceus, (*i.e.* by Krug; *urceus*, as we may inform our fair readers, being the Latin for *krug*, which in German means a pitcher or jug.)

debate was maintained among the gossips who presided at that event. It was argued by some of them, that the tenor of my future life would necessarily be coloured by the witching hour in which I had been born—that this hour being the solemn time "when night and morning meet"—when ghosts come out of the graves, and license is given to the powers of darkness—the just conclusion was, that I could not escape being a ghost-seer, an animal magnetizer, a mystic, or fanatic of one kind or another. Others, again, of these she-sages, who prided themselves upon greater astronomical or astrological skill, predicted for me a directly opposite fate. This very time, they said, being the crisis of the year in which the sun is highest in heaven, and his light, even at midnight, scarcely sunk beneath the horizon, it followed, most undeniably, that I would be the born foe of darkness, obscurity, and mysticism, in all its shapes—the friend of clearness and enlightenment, and the zealous advocate of liberty of thought, if not, perhaps, an absolute freethinker. Upon the breathing of this latter suspicion, I understand that the whole conclave crossed themselves devoutly, and muttered a pious "God forbid," expressive of the hope that the unconscious squaller before them might never become any such devil's brat. Let the world, which has my writings before it, decide whether any of these prophecies have been fulfilled.

My extraction was neither mean nor exalted. My father was a respectable farmer; and my mother was nearly related to Oeser, an artist of some celebrity at the period of which I am writing. Though at all seasons of my life I have been partial to exercises which demand bodily exertion, and bring the muscles into play, particularly to riding—as my galloping off upon a butcher's pony when not seven years old, may testify—in which adventure I very nearly met with a broken neck—still, I evinced from my earliest years a yet greater tendency towards the sedentary pursuits of literature. My fondness for study determined my father to make a scholar of me, and an event which occurred about this time, led my family to select theology as the vocation in which I was most likely to make a figure. In these days my grandmother was alive, and a very kind and pious old lady she was. It was her practice every morning to prepare herself for the duties of the day, by singing a spiritual hymn. Now, happening to have an excellent ear for music, I overheard her one morning pouring forth a strain which more than usually took my fancy. I immediately caught the tune, and began to hum in unison. The old lady, attributing my accompaniment entirely to an overflow of precocious piety, was vastly delighted. "Never was such a pious child seen. We must by all means make a minister of him. When he is of age to enter the Church, he will indeed be a great and a shining light." Meanwhile, my mouth was crammed with sugar-plums and lolly-pops, and, saint or not, I was at any rate in the fair way of being made an incorrigible hypocrite; for from that time I made a point of partaking daily in my grandmother's devotional exercises, and was as devout as gingerbread could make me.

Even at this early age, the diligence with which I prosecuted my scholastic and theological pursuits was so great, that I soon exhausted all the knowledge that was to be obtained at our village school, besides draining dry the biblical information of my grandmother. It was therefore fixed that I should be sent to the great national seminary at Pforta. Many and bitter were the tears I shed on leaving the paternal roof in 1782. Pforta, I had been told, was distant two days' journey from Radis, and hence I felt as if I were going to be banished to the uttermost regions of the earth. I believed that I should never more behold the countenances of my home. There are certainly few trials more severe than that which accompanies the first untwisting of a child's affections from around the persons and places familiar to him from infancy. I at least can testify that I left my father's house with a heart laden with the entire affliction of an exile. But the pangs of boyhood are transitory—novelties broke in upon my wondering eyes at every advance of our journey. I became absorbed in the interest of new scenes; so that by the time the mountains of Naumberg, which lay near the place of my destination, were visible, I had entirely got the better of my home-sickness, and was ready to enter upon the new career to which I had been called.

Stage the second. My Schoolboy Years —1782, 1788. Schulpforta is an old monastic foundation, and many distinguished men have been educated within its walls. Here Ernesti laid the foundations of his profound and varied scholarship; here Klopstock meditated the first vast achievement of his country's muse; and here the young Fichte evinced early indications of the fiery qualities of that indomitable heart which, in the crucible of a life of many trials, were afterwards sublimated into the most abstract speculations of the brain. I could add many more names to these three, but it is not my purpose to write a history of this great institution; that has already been done both in prose and verse. All that I propose doing is, to recall a few reminiscences of Schulpforta in its more immediate connexion with my own comparatively insignificant self.

I cannot, however, refrain in this place from mentioning an incident, touching the last-mentioned of these eminent men, which occurred soon after I entered the school. It will perhaps give the reader a lively picture of the then condition of our little republic. I may remark that the system of fagging prevailed amongst us in its fullest extent—a practice which, though not without some advantages, is liable to very great abuses. However, if instances of extreme rigour on the part of the superiors frequently occurred, it also sometimes happened—as I am about to show—that condign vengeance was retaliated upon those who had reined with too tight a hand the junior section of the school. Fichte had quitted Pforta for the university a short time before I entered it, leaving behind him the reputation of a very strict disciplinarian. On one occasion he came down to visit us from Leipsic, where he was at that time a student. Never shall I forget the storm of retaliation for bygone scores with which his presence was hailed. He entered the hall while we were at dinner, and paid his respects to the tutor who was presiding. But no sooner had the scholars who had suffered under his tyranny, and who were now superiors themselves, caught a glimpse of him, than they began to shuffle with their feet and to drum upon the tables with all their might. The contagion spread like an electric shock, and a din arose almost sufficient, I thought, to have rent in twain the vaulted roof of the apartment in which we sat at meat. In vain our master entreated silence; in vain our visiter attempted, by assuming an imposing attitude, to bid defiance to the storm. His affected indifference and contempt only made us redouble our fierce vociferations. The tumult waxed louder and louder; and at length the boys, seeing that Fichte still kept his ground, began to pelt him with a shower of half gnawed bones. Our unwelcome visiter was then forced to give way, the teacher accompanying him to the door, by way of shielding him from the merciless bone-bombardment to which he was exposed. When our master returned, we prepared ourselves to receive a precious rating, and our consternation now kept us as quiet as our indignation just before had rendered us obstreperous. But he, knowing well what had given rise to this outburst of execration, contented himself with remarking, in a half humorous tone, "Well, perhaps, we ought not to have handled him quite so sharply," as if he himself had taken part in the rough reception which the *quondam* tyrant had met with at the hands of his victims.

When I was at Schulpforta our attention was restricted almost exclusively, and I think wisely, to the study of ancient classical literature. The schedule of school instruction is now-a-days enlarged, so as to comprehend the multifarious acquirements, accomplishments, and languages of modern times. But I have great doubts whether this enlargement will be found conducive to the true interests of education, or to the effective cultivation of the human intellect. Natural and civil history, geography, physical science, and the modern languages—all these may be acquired at college or in after life; but no subsequent study can repair the want of an *early* and systematic grounding in the Greek and Latin tongues—an object not to be looked for, unless the whole undivided exertions of boyhood be directed to its attainment. The present popular method of instruction may give boys a smattering of many things, but it will give them, I fear, a thorough mastery of none.

Geissler was rector of the school

when I joined it. In person he was tall and meagre; and not without great propriety did we style him *gravissimus* in our Latin dissertations. But with all his gravity, he was neither pedantic, nor harsh, nor repulsive; on the contrary, he was a very kind-hearted man, and over all his pupils he extended a parent's care. I for one loved him like a father. When he left us, which he did soon after my arrival, he was succeeded by the sub-rector, whose name was Barth. This man had long regarded Geissler with great jealousy—an amusing, though to me very provoking, instance of which displayed itself soon after his promotion to the rectorship. It was customary every New-Year's Day for a boy of the first form to deliver an oration commemorating the occurrences of the past year—which oration was submitted to the inspection of the rector before delivery. This duty happened to devolve upon me on the first occasion after Geissler's departure; and this event appearing to be the most important that had befallen the school within the last year, and my heart being filled with reverence for the man, I had launched forth in his praises in very glowing terms, and lamented most pathetically the great loss which the school had sustained in consequence of his retirement. It is true that I endeavoured to throw out a sop for his successor, by stating how satisfactorily his place had been filled up. But here the truth of the old adage was made manifest: *pectus est quod disertos facit:* it is the heart alone which is the fountain of genuine eloquence. After my warm eulogium upon Geissler, I saw that my strained panegyric on his successor was but a cold and impotent conclusion; and such also it was felt to be by rector Barth. For when I submitted my oration to his perusal, he had scarcely read it through before he broke out into a strain of unmeasured invective against Geissler. He accused him of having relaxed the ancient discipline of the school. He said that he had no pretensions to the name of scholar —and so saying, he tore into shreds the obnoxious pages on which his praises were penned. For a while I stood confounded by his vehemence; but when I recovered myself, I said that I supposed no mention at all might be made of Geissler in the oration. This brought him to his senses, and he now appeared to be somewhat ashamed of the violence he had displayed. He saw that the omission of all notice of his predecessor's services, would redound more to his own than to Geissler's discredit; and he therefore answered, that by all means he might be mentioned, but that my expressions of admiration and esteem must be very materially modified. This was accordingly done; but I felt that my discourse had been shorn of its brightest beams; and though I delivered it *ex cathêdra* to a crowded schoolroom, I experienced none of those ecstatic emotions in the delivery of my maiden rhetoric, which would have filled my soul had I been permitted to eulogise my old teacher to my heart's content. My feelings had been wounded, and, what was just as sore for me to bear at that age—my vanity had been piqued.

With regard to the subordinate masters, I remember well that the estimation in which we lads of the upper form held them, depended very much on the fact, whether or not they possessed handsome wives and pretty daughters. For in our wisdom we never could understand how any man of sense could so far forget himself, (*and us,*) as to marry any woman who did not combine in her person the wit of an Aspasia and the charms of the Medicean Venus. I remember one poor man, who did not stand very high in our good graces, to begin with, loosing caste entirely, and completing the catalogue of his disgrace by daring to take to wife a very plain woman. We vowed that he had done it purposely to spite us, and I for one bore him an especial ill-will, which indeed appeared to be mutual. For on one occasion, when he was examining our class, he happened to ask me what part of speech ἐτυφθη, or some such word, was. The whole class tittered at the idea of such an elementary question being put a first-form boy, and I, regarding it as an insult, made no reply. He repeated the question—what is ἐτυφθη, sirrah? upon which I answered doggedly, that I believed it was a word which occurred somewhere or other in a work I had once seen in my infancy, called the Greek grammar. This retort turned the laugh against him, and he became very irate. He reported me to the

head-master for impertinence. But the latter rather took my side; and declared that no boy belonging to his class ought to be subjected to the indignity of having such childish questions put to him.

Most of our teachers had nicknames, and one of the most appropriate which I now remember, was that which we applied to an usher, called Liebelt. This man had an affected habit of construing our lessons to us with his eyes shut. Now, we had remarked, that cocks in the act of crowing frequently closed their eyes, for the purpose, as we used to allege, of showing that they were able to crow *by heart.* Both he and the cock, therefore, appearing to be actuated by the same kind of vanity—namely, by the desire of letting people see how completely *au fait* to the matter each of them was in his respective *walk*—there seemed to us to be a decided good reason for transferring to the unplumed biped the title of his feathered compeer.

But, amidst these frivolous reminiscences, a melancholy remembrance throws its shadows across the page on which I write. The wife of one of our most honoured teachers died suddenly—a woman whom I loved—ay, sneer at the expression, ye worldlings, as ye will—loved, I say, with all the pure and unselfish passion of a boyish heart. I saw her but seldom; but I well remember that on Sundays at church, whether the minister preached well or ill, I at least was sure of finding, though she knew it not, a sermon of beauty in her angelic face. But her light was gone for ever, and I mourned for her with an incommunicable sorrow. When any of our teachers or their wives died, it was the custom that their remains should be carried to the grave on the shoulders of the six oldest and stoutest scholars. On the present occasion, I was one of the number on whom this melancholy duty devolved: and, deeply afflicted as I was, I felt a secret satisfaction in being brought by the companionship of death into contact with one whom in life I had loved, and looked up to but as a far off and unapproachable star.

I had now spent five years and eight months at Pforta. It was therefore time that I should leave school and betake myself to the university. When my father had fixed the day for my departure, I bade adieu to my playmates in a copy of Latin elegiac verses; and waiting upon the rector, I requested that he would favour me with a certificate of my qualifications. This he very readily agreed to do, although I had feared that he bore me a grudge in consequence of various little disagreements that had arisen between us. But in harbouring that suspicion I wronged him, for nothing could be more handsome or more elegantly expressed than the testimonial he presented me with—written out, too, in the true patent form, and in our writing-master's most elaborate penmanship. Playing facetiously on my name, he took occasion to remark, that various kinds of human clay came under the hands of the teacher, which it was his lot to fashion, sometimes into vessels of honour, and sometimes into vessels of dishonour; that in allusion to the latter, it might be said in the words of Horace,

> "Amphora cœpit
> Institui; currente rota cur urceus exit?"

but that, with regard to me, the very reverse of the Horatian illustration held good; that I had come to Pforta, a small krug, or urceus, or mug, but that in the course of the revolutions of the scholastic potter's wheel, I had issued forth a well-finished amphora—a capacious vase amply replenished with good things. This strain of compliment was more than I expected—perhaps more than, with all my vanity, I felt myself entitled to. It was therefore with considerable emotion that I bade adieu to my worthy teacher, while to part with the companions of my boyhood cost me a severer pang.

Stage the third. My Student Life—1788, 1794. The question now being at what university I should complete my studies, I fixed upon that of Wittenberg. This university lay nearest to my home, and the affections of my heart were ever riveted to the woods and meadows of my native place. There the sun shone, I thought, with a purer light than elsewhere—there the heavens laughed with a brighter blue, and there the greetings of the human voice sounded with a friendlier tone. Besides, it was at Wittenberg that I had seen an early vision of a stately procession of professors clothed in their paraphernalia of office—a vision which had charmed my childish fancy, and which I had never forgot-

ten. I was now desirous of forming a nearer connexion with the sages who had made so great an impression on my young imagination.

Of the eminent men who at this time were professors at Wittenberg, Reinhard was the chief. It was his reputation mainly which made this university the rival even of that of Leipsic. Attracted by his celebrity, more than six hundred students thronged the ancient thoroughfares of the little town. But, alas! when the bloom of the flower is the brightest, the worm of destruction is often then busiest at its core. The University of Wittenberg is no more. Its intellectual bulwarks have been swept away by the revolutions which, since the days of my student life, have so often removed the ancient landmarks of kingdoms.

Another rising man among us was Schulze, who afterwards, under the feigned name of Œnesidemus, made such a dire onslaught upon Kant, and sapped the foundations of the critical philosophy. At this time, however, he was almost unknown to fame, and the students had conceived a prejudice against him, on account of the uncouthness of his manners, and because he had published a book which was a mere *rifacciamento* of Reinhard's philosophical discourses.

The first year of my university life was spent, I am sorry to say, in superlative idleness. Having brought with me from school a tolerably ample stock of scholastic acquirements, I thought that I could afford to be lazy, and to take my swing of the enjoyments which a youngster, just escaped from pedagogical authority, devours with so keen a relish, and finds strewn so liberally in his path. Instead, therefore, of being a regular attender of college lectures, I haunted coffee-houses and billiard-rooms, or made frequent equestrian excursions into the surrounding country. In these diversions I squandered a great deal of money. At last my father peremptorily refused to come down with the dust; but the old lady, my grandmother, had not forgotten my early psalm-singing propensities, and to her bounty I was indebted for many a supply which I should have thought it the height of ingratitude to have spent in any other way than in that which conduced most to my own selfish gratifications.

In the midst of my dissipation I was overtaken by a severe fit of sickness. It came upon me in the shape of a feverish ague, which recurred every eight or ten days, and then left me with an exhausted frame, and all my energies laid prostrate. After consulting many doctors, and trying various remedies in vain, I determined to take the case into my own hands, and be my own physician. Accordingly, I ate a couple of salt herrings, and drank two bottles of Merseberg beer, (the strongest and bitterest that can be obtained.) I then started and ran, nor stopped until I dropped down, drenched in perspiration, and almost fainting with fatigue. I immediately fell into a profound slumber, and when I awoke I was well in every limb, and as sound as a roach. The fever had completely left me, nor did it ever again return. When I told my physician of what I had done, he congratulated me on my not having killed myself outright by the experiment. But perhaps that arose from his ignorance of the true principles of medicine. For my practice was based on the soundest homœopathic rules; and, as Hahneman had not at that time promulgated his doctrines, I may regard myself as the practical discoverer of his novel method of cure.

I had now spent three sessions at Wittenberg, without profiting greatly by its academical renown; and my ardour in the pursuit of pleasure being considerably abated since my illness, I resolved to make up for lost time, and devote myself to the proper occupations of the place. I attended Reinhard's lectures, and placed myself entirely under the guidance and advice of that excellent man. I worked so hard, that in a short time he deemed me worthy of being promoted to the distinction of preaching in his pulpit. I also frequently officiated on Sundays in the churches of the neighbouring clergy, and had thus many opportunities of qualifying myself for the business of a parson—in so far, at least, as preaching was concerned. While preaching, I always, at first, kept the heads of my discourse lying open on the desk before me; although I very rarely had recourse to them. Yet, on one occasion, when I was less prepared than usual, I remember being a good deal flustered by their slipping from under my hand when I was in a very

animated part of my harangue. They luckily, however, fell within the pulpit, so that I was able to recover them, and to proceed as if nothing had happened. But from that time I trusted more to my memory—always, however, carrying my notes with me in my pocket; and this is a practice I would recommend to all young probationers; for however good their memories may be, they will find that the precaution I point out will fortify them with the feeling of greater security and ease.

Soon after I had taken my master's degree, I went to Reinhard to consult him about my future settlement as a clergyman. I told him that I thought of going to Dresden, and as he had been just appointed to a court chaplaincy there, I besought him to use his influence in my behalf.

"Why not stick by the university, and become a professor?" said he.

