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JANUARY—JUNE, 1851.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH;

AND

37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCCCXXIII.

JANUARY, 1851.

VOL. LXIX.

THE CURRENCY EXTENSION ACT OF NATURE.

WHOEVER has examined with attention the past annals of mankind, must have become aware that the greatest and most important revolutions that have occurred in human affairs have originated in the variations which from time to time have taken place in the supply of the precious metals which could be obtained for the use of man. As they constitute, by the universal consent of the world, the common medium of exchange and measure of value among nations, their plenty or scarcity has an immediate and powerful influence upon the remuneration of industry and the activity of the working-classes in all countries. According as they are increasing or diminishing, abundant or wanting, is the condition of the people prosperous or calamitous—the national prospects bright or gloomy. No amount of human exertion, no efforts of human patriotism, can sustain the national fortunes for any length of time, or diffuse general and enduring prosperity among the people, if the existing medium of exchange is below what their numbers and transactions require; because, in such a case, prices are constantly declining, credit is liable to periodical and ruinous contractions, and industry, on an average of years, ceases to meet with its due reward. No calamities are insuperable, no dangers insurmountable,

when a currency is provided adequate to the wants of men, and capable of extension in proportion to their necessities; because, in such a case, prices are rising or remunerative, and individual effort, stimulated by the prospect of an adequate return, becomes universal, and acts powerfully and decisively upon the general welfare of society and the issue of the national fortunes.

The two greatest revolutions which have taken place in the annals of the species, and which have for ever left their traces on the fortunes of mankind, have arisen from the successive diminution and increase in the supply of the precious metals for the use of the world. There can be no doubt that the decline and fall of the Roman empire—so long and falsely ascribed to its latter extension, plebeian slavery, and patrician corruption—was in reality mainly owing to the failure in the mines of Spain and Greece, from which the precious metals in ancient times were chiefly obtained, joined to the unrestricted importation of grain from Egypt and Libya, which ruined the profit of the harvests and destroyed the agriculture of Italy and Greece, at once paralysing industry, and rendering taxes overwhelming.* We know now to what the failure of these mines, attended with such portentous results, was owing. It was to the

* See "Fall of Rome," Alison's *Essays*, vol. iii. p. 440.

exhaustion of the auriferous veins in Spain and Greece near the surface, from long-continued working, and the extreme *hardness of the rock* in which they were imbedded farther down, which seems to be a general law of nature all over the world,* and which rendered working them, to any considerable depth, no longer a source of profit. On the other hand, the prodigious start which Europe took during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and which has implanted the European race for ever in the new hemisphere, is well known to have been mainly owing to the discovery of the mines of Mexico and Peru, and the continual rise of prices during nearly two centuries, which took place all over the world, from the constant and increasing influx of the precious metals drawn out of their rich strata.

The greatest and most momentous contests which have taken place among nations, have been in a great degree determined by the discovery or use, by one of the belligerents, of an expansive currency, to which the other was for a time a stranger. The most memorable strife in antiquity, that between Rome and Carthage, on which depended whether Europe or Africa was to become the mistress of the civilised world, was in reality determined by a great extension of the Italian circulating medium during

the second Punic war; and that dreadful contest was less brought to a successful issue by the firmness of the senate or the arms of Scipio, than by the wisdom of a decree which virtually, at the crisis of its fate, doubled the currency of the Roman republic.† The Transatlantic revolution was brought to a successful issue in the same way; and the independence of the United States is less to be ascribed to the imbecility of British counsels, or the wisdom of American generalship, than to the establishment of a paper currency, which sustained the efforts of the insurgent states when they had no other resources wherewith to maintain the contest. It was the assignats, as all the world knows, that set on foot those prodigious armies which, amidst the destruction of all private fortunes, enabled France, during the Reign of Terror, to repel the assault of all the European powers; and the coalition which at last overturned the empire of Napoleon was sustained by a vast system of paper currency, issued in 1813 in Germany, which, guaranteed by the four Allied powers, passed as gold from the Atlantic Ocean to the wall of China, and arrayed all the armies of Europe in dense and disciplined battalions on the banks of the Rhine. Of what incalculable importance it was may be judged of by the dreadful straits to

* See a very able article on California, *Quarterly Review*, Oct. 1850.

† "Quum Censores ob inopiam ærarii, se jam locationibus abstinerent ædium sacrarum tuendarum, curulumque eorum præbendorum, ac similium his rerum: convenere ad eos frequentes, qui hastæ hujus generis assueverant; hortatique censores, ut omnia perinde agerent, locarent, ac si pecunia in ærario esset. NEMINEM, NISI BELLO CONFECTO, PECUNIAM AB ÆRARIO PETITURUM ESSE."—LIVY, lib. xxiv. c. 19. "The censors," says Arnold, "found the treasury unable to supply the public services. Upon this, trust monies belonging to widows and minors, or to widows and unmarried women, were deposited in the treasury; and whatever sums the trustees had to draw for, were paid by the quarter *in bills on the banking commissioners, or triumvirs mensarii*. It is probable that these bills were actually a *paper currency*, and that they circulated as money on the security of the public faith. In the same way the *government contracts were also paid in paper*; for the contractors came forward in a body to the censors, and begged them to make their contracts as usual, *promising not to demand payment till the end of the war*. This must mean, I conceive, that they were to be paid in orders upon the treasury, which orders were to be converted into cash when the present difficulties of the government should be at an end."—ARNOLD'S *History of Rome*, ii. 207, 208. This was just an inconvertible paper currency; and its issue immediately after the battle of Cannæ saved the Roman empire. We have heard, from a gentleman who was present, that, in a political Whig party many years ago, when the conversation turned on the service of a paper currency in bringing a state through a pecuniary crisis, and some one said it was that which enabled the Romans to surmount the Second Punic war, Lord Melbourne, who was present, immediately repeated, from memory, the words above quoted from Livy in capitals.

which Wellington, for five previous years, had been reduced by its want. Great Britain emerged victorious from the strife, chiefly from the powerful influence of the same omnipotent agent. Vain would have been the constancy of Pitt, the genius of Nelson, or the wisdom of Wellington, if the paper currency, established in 1797, had not given her people the sinews of war, and the means of illimitable industry, when the Continent was shut to her commerce, and the whole precious metals were drained away by the necessities of Continental warfare. Nor have the effects of the opposite system, pursued since the peace, been less striking and momentous; for the contraction of British currency to one half of its former dimensions, by the bills of 1819 and 1844, has brought about the dreadful panics of 1825, 1837, and 1847, induced by the decline of prices and the sufferings it occasioned. The English revolution of 1832 transferred power in the British islands exclusively to the inhabitants of towns, and spread such misery through the rural population, that *three hundred thousand* emigrants now annually leave the British islands for Transatlantic or Australian shores.

As the expansion or contraction of the circulating medium is thus an agent of such prodigious power and irresistible weight, both upon the fortunes of particular states and the general progress of the species, so it will be found upon examination that it is by a withholding or letting loose the fertilising flood, that Providence appears often to act most directly and decisively upon human affairs. When a nation has performed its mission, and is to make room for other actors on the great stage of the world, if its power has rendered conquest by a foreign enemy impossible, a contraction of its domestic currency paralyses its internal strength, and renders dissolution, at no distant period, a matter of certainty. If a great start is prepared for human industry, if new continents are laid open to its energies, and an unusual impulse communicated to its activity by the development of social and democratic passions, a vast addition is suddenly made to its metallic resources, and

the increased numbers or enhanced efforts of mankind are amply sustained by the newly opened treasures of the reserves of nature. Rome, impregnable to the assaults of undisciplined barbarians, yielded, at the appointed season, to the contraction of its domestic currency, which rendered the maintenance of armaments adequate to the public defence a matter of impossibility in the later days of the empire; and when the discovery of the compass, of the art of printing, and of the new hemisphere, had at once given a vast impulse to European activity, and provided new and boundless fields for its exertion, the mines of Potosi and Mexico were suddenly thrown open, and nature provided a suitable reward for all this enhanced effort by the continually rising price of its produce.

That a period of equal, perhaps greater activity, than that which followed the discoveries of Columbus, would succeed the outbreak of the social passions that occasioned the French Revolution, has long been familiar to the thinking part of men, and unequivocal proofs of the reality of the change may be seen in every direction around us. But sufficient attention has not hitherto been paid to the extraordinary encouragement which this increased mental energy has received, from the facilities which have been placed at its disposal by the *mechanical* discoveries of the last half century. Yet are they such as to throw all past discoveries into the shade, and give an impulse to human affairs which has scarcely been exceeded since the first separation of the dwellers in cities and the sojourners in the fields. The steam-engine has wrought these prodigies. Applied to mechanical invention, and the moving of machinery, it has multiplied tenfold the powers of urban industry, elevated the districts possessing the necessary fuel to the clouds, cast down places once the seats of commercial greatness, but destitute of that essential element in modern manufacturing energy, to the dust. Applied to the propelling of vessels, it has more than halved the breadth of the ocean, rendered navigable against the current the

greatest rivers, sent the colonists of Europe in countless multitudes up the streams of the New World, and provided an entrance for civilised man into the greatest continents by the very magnitude of the waters which flow down from their inaccessible mountains, or are fed in their marshy plains. Applied to travelling by land, it has diminished distance to a third—brought the capital of every civilised state into close proximity to its most distant provinces; while the simultaneous discovery of the electric telegraph has rendered the communication of intelligence all but instantaneous, and made the circulation of ideas and, it is to be feared, also of passions, as rapid over a mighty empire as heretofore it was in the streets of a crowded capital.

When nature communicated this vast impulse to human activity, and placed these mighty instruments in the hands of men, she was not unmindful of the extended field for industry which their enlarged numbers and increased energies would require. The plain of the Mississippi, the garden of the world, containing a million of square miles, or six times the area of France, was thrown open to their enterprise. Steam power propelled a thousand vessels through the thick network of natural arteries which in every direction penetrate its vast and fertile plains. In 1790, five thousand Anglo-Saxons were settled in this magnificent wilderness; now their numbers exceed *eight millions*. Australia has opened its vast prairies, New Zealand its fertile vales, to European enterprise. The boundless plains of Central Russia and Southern Siberia, afforded inexhaustible resources to the rapidly increasing Muscovite population; and an empire which already possesses in Europe and Asia sixty-six million inhabitants, can without apprehension contemplate a continuance of its present rate of increase for centuries to come. The Andes even have been passed; the Rocky Mountains surmounted; and on the reverse of their gigantic piles new states, peopled by the Anglo-Saxon race, are arising, and increasing with unheard-of rapidity, in regions rivalling Italy in the variety and riches of their produc-

tions, and exceeding it tenfold in the magnitude of their extent. Proportionate to the wants and necessities of mankind, in an age of such intellectual and physical activity, has been the hitherto untrodden fields which the beneficence of nature has laid open to their industry.

These advantages, however, great and unbounded as they are, have been, till very recently, counterbalanced, and perhaps more than counterbalanced, by the *serious decrease* which, for the greater part of the period that has elapsed since the peace of 1815, has been going on, from the effect of human violence or folly, in the *circulating medium of the globe*. The South American revolution at once almost destroyed the working of the mines of Mexico and Peru: the annual produce of those mines sank from £10,000,000, to which, according to Humboldt, it had risen prior to 1810, to less than £3,000,000. The diminution in the supply of the precious metals for the use of the globe, from the effects of this most calamitous revolution, which Great Britain did so much to promote, was, during the thirty years which elapsed from 1810 to 1840, certainly not less than £150,000,000 sterling. Contemporaneous with this immense reduction, took place the great contraction of the paper currency of Great Britain, the commercial heart of the globe, which was reduced by the bill of 1819 from £60,000,000, which it had reached in 1814, to little more than £30,000,000, its average since that time. These two great causes of decrease, operating simultaneously during a period of general peace, unbroken industry, great increase in population both in Europe and America, and a vast addition to the transactions and mercantile dealings of men in every part of the world, produced that universal and unlooked-for decline of prices which has been everywhere felt as so discouraging to industry, and nowhere so much so as in the highly taxed and deeply indebted realm of Great Britain. It was the exact converse of the general and long-continued prosperity which the progressive rise of prices consequent on the discovery of the South American mines produced dur-

ing the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It was apparently the commencement of a long and disastrous period of rise in the value of money, and fall in the price of every species of produce, similar to that which, in the first four centuries of the Christian era, crushed the industry and paralysed the strength of the Roman Empire, and at length prostrated the dominion of the legions before the arms of an untutored and barbarous enemy.

It is now ascertained, therefore, by the only sure guide in political science—experience—that if no addition to the circulating medium of the globe had been made at a time when so immense an increment was going forward in the numbers and transactions of the most active part of mankind, consequences the most disastrous to human industry and happiness *must* have taken place. If—when the United States, with their population of 25,000,000 doubling every twenty-five years, and Russia, with its population of 66,000,000 doubling every forty years, and Great Britain, with its population of 29,000,000 doubling in about the same time, and its exports and imports tripling in thirty years, were in a state of full and undiminished activity—there had been no addition made to the circulating medium of the globe, it is difficult to estimate the amount of embarrassment and distress which must have become all but universal. If the circulating medium of the earth had *remained stationary*, or gone on receiving only its wonted annual increment, when so prodigious an addition was going forward in the numbers and transactions of men, a universal and progressive fall of prices must have ensued. The remuneration of industry must have been halved—the weight of debts and taxes doubled. The fatal increase in the value and power of riches, so truly felt and loudly complained of in the declining days of the Roman empire, would have been everywhere experienced. A *money famine* would have been universally felt; and, paradoxical as it may appear, dear-bought experience has now taught us that such a famine is attended with more disastrous, because more widely spread and irremovable, consequences, than even a

shortcoming in the supply of food for the use of man. The latter may be removed by increased rural activity and a good harvest in a single year. But the former is susceptible of no such remedy. On the contrary, the augmented activity which it brings on, from the general and pinching suffering with which it is attended, only tends to aggravate the common distress, because it multiplies the transactions in which money as a medium of exchange is indispensable, and consequently makes its scarcity in proportion to the existing demand be more severely felt.

To this must be added another and most important cause, which operated since the peace of 1815 in withdrawing the precious metals from the globe, arising from the very scarcity of these metals themselves. The addition which their enhanced value made to the riches of the affluent was so great, that it led to a rapid and most important increase in the consumption of gold and silver in articles of luxury. Gold and silver plate, jewels, and other ornaments set in gold, became general among the richer classes, and to an extent unprecedented since the fall of the Roman empire. Gilding was employed so much in furniture, the frames of pictures, the roofs of rooms, carriages, and other articles of state or show, as to withdraw a considerable part of that the most precious of the precious metals from the monetary circulation. The scarcer gold and silver became, the more was this direction of a large portion of it increased, because the richer did the fortunate few who possessed amassed capital become from the daily decline in the price of all other articles of merchandise. This effect was most conspicuous in ancient Rome in its latter days, where, while the legions dwindled into cohorts from the impossibility of finding funds to pay them in large numbers, and the fields of Italy became desolate from the impossibility of obtaining a remunerating price for their produce, the gold and silver vases, statues, and ornaments amassed in the hands of the wealthy patricians in Rome, Constantinople, Alexandria, and the other great cities of the empire, so prodigiously increased, that, with the currency, which formed but a small part of its

amount, their value is estimated by Gibbon at the almost incredible amount of £350,000,000 sterling of our money.