This question took me somewhat aback. I was not prepared for it. I therefore told him that I did not think that I possessed the necessary qualifications.

"Never fear," said he; "*audaces fortuna juvat.*"

I told him I could not afford to wait.

"I will look after that," said he.

I still hesitated.

"Well," he remarked, "if you are determined to be a useless drone, I will not press the matter any further."

This sarcasm operated on me like a charm. I agreed to follow his advice, and we parted the best of friends.

If my vocation was to be that of a professor, it was necessary, above all things, that I should make myself acquainted with the philosophy of Kant. Up to this time I had taken my philosophical opinions chiefly from my friend Reinhard, who professed a species of eclecticism founded on the principles of Wolf; but I felt that if I was to keep pace with the progress of science, I must now turn my attention to the profounder speculations of the critical school. I therefore spent a year at Jena in assiduous attendance upon the lectures of Reinhold, who was at that time considered Kant's ablest expounder. But after my utmost exertions to master this philosophy, I felt that many dark places still remained, that many gaps still required to be filled up. I therefore conceived a strong desire to go to the fountain-head at once—to betake myself to Königsberg, and there get light thrown upon the system from the lamp of the great discoverer himself.

Before taking this step, however, I thought it right to consult Reinhard, by whose advice and assistance I had already profited so greatly. I was aware that he was somewhat dissatisfied with my roving propensities, and that he wished me to settle down, at once, as a lecturer at Wittenberg. I also knew that he was no friend to the critical philosophy. Accordingly I wrote to him, saying that I believed a journey of considerable length would be of great service in restoring my health, which for some time back had been rather precarious, and that, as I wished to combine science with amusement, I requested to know whether he would recommend me to go to Göttingen, or Königsberg. Reinhard saw through my design, and decided at once in favour of Göttingen, writing to me thus:—"With regard to Kant, if I may trust to what Fichte tells me about him, the only advantage you would gain by going to Königsberg, would be to get a sight of that great man. In the intercourse of private life, I am informed that he declines all discussion upon scientific subjects, and that, as years are accumulating upon him, he is every season growing less and less able to throw any new light upon his own doctrines." To Göttingen, accordingly, I went; and there, in attendance upon the lectures of Heyne and Eichhorn, I spent the last year of my student life—a period which I look back to as unquestionably the happiest which I have ever known. Whilst I was at Göttingen, my earliest work, entitled, *Letters on the Perfectibility of Revealed Religion,* was published anonymously at Jena—of which more in the sequel.

Stage the fourth. My Academical hunger-years—1794, 1801. After spending a short time in my father's house, I returned to Wittenberg, there to establish myself as a private lecturer, (*privat-dozent,*) and to await what better might befall me. *Academia vult expectari,* is an old proverb of the schools; but meanwhile I felt that ninety florins a-year, which was all the

salary I had, was little enough to keep house upon. At first, however, I did not find that I had any reason to despair. My intimacy with Reinhard was well known, and I believe that mainly to this excellent man's good opinion was I indebted for the reputation which in a manner anticipated me at the commencement of my academical career. At the same time I think that my probationary thesis (*De pace inter philosophos, utrum speranda et optanda*) on the question—"whether peace was to be looked for, or was desirable, among the different sects of philosophers," and the manner in which I defended it, by no means discredited the favourable opinion that had been conceived of me. My introductory lecture also was hailed with an applause which might have set me perfectly at ease with regard to my future prospects.

But while I was thus, as I thought, on the fair road to fame and fortune, a storm was brewing which I had not foreseen, and which was about to descend on my defenceless head. It had by degrees transpired that I was the author of the *Letters on the Perfectibility of Religion.* This discovery gave rise to much discussion; the orthodoxy of my work was called in question and an academical commission was appointed to enquire into the soundness of its tenets. The result was, that my opinions were pronounced heterodox, my book was forbidden to be sold, and I myself was interdicted from delivering lectures on any theological subject. This sentence injured me in every possible way: my character as an instructor of youth was blasted, and my hopes of obtaining a regular professorship were for the present utterly destroyed. My only consolation was, that I had laboured conscientiously after the attainment of the truth; and my opinions only became the more dear to me in consequence of the persecution which I underwent on their account.

These vexations, combined with the great literary exertions I was now compelled to make in order to procure my daily bread, threw me into a nervous fever, in the course of which I was in great danger of losing the sight of my eyes. When I recovered and was again fit for work, Reinhard, with his usual friendliness, exerted himself in every way he could think of to procure for me some academical situation, but without success. I accordingly resolved to enter upon a new scene of action, and, leaving Wittenberg, to try my fortune at Berlin. Here I made the acquaintance of several distinguished men, Teller, Gedike, Nicolai, and others, by whose recommendation, after seven long years of academical hunger, I was at last appointed assistant, with a salary of 160 dollars a-year, to Professor Steinbart, who, by reason of the infirmities of old age, had been forced to retire from the more active duties of the chair of philosophy and theology in the university of Frankfurt on the Oder.

Stage the fifth. My Professorship in Prussia—1801, 1809. I arrived at Frankfurt during the time of the fair. Trade was at that time very brisk, and the spectacle was extremely imposing; and, as I had not as yet witnessed the still greater fair at Leipsic, it was to me a perfectly novel sight. The stir and bustle incident to such an occasion, together with the introductions I had to go through to my colleagues and other people of importance in the town, served to divert my mind from the unpleasing forebodings with which, if left to my own reflections, I should have contemplated my new situation.

Professor Steinbart, indeed, my principal, welcomed me to Frankfurt with great cordiality. He offered me a lodging in his house, and board at his table—on the condition, however, that I would give up all claim to the salary of 160 dollars, which I was to receive out of his pension in consideration of the services I rendered him. But my good genius whispered me to decline these terms, which would have abridged my independence, and placed me far too much at the mercy of a capricious old man. I therefore told him that I preferred having the money down; and that I would look out for board and lodgings for myself. I afterwards learned that he had a poor female relation living in the house with him, whom he was very anxious to get a husband for; and no doubt he had fixed it all in his own mind that his assistant was just the very man. But though I will not be so unpolite as to say that any woman can be ugly—the lady in question had certainly very

large unmeaning goggle eyes; and I soon let them see that I was too old a bird to be caught by any such chaff.

I soon found that the compact I had entered into with Steinbart was one which could not last long. He first began by finding fault with some opinions I had expressed in my lectures, and which had been reported to him in a garbled form by one of the students. I told him that his informant had given him any thing but an accurate statement of what I had said; but that my philosophical opinions, whatever they might be, were the result of my own convictions, and that I never troubled my head whether they appeared right or wrong, true or false, to other people. On another occasion, when he was under the necessity of making a journey from Frankfurt to Züllichau, he requested me to continue the delivery of his lectures. "How," said I, "how can I undertake to continue your lectures, when I am not acquainted with the principles from which you started, and with the views you have been inculcating?" "Oh," said he, "you can read my lectures—you will find every thing there which I consider it proper or necessary to communicate to my pupils." Upon which I remarked, rather disdainfully, that I was not in the habit of reading my own lectures, (I always lectured *extempore*,) much less, therefore, would I condescend to read those of another man; and that he had better get his doorkeeper to expound his doctrines to the class. He told me to remember that I was merely his assistant; that I had no right to set myself up as a principal and independent lecturer, and that unless I was willing to stand to the very letter of our original agreement, he would not pay me a penny of my salary.

These were certainly distressing and degrading enough circumstances for a man to be placed in, but fortunately I was destined before long to be relieved from my embarrassments. About this time (1804) Kant died—an event which occasioned a vacancy in the chair of philosophy at Königsberg. Massow, the Prussian minister of public instruction, to whom I had formerly been introduced at Berlin, offered me the appointment in very flattering terms, and promised that the salary should be augmented. To succeed such a man as Kant might have been considered a proud distinction by a more eminent and ambitious person than myself, and accordingly, I at once accepted the situation. No sooner was my appointment notified in the *Hamburgh Gazette*, than I received congratulatory addresses from two literary societies in Italy, making me an honorary member of their learned bodies. But as I regarded these as offerings to the *manes* of my predecessor, and not as a tribute to my own merits, I was rude enough to send no reply to the compliments which had been paid me.

The most celebrated of my colleagues at Königsberg was Krause—a little withered mannikin, with squinting, yet intelligent, eyes. He was professor of practical, as Kant had been of speculative, philosophy. But his true strength lay in the science of finance, in the details of which he was a consummate master. Not only was he thoroughly imbued with the principles so admirably inculcated by Adam Smith in his *Wealth of Nations*, but, in the spirit of an original speculator, he had carried much further out the views of that illustrious man. Hence his lectures on political economy were much better attended than his prelections on philosophy. During his lifetime he published nothing; but after his death his writings were sent to the press by his friend and pupil Von Auerswald, the president of the Prussian board of finance: and he is now regarded, even in foreign countries, as a high authority on all subjects connected with political economy.

Some time after I had been settled at Königsberg, our town was honoured by a visit from a philosopher whom I have already introduced to the notice of the reader under somewhat different circumstances. This was the distinguished Fichte, who had now fought himself forward into a prominent place among philosophers. Perhaps, however, the scenes I am going to describe will not appear to be greatly out of keeping with that which I have already related of him in a former part of my narrative.

Fichte, distinguished as he was, was at this time a fugitive upon the face of the earth. His philosophical opinions had been pronounced heterodox by a large proportion of his countymen—

and by the French, who at present had their foot upon our necks, he was regarded as the worst of political firebrands. This latter opinion he certainly merited well; for, to do him justice, he hated our oppressors, and laboured against their cause with all the hatred befitting a genuine son of the Germanic soil. He now held a professorship at Erlangen; but his patriotic sentiments had made that place too hot to hold him, and the fear of a French dungeon drove him, as an outcast, to Königsberg. I met him for the first time at an evening party at the house of professor Porschke. On introducing him to me, our host remarked that he hoped the gentlemen would forget that they had ever attacked one another in their writings. I thought he might just as well have let that observation alone; for Fichte, flaring up, declared that for his part he was willing to forget it in the present company, but that he never would retract one word that he had written against professor Krug. Upon which I mildly rejoined, that I did not wish him to do so, but that I claimed for myself the same privilege of inflexibly adhering to my opinion respecting *him*. In the mean time more guests arrived, so that our dialogue, which promised to be any thing but a friendly one, was broken off. He sat next to me, however, at table: we steered clear of philosophical topics, and as the wine warmed his heart, he expanded, I thought, into greater friendliness and amiability. His object in coming to Königsberg, was to deliver a course of lectures. The crowd that thronged to hear his introductory discourse was tremendous. In the very first hour, however, in which he publicly opened his lips in Königsberg, he was guilty of the gross imprudence of speaking of Kant and the critical philosophy in terms of strong disparagement. This in a town in which Kant had reigned like a philosophic god! It was more than the Königsbergers could endure. They testified their disapprobation by shuffling loudly with their feet. Fichte, however, nothing daunted, but rather encouraged, by their dissatisfaction, went on to speak more and more slightingly of the sage. Many people then got up and left the room, and never returned to listen to him. But he still continued to attract a large audience, which, however, his own domineering temper at last reduced to nothing. It had been the custom at Königsberg and elsewhere, from time immemorial, for students to be permitted to attend the college lectures *gratis* (*hospitiren*) during the first fortnight of the session. But Fichte declared that he would permit no one to *sorn* upon him in that way —that if people intended to listen to his lectures, they must table down the fee forthwith, at the very commencement of the course; and in enforcement of this law, he took his post at the door of the lecture-room, and demanded from each man his money or his ticket as he entered; if he could produce neither of these, he was turned back. This conduct was too offensive to be endured; his host of hearers very soon deserted him, and he was at last left with only three pupils. Even these three complained that they could make nothing of his lectures; but they were induced to remain, as one of them informed me, by the assurance on the part of Fichte, that if they would but have patience, and wait out his concluding lecture, the whole science would burst upon them like a revelation. But, added my informant, not one blink of light ever came my way. Fichte himself quitted Königsberg after delivering a very short course, much out of humour with its dull inhabitants, who, he averred, had no organ for the comprehension of his sublime "science of human knowledge." (*Wissenschaftslehre.*)

But it was written in the book of fate that Königsberg was not to be my permanent resting-place. I received a letter from Reinhard, informing me that a vacancy had occurred in the university of Leipsic, and urging me to accept the situation. In other circumstances, I should certainly have hesitated, for the terms were not so favourable as those I was leaving behind me at Königsberg; but I was determined, by the declining health of my wife, whose constitution required a milder climate than the north of Germany, to avail myself of the proposal, and accordingly I once more packed up my household gods, and took the road to Leipsic in 1809.

Stage the sixth. My Professorship in Saxony—1809. * * * My heart leaped up when I entered once more the boundaries of my native land after

so long an absence. I had indeed experienced many trials in Saxony, and my parents were by this time dead; but the *amor patriæ* still burned within me, and the hope of rendering some service to the interests of education in my own country, now animated me to greater zeal and activity in my calling.

About this time, that disease which has since got to such a head in the world of philosophy, was just beginning to break out, or at least to make itself generally and perceptibly felt. I know not whether to call it a fever, vertigo, or the pip; but one or all of these complaints it appeared to me to be. Matters of the plainest and most commonplace significance, being disguised in an uncouth and high-sounding phraseology, were passed off as the sublimest discoveries of a new and recondite science. People philosophized with the imagination instead of with the reason—not, however, with that serene and creative faculty which, in ancient and in modern times, has given birth to so many pictures of grandeur and of grace; but with that dark and grovelling power which leads the mind astray after the phantoms of falsehood.

Against this perverted method of philosophizing, I commenced a most determined opposition. The consequence was, that I was every where spoken of by the transcendental high-flyers as a cold commonplace and prosaical barbarian. I must admit that two grievous faults abound in my writings, which are no where to be found in theirs. In the first place, I have written, on all occasions, too clearly for my readers. I have made it too easy for them to understand me: and I did so in the simple belief, that before a man could teach others, he must be able to express his meaning in perfectly intelligible terms. But it appears that I was wrong in thinking so. I have lived to learn that philosophical genius never more strikingly manifests itself, and is never more ardently admired, than when it involves its thoughts in clouds of vapour, and baptizes them with a necromantic nomenclature. In the second place, I have erred, in so far as I have always entertained far too high a respect for the common sense of my fellow-creatures. Had I, instead of Hegel, been the man fortunate enough to give utterance to the pompous proposition, that "whatever is rational is real, and whatever is real is rational;" with what devotion would my doctrines have been hailed by a sect of enthusiastic followers! What gratitude should I not have been entitled to from the Turkish sultan and his minions, for letting them know that all their atrocities, because they really happened, were therefore, *ex necessitate*, reasonable and just! Or, if it had been my good fortune, instead of Schellings, to proclaim that "philosophy was a true science only in so far as it was opposed to the common sense of all mankind," with what applause would I have been listened to by myriads of madmen!—for in this country, there are thousands of cracked head-pieces that were never within the walls of bedlam.

But I was soon called upon to take part in a different and more important warfare. In 1812, the news reached us that Moscow had been burned to the ground. My unhappy country had long lain prostrate under French oppression; but in that dreadful event, I read that the hour of her deliverance was nigh. "The Russians have set fire to their holy city in order to rid themselves of the swarms of French locusts, whose legions are now in disastrous and disgraceful retreat. The hand of God is upon them. They and their cause are given over to destruction, and Germany shall again be free." I was filled with patriotic ardour, and nothing but my appointment to the rectorate of the university—an honour which was at this time conferred upon me—prevented me from doffing the professorial gown, and taking the field against the foe. The halls of learning, no less than the palaces of kings, were endangered, and I thought that I could not, with propriety, desert my proper post at so critical a period.

During my rectorate, many and grievous were the annoyances I suffered from the insolence of the French. At one time, instructions were sent to me, that I must give orders to the students to cut off their mustaches, and deliver up their arms, as they were frequently in the habit of brawling with the officers of the imperial army. At another time, I was ordered to convert part of the university buildings into an hospital for the French sol-

diers. By such vexations as these my temper was sorely tried, and if it had not been for my friend, Professor Diemer, who, by his mild manners, succeeded in allaying the storm which my unyielding disposition frequently provoked on the part of our oppressors, I know not how I might have fared. For when nature formed me, she made my backbone very stiff, so that bowing and cringing are by no means accomplishments in which I excel.

At length the day dawned on which the great Napoleon himself was expected to honour Leipsic with his presence. He did not appear, however, until three days after the time appointed; and meanwhile the chief authorities of the town were moved about from place to place, and kept almost continually on their feet. We had, indeed, a most weary time of it during these three days. At length, the great man arrived, and gave us an audience in the King of Saxony's palace in the market-place. Here the domineering character of the man displayed itself most conspicuously. He came burning with wrath against the university, and almost the first words he uttered were—"where are the deputies of the university?" My colleagues and myself immediately came forward, when he overwhelmed us with a torrent of invective, on account of some students who had enlisted in the corps of Luckow's volunteers—as if the students had been schoolboys, who could not take a single step without the permission of the Senatus Academicus. He then turned to the mercantile authorities, and demanded—"How many millionaires have you in Leipsic?" (he alluded to francs, but those interrogated thought that he meant dollars;) and when it was answered him that there was not one, he clapped his hand upon his pocket with a sarcastic leer, as much as to say—I'll find out a method to make them render up their coin. Avarice and the lust of dominion seemed to be the only passions of his soul.

When the audience was at an end, and Napoleon was departing, one of my colleagues ventured to step forward to address him. The Emperor started back, apparently doubtful what the intentions of my friend might be. For so timorous was this great man grown, that he lived in the constant dread of assassination; and when I was at Königsberg I remember his once leaping out of a boat in the middle of the Pregel, and making for the shore, because he had observed a movement among the crowd upon the opposite bank of the river, and imagined that an attempt was about to be made upon his precious life. But on the present occasion, when he discovered that the professor had no dagger in his bosom, and merely wished to mollify the tiger with a few civil words—he grinned scornfully in his face, and then turned his back upon him. And this was the great man who had made the world his footstool, and whom all the nations worshipped as a perfect god! To me he appeared to be nothing but a drill-sergeant, who had a certain knack of railing the rabble into obedience to his will. Neither in his demeanour nor in his language was there the smallest trace of dignity or grace. Terror was his only talisman.

The colossus was now tottering on his pedestal, but he had not yet fallen. He collected his strength for one last desperate effort, and assembled all his forces in the neighbourhood of Leipsic. My house was in the outskirts of the town, and commanded a prospect of a large portion of the battle-field. Cannon-balls and hand-grenades flew around us on all sides, and many peaceful inhabitants were struck dead in the streets. The hot tide of battle then set in upon the city itself, and raged furiously within its narrow precincts. But the brave Allies were at length victorious, and before nightfall I had the satisfaction of witnessing from my windows the flight of the discomfited foe. And what a flight it was! Pell-mell they went—neck and heels, by scores into the ditches which intercepted their ignominious retreat. Napoleon himself escaped by blowing up a bridge in his rear, and thereby consigning to death or captivity many of his devoted train. Did I not burn with the desire that my hand had been then upon his throat! "*Voici,*" I would have shouted "*voici, scelerat! le Recteur de l'université de Leipsic qui vous avez si maltraité!* The retreat of several thousand Frenchmen was cut off by the waters of the Elster. They surrendered at discretion to a company of Prussian jagers: and when I

saw them marched, with their general at their head, between a double collonnade formed by the allied troops, my mind recurred with great satisfaction to the *furcæ Caudinæ* and the *sub jugum mitti* of Roman warfare.

During these memorable days the dearth of provisions that prevailed in Leipsic was quite dreadful. On one occasion I saw a respectable citizen carrying home a loaf under his cloak. Unluckily some soldiers on the promenade got wind of it; they were down upon him in a trice, and the bread was torn from his grasp. He entreated them, with tears, that they would at least leave him half of it; that it had cost him five dollars; and that his wife and children were at home starving. But the soldiers were starving too, so that the unfortunate man was obliged to return home with empty hands, and a heart filled with despair. Willingly would I have given him a share of my own commons; but at the very same time I myself was under the necessity of borrowing from a neighbour a little salt, and half a ration of bread, which he, again, had purchased from a soldier at an enormous per-centage. On another occasion, soon after the battle, when the general Kleist von Nollendorf and some other officers called upon us, we had nothing in the house to offer them but a cup of muddy coffee and a morsel of stale biscuit. At length a friend of mine had the good fortune to purchase a cow from a fugitive Frenchman. When the animal was slaughtered, he presented me with half of it, and thus, after being almost starved to death, we again had fresh meat in the house. If a man would form any notion of the straits to which we were reduced, just let him go without his dinner for a fortnight.

Though Germany might now be said to be effectually delivered from the thraldom of the French, a call was yet made upon all patriotic Saxons to rise in arms for the liberation of their king; and as the term of my rectorate had by this time expired, I had no hesitation in obeying the summons. After some drilling, I accordingly took the field as lieutenant of a body of volunteer cavalry. But our campaigns were all bloodless; and at length, after a good deal of marching and counter-marching, during which time I and my comrades were quartered on many an honest countryman —much, I fear, to the inconvenience of themselves and their wives—I again returned to my peaceful avocations in the university of Leipsic, within whose venerated walls I hope to terminate a life which, I trust, has been not altogether unprofitably spent.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

The destructive fire which has turned so large and important a portion of this great national depository into ashes, has awakened the anxiety of the public in a remarkable degree. The recollections connected with its history, its construction, and its uses, have been gathered by the journals with great diligence, and received with almost unexampled avidity. We attribute this effect to much higher feelings than mere curiosity, excited by public events in general. A degree of interest arising from its extraordinary connexion with the history of the country, and with the most extraordinary portions of that history, attaches to the Tower; and every antiquarian, every student of our national annals, every mind capable of being stirred by seeing the very spots on which some of the most signal transactions of England and Europe have happened, and even every citizen who has long looked on the Tower as the defence and ornament of an important portion of the metropolis, shares the sensation produced by the late catastrophe.

In this language there is no exaggeration: if the crowd who gazed on the progress of this dreadful fire through the length of a night, were brought together by the mere spectacle, this cannot account for the multitudes of every rank from the highest, who have since thronged the gates, and, with whatever difficulty arising from the precautions adopted in a fortress, have made their way to inspect the ruins.

As some illustration of the materials for a higher interest than that of mere sight-seeing which are to be found in the Tower, may be mentioned the Chapel, which contains the dust of some of the most memorable names of the national times of trouble. In front of the communion table lie the bodies of Anne Boleyn, and her brother, Lord Rochford; of Queen Katharine Howard; of Margaret Countess of Salisbury, the last of the Plantagenets; of Thomas Cromwell, chief minister of Henry the VIII., in the suppression of the papal supremacy; of the two Seymours, him of Sudley, and his clever and, perhaps, innocent brother, the Protector; of Lord Dudley and his beautiful and guiltless wife; of the wily Duke of Northumberland, of the Duke of Norfolk, the aspirant to the hand of the Queen of Scots; of the chivalrous and brilliant Earl of Essex, the lover of Elizabeth; of James, the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, who lies under the communion table; and of the unhappy victims of their rash attachment to a worthless king and an unconstitutional cause, the Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino; with that clever old man but giddy rebel, the Lord Lovat, who perished for the outbreak of 1745. Tower Hill furnished this little last receptacle with most of its dead; and perhaps there is no spot on the globe which might supply a more solemn and immediate moral against the vanity of human things, the equal distribution of good and evil, among the highest and the lowest, and the hazard of violating the wise and ancient maxim against "meddling with those who are given to change."

The fire broke out on Saturday night, the 30th of October, about ten o'clock. Strange to say, it was not first perceived in the Tower itself, though it has sentinels planted in every quarter. A soldier on guard at the Royal Mint, which stands on the opposite side of the moat, perceived a sudden blaze in the Bowyer or Round Tower, connected with the great building in which the muskets and other small arms were stored. He mentioned it to the porter at the Mint, but the man saying that such lights were common there, the soldier gave no alarm. However, in a few minutes after, it was effectually given; a person accidentally passing along Tower Hill, which gives a commanding view of the fortress, saw the blaze spring up, and shouted to the sentries. The firing of a musket instantly brought out the whole garrison; (the Scots Fusilier Guards, nearly five hundred men,) the drums were beaten, and every effort that could be made by fearlessness and activity was made; but the fire had already completely seized the Bowyer Tower, which stood in the centre of the great stores of arms, and all efforts were evidently in vain.

Expresses were immediately dispatched to the Duke of Wellington, as Constable of the Tower, and to the chief fire-engine stations. Unfortunately there was a deficiency of water to supply the Tower engines—the river being at low tide, the moat nearly dry, and the garrison tanks soon drained. It has been also said that the Tower engines were in an inadequate condition, at least to meet so formidable an emergency. But giving this as the mere report of the confused moment, and, of course, awaiting the decision of that formal inquiry which is about to take place, it was soon evident that the fire had mastered every obstacle, and that the Bowyer Tower was in a mass of flame.

By this time, the alarm had been spread through the whole east end of London, and thousands came crowding from all quarters to witness the conflagration. But we shall not wander into the descriptions with which the first narrators seem to have indulged their taste for discovering the sublime in the terrible. By eleven o'clock, the scene from the exterior was simply awful. One sensation, that of terror at the vast power of the flames, at the rapidity with which they rushed over the roofs of the immense buildings, and the continued roar of the fire which drowned every voice of the multitude, absorbed every one. From the height of Tower Hill, the flames seemed at one period to make so sudden and vast a rush upwards, that the whole space of building beneath the eye was supposed likely to fall a prey. This gave rise to a new terror; the detached buildings were inhabited by the civil officers of the Tower and their families, and the probability appeared for a while to be, that they would be involved in the ruin. By this time, too, the fire-engines came rolling through the streets, announced by shouts and their gongs, with their horses at full gallop; and even the appearance of those powerful and useful machines, as they swept the multitude, right and left, before them, increased the feverishness of the spectators. In a short time the whole front of the entrance gate was thronged with them and their firemen, and some official delay having prevented their passing in, the general anxiety increased. At length they all disappeared within the walls, and every eye was turned to watch their effect upon the fire.

But a sudden blaze from the roof of the armoury showed that the evil was but begun. This great depot, containing arms for 200,000 men, was soon enveloped in flame, and it was obvious that no human exertion could now save it. The engines of the fire brigade had been brought into play, and they threw vast volumes of water upon the building; but the flames seemed to be unchecked for a moment, and the whole aspect of this great fabric was soon more like that of a volcano in eruption, or rather of that more rapid, more tremendous sight—a line-of-battle ship on fire, than of any other conflagration. From whatever cause, whether from the diversity of the burning materials, arms, camp equipage, stores, or even of the molten metals, the flames took different hues at intervals, and that of purple, sulphur-coloured, and other tinges. But the analogy to a vast burning ship was not confined merely to the likeness of the blazing casements to gunports pouring out flames, but for a while was thought to extend to another and even a more formidable source of hazard. It was supposed that gunpowder was among the stores—a supposition which, if true, would have probably realized itself in the destruction of the garrison, and the general blaze of every building within the walls, if not have flung conflagration over a large space of the city. Fortunately, it happened that the gunpowder was not in the armoury; but the escape was sufficiently narrow, for a large quantity of it was deposited under the White Tower, at the opposite side of the court—a building which was more than once threatened by the flames, and which any sudden shift of the wind might have involved in the fate of the armoury, even if it might not take fire from the showers of sparks which were floating in all directions in the air. This hazard was at length felt to be so serious, that the troops were put to the perilous service of carrying away the barrels, wrapped in wetted blankets; and we understand that a considerable quantity, for which any other receptacle could not be found, was thrown into the moat.

The scene within was, of course, still more anxious than that without the fortress. The major of the Tower

had, at an early period, sent for a reinforcement of police, who were speedily followed by a battalion of the Guards, and then the gates were secured, which at one time seemed not unlikely to be forced by the multitude, and an additional strength was supplied for the working of the engines. The exertions of the troops of all arms were what might be expected from them—indefatigable and courageous. Though there was still a strong impression that at least some barrels of gunpowder remained in the vaults, the soldiers, on seeing that the armoury must fall, rushed into the rooms, and carried away every thing that could be saved, while the fire was actually raging over their heads. Thus were rescued some thousands of percussion muskets, and some of the trophies which had so long constituted the ornaments of the Tower. The fire-enginemen even continued playing on the walls of the apartments until the ceilings were on the point of coming down.

Three hours had now passed since the commencement of the fire, and as it was seen to be utterly hopeless to contend with it, the general effort was directed to the preservation of the surrounding buildings. The leaden water-pipes on the roof of the White Tower were melted by the heat, and the effect of the flame across the court was so powerful, that it had begun to ignite the frames of the casements. Vast quantities of water were thrown on this building, which, independently of its striking architecture, has a still higher value as the depository of a vast number of the most ancient and important records of the kingdom. A sudden shift of the wind from the north-east to the south, assisted the operations of the engines, and the White Tower escaped destruction.

The Jewel Office seemed to be in still more imminent danger. Rather to the shame of those in whose department it had hitherto fallen to consult the architectural fame of the country, the crown jewels had been for a long period thrust into an obscure corner, or rather cellar, in a corner of the esplanade. What the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, or whatever other high functionaries of public taste who may be employed in preventing the national relapse into Vandalism, may have been doing, is not for us to say; but we think, that the Government ought to have made the Crown Jewel Office not merely a safe building, but a showy one. Those who have seen the *Garde-Meuble* in Paris, will agree with Sterne's friend, that "they order those things better in France." We admit that a new jewel house is now building; but as it happens to stand exactly in the same perilous vicinity to the site of the great store, which will doubtless become a great store again; and as it is a little, low, vulgar, and squat affair like its predecesssor, evidently built on the model of a tea-caddy, or *bon-bon* box, it is not much more to our admiration than the little dungeon to which it is about to succeed. How either of them escaped on the present occasion, it is difficult to discover. For though hewn stone will not burn, jewels will calcine; and certainly, if the wind had but flung a single sheet of flame in that quarter, the crown jewels of England, with all their value and all their recollections—and those are many and curious—would in the first five minutes have been vitrified into lumps, or floated away in vapour. It is to be hoped that they will be removed from the very dangerous contiguity of such combustibles as canvass-tents, gun-stocks, and the thousand other things which a spark may set in an unquenchable blaze.

It is due, however, to the promptitude and intelligence of Mr Swifte, a very meritorious person, and fitted for a much higher office than that of superintending the regalia, that they were rescued from this peril. Under his direction they were carried to the governor's house, where they remained until their transfer to the care of Messrs Rundell and Bridge, the celebrated makers of crowns and sceptres on Ludgate Hill. At one, the Clock Tower, in the centre of the armoury, which had hitherto held its head erect, was seen to totter, and it plunged down with a crash which, in the stillness of the night, was heard for miles round. But the night was the very reverse of still in the neighbourhood of the Tower. All was confusion—the rushing of crowd upon crowd, the galloping of expresses, the coming of troops, the rolling of fire-engines, and the shouts and outcries of the multitude as the fire seemed rushing to

some yet untouched part of the area; and the tumult within seemed to rise with the existence of some new hazard. At length the whole roof of the armoury fell in, and in the next moment the sky was literally vaulted with fire —the burning fragments of wood, paper, canvass, and every thing that could float and blaze, filled the whole hemisphere. As far as the eye could reach, every thing was suddenly visible, as if in the light of day. The river, the ships, with the seamen in the rigging, the opposite roofs of the city, the fields beyond, the remote steeples and prominent buildings of the suburbs and villages—all gleamed for a moment in that fearful gush of wild light, and then all sank as suddenly into darkness, and the view was confined to the sullen blaze of the Tower, steady and strong, like some huge furnace. By three in the morning the flames began to subside, and the spread of the havoc was no longer to be apprehended. The ruins, however, continued partially burning for some days. An investigation, by order of Government, alone can be expected to satisfy the public on the subject of so great a loss of national property. That loss, with the expense of rebuilding the armoury, has been calculated at a million sterling. It is supposed that the fire began with one of the stoves on Dr Arnot's plan. These inventions should never be applied experimentally to public buildings; and wherever stoves are, there is danger. They do their work in secret, smoulder in spots where no one suspects them, and generally punish the saver of fuel and the economical lover of science, by burning his house about his ears.

The history of the Tower is one of the most curious in existence. If the Tower had a tongue, it could tell more thoughts of great men and great women, of festal days and nights of sorrow, of triumphant bigotry and hallowed martyrdom, than perhaps any castle in the wildest regions of romance. It has been every thing in turn.

Originally the palace of the monarch, it became a fortress, and the fortress became a prison. This was the fruit of the desperate times which men are in the habit of calling the good old days of their ancestors. Force was the grand instrument, and defence the grand object. Every man's hand was against every man; and from the king to the peasant, every man's safety was in the sword by his side. It will, however, be admitted, that society in England was more secure than on the Continent; four centuries ago, every road in Germany was covered with licensed robbers, whose head-robber, calling himself a baron, lived in a fortified house in the next forest, which he called his castle. Three centuries ago, no man ever stirred a league before his town-walls, without the chance of being slaughtered by a party calling themselves cavaliers, soldiers of the faith, or free lances. In England, fifteen hundred of those fortresses had been built in the reign of Stephen alone; and as if to show that, with all our soberness, we could be as mad as the rest of the world, and later than the rude clans of Germany, or the volatile villany of France, our civil wars in the middle of the seventeenth century, within three years cost the lives of nearly 100,000 English yeomen, nobles, and gentlemen.

But a strong distinction must be made. Fortresses within a country have uniformly been a sign of barbarism; fortresses on the frontier of a country have not merely been a sign of national strength, but a source of all the "appliances and means" of national improvement. Two things most deprecated by declaimers, have, in fact, protected, which was equivalent to producing, the civilization of the Continent. And these two were fortresses and standing armies.

The first European armies, after the Gothic conquest, were a *levy en masse.* The chiefs and their feudatories, gathering a host of peasants, poured into the field. The peasants, in the bitterness of national rivalry, the heat of battle, or the frenzy of success, slaughtered their enemy without a thought of mercy, or an idea of retaliation. Thus a war of volunteers was a war of butchery. But standing armies introduced a new system. When military service became a profession, it formed a code for itself. The professed soldier began to provide against accidents. He found that war had its fortune, and that the victor to-day might be the prisoner to-morrow. He therefore established rules and regulations for his own treatment in case

of falling into the hands of the adverse party. This gave rise to the doctrine of "quarter," giving and taking ransom, parole, and exchange of prisoners. From this time war became humanized.

Frontier fortresses answered the same purpose. They saved the trouble of being always on the watch. The trader was allowed to go to his counter, the workman to his shop, the peasant to his plough. They had all once gone armed, or not at all. But with a few stout fortresses between them and their enemy, they now felt that they could not be surprised, that some breathing-time must be given before they were required for the field; and this breathing-time suffered them to throw aside their pikes and arquibusses, and follow their natural employment. Thus the Continent has to thank bastions and battalions for its crops, its comforts, and its civilization. England had a fortification in its great ditch—the Channel—worth all the battlements since the building of Babylon; and its security from all foreign assault, unless by a maritime force, which no foreigner possessed since the time of the Danes, must have made it a prosperous people, except for those unlucky feuds to which the factions of York and Lancaster gave occasion, and yet which probably were the discipline essential to preparing the country for the dominion of law, by sweeping away the baronial race, who acknowledged no dominion but that of the sword.