Bills of exchange and paper money, which have become known and general only in modern Europe, might have gone far to mitigate these disastrous consequences in particular states, or even, if conducted with prudence and regulated by wisdom, might in some places have altogether prevented them. But as paper currency is a new element of surpassing power and efficacy, but recently introduced into common use among men, the principles on which it should be regulated are far from being generally understood. Even if understood, it requires for its due regulation a combination of wisdom and self-denial that can rarely be looked for among the rulers of mankind. The fundamental principles on which its due regulation must be rested—that of being based on *certain and available property of some kind*, and of being capable of *extension* in proportion to the increase in the numbers and transactions of men, and the abstraction of the precious metals forming the medium of international circulation, and yet duly restrained and over-issue prevented—were successively overlooked by the greatest and most enlightened nations of the world. Issued in unbounded profusion in France during the fervour of the Revolution and the terrors of European invasion, with no real basis of available property on which to rest, the assignats produced, simultaneously with the prodigious armaments which saved the country, an unheard-of confusion among the transactions and obligations of men, and destroyed in a few years the whole capital of that great country, the accumulated savings of centuries of industry. Contracted with equal rapidity from the influence of the opposite set of interests in Great Britain after the peace, the paper circulation of the British Empire was rendered the instrument of destruction of property as great, and misery as wide-spread and universal, among its inhabitants, as the assignats or confiscations of the Convention. Adopted with heedless eagerness, and without any adequate safeguards, at one

time in America, and checked at another with precipitate and imprudent severity, four-fifths of the wealth of the United States were in a few years swept away by the fearful oscillation of prices consequent on these violent changes. And although wisdom and prudence could easily have devised a system of paper currency which, entirely based upon available property of some kind, and therefore perfectly secure, was yet capable of expansion in proportion to the increase of the numbers and transactions of men, and the temporary abstraction of the precious metals from a particular country by the mutations of commerce or the necessities of war, yet it was evident that no such wise and patriotic system was to be anticipated, till a vast amount of general suffering had enlightened the majority of men on the subject. Least of all could it be hoped for in Great Britain, where the increase and weight of the moneyed interests, and the consequent determination to enhance the value of money, without any regard to its effects on the remuneration of industry, had become such, that no other interest in the State, nor even all other interests allied, were able to make head against it.

The future destinies of mankind, and of this country in particular, seemed, therefore, to be involved in clouds and darkness; nor did any means appear to be within the bounds of possibility by which the difficulties which beset or awaited industry could be obviated. The greater the efforts made by industry, it was plain the greater would be the distress in which it would be involved; because an increase in the transactions of men required an augmentation in the circulating medium by which they were to be conducted; and an addition to the produce of labour, while the currency was fixed or declining, only rendered its remuneration less. The whole object of statesmen and legislators, both in Great Britain and America, had come to be to cheapen everything, and raise the value of money by contracting its amount—augmenting instead of relieving the general distress arising from the inadequacy of the existing circulating medium for the enlarged wants and numbers of men. The evil seemed to be beyond the reach of human

remedy; for in the only country in which a remedy could be effectually applied, the moneyed interests had become so powerful, that Government was set chiefly on measures which, for the sake of private profit, most grievously aggravated it. But Providence is wiser than man: Nature is seldom awanting in the end to those who are suffering from the faults of others. A few bands of American squatters wandered into Texas—a war of aggression on the part of the United States succeeded to make good the settlement—a serious contest took place with Mexico—the Anglo-Saxon race asserted their wonted superiority over the Castilian—CALIFORNIA was wrested from them—and by the ultimate effects of that conquest some of the greatest evils inflicted by human selfishness or folly were alleviated, and the destinies of the world were changed!

It is a striking proof how much the fortunes of men are in their own hands, and how vain are the choicest gifts of nature if not seconded by the vigour and industry of those for whom they are intended, that the rich auriferous veins, the discovery of which has been attended with such important effects, and is destined to avert so many evils arising from the absurd legislation or selfish desires of men in recent times, had been for three hundred years in the possession of the Spaniards, but they had never found them out! The gold was there, under their feet, in such quantities that its excavation, as will immediately appear, is adequate to double the annual supply of the precious metals for the use of man over the whole world; but they never took the trouble to turn it up! It was so near the surface, and so accessible, being mixed with the alluvial sand and gravel of the country, that it was first discovered in the cutting a common mill-course through a garden, and has since been obtained almost entirely by common labourers digging holes not deeper than ordinary graves through the level surface of the alluvial deposit of the mountains. They had never attempted agricultural operations, nor thought of an improvement which would have led to its detection. The Spaniards, as all the world knows, and as their history

in every age has demonstrated, were passionately desirous of gold; and from the days of Columbus they had been familiar with a tradition or report among the native Indians, that there existed beyond the mountains in the far west a country in which gold was as plentiful as the sand on the seashore, and was to be had simply for the trouble of taking it. It was all true it was there, mixed in large quantities with the alluvial deposit of the mountains; yet during three hundred years that they held the country, they never found it out! A single ditch in any part of the flat region, which is above three hundred miles long and forty or fifty broad, would have revealed the treasure, but they never took the trouble to cut it. Before the Anglo-Saxons had been there three months, they had discovered the riches lying below their feet. Such is the difference of races! It is easy to see to which is destined the sceptre of the globe.

It is impossible as yet to say with positive certainty what is the amount of gold which may be obtained for a long period from this auriferous region; but it is already evident that it will be very great—much greater than was at first anticipated. The following extract, from the great and able Free-Trade organ, the *Times*, of Nov. 19, 1850, will show what amount has been realised and exported from San Francisco last year, and what may be anticipated in the next:—

“Some estimates have lately been formed of the shipments of gold received in Europe from California to the present time, which, we believe, may be regarded as tolerably accurate, and according to which the amount is about £3,300,000. On the other side, up to the end of September, the receipts at the two mints of the United States had been about 31,000,000 dols., or £6,200,000. Since that time we have had advices of farther arrivals at New York and New Orleans amounting to £500,000. An aggregate is consequently formed of exactly £10,000,000. To this must be added, in order to estimate the total production, not only the amounts which have found their way to China, Manilla, Australia, Oregon, the Sandwich Islands, the States of Spanish America, &c., but also the total which has been retained in California for the purposes of currency. The popula-

tion in that country now ranges somewhere between 200,000 and 300,000, and although a considerable amount of silver dollars have been imported, the bulk of the circulation is believed still to be in the form of gold-dust or of gold tokens. If the 250,000 persons possess, on an average, £10 a-piece, we have a sum of £2,500,000; and, looking at the expense of a week's maintenance in the country, as well as the large quantities constantly in transit, as well as the reserves, which, as was shown by the last advices, the various deposit-houses are compelled to retain to meet sudden runs, it is probable that this is under the real total. Taking all points into consideration, it may, therefore, be assumed that the whole which has been raised is equal to at least £13,000,000 sterling. Of this production, according to recent official returns from the United States, nearly four-fifths have taken place during the present year. Of 25,966,817 dols. received in the United States Mint at Philadelphia, up to the end of September last, only 44,177 dols. had arrived in 1848, and 5,481,430 dols. in 1849, while the quantity in 1850 had been 20,441,210 dols. The same proportions would probably prevail with regard to the sums distributed to other places; and we are, therefore, led to the supposition that the export this year has already actually reached upwards of £10,000,000, although the results of two additional months have yet to be known. It will be observed, consequently, that the unexpected feature which has hitherto attended the progress of this new region—namely, that almost all the accounts from it, although deemed exaggerations at first, have proved ultimately to have been understatements—is still presented. At the commencement of 1850 the most sanguine expectations that were formed in any direction fixed its probable yield at £10,000,000; and not only has this been exceeded, but each quarter of the year has thus far shown an increase of nearly half upon the amount gathered in the preceding one. Thus the receipts at Philadelphia, for the first three months, were 4,370,714 dols., while they were 6,920,496 dols. for the second, and again 9,250,000 dols. for the third. This rate of augmentation coincides with the influx of population, and, as the emigration to the country is certain to be continued until the remuneration it affords for labour is brought to a level with the advantages offered elsewhere, there is no reason, so long as we are without accounts of an apparent limit to the field of operations, to anticipate anything else than a steady continuance of an improving ratio. So

far from a limit having yet been found, each fresh exploration seems to develop new and more favourable localities, and an extended discovery of dry diggings lately alleged to have been made, together with the steps in progress elsewhere to crush the mountain ore by machinery, appears to hold out the prospect that, even with the approach of winter, there will scarcely be a suspension of the prevailing activity."—*Times*, Nov. 19, 1850.

By the last accounts there was no less than a million sterling exported from California in *six days*. This amount of gold, great as it is, however, is by no means the whole of the supply which has been obtained. It is the regular measured amount only—what entered the custom-house books, and was exported in the entered-traders. But who can estimate the amount which in those vast and desolate regions has been amassed by individuals, and made its way out of the country in their private possession, or secretly in shipments of which no account was kept? It is incalculable: like the plunder amassed during the sack of a capital or province, it may be guessed at, but cannot be ascertained with anything approaching to accuracy. Probably the amount thus acquired, but not entering any public records, may equal all that is ascertained from the custom-house books. But call it only a half, or fifty per cent, it will follow that last year the amount raised was upwards of £15,000,000, and this year (1851) may be expected to reach £17,000,000 or £18,000,000! If so, it will nearly double the annual supply of the precious metals for the use of the globe, which at present, from all sources, is between £16,000,000 and £17,000,000. It may with confidence be anticipated, that how secretly soever great part of this treasure may be smuggled or conveyed out of California, none, or at least very little of it, will be lost. It will all be carefully preserved, and sooner or later find its way into the circulation of the world, or be manufactured into the gold ornaments and vessels which minister to its luxury or magnificence. Nothing more is required to show the prodigious influence of this great change; beyond all question it will, in its ultimate effects, alter the face of the globe.

Mr M'Culloch observes in his *Commercial Dictionary*—"Should eight or ten millions yearly, in addition to the present supply, be obtained from any other source, it will produce a gradual alteration of prices, similar to that which took place three centuries ago on the discovery of the mines of Mexico and Peru." No one can doubt that this observation is well founded; but if the effect of eight or ten millions annually added to the treasures of the world would be so considerable, what must the effect of the addition of sixteen or eighteen millions? Yet this addition is just *now going on*. In the month of August last, the gold shipped at San Francisco alone was 2,984,000 dollars, or about £800,000; and supposing a half more was raised, of which no account is kept, this is £1,200,000 in a single month! In five weeks from September 1, the quantity shipped was 5,000,000 dollars, or above £1,200,000; which implies at least £1,800,000 altogether obtained. This is from the labour of 40,000 or 50,000 persons only, who are at present engaged in the diggings; but it is known that from 80,000 to 90,000 will be engaged in them next year, so that the supply raised may be expected to be nearly doubled. There is great inequality in the amount obtained by individual persons employed in that laborious occupation; but taking the average, it is about four and a half dollars a day. Call it four only, and suppose they work 250 days in the year, each person at this rate will raise 1000 dollars' worth of gold, or nearly £250. At that rate, 50,000 persons would raise £12,500,000 in a year; and 75,000, £18,750,000;—which coincides very nearly with the result derived as above from other sources of information.

The bullionists, struck with terror at so prodigious an addition annually to their darling gold, and consequent diminution in its exchangeable value, are beginning to exert themselves to decry it. They say that there is a "*Currency Restriction Act of Nature*;" that the supply of gold from the alluvial washings will soon be exhausted; and that when the excavation comes

to be made from the rocks and mountains in which the veins are embedded, it will cease to be profitable, from the hardness of the strata of rock in which the veins are found.* The plea in abatement of the supply of gold thus likely to be obtained is very remarkable. The fact of its appearing in the highly respectable journal where it first was ushered to the world, and from the pen of the eminent geologist from whom it is said to have proceeded, are alike ominous. It shows at once how marvellously strong has been the hold which the mania for raising the value of gold and cheapening that of everything else prevailing during the last thirty years, from the influence of the holders of realised wealth, has got of the most influential classes in this country; and how deep is their alarm at the prospect of all their measures being at once blown into the air by the augmented supply of *this very gold* from the shores of California! A "*Currency Restriction Act of Nature!*" What a commentary on the measures of Sir R. Peel, so vehemently lauded and strenuously supported by all the capitalists whose fortunes, from the Currency Restriction Act of the right hon. baronet, were every day increasing in value! They would fain enlist Nature in the same crusade against labour and in favour of riches; but they may save themselves the trouble. There is no Currency Restriction Act of Nature: her beneficence, unlike that of man, is equally distributed over all her children. The CURRENCY EXTENSION ACT of Nature will only stand forth in brighter relief from having been immediately preceded by the Currency Restriction Act of Man.

To show how chimerical are the hopes of a Currency Restriction Act of Nature, which is to limit and interrupt the blessings with which an increased supply of the precious metals for the general service of the world cannot fail to be attended, it is sufficient to observe that the auriferous region where the gold is found in alluvial deposit, is said to be a tract of country between three and four hundred miles long, and from thirty to forty miles broad. It is therefore as long as from London to Berwick, and as broad as

the average breadth of the plains of Yorkshire. What is the scraping or excavations of sixty or eighty thousand men on so immense a surface? Conceive every one of these persons *daily digging his own grave* in this auriferous region: how long will it take them to go over the whole surface and exhaust its treasures? Only apply to it the test of the rudest calculation. A square mile contains above 3,000,000 square yards. Supposing each digging occupies two square yards, there will be 1,500,000 diggings in a square mile; and if each person excavates a digging a-day, which is probably as much as can be calculated upon at an average, as the operation is so much impeded by water, 100,000 persons will take fifteen days to turn up and exhaust one square mile. In the gold region, however, there are at least 9000 square miles. Supposing that the 100,000 persons work 300 days in the year, which is more than can be calculated upon, they will only turn over and thoroughly search twenty square miles in a year. At this rate, it would take above four hundred years for even that large army of labourers to exhaust the *alluvial* gold region. We are aware the diggings do not go on regularly as is now supposed; that one man tries his fortune here, and another there; and that the earth is perforated at the same time in a great variety of places, many of them at a considerable distance from each other. We know, too, that the real extent of the gold region is hitherto the object of speculation and hope, rather than actual survey or knowledge. It is quite probable, too, that our calculation, which is a mere rough guess, may be above the mark in some particulars, and below it in others. Still, enough, making allowance for all such errors, remains to show that, in the *alluvial* gold region alone, if the accounts of its extent and riches are at all to be relied on, there is ample room for a vast annual addition to the treasures of the earth for a great many generations to come. The circumstance which makes it all but certain that the gold region must be very extensive, is its being found in the *alluvial* deposits of the mountain rivers, such as the Sacramento,

along their whole course. If you find granite or mica slate particles in the beds of rivers and the level fields they overflow near the sea, you are sure of finding the same deposits up to the mountain regions from which they are brought down.