The Tower of London was originally built to defend the river, and to constitute a citadel; while the present district called the City, constituted London, and the city itself was a fortress. Standing on a rising ground at the south-east, overlooking a portion of London which once contained the houses of the chief nobility, and the property of the principal traders; by its guns commanding the course of the Thames, and protecting the anchorage of the merchant ships, which in those days moored in the current, it formed an important place of strength; and being large, capable of every kind of royal decoration; and being secure alike from the tumults of the citizens and the assaults of a foreign enemy, it offered a suitable position for the residence of the sovereign in early and troubled times.

Though as a fortification the Tower would now make but an humble figure to the eye of an engineer, yet the walls exhibit the solid building of earlier ages. This citadel has a citadel, the White Tower, line within line of bulwarks, and a moat averaging a breadth of forty yards; defences which, though not startling to a Vauban or Coehorn, would be sufficiently formidable to a mob, the only warriors by whom it is ever likely to be assailed. The ground-plan occupies about twelve acres.

Julius Cæsar occupies in England nearly the place which "he of the cloven foot" occupies in bridge building in the north of Europe. Cæsar built all the ramparts, ruined battlements, and melancholy masses of brick and mortar, which still, in the northern valleys, defy the tools of the rustic clearer of the land. Future ages will give him the honour of having built all archways of the railroads, when those enormities of British speculation shall be what Stonehenge is now, a thing for antiquarians to perplex themselves about. A very active party among the antiquarians pronounces that Cæsar *must* have been the builder of the Tower. Another gives its origin as the work of the Emperor Constantine. Coins of the Roman emperors have certainly been found in the neighbourhood; but those prove nothing, and there is no authentic account referring the existence of the Tower to any century before the Eleventh. The period of William the Conqueror commenced the military age of England. At once sagacious and bold, he knew the importance of bridling the inhabitants of the capital, which had already acquired the sense of property, and with it, the power of being dangerous to the throne. For the purpose of teaching them the hazards of rebellion, William ordered the building of a fortress, of which the present White Tower was the centre. The builder was Gundulph, a bishop, an unsuitable architect in our conception—but in those days bishops did every thing; the clergy being the only educated class in the land, and the principal among them being educated in Italy, or deriving their accomplishments from Italians, architecture, fortunately for our cathedrals, being among the chief merits of the ancient hierarchy. The original date was 1078. William Rufus,

who though not so great a warrior as his father, was an adept in the arts of taxation and tyranny, added to the works of the fortress—which seems to have been a favourite occupation of the English kings, during those turbulent ages in which the monarch so often stepped from the throne to the scaffold. It is remarkable, however, that as the Tower was built by a bishop, its first tenant as a prisoner should be a bishop also—Flambard, Bishop of Durham. This was the renewal of Perillus and his brazen bull; but Flambard was too clever for his captors. Keeping a showy table, he was a favourite with the officers of his prison—estimated their capacity for wine, and prepared for his escape. As there was still some difficulty in obtaining the means of flight, a rope was smuggled into the prison in a barrel of wine—a conveyance too acceptable to the garrison to be questioned. Inviting the chief officers to dinner, he gave them wine until they fell asleep; then, by means of a rope, escaped from the battlement, found horses ready at its foot, and made his way good to the sea-shore, and thence into Normandy.

In the twelfth century England was a scene of convulsion: and here King Stephen held his court when the troops of Maude had so sorely curtailed his kingdom. Within twenty years after, the Tower was in the command of a bishop once more, no less a personage than the memorable Thomas a Becket. Towards the close of the century, it was again under the command of a bishop, Long Champs of Ely, but who possessed it in consequence of his general commission as Regent. He, too, added to the fortifications, and dug the ditch. An insurrection, however, forced him to capitulate; and even then it was only consigned to another prelate—the Archbishop of Rouen. During the reigns of Richard I., and John, it became a royal residence. In 1215, it saw a new enemy, of a more distinguished order than had hitherto approached its walls. It suffered a brief siege of the bold barons combined to extort Magna Charta from John, alike pusillanimous and perfidious. But the Tower was already too strong to be shaken by the rude bravery of those national champions, and it held out until the peace between the King and the barons, when it was given into the command of another prelate, the Archbishop of Canterbury. In the succeeding reign, it was again in the possession of a bishop—Pandulph of Norwich—who entertained within its walls the King of Jerusalem and the Grand Master of the Knights Hospitallers, who had come to England to seek assistance against the Saracens. The reign of Henry III. was a series of civil tumults; and the Tower was successively a fortress, a palace, and a prison—and sometimes all three together. In the latter part of this century, it was again under the command of an ecclesiastic. If number could confer sanctity, the Tower might almost vie with the episcopal honours of Lambeth. Otho, the papal legate, was put in command, in defiance of the Earl of Gloucester and the citizens. The supremacy of the Roman see had taught all its followers to be contemptuous of secular authority; and even while the Tower was besieged, Otho, in a spirit of bravado, went to St Paul's, and in the shape of a sermon for the Crusaders, preached a fierce harangue against the Earl and his army—but this bold monk was more than a man of words. Forcing his way back to the Tower, he gallantly defended it, and repelled all assaults until the advance of the royal army raised the siege. Till the absence of Edward I., on the crusade, the Tower was committed to the hands of the Archbishop of York.

This frequent employment of churchmen in offices fit only for soldiership, arose from the necessities of the age. They not only possessed the exclusive knowledge of their time, but they had the not less important distinction of being the most trustworthy among the nobles of the land. An Established Church, even in its lowest condition, has a tendency to support the throne —to guard the rights of property—and to protect the public peace. And this tendency belongs to its nature. Its connexion with the State makes the security of the monarch important to its own; its possession of property makes it zealous for the laws by which all property is to be protected; and the injury done to all its objects, by civil convulsion, makes it instinctively promote internal tranquillity. Higher motives than personal interests may keep individuals in the path

of duty; but it should be a consideration of peculiar importance with a legislature thus to possess a great depositary of principles, which, whether brought into action by virtue, or by the lower influences of merely human advantage, equally and invariably throw their weight into the scale of a settled throne—a settled legislation—and a settled system of rights, duties, and possessions.

The reign of Edward I. was a bold, active, and successful evidence of the power of England, directed by a leader capable of calling forth its latent strength. England was about to be summoned to play a great part in Europe, by checking the French supremacy, and inflicting on the French throne a terrible retribution for the severities and treacheries which it had exercised on the unfortunate Albigenses. The King began this involuntary and unconscious preparative by extinguishing all the resources of hostility at home. He first threw himself on Wales, and by the suddenness and skill of his attack subjugated a country which had so long been a national peril. In 1296, he marched an army to the north, which, after the memorable overthrow of Dunbar, made him master of the unhappy and feeble Baliol, and a crowd of the chief nobles. In 1305, the fall of the brave William Wallace extinguished another gallant attempt at insurrection; and Edward, now free from domestic danger, was ready to turn his face towards the country which his successors were destined to reduce to tho lowest humiliation.

But the vigorous administration of the first Edward was not confined to conquest. He had begun a stern reform of the abuses which had grown up by the long impunity of the former reigns. In the Tower were imprisoned successively two chief justices of the King's Bench, the Master of the Rolls, and several other high functionaries of the law. His hand fell next upon the mitred abbots, some of whom were men of birth, and as such had thought themselves entitled to the privilege of plunder. Among those was the Abbot of Westminster, who, with eighty other persons, monks and laymen, flung at one fell swoop into the Tower dungeons, was charged with a wholesale robbery of what in our day would be about half a million of money. The reign of Edward II. was one of the most melancholy periods of English history, a continual succession of civil convulsions. Of him it might be said with literal truth, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." The barons, still bold, and recovering their old strength through the unpopularity of the government, shook the Throne—aided by the citizens of London, took the Tower, which was the King's last stronghold, beheaded the bishop to whom, according to custom, its defence had been entrusted, and finally stripped the distressed and despairing monarch of his diadem.

The next reign restored the monarchy, and began that course of daring and successful exploits, which had nearly extinguished the French name. The Tower was now filled with another generation—French knights and nobles taken in the various battles; John, king of France, and his son Philip, captured at Poictiers; Charles de Blois; John de Vienne, the commandant of Calais in the memorable siege, with his twelve companions; and some hundred French officers and citizens of different ranks and various degrees. Those were stirring days, and London must have been kept alive by a perpetual pageant. The war continued with but few intervals for nearly fifty years, and it was memorable for almost continual victories.

The hostilities with Scotland only swell the extraordinary triumphs of this reign; and the battle of Neville's Cross in 1346, threw David Bruce, the Scottish king, with almost the entire of the nobility who had followed him to the field, into English hands. The Tower was also the place of their confinement, and the procession of those brave but unfortunate men through the city was evidently intended as a national pageant. All the city companies were marshalled in all their paraphernalia, and the march through the city gates was attended by no less than twenty thousand soldiers. But the treatment of these gallant prisoners establishes the theory to which we have already alluded. The continuance of war was actually softening the calamities of war. As the soldier became prouder of his profession, the profession itself became more humane. Chivalry itself had but seldom spared

the knight, while it was merciless to the common soldier. The 13th century had advanced so far as to see quarter given in the field to both the knight and the serf. The 14th century made the further advance of accepting ransom for the prisoner. This was a great step, for it at once tended to secure the good treatment of the captive, and it made wealth an essential element even of war. The sums obtained for those ransoms were in some instances enormous; but the larger they were, the surer pledges they gave to the change of system. The Earl of St Paul paid 300,000 francs, Charles de Blois paid 700,000 florins, for his release; David Bruce paid 100,000 marks. Thus war had its harvest as well as peace, and monarchs and nobles, not less than the monk or the merchant, found themselves dependant on that purse which is to be filled only by agriculture or trade. The reign of Richard II. was proverbial for public distress, but it commenced with some of the reflected glories of the period passing away. The royal coronation, according to Holinshed, had all the extravagance of a carnival, and all the splendour of an Arabian tale.

On the day of the coronation, the king, clad in white robes, issued from the gates of the Tower, accompanied by an immense assemblage of nobles, knights, and esquires. The streets through which he passed were adorned with drapery, the conduits ran wine, and pageants were exhibited in all the principal thoroughfares. Among the latter, was a castle with four towers stationed in Cheapside; from two of these, the wine ran forth abundantly, and at the top stood a golden angel, holding a crown, so contrived that when the king came near, he bowed down, and presented it to him. In each of the towers was a beautiful virgin, of stature and age like to the king, appareled in white vestures, the which blew in the king's face leaves of gold, and flowers of gold counterfeit. On the approach of the cavalcade, the damsels took cups of gold, and filling them with wine at the spouts of the castle, presented them to the king and the nobles.

The famous insurrection of Wat Tyler first taught the feeble monarch the insecurity of despotism. But Tyler went the way of all rebels, and the king was not the wiser for the moral. In those days a man's enemies were often those of his own household; and it certainly conveys a powerful impression of the miseries of the time, to see how frequently the closest bonds of relationship were severed by family feuds, personal ambition, or popular excitement. Richard was soon besieged in the Tower by an army of the barons, at whose head was his own uncle, the Duke of Gloucester. After various turns of fortune the royal standard fell, and the Tower again became the centre of action. The judges and others of rank who had espoused the royal cause, were confined in its dungeons. The Chief-Justice of the King's Bench and the Lord Mayor were beheaded on Tower hill. Gloucester did not long survive. "Blood will have blood" is probably a maxim in more than poetry. It is remarkable, that almost every man by whose order the axe was used, soon perished. The duke fell into the royal hands, was sent to Calais, and there disappeared. His murderers were unpunished, and a new catastrophe soon extinguished all enquiry. The king was dethroned, and the Tower became the scene, first of his imprisonment, and finally of his resignation; a bloody revenge was exercised on those of the king's friends who were supposed to have put the duke to death, and the unhappy monarch saw them led under his window to execution in Cheapside. In the council room of the Tower he gave up the insignia of sovereignty, and prepared for that fate which follows fallen kings.

In the reign of Henry IV., the tumults of Wales chiefly superseded the habitual insurrections of the barons, and the leaders of the Welsh insurgents were the chief inmates of the prison. Henry V., whose daring spirit led him to France, and whose heroic gallantry swept all before him in the field, again peopled the dungeon with the French nobles. The victory of Agincourt in 1415, sent over the Dukes of Bourbon and Orleans, Marshal Boucicaut, the Counts of Gu, Vendosme, and a crowd of the first names of French chivalry. Orleans died in the Tower. Vendosme was ransomed for a large sum, others lingered long. But a more illustrious victim was confined there, Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, who was

denounced as a heretic for his adherence to the doctrines of Wickliffe in 1413; and having been finally brought to trial, died the glorious death of a martyr.

From this slight detail, it is evident that the Tower occupies the most central point in all the great transactions of the kingdom, from the hour of its building under the Conqueror, to the period of the York and Lancaster wars. No one edifice in any other country of Europe has had so close a connexion with the history of its respective kingdom, the Bastile not excepted. The York and Lancaster wars filled its prisons with the sufferers in the rapid succession of those changes of public fortune, which characterized that most disastrous time; but it ceased to have that influence on royal destiny which it possessed in days when the baronial power absolutely held the Throne at defiance, and the feebleness of the Crown made a flight to the Tower the first measure of helpless royalty. Fearful as the flow of blood was in these wars, it had the effect of preparing for a calmer condition of things. Its havoc strongly resembled the prescriptions of the Roman triumvirate, and its results were not altogether dissimilar. The destruction of the great body of the Roman patricians, enabled Rome to escape from the turbulence of a fierce oligarchy to the comparative quiet of the Imperial government. The ruin of the great baronial families of England, similarly enabled the Crown to establish itself without disturbance from the power of the great barons, whose armed retainers were constantly ready—at once to fleece the people and to rebel against the king. Fortunately for the ultimate liberties of England, the process went further than in Rome. The introduction of a principle loftier than ever entered into the mind of heathenism, taught men their duties by teaching them public and personal virtue. Protestantism alone implanted the sense of public right, and gave the fortitude to sustain the struggle; and where the Roman popular mind sank year by year into sloth and slavery, the British acquired strength by difficulty, until, through many a doubtful day, and severe sacrifice, it acquired what was worth all the struggle, a free constitution.

The accession of Henry VII., by his celebrated victory in Bosworth field, in 1487, brought this tremendous period to a close, and the Tower became once more the place of royal festivities. The royal marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., was solemnized with great splendour. England had learned pageants from France, as France had learned them from Italy, and the pomp of those shows at least the rising wealth of the nation. On the Friday before St Catherine's day, the queen, attended by the queen's mother, and a royal retinue, came from Greenwich by water, attended by the mayor and aldermen, and the city companies, in their barges, waving with banners and ensigns of their several trades; and the wonder of all, the bachelor's barge, a peculiarly ornamental vessel, with a great red dragon at its head, spouting fire all the way up the Thames, to the great astonishment and no less delight of every body. The queen was received at the Tower wharf by the monarch himself, with all the gallantry of a soldier, and the royal entertainment concluded the auspicious day. The queen had another ceremonial to perform, the procession to Westminster, and this was the work of the next day. The detail of her dress has some interest even now, as a proof of the extraordinary richness of female attire in those days. We question whether, even in her person or her equipage, any queen since the days of Queen Bess, has equalled the bride of Henry VII. The queen, on this occasion, rose from the dinner-table, wearing a kirtle of cloth of gold, with a mantle of the same furred with ermine—the whole girdled with a silk and gold rope, and balls of gold at its ends. Her hair, light-coloured, was suffered to fall in its length behind, but a circlet of gold, set with jewels, was upon her brow. The royal litter was scarcely less showy than its fair occupant. It was canopied with cloth of gold, and its furniture was all embroidery. In this state she made her progress through the streets, which were all decorated for a triumphal entry; all hung with banners and tapestry, and lined with the city companies in their various dresses; and at select points, exhibitions of children dressed as figures of mythology, or angels, or nymphs, welcoming their young sovereign with

songs, recitations, and similar dramatic displays. Our age is more fastidious in such things, but we doubt whether it is more refined; we boast of our superior wisdom, but it is possible that the actual increase is in dulness; and, reduced as London is to the Lord Mayor's show, we must hesitate before we regard the beggarly economy forced on us by Radical orators of our day, as more rational, more politic, or even more *saving*, than the gay and glittering displays which brought thousands to London—which brought even strangers from beyond the seas—and thus increased the wealth flowing into the city. But those pageants had even a higher effect; they cheered the citizen in the rather dreary life which labour enjoys; they also excited emulation among the artists and manufacturers; they encouraged a taste for the improvements introduced from foreign countries, in silks, tapestries, and jewellery, and arms. It may be taken for a maxim, though that maxim is above the reach of that miserable tribe of publicans, who appeal to the populace, by professing to save their farthings, that wherever public taste is improved, an accession of public good follows; and thus the means by which a man is at once amused, animated, and made proud of his country, are better worth attending to than all the parsimonious parings down ever effected by the most pitiful souled of the frigid and ignorant race of the "penny-wise and pound-foolish" of this world. One fact is historic, that the people of England have never *hated* a showy sovereign, however little he may have deserved their love in other respects, and that they have never loved a narrow-hearted one. The truth is, that there is scarcely any other way in which a British monarch, during the last 300 years, at least, could come in personal contact with his people; and what has been will be, for it is founded in human nature. In France, Henry IV., prodigal of his blood, his money, and every thing, and Louis XIV., memorable for the splendour of his palaces, his person, his court, and his pageants, are still the two most glittering figures in the national eye—the two stars in their firmament of the 17th and 18th centuries—the two characters with whom France identified her fame, her power, and her loyalty—the two representatives of all that proud, but indefinite conception, which the popular fancy has called the Sovereign.

In 1501, the Tower witnessed another festivity, attended with still more important consequences—the marriage of the king's son, Arthur, with Katharine of Spain. Tournaments and feasts were held within the walls, and thus from the Tower may be said to have begun that course of extraordinary events, which terminated in the most extraordinary of them all—the Reformation.

In the Tower, Henry VIII. of memorable recollection, held his first court, on the decease of his father; and the first exhibition was equally characteristic of his violent temper, and his love of popularity. He ordered Sir Richard Empson and Edward Dudley, who had been the chief instruments of raising the royal revenue in the preceding reign, to be arrested. It was in vain for the prisoners to plead, that they had but acted in conformity to the royal demands. The populace were delighted at seeing legal sternness retorted by royal severity. All defence was in vain, and they were both beheaded on Tower Hill.

The next exhibition was one of royal pomp—the feastings on the marriage with his brother's widow, Katharine. On the 21st of June 1509, the royal pair came in grand procession from Greenwich to the Tower. After two days of royal banqueting, they made the customary procession to Westminster, which must have been singularly splendid. First came heralds bearing the ensigns of Guienne and Normandy, then the bearers of the king's hat and cloak, on horses richly caparisoned, then Sir Thomas Brandon, Master of the Horse, in tissue, embroidered with roses of gold, and having a massive baldrick of gold, leading by a single rein the king's spare horse, in harness embroidered with gold bullion, and followed by nine "children of honour," apparelled in blue velvet embroidered with gold, and gold chains, and mounted on caparisoned horses. Henry, who rode bareheaded, was dressed in a robe of crimson velvet furred with ermine, his coat of raised gold, embroidered with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds; his horse was caparisoned with damask gold, and his knights in attendance

were habited in crimson velvet and scarlet cloth. The Queen was carried in a litter drawn by two white palfreys; was habited in a robe of embroidered satin, and wore a crown of jewels. After her followed an immense concourse of ladies on white palfreys, dressed in cloth of gold, silver, velvet, and embroidery, and followed by a multitude of attendants.

The Tower still remained the scene or the instrument of all the great movements of the monarchy; and Henry, contemplating his divorce, and the still bolder measures which were to follow, first looked to the condition of the Tower, and all necessary repairs were ordered to be made. On the marriage of Anne Boleyn, Henry received her at the Tower; and the procession to Westminster was of the most stately order. But the fortress was destined soon to receive other inhabitants. The king's violent measures against the papal supremacy,—measures whose just and rational principle was degraded by that tyrannical execution, threw into the dungeons of the Tower the chief men of the opposite party, and Tower Hill witnessed a melancholy succession of deaths incurred by fidelity to extravagant opinions, which yet had been inherited from age to age. Beyond all question, the principle of the papal supremacy was inconsistent with freedom in England, or in any other country. But it is to be lamented that the sword was the fashion of the day, and that the practices of Rome were not abandoned by those who had abjured her principles. On the 13th of May 1536, the unfortunate and innocent Anne Boleyn, with her brother, Lord Rochefort, were arraigned in the great hall of the Tower, and sentenced to death. On the 17th, so expeditious was the tyrant in his ferocity, Lord Rochefort and three others were beheaded on Tower Hill, and in two days after, a lovely and innocent, though a weak woman, was beheaded on the green *within* the Tower, fear being entertained that the popular compassion would have raised a tumult in her favour. From this atrocious act, the mind of Henry seemed to have been dyed in blood. Every year exhibited a train of executions. The violence and the fierce spirit which the king had kindled amongst the people, even by the terrors of his reign, produced insurrections which constantly fed the axe. The last who perished in this sanguinary reign, was the accomplished Earl of Surrey. He and his father, the Duke of Norfolk, were thrown into the Tower in 1546. Surrey was beheaded on the 18th of January in the following year. His father was sentenced to die on the 29th; but the fortunate news having arrived that the king had died in the course of the night before, the lieutenant of the Tower stopped for fresh orders; and the council, not thinking an execution a favourable omen for the first day of a reign, respited the duke, but kept him in confinement.

Edward VI. on his accession was conducted to the Tower, from which he was led to be crowned, as usual, at Westminster. Those were fearful times. The furious temper of the late king had inflamed the bitterness of faction, and thus had engendered new ambition and new hopes in the lovers of change. The deaths of the two Seymours, both men of high consideration and superior abilities, at once excited the spirit of party and startled the people. The death of the young king, in 1553, in the midst of this feverish condition of the country, threw the nation into still greater difficulties, and the daring and criminal attempt of the Duke of Northumberland to place his son the Lord Guilford Dudley, and the unfortunate and innocent Lady Jane Grey, on the throne, threatened the greatest of all national calamities—a civil war. But the party were suddenly extinguished, and the dungeons of the Tower were crowded with its leaders. A long catalogue of deaths followed the accession of Mary. The people of England should rejoice in the change of times and habits which relieves them from a repetition of those days. But their security is due to the law. In earlier times few could be safe but in connexion with some powerful noble; as, if a powerful noble felt a grudge against any man, that man must fly the country or be ruined. The consequence was, that conspiracy among the higher frequently involved the lower, and that, when law could not guard property or secure life, desperate expedients were familiar to all ranks. But in our day, the law which secures the succession of the crown precludes the dreadful struggles of competitorship. The law

which protects the individual renders even the most obscure independent of the protection of the most powerful, and thus breaking up that dangerous clientship, at once renders the humble safe, and the high harmless. An attempt to change the succession of the throne would now be regarded only with ridicule; and no man, of whatever eminence, could, within the borders of England, combine a dozen gentlemen in any purpose whatever hostile to the constitution. Even with the lowest populace, the attempt has always been abortive, until allegiance has become an instinct of the national mind.

But a memorable change was about to take place; the age of persecution rapidly approached to its close; and a period of unexampled prosperity was to follow this reign of individual wretchedness and national misfortune. Popery was to perish—Protestantism was to revive, and in its more purified and powerful state to bring blessings in its train. It is well worth our observation to remark the simple but strong preparative which provided for this great change. Elizabeth might have been Protestant without being the Queen of Protestantism; but it was the will of Providence that she should have a personal experience of the sufferings which bigotry inflicts upon a nation, that she should be taught a horror of Romish tyranny by her own sufferings, and not less taught the value of cultivating the national affections by their share in her own preservation. Mary, childless, sanguinary in her nature, and conscious that she was hated by the people, entertained the keenest jealousy towards her probable successor—Elizabeth. The insurrection under Sir Thomas Wyatt envenomed her malignity, and under the pretence of implication in the plot, an order was dispatched to commit Elizabeth instantly to the Tower. It was executed with the utmost severity. Three of the council were sent by the queen to Ashbridge to bring the princess with a strong guard to London. They arrived at ten o'clock at night; and, though the princess had retired to rest, they insisted on forcing their way to her, and told her that it was the queen's command she should be taken to London, alive or dead. She was then removed to Whitehall, where she was kept in close confinement for a fortnight; and on the Friday before Palm Sunday, Gardner, the bloody bishop of Winchester, with nineteen of the council, came to charge her with a share in Wyatt's conspiracy, and to announce her committal to the Tower. Notwithstanding her most solemn protestations of innocence, she was conveyed there—her committal being delayed till Palm Sunday, through fear of awakening the discontent of the citizens; and when they were gone to church, the princess was conveyed privately down the Thames. A committal to the Tower in those days was in general only a preliminary to the scaffold; and Elizabeth's sense of her situation may be judged from her resistance to every step of this cruel proceeding. She first required permission to write to the queen, remonstrating against being sent to this place of death, which she justly termed a place more wanted for a false traitor than a true subject. After denying the charges against her, she solicited an opportunity for defence before the Queen. "I humbly beseech your Majesty to let me answer before yourself, and not suffer me to trust to your councillors; yea, and that before I go to the Tower, if it be possible; or, if not, before I be further condemned. Howbeit, I trust assuredly, that your Highness will give me leave to do it after I go, that thus I may not be shamefully cried out as I shall be, and without cause."

On her conveyance to the Tower, she exhibited the high spirit of her nature. As the bargo was about to enter at the Traitor's Gate, the princess refused to be conveyed in by that ignominious entrance; but one of the lords who escorted her threatening to use force, she planted her foot on the stairs, and said aloud, "Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs, and before God I speak it, having none other friends but thee." As the train went a little onward, Elizabeth suddenly sat down upon a stone, and the lieutenant of the Tower urging her to rise, she refused, saying "Better to sit here than in a worse place, for God knoweth, and not I, whither you will bring me." These were words of agony, and coming from such a mind, were evidently spoken in expectation of death; but the high heart

was not extinguished; seeing her gentleman usher burst into tears, she remonstrated with him on his dejection, saying, that "she had taken him to be her comforter," and desiring him not to depress her, "since she knew her truth to be such that no man should have cause to weep for her."

In the Tower she was rigidly confined. Mass—though her known abhorrence—was constantly performed in her chamber. For some time she was not permitted to pass the threshold of her room; and when, subsequently, she was allowed to take exercise, she was constantly attended by the lieutenant and a guard. During this painful period, Elizabeth was frequently examined by the Lords of the Council; and though every effort was made to involve her in the charge of conspiracy, such was the steadiness of her defence, that no charge could be substantiated. At length Wyatt's dying declaration of her perfect innocence took away all pretexts for further severities; yet she was kept in confinement for a month after, and then removed to Woodstock.

It is impossible to doubt that this bitter period of her life had a powerful effect upon this great and high spirited sovereign in after-days. The merciless executions of the reign of popery, unquestionably must have alienated the people from a religion which ruled by the dreadful instrumentality of the sword and stake. But the personal suffering, the presence of the torturers, the hope deferred, and the sight of the narrow space between the dungeon and the scaffold, were lessons which could not be forgotten by Elizabeth when the question came whether she was to choose protestantism or popery for the religion of herself and her people. From her first day to her last, she never wavered.

Mary's death, on the 17th of November 1558, a day memorable for the joy which it spread over the whole kingdom, was followed by the triumphant entry of Elizabeth into the Tower. With what feelings must she have found herself there a sovereign! Her first act there was to throw herself on her knees in gratitude to Heaven. Her passage into the city was most remarkable; not merely from the rejoicings of the citizens, but from the evidence which her reception of the Bible, when offered in the course of the pageant, gave of her adherence to the Reformation. But the queen's protestantism rendered her so obnoxious to a powerful party in the country, that her life was constantly exposed to peril—a peril still more decided, after the publication of the atrocious papal bull, declaring her to have forfeited her kingdom. The fierce inflammation of the popish seminaries on the continent then poured forth individuals pledged to put the queen to death. On detection, they declared themselves martyrs, but they were hung as traitors: they professed that they died for religion; but the law punished them as, what they were, candidates for regicide.

The last personages of note imprisoned in this reign, were the celebrated Earl of Essex and the Lord Southampton. Essex possessed singular gifts of nature and fortune—handsome, clever, and brave, he wanted nothing but self-control to have made himself one of the first men of his remarkable time. But his haughtiness in Ireland, his self-conceit in England, and the personal vanity, which tempted him to look upon Elizabeth as the slave of his captivations, threw him helpless into the hands of his enemies. After an insurrection so feeble as to make him ridiculous, yet so glaring as to make him unquestionably criminal, the partiality of the queen gave way to the fears of her council, and the unfortunate earl, who had entreated that he might die without the exposure of a public execution, was led to the scaffold on Tower Hill, on Ash-Wednesday, February the 25th, 1601. He was habited with the costliness for which he had been distinguished—in a gown of black velvet over a satin suit. He died calmly, declaring himself a firm believer in the faith of protestantism. His death became him more than his life, and his scaffold still gives the moral of great opportunities thrown away, and fine faculties rendered useless by exorbitant vanity.

The accession of James I. in 1603 saw a still more distinguished victim immured within those disastrous walls, —the celebrated Sir Walter Raleigh. After a long imprisonment he was released, but released only to perish. The failure of his expedition to Guiana, and the remonstrances of Spain, threw this

brilliant soldier, sailor, adventurer, and philosopher, into the Tower once more, and in 1618 he was put to death by a cruelty which still stains the recollection of James. In 1621, two remarkable men were confined in the Tower at the same period—the great Lord Bacon, charged with corruption, and Sir Edward Coke, obnoxious to the crown for the resolution which he displayed in defence of the privileges of the Commons. In the same year another committal was made, which might be adopted with advantage in later times. It was the committal of the Earl of Arundel for insult, in a debate, to Lord Spenser. By a curious coincidence with the holder of the title in our time, the Lord Spenser of the seventeenth century was devoted to agriculture, a taste which probably brought on him some scorn from the more aristocratic families. To some casual remarks by Lord Spenser on the ancestors of Lord Arundel, the latter contemptuously replied, "My Lord, when those you speak of were doing, your ancestors were keeping sheep." Lord Spencer's answer was sharper still,—"True, my lord, but when my ancestors were keeping sheep, yours were plotting treason." A hot dispute followed, when Arundel, as having given the first provocation, was ordered by the House to apologise, which he refusing, was sent by the peers to the Tower, from which, however, he was speedily liberated on making the apology. The Gunpowder Plot, in 1605, again filled the dungeons.

The Tower, in every reign, seems to have acted the part of a sort of stage of existence to all the leading men of the country in succession. The Earl of Oxford was committed for objecting to the marriage treaty of Charles with the Infanta. The Earl of Bristol, Ambassador to Spain, followed him on the same grounds. The Earl of Middlesex, lord treasurer, followed in turn. The reign of Charles began with committals, but even those showed a coming change in the political aspect of the country. The king, indignant at the persecution of the Duke of Buckingham by the Commons, committed Sir Dudley Digges, and Sir John Elliot, who had been active in the impeachment. The Commons demanded their liberation, and the king was forced to comply; the first practical evidence that the Commons were rising into strength, and that the Throne was about to be shorn of its supremacy. This dispute was the source of a desperate deed, which for a while startled the whole kingdom, the assassination of the Duke by Felton. On the private examination of the murderer, he declared that he had resolved on the act by no suggestion or temptation of any man, but by reading, the "Remonstrance of Parliament," which he regarded as his sufficient warrant for killing the Duke. Later discoveries of correspondence show him to have been merely a bold enthusiast, heated into the belief that it was his duty to rid the kingdom of a powerful profligate, who was capable of misleading the kingdom. Felton's only requests to the monarch were, that he might be allowed to receive the communion before he was executed, and that he might be allowed to wear sackcloth, to sprinkle ashes on his head, and to carry a halter round his neck, in penitence for shedding the blood of a man so unprepared to die. But frantic as this shows him, he had the sense to make a memorable remark, which produced perhaps the most effective reform that a single observation ever effected. On being told by Lord Dorset, that, unless he gave up his instigators or his accomplices, confession would be forced from him by the torture, he turned to the Lords of Council, and, after declaring that he was altogether without associates, he said—"Yet this I must tell you, that, if I be put upon the rack, I will accuse *you*, my Lord Dorset, and none but yourself." The strong light in which this answer put the absurdity of expecting truth from terror, or any hesitation in the means of escaping from intolerable agony, instantly showed the imperfection of torture as an instrument of justice. Its use immediately passed away, and the rack was abolished first by custom, and afterwards by law. Felton was imprisoned in the Tower, and taken for trial to Westminster. He there boldly pleaded guilty; but, with a mixture of his former fanaticism, he held up his arm, and desired, that when he came to the scaffold that arm, which had shed the Duke's blood, should be cut off first. He was hung

at Tyburn, and gibbeted at Portsmouth, where he had committed the murder.

But terrible times were at hand, and the Tower became the scene of many a last struggle of noble lives. In January 1640, the Earl of Strafford was impeached at the bar of the Lords by Pym, and, after a defence distinguished for talent and dignity, during a trial of seventeen days, was committed to the tower, from which he came only to die, May 12, 1641. In his last hours he spoke three sentences, which mark at once the depth of his feelings, the steadiness of his courage, and the foresight of his understanding. On hearing of the King's assent to his death, the Earl exclaimed, in melancholy contempt for the miserable weakness that could have thus signed his fate—"Put not your trust in *princes*, nor in the sons of men, for in them is no salvation." When the lieutenant of the Tower, fearful that the populace, who had been studiously inflamed against this gallant nobleman, would tear him in pieces on his way to the scaffold, wished him to go in a carriage, Strafford refused, saying—"I dare look death in the face, and I trust I can the people." When he stood on the scaffold, he told the multitude, "That the reform which began in blood would disappoint their expectations." Then declaring his adherence to the Church of England, his fidelity to the king, and his good wishes for the country, he laid his head on the block, and perished. Archbishop Land, the primate, was committed to the Tower in September 1640; and the government of the fortress becoming now an object of great interest to the Parliament, the king's governor was forced to give it up, and it became virtually the fortress of that House of Commons which now governed the government, and which was preparing to abolish the monarchy. The Church had now become the great object of attack, as the bulwark of the throne: and, on the 30th of December 1641, twelve bishops were at once committed to the Tower. In the February of next year, they were admitted to bail by the Lords; but the Commons were now masters of the Lords, and on their rebukes the unfortunate prelates were again committed, and remained in durance for a twelvemonth longer. Even they were more lucky than the Bishop of Ely, whose committal had followed theirs, and who was left in prison eighteen years without a trial, and almost without a charge.

Even in our own day, it may be useful to us to see the workings of a democracy two hundred years ago. After a two years' imprisonment the primate was brought to trial; but the utter emptiness of all the charges was so palpable, that nothing but popular rage or judicial servility could have condemed him. However, the dexterity of the Commons' lawyer was able to manage this. "Though," said Sergeant Wilde, "no one separate crime of the archbishop does amount to treason or felony, we do contend that all his misdemeanours put together by way of accumulation, do make many grand treasons"—an intolerable stretch of tyranny which Herne, the archbishop's counsel, happily ridiculed by saying, "I crave your mercy, good Mr Sergeant, but I never understood before that two hundred couple of black rabbits make a black horse." Laud, after a trial miserably protracted through eight months, was attainted of high treason by the Commons; and though nothing could confessedly be more futile than the accusations, or more contrary to law than the sentence, this learned and innocent man, the first prelate of the church, and the first subject of the throne, was beheaded on Tower Hill, January 10, 1644.