But what is the *alluvial* gold region to the mountain region from which the precious metals with which it abounds have been torn down by the storms and wintry torrents of thousands of years! If you find a *detritus* of a certain description in the mixed sand and gravel of a plain, you may predicate with perfect certainty the existence of mountains and rocks of the same formation in the higher regions from which it has been brought down. Granite or mica-slate *debris* in the beds of rivers or the level fields which they occasionally overflow, imply granite or mica-slate in the hilly region from which they take their rise. Whence has all the gold come which in the *alluvial* plains of California is producing such treasures, and changing prices over the whole world? It has come down from the mountains. And what must be the metallic riches with which they are charged, when the washed-down gravel at their feet is so prolific of mineral wealth! The bullionists, influenced by dread of a general rise of prices, and depreciation of the exchangeable value of their realised fortunes from this rise, say there is a "Currency Restriction Act of Nature;" that gold at any depth is unworkable at a profit; that Providence is niggardly of its bounty; and they in secret indulge the hope that it will continue permanently that contraction of the currency which they have contrived to force upon mankind, and which, while it lasted, has proved so eminently profitable to themselves. But a little consideration must show that their hopes in this respect are entirely fallacious. Granting that the veins of gold, when they go deep, are embedded in very hard rock, what is to be said to the cropping out of the veins over the vast extent of the auriferous Rocky Mountains? If the wasting away of wintry storms on the tops and sides of these mountains brings down such quantities of gold with the streams which furrow their sides, must not the laborious hand of

industry prove equally efficacious in removing it? If the expansive force of a rapid thaw, following severe frost, can rend the rocks in which the gold is embedded, is not the power of gunpowder or steam equally great? Already a company, composed of English capitalists, has been formed to explore the mountain treasures; and without supposing that they are to find an El Dorado in every hill, and admitting that there may be several failures before the right one is hit on, it is morally certain that in the end the mountain reserves of treasure must be discovered.

The additions to the currency of the earth, hitherto considered, have been those coming from these auriferous regions of North America, now for the first time brought into view only; but this is by no means the whole of the provision made by nature for the extended wants of mankind in this age of transition, vehement excitement, extended transactions, and rapidly-increasing numbers. The URAL AND ALTAI MOUNTAINS have brought forth their treasures at the same time, and provided as amply for the wants of the Slavonic race in the Old, as the Californian hills have done for the growth of the Anglo-Saxon in the New World. Gradually, for twenty years past, the Russian treasures have been brought to light; and their progressive increase has done more to alleviate the distress and sustain the industry of western Europe than all the wisdom of man in her aged monarchies has been able to effect. Grievous as have been the calamities which the contraction of the currency of the world by the reduction of paper in Great Britain, simultaneously with the ruin of the South American mines by the revolutions of its vast regions, which we laboured so assiduously to promote, have produced, they would have been doubly severe if the Ural and Altai Mountains had not provided treasures at the very time when the other supplies were failing, which in part at least supplied their place. Their influence was long felt in Europe before their amount was suspected, and even now the wisdom or terrors of the Russian Government have prevented it from being accurately known; but it is generally understood to have

now reached five or six millions sterling annually; and, like the Californian gold, it is susceptible of an indefinite increase, in the event of the influx of that metal from America not lowering its value so as to render it unworkable in Asia at a profit.

Assuming it, then, as certain that for a very long period, and for many successive generations, a vast addition is to be made to the annual supply of the metallic treasures of the earth, it becomes of the highest importance to the interests of industry in all its branches, agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing, to consider what the *effects of the change* thus induced must be—what benefits it will confer upon mankind—what dangers, if any, it will remove, especially in the great commercial community in which we are placed. And a little consideration must be sufficient to demonstrate to every impartial and disinterested mind what these effects will be—and to prevent, on the one hand, chimerical or unfounded hopes being formed, and, on the other, undue or unmanly depression from the effects of recent calamities being felt. Fortunately we are not driven to theory or speculation to ascertain what these effects will be—experience, the only sure guide in political science, points to them with unerring certainty: the great monetary revolution of the sixteenth century is the precursor and the monitor of that of the nineteenth.

The first effect of a great addition being made to the annual supply of a particular metal in general use and high estimation all over the world, is that the exchangeable value of *that metal*, in comparison with other metals or articles of consumption, will undergo an immediate alteration, which will prove lasting and considerable if the increased supply turns out to be great and permanent. This is no more than takes place every day with all the articles of commerce. According as the crop of wheat, or oats, or barley, or cotton proves abundant, so surely does the price of these articles rise or fall in the market. If gold is produced in much greater quantities than heretofore, its price, as compared with everything else, and in particular with the precious metal in common use, next to it in value, silver, must

ere long change. If the increased supply proves very great, it may in time come to reduce the price of gold, as compared with silver, fifty, eighty, or even a hundred per cent. Gold is more valuable than silver, only because it is more scarce: if it becomes equally plentiful, its value will gradually sink; and if the quantity afloat in the earth should ever come to be as great as that of silver, it would come to be of no greater value. This effect may appear either in the fall of the value of gold as compared with silver, or notes exchangeable into gold, or in the rise in the value of silver as compared with that of gold, or notes exchangeable into that metal. This effect has already taken place. Silver is 3 per cent dearer as compared with gold than it was a year ago: and this change will doubtless continue. This is the first and obvious effect of a great addition to the gold treasures of the earth; and even this is a considerable benefit; because, as it has been produced by the augmentation of the amount of the circulating medium of mankind, it must facilitate the acquisition of it for the purposes of commerce, or for sustaining the undertakings of industry.

But though this is the first, it is by no means either the only or the most important effect of a great addition to the gold treasures of the earth. By far the most important and beneficial effect is to be found in *the gradual but certain rise of prices*, whether measured in gold, silver, or paper, which inevitably results from any considerable addition to the circulating medium of mankind. This effect is precisely analogous to the great rise of prices which took place during the war, in consequence of the extended issue of paper which was made after 1797 to sustain its expenses. It is well known that it more than doubled the cost of every article of consumption: it raised the price of wheat, in fifteen years, from 55s. to 110s.* This effect resulted from

the extension of the issues of the Bank of England from twelve to twenty-eight millions a-year. A result precisely the same must take place over the whole world from a lasting and considerable addition to the metallic treasures by which its exchanges are conducted. If the gold in circulation, or which may be put into circulation, is greatly augmented, the price of everything must rise, whether it is paid in *gold or silver*, just as the price of everything rose during the war, whether paid in specie or in paper. Gold then bore such a monopoly price, from its being so much in request for the necessities of war, that the guinea at last came to be worth twenty-eight shillings. That was the enhanced price of gold, as compared with silver; it had risen thirty per cent in consequence of the absorption of gold specie in the Peninsular, German, and Russian campaigns. But the change of prices resulting from the extended issue of paper was much more considerable; it had increased not thirty, but a hundred per cent, and that equally, whether the price was paid in gold, silver, paper, or copper.

This change will be universal. It is a mistake to suppose that it will be limited to the countries, such as England, in which gold is the established standard of value. It will affect equally, certainly, though perhaps somewhat more indirectly, the nations, such as France, where silver is the standard and great medium of exchange. The reason is, that by adding considerably to the general circulating medium of the globe, it brings a larger quantity to be balanced against every article which forms the subject of commerce, and consequently raises its price when measured by any part of that circulating medium. This effect may be seen every day in ordinary life. A plentiful crop of wheat, especially if it continues for several years in succession, lowers the price not only of wheat, *but of every other*

* AVERAGE PRICES OF WHEAT:—

	s.	d.		s.	d.
1792, . . .	47	1	1809, . . .	106	0
1793, . . .	49	6	1810, . . .	112	0
1794, . . .	54	0	1811, . . .	108	0
1795, . . .	81	6	1812, . . .	118	0
1796, . . .	80	3	1813, . . .	120	0

grain crop in the country, and consequently raises the price of every article of commerce when measured by the amount given for it in any of these grain crops. And the same effect took place on a great scale, over the whole world, for centuries together, when the mines of Mexico and Peru were discovered, which, although chiefly productive of silver only, yet, by the large quantity of that metal which they yielded, raised prices to a very great degree universally, and that equally whether those prices were paid in gold, silver, or copper.

The effects hitherto considered are those on the value of the precious metals themselves from a considerable and continued increase in their supply in any part of the world. But in a commercial and opulent community such as Great Britain, where the greater part of its undertakings are carried on by means of money advanced by banks in their own notes or those of the Bank of England, on the security of bills or other obligations, the effect of a considerable increase in the supply of gold or silver is far more extensive. Such an increase diminishes the great weakness of a paper circulation, that of being dependent on the supply of the precious metals, and liable to be contracted when they are withdrawn. An inconvertible paper, issued in reasonable and not excessive quantities, and adequately guaranteed, would answer the purpose just as well in a particular country, and effectually secure it against the terrible disasters consequent on the alternate expansion and contraction of the currency; the former inducing the commencement of undertakings of which the latter disabled the performance. But the world is not wise enough yet to perceive how easy and effectual a remedy this simple expedient would provide against the greatest and most extensive calamities which now afflict humanity; and so great is the power of vested capital which such calamities benefit, that it is probable several generations must descend to their graves, or become insolvent, before it is generally adopted. But the extension of the metallic currency of the globe, though it cannot altogether remove, materially lessens this dreadful danger. *It inspires confidence*

among moneyed men. It diminishes the terror of the withdrawal of the precious metals, which, when it once seizes them, is productive of such unbounded calamities; and thus renders the granting of accommodation on their part both more abundant and more regular. Paper becomes more plentiful, because gold, on which it is based, has flowed into the coffers of the banks in larger quantities, and thus at once augmented their own treasures, and diminished the risk of their being drained away by the necessities of other men. The effect of this change in a commercial and manufacturing community is incalculable. We can form a clear idea from woeful experience, of what it is. It is precisely the converse of Sir R. Peel's measure.

It is impossible to give a better picture of what this great Currency Extension Act of Nature will do for industry in all countries, and especially the commercial, than by saying that it will as nearly as possible *reverse* the effects which Mr Cobden, the great advocate for the cheapening system, said, in his evidence before the Committee on Bank Issues in 1840, he had experienced in the preceding years in his own business from the contraction of the currency consequent on the great importation of grain in 1838 and 1839:—

“I could adduce a fact derived from my own experience that would illustrate the heavy losses to which manufacturers were exposed in their operations, by those fluctuations (in 1837) in the value of money. I am a calico printer. I purchase the cloth, which is my raw material, in the market; and have usually in warehouse three or four months' supply of material. I must necessarily proceed in my operations, whatever change there may be—whether a rise or a fall in the market. I employ six hundred hands; and those hands must be employed. I have fixed machinery and capital which *must* also be kept going; and, therefore, whatever the prospects of a rise or fall in price may be, I am constantly obliged to be purchasing the material, and contracting for the material on which I operate. In 1837 I lost by my stock in hand L.20,000, as compared with the stock-taking in 1835, 1836, and 1838; the average of those three years, when compared with 1837, shows that I lost L.20,000 by

my business in 1837; and what I wish to add is, that the whole of this loss arose from the depreciation in the value of my stock.

“My business was as prosperous; we stood as high as printers as we did previously; our business since that has been as good, and there was no other cause for the losses I then sustained, but the depreciation of the value of the articles in warehouse in my hands. What I wish particularly to show, is the defenceless condition in which we manufacturers are placed, and how completely we are at the mercy of these unnatural fluctuations. Although I was aware that the losses were coming, it was impossible I could do otherwise than proceed onward—with the certainty of suffering a loss on the stock; to stop the work of six hundred hands, and to fail to supply our customers, would have been altogether ruinous; that is a fact drawn from my own experience. I wish to point to another example of a most striking kind, showing the effect of these fluctuations on merchants. I hold in my hand a list of thirty-six articles which were imported in 1837, by the house of Butterworth and Brookes of Manchester, a house very well known; Mr Brookes is now boroughreeve of Manchester. Here is a list of thirty-six articles imported in the year 1837, in the regular way of business, and opposite to each article there is the rate of loss upon it as it arrived, and as it was sold. The average loss is $37\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on those thirty-six articles, and they were imported from Canton, Trieste, Bombay, Bahia, Alexandria, Lima, and, in fact, all the intermediate places almost. This, I presume, is a fair guide to show the losses which other merchants incurred on similar articles.”

It was these disastrous losses which made Mr Cobden a Free-trader. He wished to cheapen everything as his own produce had been cheapened. The contraction of the currency, and its being made dependent on the retention of gold, was the origin and root of the whole evil and all the disasters the nation has since undergone.

Such a change, however, the reverse of all this, like all those produced by nature, is so gradual as to the vast majority of men to be imperceptible. Like the gradual extension of the day in spring, or the change of temperature, the change is so slight from day to day that it eludes even the closest observation. From one month to another,

however, the alteration is great and striking. The addition, first, of six or eight millions of gold, annually raised, rising by degrees to sixteen or eighteen millions—which doubles the annual supply of the precious metals for the use of the globe—being diffused over an immense surface, and finding its way more or less into the coffers of all nations, may not produce a great or even visible start of prices at any one time. But the change will be incessant; and before many years have elapsed, the result, if the increased supply continues, will be great and apparent. In the first instance, the effect will appear in arresting the fall of prices which has so long been going on, and which our legislative measures have all been calculated to increase. But after arresting the fall, it will speedily induce a rise; and this rise will for a long period be so steady and considerable as to produce a very great increase in the remuneration of the labouring classes, and immensely to benefit them. There is no speculation in this: it is only supposing that the increase of gold is to produce the same effect as the increase of silver, from the discovery of the South American mines, did three centuries ago.

The effect of the same change, by diminishing the weight of debt and taxes, will be still more signal and beneficial. Among the many and appalling evils of which a rise in the value of the circulating medium, and consequent fall in that of everything else, is productive, there is perhaps none so widespread and calamitous in its effects, as the adding to the weight of debts and taxes, and thus weighing down the energies of the productive classes, upon whose efforts the whole prosperity of society depends. It is that which has been the great cause of the long-continued depression and agony, interrupted only by fleeting gleams of prosperity, of the last thirty years, as the sudden expansion and contraction of the currency consequent on its being made dependent on the presence or absence of the precious metals, has been of its frightful oscillations. The taxes now paid by the nation, as measured by the price of wheat—the true measure—are, after five-and-thirty years

of peace, twice as heavy as they were in 1815, after twenty years of a costly war. This is what renders it so difficult for any government to maintain armaments, either at sea or land, at all commensurate to the public necessities; which has weakened our national influence, and degraded our national character, and exposed us to the deplorable state of weakness against foreign aggression, to the dangers of which, the Duke of Wellington has said he has found it impossible to awaken any Administration for thirty years. The Government see the public dangers, but they are disabled from guarding against them, because Parliament, stimulated by suffering constituencies whom the fall of prices has involved in constant difficulties, will not vote the necessary supplies. It is the same with the weight of mortgages, jointures, family provisions, bonds, bills, and debts of every description. They have all been doubled in weight since the bill of 1819 contracted the currency; and hence the inextricable embarrassments into which nearly all classes of the community have been precipitated, except the moneyed, whose fortunes have every day been increasing in real amount, from the same cause which has spread ruin so generally around them.