In those days of terror no public man could feel himself in safety for a day. Even the crafty General Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle, who was dexterous enough to bewilder the nation, was not sufficiently crafty to escape the Commons. They threw him into the Tower, where he remained a prisoner for three years, in every one of which he must have expected to be led to the block; and he was finally released only by taking a commission under the Commons.

Nothing escaped the grasp of this furious democracy. The king's general, the Marquis of Winchester, was lodged in the Tower; the next seizure was of the Lord Mayor of London, the Recorder, three of the Aldermen, and several of the citizens who had made some objection to the robberies of the Commonwealth troopers. The last effort of the royal fortunes, the

unhappy battle of Worcester in 1651, threw the chiefs of the routed army, the Marquis of Worcester, the Earls of Crawford, Lauderdale, and others, into the dungeon.

But the scale was now weighing down on the royal side, and the rebels were forced to feel the retaliation due to blood and rapine. The judges who had tried Charles, the Council who had impeached him, and every man who had a share in shedding the royal blood, were all driven to flight, or thrown into the Tower. But monarchy is always merciful in comparison with democracy. Excepting those who were the declared murderers of the king, nearly all the prisoners were subsequently liberated. From the Tower, Charles proceeded in pomp to Westminster, in April 1661. This procession is mentioned, merely from its being the last that ever took place from this ominous spot; but it was also one of the most sumptuous. While making his royal residence in the Tower for some days before, Charles recruited the shattered ranks of his nobility and knighthood, by a creation of Earls, Barons, and no less than sixty-eight Knights of the Bath, who, with their esquires, made a showy part of the procession, the knights habited in "mantles and surcoats of red taffeta, with buttons and tassels of silk and gold, and white hats and plumes:" such is the description of the chronicler. But the pageant itself more than equalled the old celebrations. The popular disgust for the democracy was so great, and the feeling of national good fortune in getting rid of that dreadful period of robbery, tyranny, and bloodshed, was so exulting and universal, that the whole city was unbounded in its demonstrations of rejoicing at the return of monarchy. Triumphal arches were erected in every quarter, pageants and dramatic spectacles displayed, the houses hung with decorations, to such an extent of costliness and splendour, that we are told, in the language of the time, "even the vaunting French confessed the pomps of the late marriage with the Infanta of Spain, at their majesties' entrance into Paris, to be inferior in taste, gallantry, and riches, to this most glorious cavalcade from the Tower."

But there was one melancholy example in the reign of the indolent and showy monarch, the death of Lord Russell. The trial of this noble sufferer is familiar matter of history; but there can be no doubt that he died by the just sentence of the law. He had unquestionably stooped to be a conspirator, and his connexion with treason at home, and intrigues abroad, justly brought him within sight of the scaffold. Yet his cause was excellent; his misfortune was the weakness of understanding which borrowed lawless means for meritorious objects. Charles would have shown himself more merciful if he had pardoned Russell. He would have also shown himself wiser, for the popular sorrow for the execution of this rash but sincere victim of the popular cause, extinguished every trace of public value for the monarch; Russell's memory fell heavy on the head of James; and his blood was among the powerful impeachments which drove out the Stuart dynasty. Blood will have blood. Charles died within a year, and the first victim of the next reign was his own son.

The death of Charles in 1684 made the nation feel the formidable differerence between an indolent sovereign and a busy tyrant. But the first blow fell on the unhappy Duke of Monmouth, an object of the king's jealousy for his favouritism with Charles, and of alarm for his popularity with the nation. After the battle of Sedgemoor, in July 1685, he was committed to the Tower. On the 15th, in two days after his committal, he was led to the scaffold, the bill of attainder precluding the necessity of a formal trial. He had humbled himself before the king; but the savage spirit of the monarch was not to be softened by the nearness of his relationship. James had once insultingly told a prisoner, "that it was in his power to forgive." The bold and true answer was "Yes, but it is not in your nature."

The death of Monmouth was manly. After answering the charges of high treason cruelly pressed on him, while the block was before his eyes, he turned to the headsman, and desired him "to perform his office better than he had done it for Lord Russell." He took up the axe, and remarked "that it was not sharp enough." Being assured that it was, he laid down his head. A melancholy incident gave additional obnoxiousness to this act of the hard-hearted and ma-

lignant James. The executioner, probably intimidated by the rank of the victim, struck an erring blow; and the unhappy duke lifted up his eyes, and gave him a look as if to reproach him. After two more attempts equally incomplete, the man flung down the axe, exclaiming, that it was beyond his power. But being compelled by the sheriffs to strike again, after two more blows, he finally effected the decapitation.

But the period was at hand when England was to be no longer burdened with the double weight of bigotry and tyranny. In 1688 the royal "Declaration of Indulgence," an act which, under the pretext of giving liberty to the dissenters, was, in fact, an authentication of popery, and a subversion of the Church of England, awoke the whole nation to a sense of the public danger. The king, with the infatuation which prepared him for ruin, haughtily insisted that the suicidal manifesto should be read by the clergy in their churches. The seven bishops, who carried up the appeal of the Establishment to the throne, were taunted by the king as traitors, and committed to the Tower. The truth of the proverb, "that those whom Providence means to destroy, it first makes mad," was never more fully realized. The terror first, and then the indignation of the whole city, had no effect upon James; the shouts of applause, and the prayers which ran from the thousands who crowded the river side, as the bishops passed to the Tower, were disregarded; the rejoicings of the country on their acquittal, and even the acclamations of the army, had no power to open the king's eyes to the gulf at his feet. But his ruin now hastened on, hour by hour; and, in December of the same year, he fled from England never to return. The Tower now received one in whose seizure the nation rejoiced scarcely less than in the king's ignominious exile; this was the atrocious and murderous Judge Jefferies. He had been arrested in Wapping, in the attempt to escape to France, after being saved with difficulty from the hands of the multitude, who would have torn him in pieces; the villain was sent to the dungeon which he had so often contributed to fill with men incomparably more innocent. There he remained in confinement until he died, as it was said, of excessive drinking.

The attempts of the Stuarts to raise conspiracies for their restoration, disturbed the early years of William's government, and added largely to the unhappy records of the Tower. Even the famous John Churchill was imprisoned on the charge of a correspondence with the exiles. In 1712, the celebrated Sir Robert Walpole, late Secretary at War, was committed for a breach of trust in a contract for forage; a charge which originated in party violence, and which did not afterwards prevent his rising to the Premiership. In 1715, a period of great anxiety, the Earl of Oxford, Earl Powis, and Sir William Windham, one of the most celebrated speakers in Parliament, were all committed on a charge of correspondence with the Pretender. The unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater and Lord Kenmure were beheaded on Tower Hill, for sharing in the Scottish insurrection of 1715. In 1722, a new conspiracy in favour of the Pretender fell heavily upon men of rank; and Atterbury, bishop of Rochester, one of the most eloquent preachers and accomplished scholars of the age, the Earl of Orrery, Lords North and Grey, were committed on the charge of an intention to seize the Tower, and raise an insurrection in favour of the Stuarts. The unhappy attempt of 1745, which closed the efforts of this singular and unaccountable interest in the fortunes of a family who had involved Scotland, no less than England, in suffering, brought the severities of the law on many gallant and high-born men. The romantic loyalty of the Scots was repaid by the Tower; and the Earls of Kilmarnock and Cromartie, the Marquis of Tullibardine, the Lords Balmerino and Lovat, Sir John Douglas, Charles Ratcliff, the younger brother of Lord Derwentwater, and William Murray, were immured; Kilmarnock and Balmerino were beheaded on Tower Hill in August 1746, Ratcliff in the December following, and old Lovat in March of the following year. Though throughout his earlier career he had exhibited every contemptible quality, he died with firmness, professed to be a sufferer for the popular cause, quoted Horace on the glory of perishing for our country, and submitted to the blow which put an end to his hopes, at

cighty, of being a duke, the true motive of his absurd rebellion. These were the last executions which ever took place on Tower Hill. Subsequently the committals have been few, and of persons either insignificant, or charged with insignificant offences; and it is to be presumed that its use as a state prison is at an end.

The armoury, which has just been burned down, was the largest building in the Tower—345 feet long, by 60 deep; it was commenced in the reign of James II., and finished in the reign of William and Mary. It was three stories high, and contained a vast quantity of military stores, always prepared for immediate service. Its front was stately, and it had a pediment carved by Gibbons, which we believe has been saved. The ground floor contained artillery; the first floor muskets to the amount of nearly 200,000, ranged in figures of stars, and in other forms, which exhibited remarkable ingenuity; and the upper floor was filled with lighter materials of camp equipage. Some of the heavy guns are saved, others half melted, the muskets are almost wholly destroyed. The White Tower, long assigned to the keeping of the records, and most injudiciously at the same time turned into a gunpowder store, has remained untouched, though a shift of the wind would have inevitably involved it in the general ruin. It is to be hoped that the narrowness of the escape will teach more wisdom in future, and that it will cease to be a deposit of either the records or the powder. The horse armoury would probably have been the cause of the greatest regret if it had perished; for its contents would have been altogether beyond the power of reparation—containing as it does the arms (and armour) of some of the chief historic characters of England. So late as the year 1826, it was scarcely more than a vulgar show, demonstrating the most extraordinary ignorance in its compilers, mingling the armour of different ages on the same person, and confusing every recollection of history. But at that period the Government directed a new arrangement to take place, under the inspection of Dr Meyrick, known by his researches on the subject; and the new hall, a noble apartment, 149 feet long, and 33 wide, was erected for the reception of those figures of chivalry. We have there the armour of Edward IV., of Henry VI., of Henry VII., Henry VIII., Charles I., with the armour of others scarcely less known—Leicester, Essex, Buckingham, Stafford, &c. &c. But out of twenty-two, the ownership of but twelve can be ascertained.

The preservation of the crown jewels was a matter of great importance from their value, and from the necessity of purchasing others if they had been destroyed. They were also amongst the oldest possessions of the crown, for it is scarcely possible to ascertain how far back the first collection began. Some of them appeared to have been deposited in the Tower as early as 1230. But those jewels were then of use for other purposes than show. They served to raise money in the royal necessities, and were frequently sent as pawns round Europe. The mastership of the jewel office thus became an appointment of no slight importance; and even so late as the times of Charles II., after many deductions, the income amounted to £1300 a-year, a sum which, allowing for the rate of money and living since, would now be at least equal to £2000. The chief anecdote connected with the jewels, is the attempt of Colonel Blood, in the time of Charles II., to carry off the crown. Blood was a disbanded officer of the Protectorate, of desperate means, and who was ready for any desperate action. Nothing is more surprising than that he failed; for the jewels were wholely unprotected, their sole guardians being an old man and his wife and daughter, with whom one of the captain's accomplices carried on a flirtation. Knocking down the old man, they had seized the crown and orb, and had contrived to escape as far as the outward gate, where horses were ready for them, when they were pursued, and, after some resistance, taken. This singular attempt has been still unexplained; and it was shrewdly conjectured that Charles himself, whose profligacy always kept him poor, and who was never encumbered with scruples of any kind, was even the principal in the transaction. It was remarked as an extraordinary circumstance, that the king insisted on his being brought to Whitehall to be examined by himself; that Blood behaved with all the effrontery of a man secure of pardon; that he boasted of the rob-

bery; that he boasted of an attempt to carry off, and of course murder, the Duke of Ormond, and even shoot the king himself at Battersea; but the ruffian could flatter, for he added, that "when he had taken his stand among the reeds for the purpose, his heart was checked by the awe of majesty." The suspicion became stronger still, when the ruffian and all his associates received a royal pardon; and more than this, Blood himself obtained an estate of L.500 a-year in Ireland, was allowed to remain in close connexion with the court, and even became a distributor of royal favours. Whether Charles was guilty to the actual extent of employing Blood to carry off the crown jewels, must be left in the darkness which has so long lain on the act; but nothing can be more notorious than the distresses which stooped him to be a pensioner of France; or than the utter disregard of principle exhibited during his whole reign, where either pleasure or profit was concerned. Blood, by one of those curious transitions which sometimes perplex us in human character, subsequently turned devotee, and was supposed to have even gone the length of Quakerism; he died in 1680. That he was powerfully and unaccountably protected by Charles, was the general feeling of the time; for when the Duke of Ormond determined to prosecute him for the attempt on his life, and Lord Arlington was sent to acquaint him with his majesty's pleasure, that he should not be prosecuted, "for reasons which he was commanded to give him," the duke contemptuously interrupted him, with—"His majesty's *command* was the only reason, and therefore he might spare the rest."

Of late years the jewels have been placed in a more conspicuous and yet more secure point of view, and have formed an object of increased curiosity. The crown worn at the coronation of George IV. is remarkably sumptuous, but it has a historic interest independently of its value; among its jewels is the large and beautiful ruby which was worn at Crecy by the Black Prince, and at Azincour by Henry V. The value of this superb crown is L.150,000, that of the queen's diadem is L.111,000; besides those, the collection contains coronals and sceptres of all kinds. On the whole, the Tower of London is not merely the most memorable spot in England, but one of the most memorable in Europe. It is unquestionably more connected with the history of the country in which it stands, than any other public edifice, or group of edifices with that of its respective country. It is older than the Bastile, older than the Seraglio, or, at least, than its Turkish possession, and older than any of the imperial or royal palaces, prisons, or fortresses of the continent. An intelligent and voluminous account has been published some years since by Mr Bayley; and a brief but ingenious condensation of his materials by Messrs Britton and Brayley, to which the present paper is indebted for much of its detail. But the whole subject is one of singular interest—an interest extending much beyond the antiquarian.

BLIND OLD MILTON.

BY WILLIAM E. AYTOUN.

PLACE me, once more, my daughter, where the sun
  May shine upon my old and time-worn head,
For the last time, perchance. My race is run;
  And soon amidst the ever-silent dead
I must repose, it may be, half forgot.
  Yes! I have broke the hard and bitter bread
For many a year, with those who trembled not
  To buckle on their armour for the fight,
And set themselves against the tyrant's lot;
  And I have never bow'd me to his might,
Nor knelt before him—for I bear within
  My heart the sternest consciousness of right,
And that perpetual hate of gilded sin
  Which made me what I am; and though the stain
Of poverty be on me, yet I win
  More honour by it, than the blinded train
Who hug their willing servitude, and bow
  Unto the weakest and the most profane.
Therefore, with unencumber'd soul I go
  Before the footstool of my Maker, where
I hope to stand as undebased as now!
  Child! is the sun abroad? I feel my hair
Borne up and wafted by the gentle wind,
  I feel the odours that perfume the air,
And hear the rustling of the leaves behind.
  Within my heart I picture them, and then
I almost can forget that I am blind,
  And old, and hated by my fellow-men.
Yet would I fain once more behold the grace
  Of nature ere I die, and gaze again
Upon her living and rejoicing face—
  Fain would I see thy countenance, my child,
My comforter! I feel thy dear embrace—
  I hear thy voice so musical and mild,
The patient, sole interpreter, by whom
  So many years of sadness are beguiled;
For it hath made my small and scanty room
  Peopled with glowing visions of the past.
But I will calmly bend me to my doom,
  And wait the hour which is approaching fast,
When triple light shall stream upon mine eyes,
  And heaven itself be open'd up at last,
To him who dared foretell its mysteries.
  I have had visions in this drear eclipse
Of outward consciousness, and clomb the skies,
  Striving to utter with my earthly lips
What the diviner soul had half divined,
  Even as the Saint in his Apocalypse
Who saw the inmost glory, where enshrined
  Sat He who fashion'd glory. This hath driven
All outward strife and tumult from my mind,
  And humbled me, until I have forgiven
My bitter enemies, and only seek
  To find the straight and narrow path to heaven.

Yet I am weak—O, how entirely weak,
  For one who may not love nor suffer more!
Sometimes unbidden tears will wet my cheek,
  And my heart bound as keenly as of yore,
Responsive to a voice, now hush'd to rest,
  Which made the beautiful Italian shore,

With all its pomp of summer vineyards drest,
  An Eden and a Paradise to me.
Do the sweet breezes from the balmy west
  Still murmur through thy groves, Parthenope,
In search of odours from the orange bowers?
  Still on thy slopes of verdure does the bee
Cull her rare honey from the virgin flowers?
  And Philomel her plaintive chant prolong,
'Neath skies more calm and more serene than ours,
  Making the summer one perpetual song?
Art thou the same as when in manhood's pride
  I walk'd in joy thy grassy meads among,
With that fair youthful vision by my side,
  In whose bright eyes I look'd—and not in vain?
O, my adored angel! O, my bride!
  Despite of years, and woe, and want, and pain,
My soul yearns back towards thee, and I seem
  To wander with thee, hand in hand, again,
By the bright margin of that flowing stream.
  I hear again thy voice, more silver sweet
Than fancied music floating in a dream,
  Possess my being; from afar I greet
The waving of thy garments in the glade,
  And the light rustling of thy fairy feet—
What time as one half eager, half afraid,
  Love's burning secret falter'd on my tongue,
And tremulous looks and broken words betray'd
  The secret of the heart from whence they sprung.
Ah me! the earth that render'd thee to heaven
  Gave up an angel beautiful and young;
Spotless and pure as snow when freshly driven,
  A bright Aurora for the starry sphere
Where all is love, and even life forgiven.
  Bride of immortal beauty—ever dear!
Dost thou await me in thy blest abode?
  While I, Tithonus-like, must linger here,
And count each step along the rugged road,
  A phantom, tottering to a long-made grave,
And eager to lay down my weary load!

I, that was fancy's lord, am fancy's slave—
  Like the low murmurs of the Indian shell
Ta'en from its coral bed beneath the wave,
  Which, unforgetful of the ocean's swell,
Retains within its mystic urn, the hum
  Heard in the sea-grots, where the Nereids dwell—
Old thoughts still haunt me—unawares they come
  Between me and my rest, nor can I make
Those aged visiters of sorrow dumb.
  O, yet awhile, my feeble soul, awake!
Nor wander back with sullen steps again;
  For neither pleasant pastime canst thou take
In such a journey, nor endure the pain.
  The phantoms of the past are dead for thee;
So let them ever uninvoked remain,
  And be thou calm, till death shall set thee free.
Thy flowers of hope expanded long ago,
  Long since their blossoms wither'd on the tree:
No second spring can come to make them blow,
  But in the silent winter of the grave
They lie with blighted love and buried woe.

I did not waste the gifts which nature gave,
  Nor slothful lay in the Circéan bower;
Nor did I yield myself the willing slave
  Of lust for pride, for riches, or for power.

No! in my heart a nobler spirit dwelt;
  For constant was my faith in manhood's dower;
Man—made in God's own image—and I felt
  How of our own accord we courted shame,
Until to idols like ourselves we knelt,
  And so renounced the great and glorious claim
Of freedom, our immortal heritage.
  I saw how bigotry, with spiteful aim,
Smote at the searching eyesight of the sage,
  How error stole behind the steps of truth,
And cast delusion on the sacred page.
  So, as a champion, even in early youth
I waged my battle with a purpose keen;
  Nor fear'd the hand of terror, nor the tooth
Of serpent jealousy. And I have been
  With starry Galileo in his cell,
That wise magician with the brow serene,
  Who fathom'd space; and I have seen him tell
The wonders of the planetary sphere,
  And trace the ramparts of heaven's citadel
On the cold flag-stones of his dungeon drear.
  And I have walk'd with Hampden and with Vane—
Names once so gracious to an English ear—
  In days that never may return again.
My voice, though not the loudest, hath been heard
  Whenever freedom raised her cry of pain,
And the faint effort of the humble bard
  Hath roused up thousands from their lethargy,
To speak in words of thunder. What reward
  Was mine or theirs? It matters not; for I
Am but a leaf cast on the whirling tide,
  Without a hope or wish, except to die.
But truth, asserted once, must still abide,
  Unquenchable, as are those fiery springs
Which day and night gush from the mountain side,
  Perpetual meteors girt with lambent wings,
Which the wild tempest tosses to and fro,
  But cannot conquer with the force it brings.

Yet I, who ever felt another's woe
  More keenly than my own untold distress;
I, who have battled with the common foe,
  And broke for years the bread of bitterness;
Who never yet abandon'd or betray'd
  The trust vouchsafed me, nor have ceased to bless,
Am left alone to wither in the shade,
  A weak old man, deserted by his kind—
Whom none will comfort in his age, nor aid!

O, let me not repine! A quiet mind,
  Conscious and upright, needs no other stay;
Nor can I grieve for what I leave behind,
  In the rich promise of eternal day.
Henceforth to me the world is dead and gone,
  Its thorns unfelt, its roses cast away,
And the old pilgrim, weary and alone,
  Bow'd down with travel, at his Master's gate
Now sits, his task of life-long labour done,
  Thankful for rest, although it comes so late,
After sore journey through this world of sin,
  In hope, and prayer, and wistfulness to wait,
Until the door shall ope, and let him in.

THE UNITED STATES.

A STRONG English interest attaches to America, as a great mass of mankind descended of English ancestry, as exhibiting the capabilities of the human race, in subduing the wilderness, and, generally, as forming a new field for the activity, the enterprise, and the happiness of man. Without arrogating to the whole population of our country the character of philosophers, it is certain that no country is more in the habit of regarding things with a less personal eye—or of looking more into that remote future, which, extending beyond all the impulses and business of the existing age, makes the natural contemplation of the philanthropist and the philosopher. The conduct of America is a perpetual provocation to other feelings. She exhibits all the caprices of a spoiled child. Every hour produces some expectoration of peevishness. No low scoundrel can insult the British laws in an English colony, but finds himself instantly exalted into a patriot in the United States; no ruffian conspiracy can be hatched in the British settlements that does not find multitudes of "sympathizers," ready to run over and sweep the frontier with fire and sword; and no effort of reason, conciliation, or even concession, on the part of England, is received by the public of the United States but as an insult, to be retorted by arms on the first opportunity. Do we charge this to any original folly in the Transatlantic mind—to any absolute incapacity for acting with justice—or to the total absence of all perception of truth, morals, or religion, on the American soil? By no means. We attribute it to the republicanism of America. The unfortunate deficiency of her government in all that constitutes strength and order, has laid her highest interests at the mercy of the multitude. Paradoxical as it may sound, there is no *public opinion* in the United States: for public opinion is a grave thing, —formed on deliberate grounds,—the work of reason operating on the intelligent portion of the people. In America we have for its substitute popular clamour, fed by "fourth of July harangues," nonsense about "flying eagles and never-setting stars," rambling rights of seizure, universal citizenship, and the infinite superiority of the Yankee over all mankind, past, present, and to come. The Americans must get rid of this folly before they can deserve the name of a wise nation: and they must get rid of their republicanism before they can ever be a safe one. At this hour, there is not a country on earth where a man, honest and high-minded enough to defy the popular humour, would be less listened to; where any opposition to the most extravagant absurdity of the populace would be surer to exclude him from all public employ; or where any one of those acts which in other times and countries have formed the political hero, would be more certain to ensure the fate of the political martyr. And this is the boasted freedom of republicanism!

To take a single example: every rational man in America must have felt that the seizure of M'Leod was an act of injustice; every man acquainted with international law must have known that the act was an offence to its whole spirit; every practitioner in the courts must have known that there was no ground for a conviction; every religious man must have known that every life lost by America in a quarrel so totally groundless, was an act of criminal homicide by the provoker; and even every statesman in her councils must have known that such a war must be as impolitic and hazardous as it was rash and criminal. Yet of this whole graver population not one great body ever raised its voice—not one public man had the manfulness to stand forward and fight the battle of common sense—not even one private individual ventured to exhibit himself as the solitary sustainer of national honour! Republicanism is the true answer. The rabble voice extin-

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A Run through the United States, during the Autumn of 1840, by Lieutenant-Colonel A. H. Maxwell, K.H.

guished all others. Every man's mouth was shut before the open jaws of democracy; and in obedience to the popular will, the country was on the point of being precipitated into a conflict, which might have left of her but a name. We say all this, much more in sorrow than in anger. A struggle of this order, between two such countries, would be almost a civil war. Every drop of blood shed in this unnatural strife, would be a mutual drain—the contest would be suicidal—victory would be without triumph—and the defeated would be ruined.

England and America are like two railroad carriages, to borrow the prevailing metaphor of the day. They are both making way with a speed which leaves all other governments fairly out of sight; and, so long as they run in parallel lines, the faster they both run the better for themselves and mankind; but the least divergence from the right line—the least bending to one side, and above all, the least attempt to check each other's progress—is sure to bring on a collision; and then, woe be to one of those mighty machines, or to both!

But, while we confess that an American war would do serious injury to England, we can have no hesitation in saying that it would ruin the present republic of the United States. A shore of 1500 miles cannot be defended by either fleets or fortresses; even if America had either, a thinly-peopled country must be easily invaded, if not easily overrun. Vast provinces with different interests, opposite habits of thinking, and even with discordant habits of domestic life, are easily dislocated by the pressure of war; and those who know that New York is nearly as far from New Orleans as Paris is from Moscow, may reflect on the species of connexion which could be maintained by the perplexed and feeble authority of a President and his democratic clerks, in the confusion, the casualties, and the temptations of a great war—and, above all wars, one with an antagonist which could assail her in every quarter at once—front, flanks, and rear.

England unquestionably wishes for none of those things. She has no desire for American territory. Canada and its dependencies give room enough for her superfluous population. She has no desire to spend a shilling in shot and shells; and she has quite as little of ambition to shed the blood of other nations, or her own. But America must not walk over the course, for all that. The rabble of Maine must not be suffered to cut off New Brunswick (as large as an European kingdom) from the Canadas; nor must the blustering of newspaper editors, or the roar of a rabble, carry every thing before them, as if their presses were line-of-battle ships, or the clamour of the populace were the thunders of artillery. We have now no wish to go into the New Brunswick dispute; but it is one which ought to be settled, and there can be no better time for the purpose. We have now got rid of the wretched, shifting, quibbling government, which could have had no more respect abroad than it had at home. The Boudoir ministry was made to be laughed at; and we cannot wonder that the street orators of New York scoffed at the pitiful frivolities of that faded flower of fashion—the premier. But we have now other men at the helm; and Jonathan should be taught that we lie at single anchor, ready to slip at the first signal from friend or enemy.

Nothing can be more unjustifiable than the conduct of the people of Maine. From the treaty of 1773, the border between New Brunswick and Maine had been so far under the jurisdiction of the British government as to be kept up from both English and Americans, who were alike prohibited from cutting timber, or taking possession, until the lingering claim to the territory should be settled. But Jonathan, who likes to take the law into his own hands, when he finds an easy opportunity, and who is, besides, rather too much given to speculation, seeing foul weather brewing in Europe, suddenly began to think that the disputed territory might as well be taken possession of, without asking the leave of any one. The consequence was, that the Mainites, with the greatest *sang-froid* imaginable, with a regular surveyor at their head, walked in, took possession of the country by triangles and squares, in the most geometrical and dashing style, and began to cut down the timber without ceremony of any kind. Of course, the New Brunswick woodsmen, not seeing any reason

why they too should not have their share, walked in also, and began to cut down according to their good will and pleasure. The two parties of possessors could not be expected to agree, and in a short time they came to blows. The New Brunswick men, who were unarmed, broke into a government store; and, having beaten the Mainites, caught their leader, and marched him a prisoner to Fredericton. The New Brunswick government, not having the fear of the rabble before its eyes, instantly issued a proclamation, gave its people a severe scolding for their belligerent propensities, and sent an officer to take charge of the district, and see that its orders were obeyed; but the Mainites by this time had recruited their ranks, returned, seized the British officer, and marched him to Bangor.

Jonathan is an active fellow; but no man can talk more, or more foolishly, when he is idle. Maine abounds in haranguers; and more figures of speech, "outcries of insulted America, screamings of the American Eagle, blottings out of the American Stars," and resolutions to sink Great Britain to the bottom of the ocean, previously to the glorious conquest of those leagues of swamp and pine-bottoms which make the land in dispute, were poured from the throats of patriots with nothing to do, than were ever heard before, even in that soil of all human genius, the United States of America. If oratory were war, the conflict was fairly begun, and the Yankees must have swept the field; but metaphors are not chain-shot after all, and a few companies of British troops suddenly sent in to keep the peace, gave the fervour of patriotism time to grow a little rational. M. Thiers in France, also a great orator, and as rasb, empty, and ineffectual as prodigious talkers generally are, began to lose credit with mankind for generalship; and Mehemet Ali himself, stating the fact in his own emphatic way, "I see how it is, that French fellow may chatter, but he will not fight;" the Transatlantic wrath began to consider whether a war might not be a troublesome affair after all. The blowing down of the walls of Acre, in a three hours' fire, settled the matter at once, proved the wisdom of taking time, the folly of having New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, burned in the third part of the time it had taken to settle the question at Acre; and though M'Leod was seized, thrown into prison, and threatened to be hanged, there was no war, though all the orators were on tip-toe; and we hope that there will be no war.

Colonel Maxwell, of whose light and lively narrative we now give a sketch, was the officer sent by Sir John Harvey, the governor of New Brunswick, to take charge of the disputed frontier; and in an interval of leisure from military duty, the colonel made what he calls, a "Run through the United States." We should suggest a more expressive word—a "Scamper"—but the narrative is brisk, if not profound. The narrator's eyes are open, if they do not see much below the surface; and the Americans, at least, cannot complain of any want of panegyric, if they should desire to have it a little less lavishly poured out upon every thing, from a dockyard to a dice-box, and from the President in all his glory, even unto Pat, working neck-deep in the swamps of the back country. It is obvious that the colonel is an excessively good-natured traveller, and from that happy temperament saw every thing *couleur de rose*. It is the wisest determination that can be made, especially in a country where the first question is—"Stranger, what do you think of us?" It has furnished the buoyant and rapid-moving colonel with an antidote to the Trollopes, Halls, and Martineaus, so far as it can be furnished by an unceasing disposition to be delighted. He addresses his first letter from Boston, in August 1840, to a friend with whom he had run over Europe in earlier days, and to whom he had then made a promise of giving him an account of America, if he should ever visit that "most wonderful of countries!" We shall not say who this friend is, nor where he is to be found; but the colonel speaks for him in an imaginary dialogue. "I hear you exclaim—This will never do, Master Archibald. You are all very well in your own line. Stick to military matters, my good fellow, and I will attend to you; but '*ne sutor ultra crepidam*,' what right have you, a mere soldier, whose sphere of knowledge must be confined to a camp or a garrison, to discuss loftier topics, men, manners, nations?"

On the 20th of August, he leaves St

John's for Boston, in a large steamer, "crammed with the most heterogeneous mass of passengers." After passing a variety of islands, his intercourse with the Americans began at Eastport, where a pretty American woman, who had visited Italy, pronounced that Passamaquoddy Bay was not unworthy to be compared to the far-famed Bay of Naples; with which observation the colonel, we presume, in consequence of his vow, unhesitatingly agreed. It is true the fair American might possibly have been in earnest, and it is equally true that a pretty woman in any country is entitled to say any thing; but ladies are not always approached with impunity, whether pretty or not. Among the passengers was "an adventuress, beating up for recruits, in the shape of subscribers to a poetical work, composed, or composing, by a bed-ridden husband." The colonel had already met her at Fredericton, where, as she was recommended to him by the Governor, he had subscribed for her book. "Prompt payment," he observes, was the order of the day, and the lady obtained from him six dollars; but he tells us that he never regretted his dollars, as this clever person, who had, to "speak idiomatically," pretty considerably dunned the Nova Scotians and New Brunswickers, gave him in exchange a letter to a literary man in New York. We see that the colonel began capitally.

Steaming up the harbour of Boston, studded with a hundred islands, he reached the hotel, with which he was of course charmed. At Boston he learned to drink mint julep, which he pronounces one of the best gifts of providence, in such a hothouse climate as this. This preparation, of which we hear so perpetually in American tours, consists of layers of mint leaves placed among chipped ice, sprinkled over with two table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar, and a small glass of brandy to crown the whole. This is to be drunk as it becomes fluid, through the medium of a quill or a macaroni pipe. However, one peril of this beverage is, that the glass of brandy should be gradually increased to more. Those who tremble for their self-control, drink "Sherry-cobblers." This the colonel interprets by "two glasses of very old sherry, substituted for the brandy." Jonathan seems fond of vulgarisms. He has the merit of inventing gin-sling, egg-nag, and sherry-cobblers. As Johnson would say, "let invention go further, if it can."

The colonel drove to see Bunker's Hill. We certainly do not require from every man who may view a scene of British disaster, any very melancholy lament over the spot; but we naturally expect from an officer of the colonel's rank and opportunities, if he mentioned the subject at all, at least some acknowledgement of the long settled opinion of every military authority on both sides of the Atlantic. The colonel talks of it as "a hard fought action, in which much bravery and daring was exhibited on both sides." But, instead of alluding to it in language worthy only of a pitched battle, he ought to have told us, that it was a mere outpost affair, a skirmish, which any officer of the Peninsular school would have settled in a quarter of an hour.—A mere skirmish, turned, it is true, into a sanguinary struggle, by the infinite blunder of sending men scrambling up a hill on their hands and knees in the face of an enemy, covered with a breastwork, and picking them off as they came up almost totally exposed, and unable to return the fire; and this, too, while the post was totally open in the rear. Yet the British attempted the hill no less than *three* times, with great loss of lives, of course, but still with unabated courage, until at last they got within the breastwork, and then Jonathan's part of the affair was instantly settled by the bayonet, and the survivors ran off across the neck of land at the foot of the hill. And this was the "hard fought action on both sides." On the American side, it was like shooting out of a window. Any officer who should now command on a similar occasion, would merely have to throw a company or two across the communication, and thus cutting them off, take them prisoners at once, or bring them down with shot and shell. But it must be acknowledged, that common sense was much less displayed than daring exposure, in the whole course of the American war. The Peninsula has taught the British officer a better lesson; and though there may still be headlong personages, who would run their men at cotton bags and breastworks, where nothing was to be seen

but the points of the enemy's bayonets, it is to be hoped that the old school has given way to a wiser one. Let us be fairly understood: we have no doubt that the man of America can make a good soldier; but we are equally sure that he will not make the better one, nor, if national amity be the object, will amity be better provided for by talking of affairs like Bunker's hill "as hard fought actions on both sides." It was, in its nature, a mere work of picquets, made sanguinary on the part of the British, by the most singular contradiction to all the principles of tactics, and made successful on that of the Americans, by simply standing behind a wall, and securely firing as fast as muskets could be handed to them. The British troops did their duty, and more; the Americans did their duty, and *no* more. We now follow the salient colonel to things in which we like him better. He found his Boston hotel every thing that was charming.

All the world, at least in hotels, breakfasts and dines in public. English men and women would probably find this perpetual mixture with all sorts of mankind rather unsuitable to manners, morals, and even to comfort; domestic habits we should conceive the last produce of this tavern-life. But it is cheaper than a quiet home, and more populous than a family. Fire-side people grow accustomed to every thing in time. The French live, ten families in a house; they dine in a coffee-room, and spend their evenings in the coffee-room again, or the coterie, or the theatre. Every nation likes its own ways best, and the French call ours *ennuyant*, while we call theirs frivolous, selfish, and idle. The product of this perpetual and familiar mixture of men and women, with nothing on earth to do but flirt with each other, must be a prodigious growth of flirtation; we may fairly "calculate," as Jonathan says, the consequences. In the hotel there were two tables—one for the ladies and one for the gentlemen; to the former their husbands, relatives, and *particular* friends, only are admitted. But the *entrée* is not likely to be very difficult under the circumstances; and, difficult or not, the colonel was admitted.