When it is said that the effect of Californian gold will be to reverse all this—to reduce gradually, and probably before twenty years have elapsed, *half the weight of debt and taxes* now felt as so grievous a burden by the community—it is affirmed that it will confer, perhaps, the greatest blessing which a beneficent Providence could confer on a suffering world. In England it will gradually and to a certain extent, so far as average prices are concerned, undo all that the Bullionists and Free-traders have been doing for the last thirty years. It will remove a large part of the frightful evils consequent on the monetary measures of Sir Robert Peel; and if seconded by a revision of our import duties, and a moderate tax for fiscal purposes on all foreign articles brought into the country, it would go far to repair the devastation produced by the selfish legislation of the last thirty years. In France it will arrest

that dreadful fall of wages which, ever since the peace, has been felt to be increasing, from the constant reduction of prices arising from the destruction of the South American mines, and the simultaneous measures adopted for the contraction of the currency in Great Britain. The unjust monopoly of realised capital will be arrested, at least for a long period. The unjust depression of industry, by the continued fall of prices, will be gradually terminated. But so gradual will be the change, and so unseen the operation of the vivifying element thus let into society, that even the classes most benefited by it will, for the most part, be ignorant of the cause to which their improved circumstances have been owing. They will be blessed by the hand of Nature, they know not how or by whom, as, under the former system, they were cursed by the hand of man, they knew not how or by whom.

Already the beneficial effects of Californian gold have been felt over the whole world, and nowhere more strongly than in this country. It is well known that prices of all articles of commerce, except corn and sugar, have risen twenty or thirty per cent within the last year; and the Free-traders consider that as being entirely owing to their measures. If so, it is singular how *corn and sugar*, on which the inundation of Free Trade has been chiefly let in since 1846, should be the *only exceptions* to the general rise. It is singular what contradictory effects they ascribe to their system: at one time it is lauded to the skies, because it tends to lower prices, and cheapen every article of consumption; at another, because it is said to raise prices, and encourage every branch of industry. Both effects cannot be owing to the same system: to ascribe them both to it is to say that a certain combination of gases produces alternately fire and water. At all events, if Free Trade brings about a rise of prices, what comes of all the arguments which went to recommend it on the score of reducing them? The truth is, however, Free Trade has nothing whatever to do with the recent rise of prices of manufactured articles, nor with the extension of the national

exports which has taken place. These happy results, the passing gleam of sunshine, have been entirely owing to other causes, among which Californian gold bears a prominent place. Free Trade has tended only to continue and perpetuate the misery and depression which attended its first introduction.

This argument of the increase of our exports last year (1850) having been owing to Free Trade, has been so admirably disposed of by that able and intrepid man to whom the nation is under such obligations for the light he has thrown on these subjects, and the courageous way in which he has everywhere asserted them, in a late public meeting at Rugby, that we cannot do better than quote his words:—

“The Free-traders had boasted much of their system as having increased the amount of our exports; and he (Mr Young) had been continually trying for a long period to get from them the names of the countries to which those increased imports went. At length he had the fact; and the result would be most startling as applied to the arguments and predictions of that party before the corn law was repealed. The countries he would take were Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Prussia, Germany, Holland, Belgium, and France; and he found that in the year 1845 the quantity of corn imported from all these countries, comprising, as they did, the whole of northern and central Europe, amounted to 1,741,730 quarters, whilst the declared value of British and Irish manufactures exported to those countries was L.17,504,417. But last year the corn imported from those countries had increased in quantity to 6,857,530 quarters, whilst our exports to them had decreased to L.15,274,639. These figures showed that from the whole of northern and central Europe we took last year no less than 5,115,800 quarters of corn more than in 1845, and that there was a decrease in the value of our exports of L.2,229,778. Again, last year the declared value of our *gross* exports amounted to L.63,596,025, but in 1845 it reached the sum of L.60,111,082; so that in the course of these four years the increase was only L.3,484,943. He found also that our exports in 1830 were L.35,842,623, and in 1835, L.47,372,270, being an increase on the five years of L.11,529,647, or 32 2-10ths per cent. That was an increase under the operation of protection. In 1840 the ex-

ports amounted to L.51,406,430, or an increase upon 1835 of L.4,634,160, or 8 5-10ths per cent. In 1845 they were L.60,111,082—an increase on 1840 of L.8,704,652, or 16 9-10ths per cent. In 1849, L.63,596,025, an increase on 1845 of L.3,484,943; and in the present year, supposing the increase continued in the same ratio, he calculated that that increase would on the year 1845 be about L.4,350,000, or 7 2-10ths per cent. Would Free-traders boast of their exports after that? They talked upon this question as if the country had, under the system of protection, been in a perfectly dead and stagnant condition, and that the agriculturists were like the clods of the earth, and less capable of improvement. Why, it was under protection that our ships were employed to go to the island of Ichaboc, from which guano was first imported into this country; and it was under protection that that island had disappeared from the face of the ocean, and every cwt. of its guano had been brought here and spread upon the soil. He rejoiced and exulted in the march of science as much as any man; but it was an arrogant and an unfounded assumption on the part of the Free-traders to monopolise to themselves, as the result of their system, those improvements in agriculture which were going on under protection with railroad speed, and to which, in truth, their measures had only given a check, and not an impetus. But then he was asked, what have you to say to the United States? He would tell them. He found that the exports to the United States amounted to L.11,971,028 in 1849; but in 1836 they were not less than L.12,425,605; so that the exports in the former exceeded those in the latter year by L.454,577. Surely facts like these would dispose of a few of the Free-trade fallacies, and we should not hear them again repeated, at all events.”—*Morning Herald*, Nov. 28, 1850.

The restoration of peace on the Continent was the principal cause which again raised the amount of our exports to the Old World. This appears decisively in the returns: the exports of Great Britain to Germany alone, which, in 1848, had sunk to less than £4,000,000, rose, in 1850, to £6,078,355. The cessation of purchases to the Continent, during the two preceding years, in consequence of the alarm consequent on the French and German revolutions, only made the rush for English manufactures greater when the restoration of tran-

quillity reopened the Continent to our industry. In America the change was equally great, and equally irrespective of Free Trade: our exports to the United States, in 1850, exceeded £12,000,000. This extension arose from the general rise of prices, and extension of credit, from the opening of the treasures of California. It not only created a new market for exports on the reverse of the Rocky Mountains, but so vivified and animated every part of the Union, as rendered them capable of purchasing a much larger quantity of the manufactured articles of this country than they had done for a great number of years.*

But by far the most important and beneficial effect of Californian gold hitherto experienced has been in the extension of credit and increase of accommodation at home. This effect is obvious and important. The notes of the Bank of England in circulation, have risen in the last year to L.20,000,000 or L.21,000,000 from L.16,500,000, which they had fallen to during the panic. The circulation of every other bank has, as a matter of course, been proportionably augmented. What produced this great increase in the circulating medium? The influx of bullion into the country, which augmented the treasure in the Bank of England to above L.16,000,000. There is the secret of the whole thing; of the activity in the manufacturing districts, and the general extension of credit and rise of prices through the districts. It is Californian gold which has done the whole; for it has at once filled to overflowing the vaults of the Bank of England, and relieved its officers, and those of all similar establishments, from all dread of a drain of specie setting in. Gold was abundant; the banks no longer feared a collapse: therefore notes were abundant also; the terrors of the holders of them were abated. Prices rose,

and credit was extended. We are far from thinking that it is a wise and judicious system to make credit of every kind entirely dependent on the amount of metallic treasure in the vaults of the Bank of England: we only say, having done this by Sir R. Peel's monetary system, we have to thank California for having put at least a *temporary stop to the evils with which it was pregnant*. It is not surprising that the addition of even so small a sum to the metallic circulation of the commercial world should produce, in a single year, so great a result. The discovery of two millions of bank-notes, in an old chest of the Bank of England, stopped the panic of December 1825; the mere issuing of Lord J. Russell's letter, announcing the temporary repeal of the Bank Charter Act, put a period to the far severer crash of 1847. The addition of five millions to the metallic treasure of this country is quite sufficient to vivify every branch of industry, for it will probably put fifty millions, in bank-notes and private bills, into circulation.

As the influx of Californian gold, however, is an element of such immense importance thus let into the social world, it is material to observe what evils it is adequate to remedy, and to what social diseases it can be regarded as a panacea. This is the more necessary, because, while it tends by its beneficent influence to conceal for a time the pernicious effects of other measures, it is by no means a remedy for them; nor has it a tendency even, in the long run, to lessen their danger. It induces immediate prosperity, by the extension of credit and rise of prices with which it is attended; but it has no tendency to diminish the dreadful evils of Free-Trade and a currency mainly dependent on the retention of the precious metals at all times in the country.

* Exports to the United States from Great Britain :—

1837,	£4,695,225
1838,	7,585,760
1839,	8,839,204
1840,	5,283,020
1841,	7,098,842
1842,	3,528,807
1849,	11,971,028

On the contrary, it may, under many circumstances, materially aggravate them.

As the effect produced by a great addition of the metallic treasures of the earth is *universal*, it must affect prices equally in every part of the world. The largest part of the bullion, indeed, will be brought to the richest country, which is best able to buy it, and has most need of it to form the basis of its transactions. But still, some part will find its way into every country; prices will be everywhere raised, and *the relative proportion between them in different countries will remain the same, or even be rendered more unfavourable to the richer state.* That is the material circumstance; for it shows that it must leave the greatest and most lasting evils of Free Trade untouched. Supposing gold to become so plentiful that the sovereign is only worth ten shillings, and the effect on general prices to be such that the average price of the quarter of wheat is raised from forty to sixty shillings—which, in a course of years, is by no means improbable—still the relative position of the British with the Polish and American cultivator will remain the same. The price of the wheat may be raised from 15s. to 25s. a-quarter, on the banks of the Vistula or the Mississippi; but still *the ability of their cultivators to undersell our farmers will remain the same, or rather be augmented.* Prices will still be so much higher in the old rich and heavily-taxed country, which absorbs the largest part of the metallic circulation of the earth, than in the young poor and untaxed one, that in the production of the fruits of the earth, to which machinery can never be made applicable, the inability to carry on the competition will only be rendered the more apparent by the increasing, or at all events, permanent difference of the prices.

In the next place, how cheap soever gold, from its augmented plenty, may become, there will be no cessation, as long as our paper circulation remains on its present footing, of those dreadful monetary crises which now, at stated periods recurring every five or six years, spread such unheard-of

ruin through the industrious classes. Let gold, from its greater plenty, become of only half its value, or a sovereign be only worth ten shillings, and prices, in consequence, rise to double their present amount, the danger of a monetary crisis, as long as our currency is based on its present footing, will remain the same. Still, any considerable drain of the metallic treasure of the country, such as it is—either from the necessities of foreign war, the adverse state of foreign exchanges, or a great importation, occasioned by a deficient home harvest—will send the specie headlong out, and, by suddenly contracting the currency, ruin half of the persons engaged in business undertakings. It is the *inconceivable folly* of making the paper circulation dependent on the retention of the metallic; the enormous error of enacting, that, for every five sovereigns that are drawn out of the country, a five-pound note shall be drawn in by the bankers; the infatuated self-immolation arising from the gratuitous negation of the greatest blessing of a paper circulation—that of supplying, during the temporary absence of the metallic currency, its want, and obviating all the evils thence arising—which is the real source of the evils under which we have suffered so severely since the disastrous epoch of 1819, when the system was introduced. The increased supply of gold, so far from tending to obviate this danger, has a directly opposite effect; for, by augmenting the metallic treasures of the country, and thus raising credit during periods of prosperity, it engages the nation in a vast variety of undertakings, the completion of which is rendered impossible when the wind of adversity blows, by the sudden contraction of its currency and credit. And to this danger *the mercantile classes are exposed beyond any other*; for as their undertakings are always far beyond their realised capital, and supported entirely by credit, every periodical contraction of the currency, recurring every five or six years, exposes one-half of them to inevitable ruin.

Let not the Free-traders, therefore, lay the flattering unction to their souls, that California is to get them

out of all their difficulties, and that after having, by their ruinous measures, brought the nation to the very brink of ruin, and destroyed one-half of its wealth engaged in commerce, they are to escape the deserved execration of ages, by the effects of an accidental discovery of metallic treasures on the shores of the Pacific. Californian gold, a gift of Providence to a suffering world, will arrest the general and calamitous fall of prices which the Free-traders have laboured so assiduously to introduce, and thus diminish in a most material degree the weight of debts and taxes. So far it will undoubtedly tend to relieve the industrious classes, *especially in the rural districts*, from much of the misery induced on them by their oppressors; but it cannot work impossibilities. It will leave industry in all classes, and in none more than the manufacturing, exposed to the ruinous competition of foreigners, working, whatever the value of money may be,

at a cheaper rate than we can ever do, because in poorer and comparatively untaxed countries. It will leave the commercial classes permanently exposed to the periodical recurrence of monetary storms, arising out of the very plenty of the currency when credit is high, and its sudden withdrawal from the effect of adverse exchanges, or the drain consequent on vast importations of food. It will leave the British navy, and with it the British colonial empire and our national independence, gradually sinking from the competition, in shipping, of poorer states. Nature will do much to counteract the disasters induced by human folly; but the punishment of guilty selfishness is as much a part of her system as the relief of innocent suffering; and to the end of the world those who seek to enrich themselves by the ruin of their neighbours will work out, in the very success of their measures, their own deserved and memorable punishment.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.—PART V.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

BOOK III.—INITIAL CHAPTER, SHOWING HOW MY NOVEL CAME TO BE CALLED "MY NOVEL."

"I AM not displeas'd with your novel, so far as it has gone," said my father graciously; "though as for The Sermon—"

Here I trembled; but the ladies, Heaven bless them! had taken Parson Dale under their special protection; and, observing that my father was puckering up his brows critically, they rushed boldly forward in defence of The Sermon, and Mr Caxton was forced to beat a retreat. However, like a skilful general, he renewed the assault upon outposts less gallantly guarded. But as it is not my business to betray my weak points, I leave it to the ingenuity of cavillers to discover the places at which the Author of *Human Error* directed his great guns.

"But," said the Captain, "you are a lad of too much spirit, Pistratus, to keep us always in the obscure country quarters of Hazeldean—you will march us out into open service before you have done with us?"

PISTRATUS, magisterially, for he has been somewhat nettled by Mr Caxton's remarks—and he puts on an air of dignity, in order to awe away minor assailants.—"Yes, Captain Roland—not yet awhile, but all in good time. I have not stinted myself in canvass, and behind my foreground of the Hall and the Parsonage I propose, hereafter, to open some lengthened perspective of the varieties of English life—"

MR CAXTON.—"Hum!"

BLANCHE, putting her hand on my father's lip.—"We shall know better the design, perhaps, when we know the title. Pray, Mr Author, what is the title?"

MY MOTHER, with more animation than usual—"Ay, Sisty—the title?"

PISTRATUS, startled.—"The title! By the soul of Cervantes! I have never yet thought of a title!"

CAPTAIN ROLAND, solemnly.—"There is a great deal in a good title. As a novel reader, I know that by experience."

MR SQUILLS.—"Certainly; there is not a catchpenny in the world but what goes down, if the title be apt and seductive. Witness 'Old Parr's Life Pills.' Sell by the thousand, sir, when my 'Pills for Weak Stomachs,' which I believe to be just the same compound, never paid for the advertising."

MR CAXTON.—"Parr's Life Pills! a fine stroke of genius! It is not every one who has a weak stomach, or time to attend to it, if he have. But who would not swallow a pill to live to a hundred and fifty-two?"

PISTRATUS, stirring the fire in great excitement.—"My title! my title!—what shall be my title!"

MR CAXTON, thrusting his hand into his waistcoat, and in his most didactic of tones.—"From a remote period, the choice of a title has perplexed the scribbling portion of mankind. We may guess how their invention has been racked by the strange contortions it has produced. To begin with the Hebrews. 'The Lips of the Sleeping,' (*Labia Dormientium*)—what book do you suppose that title to designate?—A Catalogue of Rabbinical writers! Again, imagine some young lady of old captivated by the sentimental title of 'The Pomegranate with its Flower,' and opening on a treatise on the Jewish Ceremonials! Let us turn to the Romans. Aulus Gellius commences his pleasant gossiping 'Noctes' with a list of the titles in fashion in his day. For instance, 'The Muses' and 'The Veil,' 'The Cornucopia,' 'The Beehive,' and 'The Meadow.' Some titles, indeed, were more truculent, and promised food to those who love to sup upon horrors—such as 'The Torch,' 'The Poniard,' 'The Stiletto'—"

PISTRATUS, impatiently.—"Yes, sir; but to come to My Novel."

MR CAXTON, unheeding the interruption.—"You see, you have a fine choice here, and of a nature pleasing, and not unfamiliar to a classical

reader; or you may borrow a hint from the early Dramatic Writers."

PISISTRATUS, more hopefully.—"Ay! there is something in the Drama akin to the Novel. Now, perhaps, I may catch an idea."

MR CAXTON.—"For instance, the author of the *Curiosities of Literature* (from whom, by the way, I am plagiarising much of the information I bestow upon you) tells us of a Spanish gentleman who wrote a Comedy, by which he intended to serve what he took for Moral Philosophy."

PISISTRATUS, eagerly.—"Well, sir?"

MR CAXTON.—"And called it 'The Pain of the Sleep of the World.'"

PISISTRATUS.—"Very comic indeed, sir."

MR CAXTON.—"Grave things were then called Comedies, as old things are now called Novels. Then there are all the titles of early Romance itself at your disposal—'Theagenes and Chariclea,' or 'The Ass' of Longus, or 'The Golden Ass' of Apuleius, or the titles of Gothic Romance, such as 'The most elegant, delicious, mellifluous, and delightful History of Perceforest, King of Great Britain,'"—And therewith my father ran over a list of names as long as the Directory, and about as amusing.

"Well, to my taste," said my mother, "the novels I used to read when a girl, (for I have not read many since, I am ashamed to say,)"—

MR CAXTON.—"No, you need not be at all ashamed of it, Kitty."

MY MOTHER, proceeding.—"Were much more inviting than any you mention, Austin."

THE CAPTAIN.—"True."

MR SQUILLS.—"Certainly. Nothing like them now-a-days!"

MY MOTHER.—"Says she to her Neighbour, What?"

THE CAPTAIN.—"The Unknown, or the Northern Gallery"—

MR SQUILLS.—"There is a Secret; Find it Out!"

PISISTRATUS, pushed to the verge of human endurance, and upsetting tongs, poker, and fire-shovel.—"What nonsense you are talking, all of you! For heaven's sake, consider what an important matter we are called upon to decide. It is not now the titles of those very respectable works which issued from the Minerva Press

that I ask you to remember—it is to invent a title for mine—My Novel!"

MR CAXTON, clapping his hands gently.—"Excellent—capital! Nothing can be better; simple, natural, pertinent, concise—"

PISISTRATUS.—"What is it, sir—what is it! Have you really thought of a title to My Novel?"

MR CAXTON.—"You have hit it yourself—'My Novel.' It is your Novel—people will know it is your Novel. Turn and twist the English language as you will—be as allegorical as Hebrew, Greek, Roman—Fabulist or Puritan—still, after all, it is your Novel, and nothing more nor less than your Novel."

PISISTRATUS, thoughtfully, and sounding the words various ways.—"My Novel—um—um! 'My Novel!' rather bald—and curt, eh?"

MR CAXTON.—"Add what you say you intend it to depict—Varieties in English Life."

MY MOTHER.—"My Novel; or, Varieties in English Life—I don't think it sounds amiss. What say you, Roland? Would it attract you in a catalogue?"

My Uncle hesitates, when Mr Caxton exclaims imperiously—

"The thing is settled! Don't disturb Camarina."

SQUILLS.—"If it be not too great a liberty, pray who or what is Camarina?"

MR CAXTON.—"Camarina, Mr Squills, was a lake, apt to be low, and then liable to be muddy; and 'Don't disturb Camarina' was a Greek proverb derived from an Oracle of Apollo; and from that Greek proverb, no doubt, comes the origin of the injunction, '*Quieta non movere*,' which became the favourite maxim of Sir Robert Walpole and Parson Dale. The Greek line, Mr Squills, (here my father's memory began to warm,) is preserved by STEPHANUS BYZANTINUS, de *Urbibus*—

‘ Μή κίνει Καμάριναν, ἀκίνητος γὰρ ἀμείνων.’

ZENOBIUS explains it in his Proverbs; SUIDAS repeats ZENOBIUS; LUCIAN alludes to it; so does VIRGIL in the Third Book of the *ÆNEID*; and SILIUS ITALICUS imitates Virgil—

‘Et cui non licitum fatis Camarina moveri.’

Parson Dale, as a clergyman and a scholar, had, no doubt, these authorities at his fingers' end. And I wonder he did not quote them," quoth my father; "but, to be sure, he is represented as a mild man, and so might not wish to humble the Squire over much in the presence of his family. Meanwhile, My Novel is My Novel; and now that that matter is settled, perhaps the tongs, poker, and shovel may be picked up, the children may go to bed, Blanche and Kitty may speculate apart upon the future dignities of the Neogilos, taking care, nevertheless, to finish the new pinbefore he requires for the present; Roland may cast up his account-book, Mr Squills have his brandy and water, and all the world be comfortable, each in his own way. Blanche, come away from the screen, get me my slippers, and leave Pisis-tratus to himself. *Μὴ κίβει Καμάρινα*—don't disturb Camarina. You see, my dear," added my father kindly, as, after settling himself into his slippers, he detained Blanche's hand in his own—"you see, my dear, every house has its Camarina. Man, who is a lazy animal, is quite content to

let it alone; but woman, being the more active, bustling, curious creature, is always for giving it a sly stir."

BLANCHE, with female dignity.—"I assure you, that if Pisis-tratus had not called me, I should not have—"

MR CAXTON, interrupting her, without lifting his eyes from the book he has already taken.—"Certainly you would not. I am now in the midst of the great Puseyite Controversy. *Μὴ κίβει Καμάρινα*—don't disturb Camarina."

A dead silence for half an hour, at the end of which

PISIS-TRATUS, from behind the screen.—"Blanche, my dear, I want to consult you."

Blanche does not stir.

PISIS-TRATUS.—"Blanche, I say."

Blanche glances in triumph towards Mr Caxton.

MR CAXTON, laying down his theological tract, and rubbing his spectacles mournfully.—"I hear him, child; I hear him. I retract my vindication of Man. Oracles warn in vain: so long as there is a woman on the other side of the screen,—it is all up with Camarina!"

CHAPTER II.

It is greatly to be regretted that Mr Stirn was not present at the Parson's Discourse—but that valuable functionary was far otherwise engaged—indeed, during the summer months he was rarely seen at the afternoon service. Not that he cared for being preached at—not he: Mr Stirn would have snapped his finger at the thunders of the Vatican. But the fact was, that Mr Stirn chose to do a great deal of gratuitous business upon the day of rest. The Squire allowed all persons, who chose, to walk about the park on a Sunday; and many came from a distance to stroll by the lake, or recline under the elms. These visitors were objects of great suspicion, nay, of positive annoyance, to Mr Stirn—and, indeed, not altogether without reason, for we English have a natural love of liberty, which we are even more apt to display in the grounds of other people than in those which we cultivate ourselves. Sometimes, to

his inexpressible and fierce satisfaction, Mr Stirn fell upon a knot of boys pelting the swans; sometimes he missed a young sapling, and found it in felonious hands, converted into a walking-stick; sometimes he caught a hulking fellow scrambling up the ha-ha! to gather a nosegay for his sweetheart from one of poor Mrs Hazeldean's pet parterres; not unfrequently, indeed, when all the family were fairly at church, some curious impertinents forced or sneaked their way into the gardens, in order to peep in at the windows. For these, and various other offences of like magnitude, Mr Stirn had long, but vainly, sought to induce the Squire to withdraw a permission so villanously abused. But though there were times when Mr Hazeldean grunted and growled, and swore "that he would shut up the park, and fill it (illegally) with man-traps and spring-guns," his anger always evaporated in words. The park was

still open to all the world on a Sunday; and that blessed day was therefore converted into a day of travail and wrath to Mr Stirn. But it was from the last chime of the afternoon service bell until dusk that the spirit of this vigilant functionary was most perturbed; for, amidst the flocks that gathered from the little hamlets round to the voice of the Pastor, there were always some stray sheep, or rather climbing desultory vagabond goats, who struck off in all perverse directions, as if for the special purpose of distracting the energetic watchfulness of Mr Stirn. As soon as church was over, if the day were fine, the whole park became a scene animated with red cloaks, or lively shawls, Sunday waistcoats, and hats stuck full of wild-flowers—which last Mr Stirn often stoutly maintained to be Mrs Hazelden's newest geraniums. Now, on this Sunday especially, there was an imperative call upon an extra exertion of vigilance on the part of the superintendent—he had not only to detect ordinary depredators and trespassers; but, first, to discover the authors of the conspiracy against the Stocks; and secondly, to “make an example.”

He had begun his rounds, therefore, from the early morning; and just as the afternoon bell was sounding its final peal, he emerged upon the village green from a hedgerow, behind which he had been at watch to observe who had the most suspiciously gathered round the stocks. At that moment the place was deserted. At a distance, the superintendent saw the fast disappearing forms of some belated groups hastening towards the church; in front, the Stocks stood staring at him mournfully from its four great eyes, which had been cleansed from the mud, but still looked bleared and stained with the marks of the recent outrage. Here Mr Stirn paused, took off his hat, and wiped his brows.

“If I had sum un, to watch here,” thought he, “while I takes a turn by the water-side, praps summat might come out; praps them as did it ben't gone to church, but will come sneaking round to look on their willany! as they says murderers are always led back to the place where

they ha' left the body. But in this here willage there ben't a man, woman, nor child, as has any consarn for Squire or Parish, barring myself.” It was just as he arrived at that misanthropical conclusion that Mr Stirn beheld Leonard Fairfield walking very fast from his own home. The superintendent clapped on his hat, and stuck his right arm akimbo. “Hollo, you sir,” said he, as Lenny now came in hearing, “where be you going at that rate?”

“Please, sir, I be going to church.”

“Stop, sir—stop, Master Lenny. Going to church!—why, the bell's done; and you knows the Parson is very angry at them as comes in late, disturbing the congregation. You can't go to church now!”

“Please, sir”—

“I says you can't go to church now. You must learn to think a little of others, lad. You sees how I sweats to serve the Squire! and you must serve him too. Why, your mother's got the house and premises almost rent free: you ought to have a grateful heart, Leonard Fairfield, and feel for his honour! Poor man! *his* heart is wellnigh bruk, I am sure, with the goings on.”

Leonard opened his innocent blue eyes, while Mr Stirn dolorously wiped his own.

“Look at that ere dumb cretur,” said Stirn suddenly, pointing to the Stocks—“look at it. If it could speak, what would it say, Leonard Fairfield? Answer me that!—‘Damn the Stocks, indeed!’”

“It was very bad in them to write such naughty words,” said Lenny gravely. “Mother was quite shocked when she heard of it, this morning.”

MR STIRN.—“I dare she was, considering what she pays for the premises: (insinuatingly,) you does not know who did it—eh, Lenny?”

LENNY.—“No, sir; indeed I does not!”

MR STIRN.—“Well, you see, you can't go to church—prayers half over by this time. You recollex that I put them stocks under your ‘sponsibility,’ and see the way you's done your duty by 'em. I've half a mind to,—”

Mr Stirn cast his eyes on the eyes of the Stocks.

"Please, sir," began Lenny again, rather frightened.

"No, I won't please; it ben't pleasing at all. But I forgives you this time, only keep a sharp look-out, lad, in future. Now you just stay here—no, there,—under the hedge, and you watches if any persons come to loiter about or looks at the Stocks, or laughs to hisself, while I go my rounds. I shall be back either afore church is over or just arter; so you stay till I comes, and give me your report. Be sharp, boy, or it will be worse for you and your mother: I can let the premises for four pounds a year more, to-morrow."

Concluding with that somewhat menacing and very significant remark, and not staying for an answer, Mr Stirn waved his hand, and walked off.