After breakfast on the Sunday, he went to "Trinity church," to hear the "celebrated Dr Channing." Is it possible that Channing's church should bear *that* name! However, he heard one of the "most powerful and orthodox sermons" imaginable. This, we should have thought, must have settled his conviction; but he found "that the preacher was not Channing, but a Dr Wainwright." He found the heat intolerable, and the ladies all kept their fans in motion, which, he says, they handle as adroitly as the Spanish women do theirs at a bull-fight.

"There seems no lack of churches nor of persuasions; and church-going appears to be the *rage*. To suit the hours of afternoon service, we were forced to dine at one p.m., an hour earlier than usual, as no dinner could be procured later on this well-kept day."

But in this scorching climate, when he was "performing the part of Monsieur Chabert, the fire-king," he kept off the extreme sense of the calamity by sucking mint-julep through a macaroni tube at one side of his mouth, while he inhaled the smoke of a Havannah cigar stuck in the other. The colonel certainly knew how to make the most of his time.

After another burning day, he went to the theatre, and saw Colman's comedy of "John Bull." But the demon of discontent sat upon him this evening. He "wondered at the Americans," with their boasted delicacy and extreme moral refinement, tolerating the representation of John Bull. He was also somewhat disappointed with the "great Mr Power." We admit that the colonel was right. The play of "John Bull" owed its popularity to being brought out in a time of popular insolence. It threw a gross colour over the habits of the higher orders, magnified the merits of the rabble, and exhibited its heroes insulting the authorities of the country. The most effective clap-trap in the whole piece was where the village brazier walked up to the magistrate's chair, and took possession of it—the brazier being, of course, pictured as a model of all kinds of virtues, and the magistrate as a monster. But this folly passed away; England, not being foolish by nature, is never foolish long; and now "John Bull" is never played, or, if played, is never listened to. It would be unjust to deny Col-

man the possession of low humour; but he never had refinement enough to entitle him to the name of a wit. He was lively, loose, and vulgar; and whoever doubts it, has only to compare the best of his comedies with the "School for Scandal." How "Power" came to be called the "great," is to be accounted for only by the spirit of poetry. His unfortunate loss in the catastrophe of the unfortunate President, has given an interest to his memory; but, as an actor, he was merely a clever representative of the low Irish character—a lively exhibitor of the Irish clown. As a writer he had some ability; he was not without skill in the conception of his novels, and his sketch of an American tour showed observation, and the power of putting it in language.

Prisons, hospitals, and bedlams, are the shows to travellers in the United States. They are necessary things, but the reverse of agreeable in description. No talent can prevent them from being dull and dreary. The bedlam shown to the colonel seems to have inspired him with the idea, that even madmen are to be best managed by the absence of all restriction. "There seems," says he, "to be little or no restraint, which, in my mind, is a principal secret in governing the human race." This goes beyond our philosophy, and falls short of our experience. Kindness, 'tis true, is better than coercion, where kindness will answer the purpose. But the world is not in the golden age. Whips for the culprit, dungeons for the riotous, and hanging for the robber, are still found necessary. We reprobate tyranny; but the madman must be kept in order. Why does not the advocate for this universal relaxation rebuke the walls and bars of his bedlam?

The patients came in for a share of the universal panegyric. Two of them especially seemed to be "very sensible fellows. One of them was playing the fiddle very gaily, the other dancing to it." The proof is not very clear. Men may be merry without being wise. The females came next. "The same free and unrestrained system was adopted in the female apartments, which we also visited, and conversed with some young and old dames —the former apparently very sensible, and the latter very pretty." We are disposed to ask, for what possible purpose can they have a Lunatic Asylum in America?

The visit to the dockyard is more intelligible. He found the Alabama and the Vermont, two fine line-of-battle ships, the Concord, and Columbia, and the Constitution frigate, fitting for China. He next went on board the Columbus of 80 guns, the receiving ship. "What breadth of beam! What fine high 'tween decks! the orlop one I could have danced in! The rich bay and boy's school admirable!" The captain gave him a glass of cool champagne.

This was a busy day, and in the rapid succession of feasts is unequalled by any thing, except perhaps the trials undergone by a London common-councilman on the ninth of November. "After a hurried repast, he was swept away with a large party of ladies and gentlemen to see the Acadia, a steam ship. No sooner had they stepped on board, than they were ushered below, where they found her commander distributing brimmers of champagne to the admiring group: got *four* glasses of the inspiring liquor. Expected a speech from Mr Grattan, (author of Highways and Byways, who is now consul at Boston,) but was disappointed;" Grattan having wisely slipped away. "A third ordeal," as he calls it, awaited him on this day of Herculean labours. A banker of Boston "carried him off" *bongré malgré* to his country house, and made him undergo a third infliction of champagne, with a bottle of excellent Chateaux Margaux added to it. The penalty on the occasion being "to listen to the politics of the day." We who know something of the remorseless style in which a Yankee belabours such a subject, think that the penalty was greatly beyond the champagne. "But our host got somewhat elevated, and on our return touched a tender chord; one of the party having left New Brunswick in consequence of misfortunes, and the banker being *put in that state which inclines a man to sympathy*."

The next show was the "Commencement-day" at the Bostonian university, for which the colonel received a card.

Grown wise by experience, he took care on that morning to get down in time for the gentleman's breakfast, where the rapid movements of Ameri-

can eating soon left him alone. First bolt your food, and then bolt off, he regards as the Yankee rule, and wonders that the old nation is not in a dyspepsia. He was roused by the sound of music, and saw a troop of lancers pass the window; they were the escort of the governor; a rather singular display, as we should conceive, for so pomp-hating a people, especially in going to hear the harangues of boys at college. The colonel was much pleased with the appearance of the juvenile orators, and tells us that in their declamations he did not discover a vulgarism, and that the English language seemed to be pronounced with great purity. However, getting tired of this, he went out to breathe the fresh air; there he met the Dr Wainwright whom he had heard on the Sunday, and went with him to see Mount Aubyn, the Père la Chaise of Boston.

"There," he tells us, "our attention was called to the house which was the headquarters of the immortal Washington in the Revolutionary war. I viewed it with almost as much interest as I had done that of Napoleon at Point Brique, near Boulogne." We shall have no quarrel with any man for expressing his sentiments, if he has taken any trouble to form them. But the epithet "immortal" applied to Washington is not put in any other sense, than as it may be applied to any other successful culprit. If ever man was a rebel, that man was George Washington. We are not going to fight that controversy now; but if an oath of allegiance was ever worth a straw, it is impossible to reconcile Washington's conduct with honour. He was undoubtedly a very able man, and a very successful one; but, that he had the right on his side, that he was justified in his revolt, or that he was any thing beyond the slave of an unconscientious ambition in his own person, and the instrument of a corrupt and unprincipled revolt in that of others, facts give the most unanswerable testimony. He was "immortal" in no other sense than any lucky transgressor is immortal, and this the colonel ought to have known

Life was now a round of gayeties. In the evening he was taken to a ball, given by Mesdames Laurence and Shore. He does not explain the partnership. There every thing was festive. There was dancing on the lawn; in the dining-room was the more substantial enjoyment of a long table groaning with all good things, grapes, ices, pine-apples, jellies, &c. He was presented to every "renowned man" and beautiful woman, and after all this had to go to a party at Mrs Quincy's. He met, in the course of this day of delight, a General Sumner, who talked to him "enthusiastically about England;" a General Dearborne, warm in his expressions of good feeling towards us, "who touched on the Sympathizers, and their despicable deeds in our late border feuds," and on the friendship existing between General Scott (the American commander) and Sir John Harvey. "All, both male and female, seemed anxious to make out a pedigree connecting them with old England, towards which they universally expressed the warmest regard and attachment."

All this is quite incomprehensible to us. For years we have never heard any thing from America which was not breathing the utmost bitterness. The speeches of her rabble we may disregard, her vulgar newspapers we may disdain; but we find the language of the Congress scarcely less violent. All that reached this country, till within the last month or two, has been insolent and taunting to the last degree. If Acre had not been battered down, or if the French fleet had joined the Egyptian, no man in his senses can have the slightest doubt that we should have been by this time in the midst of war with America. Or allowing that there may be individuals in the United States who could see the frenzy of such a war, why did they not make themselves heard? Where was the warning voice? Where was the voice at all? If England were about to make a war, which, to any portion of her graver and more principled people, appeared contrary to common sense, justice, or humanity, a thousand petitions would instantly have covered the table of Parliament. We hear nothing of this in America. The populace carry every thing their own way; and if the language of friendship, alluded to in these volumes, is not mere verbiage, it is a language suppressed by the tyranny of the streets. Until America frees herself from this, it is ridiculous for her to boast of freedom.

The colonel's next exhibition was

the anniversary of Harvard College, in which he heard a discourse delivered by a Mr Woods, on "the union of science and religion," which he considered a very eloquent performance, though two hours aud twenty minutes long. But he does not praise every thing. An unlucky poet, who had been a senator, and, as he was rich, might be entitled to go this "road to ruin," read his poetry, which had the not improbable effect of clearing the benches. The party then adjourned to the dinner, where they were as happy as possible. The colonel was first called, and placed on the right of the Governor of Massachussets, and the Honourable Marcus Maston, whom he finds a remarkably taciturn man, which in common parlance might imply, a very stupid fellow. But no. The colonel follows it with—"I have *no doubt*, a talented man." This is *couleur de rose* in perfection.

Story, an old judge, talked much, and the colonel says that he was "buoyant, brilliant," and so forth, but when he comes to particulars, the general nature of this brilliancy becomes rather doubtful.

"The judge, who was at all in the ring, and master of *every subject*, would not let religious matters remain undiscussed and something having brought the subject on the tapis, he gave us an animated dissertation upon it." We can have no hesitation whatever in saying, that any man who, at a public dinner in one of our universities, attempted a dissertation of that order, would be set down as very closely approaching to a confirmed twaddler. But the spirit of his remarks was still more indicative of the state of things in this favoured country. "His argument was, that lawyers, and not clergymen, should be the propounders of the Scriptures, and more especially of the laws of Moses; and here the learned judge had it all his own way, no one venturing to contradict him."

All this finished with a song, of which we give a fragment, as it is "*annually* sung on this occasion in full chorus." This entitles it to some distinction, though it is rather different from an ode of Pindar. But the tune has merit, for it is "Auld lang syne."

"This day with heartfelt glee we greet,
Most joyous of the year,
When at the festive board we meet
Our brethren dear;
When sparkling wit, and jocund song,
And temperate mirth combine,
And grateful recollections throng
Of Auld lang syne.

"Let true philosophy, our light,
Our trust, and pilot be,
Directing still our course aright
O'er life's dark sea.
Our worthy deeds may others see
On history's pages shine,
When these our days shall number'd be
With Au'd lang syne.

"The strife of sect and party rude,
We from our presence bar,
Nor on this hour shall aught intrude
Our mirth to mar.
We'll take our choice, who here are met,
Of *water* or of wine,
And take a cup of kindness yet
For Auld lang syne."

The New Englanders are probably too busy "going a-head," as their phrase is, to have much poetry among their pursuits; but they certainly ought to find some one capable of writing a better *annual* piece of nationality than this. We look for a reform, if it were only for the honour of their mother-tongue.

But it is the "devouring faculty," the organ of swallowing, which evidently excites the colonel's most genuine wonder, and it really seems wonderful. "Scotia!" he exclaims with all the ardour of an enthusiast, "Scotia! my own, my native land, thou art famed in prose and verse for thy breakfasts; but even thou must hide thy diminished head before the accumulated glories of the morning repast at Tremont House, where, in addition to the aforesaid porridge, are displayed tea, coffee, omelets, beefsteaks, mutton chops, veal cutlets, kippered salmon, various kinds of fresh fish, ham, eggs, rolls, muffins, toast, &c., *ad infinitum*." In short, he "calculates," that by a little management, a man capable of the feat, without being choked on the spot, might easily contrive to continue eating all day, "to blend the whole five meals into one—from the earliest breakfast, at seven, until the latest supper, *long after midnight*, there is scarcely any cessation." This certainly exceeds our former estimate of

the native deglutition. Can the gallant colonel be amusing himself and us? As corporal Trim says, "Our army swore terribly in Flanders!"

But the dinner, "that most important meal of all," is hurried over, and is the only one treated with such irreverence. All manner of good things are set before you, but no time for reflection or selection is allowed—promptitude of decision is your only chance, or, as he sums up in one sentence, "Gobble, gulp, and go," is the order of the day. He adds, that "to behold the fairest of the fair adopt the *bolting system* is really awful." Still he retains his imperturbable gallantry. "I have said that *all* the American ladies are agreeable, and I will maintain it; and well bred too, though certainly I was a little startled this evening at the tea-table, when a black-eyed intelligent-looking lass, from Philadelphia, who was describing Saratoga Springs, informed me, that all the young dandies there were *considerable humbugs, she guessed.*" But she was very young, and very pretty. But he tells us more valuable things. He mentions the effect of the temperance system at Lynn, a shoemaking place, where a few years ago the artisans were ragged drunkards. "They are now a thriving, healthy, and wealthy population." This is good intelligence, and the temperance societies will have reason to boast of the effect of such changes. The habits of drunkenness in America were once frightful, and every man must rejoice at every instance of their losing ground.

On a visit to General Dearborne, the conversation turned on steamers; and on the colonel's observing that sooner or later (a rather safe stipulation) steam engines would mount into the air, the general told him of a conversation which he had many years ago with an ingenious old man who "had in embryo the application of steam to propelling carriages along the road;" and who, moreover, conceived "that the general might live to see flocks of *steam birds* mounting into the air like pigeons: and as regularly leaving towns with passengers and letters as stage coaches do now-a-days." All this talking is mere trifling. Every new invention sets a crowd of rambling speculators at work to imagine what it can be made to accomplish, and give themselves credit for the clearness of their penetration. Of course there is no limit to fancy. When Mongolfier first sent up his balloon, there was not a talker in Europe who did not point out the probability of its reaching the moon "by a little improvement," and, "in the progress of science," finding its way to the fixed stars. Yet there the balloon has stood those fifty years, and seems likely to stand there five hundred. Darwin, fifty years ago, more rationally predicted that steam would "drive the rapid barge," but with no more expectation of its being any thing beyond a figure of speech for centuries to come, than Seneca had when he pronounced that the nature of comets would be familiar to the future philosophers of some land or another, at some time, nobody knew when.

At length he leaves Boston, flies by the railroad through a picturesque country, and stops, ninety-five miles off, for a two o'clock dinner; the passage money three dollars, and no demands from "waiters, discontented cads, and insolent porters." We believe that similar arrangements are adopted on the English railroads. The absence of them formed a perpetual and scandalous nuisance in our public coaches; and all to swell the pockets of the race of low and impudent fellows, who drove or hung about them. We have known instances where the common coachman on a populous road made L.800 a-year.

At Springfield the colonel visited the government arms manufactory. The workshops crown a hill; the depot of arms contains 91,000 stand. The average price of each musket is eleven dollars, Each barrel weighs four pounds five ounces; and the whole complete, with fixed bayonet, ten pounds and a half. The bayonet enters on a pivot, and is then turned; and all have brass pans. Their make he regards as excellent: and the powder "first-rate, and beautifully glazed." He asks—and fairly enough—"Why does not our Ordnance Board take a hint from other countries—abolish contracts, and set up for itself?" We find no mention of any modern improvement on this most important weapon, no percussion locks or attempts to lessen the weight of the musket. The palpable defects of

this weapon, are its weight, the length of the barrel, and the width of the windage. The American musket is within half a pound of the weight of the British, and costs twice the money. Yet the British musket allows of divers improvements, and it is scarcely less than criminal to postpone them. On his way towards Trenton, the colonel saw some of the militia parades: they were what might be expected from people called together but once a-year, and even then called only for parade. "On their plain coats some wore two large lumps of white worsted to resemble epaulettes; some had caps, but others round hats, with most tremendously long white feathers. This 'playing at soldiers,' as some facetious fellow-passengers styled it, produced us many Yankee yarns. One fellow told us of a militia corps, formed by a Colonel Pluck, where the men had swords ten feet long, and the trumpet twelve. This troop was formed some years ago at Westpoint, as a satire on the system."

At Utica, which he describes as a fine rising city, he saw more of those militia parades, "the men, notwithstanding the blustering of their military mentor, all whiffing cigars, and amusing themselves." But some of the uniform companies made a better figure. At the Museum, he saw two whites born of Negro parents,—they had the woolly hair and flat nose. But he was "more taken with the long boot of the celebrated Bill Johnson," the ruffian who was so often hunted among the islands of the St Lawrence in 1838. This relic gives us rather an humbling conception of the taste of Utica, and the next curiosity is even worse—a representation of the guillotining of the unfortunate Louis XVI. This he justly pronounces to be "in bad taste." He, however, ends by predicting, that "the monarchical principle will at no distant day be re-established and triumphant through this great continent. Every thing, as it appears to me, tends to this, as well as to the termination of the federal government." Whether this result will ever follow, is a question for time; but we are perfectly convinced that if a democracy be the fate, it will be the ruin, of America.

In this roving and light-hearted way the colonel runs through the "States," and from the States to Canada, glances at Niagara, which he dashes off in description with the rapidity of a fresco-painter, "looks in" at Greenston, returns, runs back to Boston, and thence runs to his old starting point, St John's. It would be idle to talk of his work as profound; but it is pleasant: he has a peep at every thing, and he sees every thing in the most happy determination to be delighted. He has certainly the very unusual merit of not plaguing his reader with the solemn nonsense which its professors and prosers call "political economy;" nor of exhausting our patience to the dregs with dissertations on American factions. He sees every thing in the broadest sunshine, and every mile of his road is strewed with flowers. All the men are full of intelligence, and all the women unrivalled for beauty. It is true, that his rank, his introductions, and we have no doubt his manners, gave him every opportunity of seeing the American world to the best advantage. A lively and gentlemanlike soldier had every chance of being received with universal kindness. He has at all events made a very pretty book; and if Jonathan is not pleased, he must be a sour fellow indeed.

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