Poor Lenny remained by the Stocks, very much dejected, and greatly disliking the neighbourhood to which he was consigned. At length he slowly crept off to the hedge, and sate himself down in the place of espionage pointed out to him. Now, philosophers tell us that what is called the point of honour is a barbarous feudal prejudice. Amongst the higher classes, wherein those feudal prejudices may be supposed to prevail, Lenny Fairfield's occupation would not have been considered peculiarly honourable; neither would it have seemed so to the more turbulent spirits among the humbler orders, who have a point of honour of their own, which consists in the adherence to each other in defiance of all lawful authority. But to Lenny Fairfield, brought up much apart from other boys, and with a profound and grateful reverence for the Squire instilled into all his habits of thought, notions of honour bounded themselves to simple honesty and straightforward truth; and as he cherished an unquestioning awe of order and constitutional authority, so it did not appear to him that there was anything derogatory and debasing in being thus set to watch for an offender. On the contrary, as he began to reconcile himself to the loss of the church service, and to enjoy the cool of the summer shade, and the occasional chirp of the birds, he got to look on the bright side of the com-

mission to which he was deputed. In youth, at least, everything has its bright side—even the appointment of Protector to the Parish Stocks. For the Stocks, themselves, Leonard had no affection, it is true; but he had no sympathy with their aggressors, and he could well conceive that the Squire would be very much hurt at the revolutionary event of the night. "So," thought poor Leonard in his simple heart—"so if I can serve his honour, by keeping off mischievous boys, or letting him know who did the thing, I'm sure it would be a proud day for mother." Then he began to consider that, however ungraciously Mr Stirn had bestowed on him the appointment, still it was a compliment to him—showed trust and confidence in him, picked him out from his contemporaries as the sober moral pattern boy; and Lenny had a great deal of pride in him, especially in matters of repute and character.

All these things considered, I say, Leonard Fairfield reclined in his lurking-place, if not with positive delight and intoxicating rapture, at least with tolerable content and some complacency.

Mr Stirn might have been gone a quarter of an hour, when a boy came through a little gate in the park, just opposite to Lenny's retreat in the hedge, and, as if fatigued with walking, or oppressed by the heat of the day, paused on the green for a moment or so, and then advanced under the shade of the great tree which overhung the Stocks.

Lenny pricked up his ears, and peeped out jealously.

He had never seen the boy before: it was a strange face to him.

Leonard Fairfield was not fond of strangers; moreover, he had a vague belief that strangers were at the bottom of that desecration of the Stocks. The boy, then, was a stranger; but what was his rank? Was he of that grade in society in which the natural offences are or are not consonant to, or harmonious with, outrages upon Stocks? On that Lenny Fairfield did not feel quite assured. According to all the experience of the villager, the boy was not dressed like a young gentleman. Leonard's notions of such aristocratic costume were naturally fashioned upon the

model of Frank Hazeldean. They represented to him a dazzling vision of snow-white trousers, and beautiful blue coats, and incomparable cravats. Now the dress of this stranger, though not that of a peasant nor of a farmer, did not in any way correspond with Lenny's notions of the costume of a young gentleman: it looked to him highly disreputable; the coat was covered with mud, and the hat was all manner of shapes, with a gap between the side and crown.

Lenny was puzzled, till it suddenly occurred to him that the gate through which the boy had passed was in the direct path across the park from a small town, the inhabitants of which were in very bad odour at the Hall—they had immemorably furnished the most daring poachers to the preserves, the most troublesome trespassers on the park, the most unprincipled orchard-robbers, and the most disputatious assertors of various problematical rights of way, which, according to the Town, were public, and, according to the Hall, had been private since the Conquest. It was true that the same path led also directly from the Squire's house, but it was not probable that the wearer of attire so equivocal had been visiting there. All things considered, Lenny had no doubt in his mind but that the stranger was a shopboy or 'prentice from the town of Thorndyke; and the notorious repute of that town, coupled with this presumption, made it probable that Lenny now saw before him one of the midnight desecrators of the Stocks. As if to confirm the suspicion, which passed through Lenny's mind with a rapidity wholly disproportionate to the number of lines it costs me to convey it, the boy, now standing right before the Stocks, bent down and read that pithy anathema with which it was defaced. And having read it, he repeated it aloud, and Lenny actually saw him smile—such a smile!—so disagreeable and sinister! Lenny had never before seen the smile Sardoniac.

But what were Lenny's pious horror and dismay when this ominous stranger fairly seated himself on the Stocks, rested his heels profanely on the lids of two of the four round eyes, and, taking out a pencil and a pocket-book, began to write. Was this audacious

Unknown taking an inventory of the church and the Hall for the purposes of conflagration? He looked at one, and at the other, with a strange, fixed stare as he wrote—not keeping his eyes on the paper, as Lenny had been taught to do when he sat down to his copy-book. The fact is, that Randal Leslie was tired and faint, and he felt the shock of his fall the more, after the few paces he had walked, so that he was glad to rest himself a few moments; and he took that opportunity to write a line to Frank, to excuse himself for not calling again, intending to tear the leaf on which he wrote out of his pocket-book, and leave it at the first cottage he passed, with instructions to take it to the Hall.

While Randal was thus innocently engaged, Lenny came up to him, with the firm and measured pace of one who has resolved, cost what it may, to do his duty. And as Lenny, though brave, was not ferocious, so the anger he felt, and the suspicions he entertained, only exhibited themselves in the following solemn appeal to the offender's sense of propriety,—

"Ben't you ashamed of yourself? Sitting on the Squire's new Stocks! Do get up, and go along with you!"

Randal turned round sharply; and though, at any other moment, he would have had sense enough to exonerate himself very easily from his false position, yet, *Nemo mortalium*, &c. No one is always wise. And Randal was in an exceedingly bad humour. The affability towards his inferiors, for which I lately praised him, was entirely lost in the contempt for impertinent snobs natural to an insulted Etonian.

Therefore, eyeing Lenny with great disdain, Randal answered briefly,—

"You are an insolent young black-guard."

So curt a rejoinder made Lenny's blood fly to his face. Persuaded before that the intruder was some lawless apprentice or shoplad, he was now more confirmed in that judgment, not only by language so uncivil, but by the truculent glance which accompanied it, and which certainly did not derive any imposing dignity from the mutilated, rakish, hang-dog, ruinous hat, under which it shot its sullen and menacing fire.

Of all the various articles of which our male attire is composed, there is perhaps not one which has so much character and expression as the top-covering. A neat, well-brushed, short-napped, gentlemanlike hat, put on with a certain air, gives a distinction and respectability to the whole exterior; whereas a broken, squashed, biggledy-piggledy sort of a hat, such as Randal Leslie had on, would go far towards transforming the stateliest gentleman that ever walked down St James's Street into the ideal of a ruffianly scamp.

Now, it is well known that there is nothing more antipathetic to your peasant-boy than a shop-boy. Even on grand political occasions, the rural working-class can rarely be coaxed into sympathy with the trading town-class. Your true English peasant is always an aristocrat. Moreover, and irrespectively of this immemorial grudge of class, there is something peculiarly hostile in the relationship between boy and boy when their backs are once up, and they are alone on a quiet bit of green. Something of the

game-cock feeling—something that tends to keep alive, in the population of this island, (otherwise so lamb-like and peaceful,) the martial propensity to double the thumb tightly over the four fingers, and make what is called “a fist of it.” Dangerous symptoms of these mingled and aggressive sentiments were visible in Lenny Fairfield at the words and the look of the unprepossessing stranger. And the stranger seemed aware of them; for his pale face grew more pale, and his sullen eye more fixed and more vigilant.

“You get off them Stocks,” said Lenny, disdaining to reply to the coarse expressions bestowed on him; and, suiting the action to the word, he gave the intruder what he meant for a shove, but which Randal took for a blow. The Etonian sprang up, and the quickness of his movement, aided but by a slight touch of his hand, made Lenny lose his balance, and sent him neck-and-crop over the Stocks. Burning with rage, the young villager rose alertly, and, flying at Randal, struck out right and left.

CHAPTER III.

Aid me, O ye Nine! whom the incomparable Persius satirised his contemporaries for invoking, and then, all of a sudden, invoked on his own behalf—aid me to describe that famous battle by the Stocks, and in defence of the Stocks, which was waged by the two representatives of Saxon and Norman England. Here, sober support of law and duty and delegated trust—*pro aris et focis*; there, haughty invasion, and bellicose spirit of knighthood, and that respect for name and person, which we call honour. Here, too, hardy physical force—there, skilful discipline. Here—The Nine are as deaf as a post, and as cold as a stone! Plague take the jades!—I can do better without them.

Randal was a year older than Lenny, but he was not so tall nor so strong, nor even so active; and after the first blind rush, when the two boys paused, and drew back to breathe, Lenny, eyeing the slight form and hueless cheek of his opponent, and seeing blood trickling from Ran-

dal's lip, was seized with an instantaneous and generous remorse. “It was not fair,” he thought, “to fight one whom he could beat so easily.” So, retreating still farther, and letting his arms fall to his side, he said mildly—“There, let's have no more of it; but go home and be good.”

Randal Leslie had no remarkable degree of that constitutional quality called physical courage; but he had all those moral qualities which supply its place. He was proud—he was vindictive—he had high self-esteem—he had the destructive organ more than the combative;—what had once provoked his wrath it became his instinct to sweep away. Therefore, though all his nerves were quivering, and hot tears were in his eyes, he approached Lenny with the sternness of a gladiator, and said between his teeth, which he set hard, choking back the sob of rage and pain—

“You have struck me—and you shall not stir from this ground—till I have made you repent it. Put up

your hands—I will not strike you so—defend yourself.”

Lenny mechanically obeyed; and he had good need of the admonition: for if before he had had the advantage, now that Randal had recovered the surprise to his nerves, the battle was not to the strong.

Though Leslie had not been a fighting boy at Eton, still his temper had involved him in some conflicts when he was in the lower forms, and he had learned something of the art as well as the practice in pugilism—an excellent thing, too, I am barbarous enough to believe, and which I hope will never quite die out of our public schools. Ah, many a young duke has been a better fellow for life from a fair set-to with a trader's son; and many a trader's son has learned to look a lord more manfully in the face on the hustings, from the recollection of the sound thrashing he once gave to some little Lord Leopold Dawdle.

So Randal now brought his experience and art to bear; put aside those heavy roundabout blows, and darted in his own, quick and sharp—supplying the due momentum of pugilistic mechanics to the natural feeble-

ness of his arm. Ay, and the arm, too, was no longer so feeble: so strange is the strength that comes from passion and pluck!

Poor Lenny, who had never fought before, was bewildered; his sensations grew so entangled that he could never recall them distinctly: he had a dim reminiscence of some breathless impotent rush—of a sudden blindness followed by quick flashes of intolerable light—of a deadly faintness, from which he was roused by sharp pangs—here—there—everywhere; and then all he could remember was, that he was lying on the ground, huddled up and panting hard, while his adversary bent over him with a countenance as dark and livid as Lara himself might have bent over the fallen Otho. For Randal Leslie was not one who, by impulse and nature, subscribed to the noble English maxim—“Never hit a foe when he is down;” and it cost him a strong if brief self-struggle, not to set his heel on that prostrate form. It was the mind, not the heart, that subdued the savage within him, as, muttering something inwardly—certainly not Christian forgiveness—the victor turned gloomily away.

CHAPTER IV.

Just at that precise moment, who should appear but Mr Stirn! For, in fact, being extremely anxious to get Lenny into disgrace, he had hoped that he should have found the young villager had shirked the commission intrusted to him; and the Right-hand Man had slyly come back, to see if that amiable expectation were realised. He now beheld Lenny rising with some difficulty—still panting hard—and with hysterical sounds akin to what is vulgarly called blubbering—his fine new waistcoat sprinkled with his own blood, which flowed from his nose—nose that seemed to Lenny Fairfield's feelings to be a nose no more, but a swollen, gigantic, mountainous Slawkenbergian excrescence,—in fact, he felt all nose! Turning aghast from this spectacle, Mr Stirn surveyed, with no more respect than Lenny had manifested, the stranger boy, who had again seated himself on the Stocks

(whether to recover his breath, or whether to show that his victory was consummated, and that he was in his rights of possession.) “Hollo,” said Mr Stirn, “what is all this?—what's the matter, Lenny, you blockhead?”

“He *will* sit there,” answered Lenny, in broken gasps, “and he has beat me because I would not let him; but I doesn't mind that,” added the villager, trying hard to suppress his tears, “and I'm ready again for him—that I am.”

“And what do you do, lolloping there on them blessed Stocks?”

“Looking at the landscape: out of my light, man!”

This tone instantly inspired Mr Stirn with misgivings: it was a tone so disrespectful to him that he was seized with involuntary respect: who but a gentleman could speak so to Mr Stirn?

“And may I ask who you be?”

said Stirn, falteringly, and half inclined to touch his hat. "What's your name, pray, and what's your bizness?"

"My name is Randal Leslie, and my business was to visit your master's family—that is, if you are, as I guess from your manner, Mr Hazeldean's ploughman!"

So saying, Randal rose; and, moving on a few paces, turned, and throwing half-a-crown on the road, said to Lenny,—“Let that pay you for your bruises, and remember another time how you speak to a gentleman. As for you, fellow,”—and he pointed his scornful hand towards Mr Stirn, who, with his mouth open, and his hat

now fairly off, stood bowing to the earth—"as for you, give my compliments to Mr Hazeldean, and say that, when he does us the honour to visit us at Rood Hall, I trust that the manners of our villagers will make him ashamed of Hazeldean."

O my poor Squire! Rood Hall ashamed of Hazeldean! If that message had ever been delivered to you, you would never have looked up again!

With those bitter words, Randal swung himself over the stile that led into the parson's glebe, and left Lenny Fairfield still feeling his nose, and Mr Stirn still bowing to the earth.

CHAPTER V.

Randal Leslie had a very long walk home: he was bruised and sore from head to foot, and his mind was still more sore and more bruised than his body. But if Randal Leslie had rested himself in the Squire's gardens, without walking backwards, and indulging in speculations suggested by Marat, and warranted by my Lord Bacon, he would have passed a most agreeable evening, and really availed himself of the Squire's wealth by going home in the Squire's carriage. But because he chose to take so intellectual a view of property, he tumbled into a ditch; because he tumbled into a ditch, he spoiled his

clothes; because he spoiled his clothes, he gave up his visit; because he gave up his visit, he got into the village green, and sate on the Stocks with a hat that gave him the air of a fugitive from the treadmill; because he sate on the Stocks—with that hat, and a cross face under it—he had been forced into the most discreditable squabble with a clodhopper, and was now limping home, at war with gods and men;—*ergo*, (this is a moral that will bear repetition)—*ergo*, when you walk in a rich man's grounds, be contented to enjoy what is yours, namely, the prospect;—I dare say you will enjoy it more than he does.

CHAPTER VI.

If, in the simplicity of his heart, and the crudeness of his experience, Lenny Fairfield had conceived it probable that Mr Stirn would address to him some words in approbation of his gallantry, and in sympathy for his bruises, he soon found himself wofully mistaken. That truly great man, worthy prime-minister of Hazeldean, might, perhaps, pardon a dereliction from his orders, if such dereliction proved advantageous to the interests of the service, or redounded to the credit of the chief; but he was inexorable to that worst of diplomatic offences—an ill-timed, stupid, over-zealous obedience to orders, which,

if it established the devotion of the *employé*, got the employer into what is popularly called a scrape! And though, by those unversed in the intricacies of the human heart, and unacquainted with the especial hearts of prime-ministers and Right-hand men, it might have seemed natural that Mr Stirn, as he stood still, hat in hand, in the middle of the road, stung, humbled, and exasperated by the mortification he had received from the lips of Randal Leslie, would have felt that that young gentleman was the proper object of his resentment; yet such a breach of all the etiquette of diplomatic life as resent-

ment towards a superior power was the last idea that would have suggested itself to the profound intellect of the Premier of Hazeldean. Still, as rage like steam must escape somewhere, Mr Stirn, on feeling—as he afterwards expressed it to his wife—that his “buzzom was a burstin,” turned with the natural instinct of self-preservation to the safety-valve provided for the explosion; and the vapours within him rushed into vent upon Lenny Fairfield. He clapped his hat on his head fiercely, and thus relieved his “buzzom.”

“You young willain! you howdacious wiper! and so all this blessed Sabbath afternoon, when you ought to have been in church on your marrow bones, a-praying for your betters, you has been a-fitting with a young gentleman, and a wisiter to your master, on the werry place of the parridge hinstitution that you was to guard and pectect; and a-bloodying it all over, I declares, with your blaggard little nose!” Thus saying, and as if to mend the matter, Mr Stirn aimed an additional stroke at the offending member; but, Lenny mechanically putting up both his arms to defend his face, Mr Stirn struck his knuckles against the large brass buttons that adorned the cuff of the boy’s coat-sleeve—an incident which considerably aggravated his indignation. And Lenny, whose spirit was fairly roused at what the narrowness of his education conceived to be a signal injustice, placing the trunk of the tree between Mr Stirn and himself, began that task of self-justification which it was equally impolitic to conceive and imprudent to execute, since, in such a case, to justify was to recriminate.

“I wonder at you, Master Stirn,—if mother could hear you! You know it was you who would not let me go to church; it was you who told me to—”

“Fit a young gentleman, and

break the Sabbath,” said Mr Stirn, interrupting him with a withering sneer. “O yes! I told you to disgrace his honour the Squire, and me, and the parridge, and bring us all into trouble. But the Squire told me to make an example, and I will!” With those words, quick as lightning flashed upon Mr Stirn’s mind the luminous idea of setting Lenny in the very Stocks which he had too faithfully guarded. Eureka! the “example” was before him! Here, he could gratify his long grudge against the pattern boy; here, by such a selection of the very best lad in the parish, he could strike terror into the worst; here he could appease the offended dignity of Randal Leslie; here was a practical apology to the Squire for the affront put upon his young visitor; here, too, there was prompt obedience to the Squire’s own wish that the Stocks should be provided as soon as possible with a tenant. Suiting the action to the thought, Mr Stirn made a rapid plunge at his victim, caught him by the skirt of his jacket, and, in a few seconds more, the jaws of the Stocks had opened, and Lenny Fairfield was thrust therein—a sad spectacle of the reverses of fortune. This done, and while the boy was too astounded, too stupefied by the suddenness of the calamity for the resistance he might otherwise have made—nay, for more than a few inaudible words—Mr Stirn hurried from the spot, but not without first picking up and pocketing the half-crown designed for Lenny, and which, so great had been his first emotions, he had hitherto even almost forgotten. He then made his way towards the church, with the intention to place himself close by the door, catch the Squire as he came out, whisper to him what had passed, and lead him, with the whole congregation at his heels, to gaze upon the sacrifice offered up to the joint Powers of Nemesis and Themis.

CHAPTER VII.

Unaffectedly I say it—upon the honour of a gentleman, and the reputation of an author, unaffectedly I say it—no words of mine can do justice to the sensations experienced by

Lenny Fairfield, as he sate alone in that place of penance. He felt no more the physical pain of his bruises; the anguish of his mind stifled and overbore all corporeal suffering—an

anguish as great as the childish breast is capable of holding. For first and deepest of all, and earliest felt, was the burning sense of injustice. He had, it might be with erring judgment, but with all honesty, earnestness, and zeal, executed the commission intrusted to him; he had stood forth manfully in discharge of his duty; he had fought for it, suffered for it, bled for it. This was his reward! Now, in Lenny's mind there was pre-eminently that quality which distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon race—the sense of justice. It was perhaps the strongest principle in his moral constitution; and the principle had never lost its virgin bloom and freshness by any of the minor acts of oppression and iniquity which boys of higher birth often suffer from harsh parents, or in tyrannical schools. So that it was for the first time that that iron entered into his soul, and with it came its attendant feeling—the wrathful galling sense of impotence. He had been wronged, and he had no means to right himself. Then came another sensation, if not so deep, yet more smarting and envenomed for the time—shame! He, the good boy of all good boys—he, the pattern of the school, and the pride of the parson—he, whom the Squire, in sight of all his contemporaries, had often singled out to slap on the back, and the grand Squire's lady to pat on the head, with a smiling gratulation

on his young and fair repute—he, who had already learned so dearly to prize the sweets of an honourable name—he, to be made, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye, a mark for opprobrium, a butt of scorn, a jeer, and a byword! The streams of his life were poisoned at the fountain. And then came a tenderer thought of his mother! of the shock this would be to her—she who had already begun to look up to him as her stay and support: he bowed his head, and the tears, long suppressed, rolled down.

Then he wrestled and struggled, and strove to wrench his limbs from that hateful bondage;—for he heard steps approaching. And he began to picture to himself the arrival of all the villagers from church, the sad gaze of the Parson, the bent brow of the Squire, the idle ill-suppressed titter of all the boys, jealous of his unblotted character—character of which the original whiteness could never, never be restored! He would always be the boy who had sate in the Stocks! And the words uttered by the Squire came back on his soul, like the voice of conscience in the ears of some doomed Macbeth. “A sad disgrace, Lenny—you'll never be in such a quandary.” “Quandary,” the word was unfamiliar to him; it must mean something awfully discreditable. The poor boy could have prayed for the earth to swallow him.

CHAPTER VIII.

“Kettles and frying-pans! what has us here?” cried the tinker.

This time Mr Sprott was without his donkey; for, it being Sunday, it is to be presumed that the donkey was enjoying his Sabbath on the Common. The tinker was in his Sunday's best, clean and smart, about to take his lounge in the park.

Lenny Fairfield made no answer to the appeal.

“You in the wood, my baby! Well, that's the last sight I should ha' thought to see. But we all lives to larn,” added the tinker sententiously. “Who gave you them leg-gins? Can't you speak, lad?”

“Nick Stirn.”

“Nick Stirn! Ay, I'd ha' ta'en my davy on that: and cos vy?”

“'Cause I did as he told me, and fōught a boy as was trespassing on these very Stocks; and he beat me—but I don't care for that; and that boy was a young gentleman, and going to visit the Squire; and so Nick Stirn—” Lenny stopped short, choked by rage and humiliation.

“Augh,” said the tinker, staring, “you fit with a young gentleman, did you? Sorry to hear you confess that, my lad! Sit there, and be thankful you ha' got off so cheap. 'Tis salt and battery to fit with your betters, and a Lunnon justice o' peace would have given you two months o' the

treadmill. But vy should you fit cos he trespassed on the Stocks? It ben't your natural side for fitting, I takes it."

Lenny murmured something not very distinguishable about serving the Squire, and doing as he was bid.

"Oh, I sees, Lenny," interrupted the tinker, in a tone of great contempt, "you be one o' those who would rayther 'unt with the onnds than run with the 'are! You be's the good pattern boy, and would peach agin your own horder to curry favour with the grand folks. Fie, lad! you be sarved right: stick by your horder, then you'll be 'spected when you gets into trouble, and not be 'varsally'espised—as you'll be arter church-time! Vell, I can't be seen 'sorting with you, now you are in this here drogotary fix; it might hurt my cracter, both with them as built the Stocks, and them as wants to pull 'em down. Old kettles to mend! Vy, you makes me forgit the Sabbath. Sarvent, my lad, and wish you well out of it; 'specks to your mother, and say we can deal for the pan and shovel all the same for your misfortin."

The tinker went his way. Lenny's eye followed him with the sullenness of despair. The tinker, like all the tribe of human comforters, had only watered the brambles to invigorate the prick of the thorns. Yes, if Lenny had been caught breaking the Stocks, some at least would have pitied him; but to be incarcerated for defending them, you might as well have expected that the widows and orphans of the Reign of Terror would have pitied Dr Guillotin when he slid through the grooves of his own deadly machine. And even the tinker, itinerant, ragamuffin vagabond as he was, felt ashamed to be found with the pattern boy! Lenny's head sank again on his breast, heavily as if it had been of lead. Some few minutes thus passed, when the unhappy prisoner became aware of the presence of another spectator to his shame: he heard no step, but he saw a shadow thrown over the sward. He held his breath, and would not look up, with some vague idea that if he refused to see he might escape being seen.

CHAPTER IX.

"*Per Bacco!*" said Dr Riccabocca, putting his hand on Lenny's shoulder, and bending down to look into his face—"Per Bacco! my young friend, do you sit here from choice or necessity?"

Lenny slightly shuddered, and winced under the touch of one whom he had hitherto regarded with a sort of superstitious abhorrence.

"I fear," resumed Riccabocca, after waiting in vain for an answer to his question, "that, though the situation is charming, you did not select it yourself. What is this?"—and the irony of the tone vanished—"what is this, my poor boy? You have been bleeding, and I see that those tears which you try to check come from a deep well. Tell me, *povero fanciullo mio*, (the sweet Italian vowels, though Lenny did not understand them, sounded softly and soothingly,)—tell me, my child, how all this happened. Perhaps I can help you—we have all erred; we should all help each other."

Lenny's heart, that just before had seemed bound in brass, found itself a

way as the Italian spoke thus kindly, and the tears rushed down; but he again stopped them, and gulped out sturdily,—

"I have not done no wrong; it ben't my fault—and 'tis that which kills me!" concluded Lenny, with a burst of energy.

"You have not done wrong? Then," said the philosopher, drawing out his pocket-handkerchief with great composure, and spreading it on the ground—"then I may sit beside you. I could only stoop pityingly over sin, but I can lie down on equal terms with misfortune."

Lenny Fairfield did not quite comprehend the words, but enough of their general meaning was apparent to make him cast a grateful glance on the Italian. Riccabocca resumed, as he adjusted the pocket-handkerchief, "I have a right to your confidence, my child, for I have been afflicted in my day; yet I too say with thee, 'I have not done wrong.' *Cospetto!* (and here the Dr seated

himself deliberately, resting one arm on the side column of the Stocks, in familiar contact with the captive's shoulder, while his eye wandered over the lovely scene around)—“*Cospetto!* my prison, if they had caught me, would not have had so fair a look-out as this. But, to be sure, it is all one: there are no ugly loves, and no handsome prisons!”

With that sententious maxim, which, indeed, he uttered in his native Italian, Riccabocca turned round and renewed his soothing invitations to confidence. A friend in need is a friend indeed, even if he come in the guise of a Papist and wizard. All Lenny's ancient dislike to the foreigner had gone, and he told him his little tale.

Dr Riccabocca was much too shrewd a man not to see exactly the motives which had induced Mr Stirn to incarcerate his agent, (barring only that of personal grudge, to which Lenny's account gave him no clue.) That a man high in office should make a scape-goat of his own watch-dog for an unlucky snap, or even an indiscreet bark, was nothing strange to the wisdom of the student of Machiavelli. However, he set himself to the task of consolation with equal philosophy and tenderness. He began by reminding, or rather informing, Leonard Fairfield of all the instances of illustrious men afflicted by the injustice of others that occurred to his own excellent memory. He told him how the great Epictetus, when in slavery, had a master whose favourite amusement was pinching his leg, which, as the amusement ended in breaking that limb, was worse than the Stocks. He also told him the anecdote of Lenny's own gallant countryman, Admiral Byng, whose execution gave rise to Voltaire's celebrated witticism, “*En Angleterre on tue un amiral pour encourager les autres.*” (“In England they execute one admiral in order to encourage the others.”) Many more illustrations, still more pertinent to the case in point, his erudition supplied from the stores of history. But on seeing that Lenny did not seem in the slightest degree consoled by these memorable examples, he shifted his ground, and, reducing his logic to the strict *argumentum ad rem*, began to prove, 1st, that there was no dis-

grace at all in Lenny's present position, that every equitable person would recognise the tyranny of Stirn and the innocence of its victim; 2dly, that if even here he were mistaken, for public opinion was not always righteous, what was public opinion after all?—“A breath—a puff,” cried Dr Riccabocca—“a thing without matter—without length, breadth, or substance—a shadow—a goblin of our own creating. A man's own conscience is his sole tribunal, and he should care no more for that phantom ‘opinion’ than he should fear meeting a ghost if he cross the churchyard at dark.”

Now, as Lenny did very much fear meeting a ghost if he crossed the churchyard at dark, the simile spoiled the argument, and he shook his head very mournfully. Dr Riccabocca was about to enter into a third course of reasoning, which, had it come to an end, would doubtless have settled the matter, and reconciled Lenny to sitting in the Stocks till doomsday, when the captive, with the quick ear and eye of terror and calamity, became conscious that church was over, that the congregation in a few seconds more would be flocking thitherwards. He saw visionary hats and bonnets through the trees, which Riccabocca saw not, despite all the excellence of his spectacles—heard phantasmal rustlings and murmurings which Riccabocca heard not, despite all that theoretical experience in plots, stratagems, and treasons, which should have made the Italian's ear as fine as a conspirator's or a mole's. And, with another violent but vain effort at escape, the prisoner exclaimed,—

“Oh, if I could but get out before they come! Let me out—let me out. O, kind sir, have pity—let me out!”

“*Diavolo!*” said the philosopher, startled, “I wonder that never occurred to me before. After all, I believe he has hit the right nail on the head;” and, looking close, he perceived that though the partition wood had hitched firmly into a sort of spring-clasp, which defied Lenny's unaided struggles, still it was not locked, (for, indeed, the padlock and key were snug in the justice-room of the Squire, who never dreamt that his orders would be executed so literally and summarily as to dispense with all

formal appeal to himself.) As soon as Dr Riccabocca made that discovery, it occurred to him that all the wisdom of all the schools that ever existed can't reconcile man or boy to a bad position, the moment there is a fair opportunity of letting him out of it. Accordingly, without more ado, he lifted up the creaking board, and Lenny Fairfield darted forth like a bird from a cage—halted a moment as if for breath, or in joy; and then, taking at once to his heels, fled, fast as a hare to its form—fast to his mother's home.

Dr Riccabocca dropped the yawning wood into its place, picked up his handkerchief and restored it to his pocket; and then, with some curiosity, began to examine the nature of that place of duress which had caused so much painful emotion to its rescued victim.

"Man is a very irrational animal at best," quoth the sage, soliloquising, "and is frightened by strange bugaboos! 'Tis but a piece of wood! how little it really injures; and, after all, the holes are but rests to the legs, and keep the feet out of the dirt. And this green bank to sit upon—under the shade of the elm-tree—verily the position must be more pleasant than otherwise! I've a great mind—" Here the Doctor looked around, and, seeing the coast still clear, the oddest notion imaginable took possession of him; yet not indeed a notion so odd, considered philosophically—for all philosophy is based on practical experiment—and Dr Riccabocca felt an irresistible desire practically to experience what manner of thing that punishment of the Stocks really was. "I can but try!—only for a moment," said he apologetically to his own expostulating sense of dignity. "I have time to do it, before any one comes." He lifted up the partition again: but Stocks are built on the true principle of English law, and don't easily allow a man to criminate himself—it was hard to get into them without the help of a friend. However, as we before noticed, obstacles only whetted Dr Riccabocca's invention. He looked round and saw a withered bit of stick under the tree—this he inserted in the division of the Stocks, somewhat in the manner in

which boys place a stick under a sieve for the purpose of ensnaring sparrows: the fatal wood thus propped, Dr Riccabocca sate gravely down on the bank, and thrust his feet through the apertures.

"Nothing in it!" cried he triumphantly, after a moment's deliberation. "The evil is only in idea. Such is the boasted reason of mortals!" With that reflection, nevertheless, he was about to withdraw his feet from their voluntary dilemma, when the crazy stick suddenly gave way, and the partition fell back into its clasp. Doctor Riccabocca was fairly caught—"Facilis descensus—sed revocare gradum!" True, his hands were at liberty, but his legs were so long that, being thus fixed, they kept the hands from the rescue; and as Dr Riccabocca's form was by no means supple, and the twin parts of the wood stuck together with that firmness of adhesion which things newly painted possess, so, after some vain twists and contortions, in which he succeeded at length (not without a stretch of the sinews that made them crack again) in finding the clasp and breaking his nails thereon, the victim of his own rash experiment resigned himself to his fate. Dr Riccabocca was one of those men who never do things by halves. When I say he resigned himself, I mean not only Christian but philosophical resignation. The position was not quite so pleasant as, theoretically, he had deemed it; but he resolved to make himself as comfortable as he could. And first, as is natural in all troubles to men who have grown familiar with that odoriferous comforter which Sir Walter Raleigh is said first to have bestowed upon the Caucasian races, the Doctor made use of his hands to extract from his pocket his pipe, match-box, and tobacco-pouch. After a few whiffs he would have been quite reconciled to his situation, but for the discovery that the sun had shifted its place in the heavens, and was no longer shaded from his face by the elm-tree. The Doctor again looked round, and perceived that his red silk umbrella, which he had laid aside when he had seated himself by Lenny, was within arm's reach. Possessing himself of this treasure, he soon expanded its friendly folds. And thus doubly fortified

within and without, under shade of the umbrella, and his pipe composedly between his lips, Dr Riccabocca gazed on his own incarcerated legs, even with complacency.

“He who can despise all things,” said he, in one of his native proverbs, “possesses all things!”—if one despises freedom, one is free! This seat is as soft as a sofa! I am not sure,” he resumed, soliloquising, after a pause—“I am not sure that there is not something more witty than manly and philosophical in that national proverb of mine which I quoted to the *fanciullo*, that there are no handsome prisons! Did not the son of that celebrated Frenchman, surnamed *Bras de Fer*, write a book not only to prove

that adversities are more necessary than prosperities, but that among all adversities a prison is the most pleasant and profitable? * But is not this condition of mine, voluntarily and experimentally incurred, a type of my life? Is it the first time that I have thrust myself into a hobble?—and if in a hobble of mine own choosing, why should I blame the gods?”

Upon this Dr Riccabocca fell into a train of musing so remote from time and place, that in a few minutes he no more remembered that he was in the Parish Stocks, than a lover remembers that flesh is grass, a miser that mammon is perishable, a philosopher that wisdom is vanity.—Dr Riccabocca was in the clouds.

CHAPTER X.

The dullest dog that ever wrote a novel (and, *entre nous*, reader—but let it go no farther—we have a good many dogs among the fraternity that are not Munitos,†) might have seen with half an eye that the Parson’s discourse had produced a very genial and humanising effect upon his audience. When all was over, and the congregation stood up to let Mr Hazeldean and his family walk first down the aisle, (for that was the custom at Hazeldean,) moistened eyes glanced at the Squire’s sun-burned, manly face with a kindness that bespoke revived memory of many a generous benefit and ready service. The head might be wrong now and then—the heart was in the right place after all. And the lady, leaning on his arm, came in for a large share of that gracious good feeling. True, she now and then gave a little offence when the cottages were not so clean as she fancied they ought to be—and poor folks don’t like a liberty taken with their houses any more than the rich do; true, that she was not quite so popular with the women as the Squire was, for, if the husband went too often to the alehouse, she always laid the fault on the wife, and said, “No man would go out of doors for his comforts, if he

had a smiling face and a clean hearth at his home;” whereas the Squire maintained the more gallant opinion, that “if Gill was a shrew, it was because Jack did not, as in duty bound, stop her mouth with a kiss!” Still, notwithstanding these more obnoxious notions on her part, and a certain awe inspired by the stiff silk gown and the handsome aquiline nose, it was impossible, especially in the softened tempers of that Sunday afternoon, not to associate the honest, comely, beaming countenance of Mrs Hazeldean with comfortable recollections of soups, jellies, and wine in sickness, loaves and blankets in winter, cheering words and ready visits in every little distress, and pretexts afforded by improvement in the grounds and gardens (improvements which, as the Squire, who preferred productive labour, justly complained, “would never finish”) for little timely jobs of work to some veteran grandsire, who still liked to earn a penny, or some ruddy urchin in a family that “came too fast.” Nor was Frank, as he walked a little behind, in the whitest of trousers and the stiffest of neckcloths—with a look of suppressed roguery in his bright hazel eye, that contrasted his assumed stateliness of mien—without his por-

* “*Entre tout, l’état d’une prison est le plus doux, et le plus profitable!*”

† Munito was the name of a dog famous for his learning (a Parson of a dog) at the date of my childhood. There are no such dogs now-a-days.

tion of the silent blessing. Not that he had done anything yet to deserve it; but we all give youth so large a credit in the future. As for Miss Jemima, her trifling foibles only rose from too soft and feminine a susceptibility, too ivy-like a yearning for some masculine oak, whereon to entwine her tendrils; and so little confined to self was the natural lovingness of her disposition, that she had helped many a village lass to find a husband, by the bribe of a marriage gift from her own privy purse; notwithstanding the assurances with which she accompanied the marriage gift,—viz., that “the bridegroom would turn out like the rest of his ungrateful sex; but that it was a comfort to think that it would be all one in the approaching crash.” So that she had her warm partisans, especially amongst the young; while the slim Captain, on whose arm she rested her forefinger, was at least a civil-spoken gentleman, who had never done any harm, and who would doubtless do a deal of good if he belonged to the parish. Nay, even the fat footman, who came last with the family Prayer-book, had his due share in the general association of neighbourly kindness between hall and hamlet. Few were there present to whom he had not extended the right-hand of fellowship, with a full horn of October in the clasp of it: and he was a Hazeldean man, too, born and bred, as two-thirds of the Squire’s household (now letting themselves out from their large pew under the gallery) were.

On his part, too, you could see that the Squire was ‘moved withal,’ and a little humbled moreover. Instead of walking erect, and taking bow and curtsy as matter of course, and of no meaning, he hung his head somewhat, and there was a slight blush on his cheek; and as he glanced upward and round him—shyly, as it were—and his eye met those friendly looks, it returned them with an earnestness that had in it something touching as well as cordial—an eye that said, as well as eye could say, “I don’t quite deserve it, I fear, neighbours; but I thank you for your good-will with my whole heart.” And so readily was that glance of the eye understood, that I think, if that scene had taken

place out of doors instead of in the church, there would have been an hurrah as the Squire passed out of sight.

Scarcely had Mr Hazeldean got well out of the churchyard, ere Mr Stirn was whispering in his ear. As Stirn whispered, the Squire’s face grew long, and his colour changed. The congregation, now flocking out of the church, exchanged looks with each other; that ominous conjunction between Squire and man chilled back all the effects of the Parson’s sermon. The Squire struck his cane violently into the ground. “I would rather you had told me Black Bess had got the glanders. A young gentleman, coming to visit my son, struck and insulted in Hazeldean; a young gentleman—’sdeath, sir, a relation—his grandmother was a Hazeldean. I do believe Jemima’s right, and the world’s coming to an end! But Leonard Fairfield in the Stocks! What will the Parson say? and after such a sermon! ‘Rich man, respect the poor!’ And the good widow too; and poor Mark, who almost died in my arms. Stirn, you have a heart of stone! You confounded, lawless, merciless miscreant, who the deuce gave you the right to imprison man or boy in my parish of Hazeldean without trial, sentence, or warrant? Run and let the boy out before any one sees him: run, or I shall”—The Squire elevated the cane, and his eyes shot fire. Mr Stirn did not run, but he walked off very fast. The Squire drew back a few paces, and again took his wife’s arm. “Just wait a bit for the Parson, while I talk to the congregation. I want to stop ’em all, if I can, from going into the village; but how?”

Frank heard, and replied readily—

“Give ’em some beer, sir.”

“Beer! on a Sunday! For shame, Frank!” cried Mrs Hazeldean.

“Hold your tongue, Harry. Thank you, Frank,” said the Squire, and his brow grew as clear as the blue sky above him. I doubt if Riccabocca could have got him out of his dilemma with the same ease as Frank had done.

“Halt there, my men—lads and lasses too—there, halt a bit. Mrs Fairfield, do you hear?—halt! I think his reverence has given us a capital sermon. Go up to the Great House all

of you, and drink a glass to his health. Frank, go with them; and tell Spruce to tap one of the casks kept for the haymakers. Harry, [this in a whisper,] catch the Parson, and tell him to come to me instantly."

"My dear Hazeldean, what has happened? you are mad."

"Don't bother—do what I tell you."

"But where is the Parson to find you?"

"Where, gad zooks, Mrs H.,—at the Stocks to be sure!"

CHAPTER XI.

Dr Riccabocca, awakened out of his reverie by the sound of footsteps—was still so little sensible of the indignity of his position, that he enjoyed exceedingly, and with all the malice of his natural humour, the astonishment and stupor manifested by Stirn, when that functionary beheld the extraordinary substitute which fate and philosophy had found for Lenny Fairfield. Instead of the weeping, crushed, broken-hearted captive whom he had reluctantly come to deliver, he stared, speechless and aghast, upon the grotesque but tranquil figure of the Doctor, enjoying his pipe and cooling himself under his umbrella, with a *sang-froid* that was truly appalling and diabolical. Indeed, considering that Stirn always suspected the Papisher of having had a hand in the whole of that black and midnight business, in which the Stocks had been broken, bunged up, and consigned to perdition, and that the Papisher had the evil reputation of dabbling in the Black Art, the hocus-pocus way in which the Lenny he had incarcerated was transformed into the Doctor he found, conjoined with the peculiarly strange, eldritch, and Mephistophelean physiognomy and person of Riccabocca, could not but strike a thrill of superstitious dismay into the breast of the parochial tyrant. While to his first confused and stammered exclamations and interrogatories, Riccabocca replied with so tragic an air, such ominous shakes of the head, such mysterious, equivocating, long-worded sentences, that Stirn every moment felt more and more convinced that the boy had sold himself to the Powers of Darkness; and that he himself, prematurely, and in the flesh, stood face to face with the Arch-Enemy.

Mr Stirn had not yet recovered his wonted intelligence, which, to do him justice, was usually prompt enough—

when the Squire, followed hard by the Parson, arrived at the spot. Indeed, Mrs Hazeldean's report of the Squire's urgent message, disturbed manner, and most unparalleled invitation to the parishioners, had given wings to Parson Dale's ordinarily slow and sedate movements. And while the Squire, sharing Stirn's amazement, beheld indeed a great pair of feet projecting from the stocks, and saw behind them the grave face of Doctor Riccabocca, under the majestic shade of the umbrella, but not a vestige of the only being his mind could identify with the tenacity of the Stocks, Mr Dale, catching him by the arm, and panting hard, exclaimed with a petulance he had never before been known to display—except at the whist-table,—

"Mr Hazeldean, Mr Hazeldean, I am scandalised—I am shocked at you. I can bear a great deal from you, sir, as I ought to do; but to ask my whole congregation, the moment after divine service, to go up and guzzle ale at the Hall, and drink my health, as if a clergyman's sermon had been a speech at a cattle-fair! I am ashamed of you, and of the parish! What on earth has come to you all?"

"That's the very question I wish to heaven I could answer," groaned the Squire, quite mildly and pathetically—"What on earth has come to us all! Ask Stirn:" (then bursting out) "Stirn, you infernal rascal, don't you hear?—what on earth has come to us all?"

"The Papisher is at the bottom of it, sir," said Stirn, provoked out of all temper. "I does my duty, but I is but a mortal man, arter all."

"A mortal fiddlestick—where's Leonard Fairfield, I say?"

"*Him* knows best," answered Stirn, retreating mechanically, for safety's sake, behind the Parson, and pointing

to Dr Riccabocca. Hitherto, though both the Squire and Parson had indeed recognised the Italian, they had merely supposed him to be seated on the bank. It never entered into their heads that so respectable and dignified a man could by any possibility be an inmate, compelled or voluntary, of the Parish Stocks. No, not even though, as I before said, the Squire had seen, just under his nose, a very long pair of soles inserted in the apertures—that sight had only confused and bewildered him, unaccompanied as it ought to have been with the trunk and face of Lenny Fairfield. Those soles seemed to him optical delusions, phantoms of the overheated brain; but now, catching hold of Stirn, while the Parson in equal astonishment caught hold of him—the Squire faltered out, “Well, this beats cock-fighting! The man’s as mad as a March hare, and has taken Dr Rickey-bockey for little Lenny!”

“Perhaps,” said the Doctor, breaking silence, with a bland smile, and attempting an inclination of the head as courteous as his position would permit—“perhaps, if it be quite the same to you, before you proceed to

explanations,—you will just help me out of the Stocks.”

The Parson, despite his perplexity and anger, could not repress a smile, as he approached his learned friend, and bent down for the purpose of extricating him.

“Lord love your reverence, you’d better not!” cried Mr Stirn. “Don’t be tempted—he only wants to get you into his claws. I would not go a-near him for all the—”

The speech was interrupted by Dr Riccabocca himself, who now, thanks to the Parson, had risen into his full height, and half a head taller than all present—even than the tall Squire—approached Mr Stirn, with a gracious wave of the hand. Mr Stirn retreated rapidly towards the hedge, amidst the brambles of which he plunged himself incontinently.

“I guess whom you take me for, Mr Stirn,” said the Italian, lifting his hat with his characteristic politeness. “It is certainly a great honour; but you will know better one of these days, when the gentleman in question admits you to a personal interview in another and—a hotter world.”

CHAPTER XII.

“But how on earth did you get into my new Stocks?” asked the Squire, scratching his head.

“My dear sir, Pliny the elder got into the crater of Mount Etna.”

“Did he, and what for?”

“To try what it was like, I suppose,” answered Riccabocca.

The Squire burst out a-laughing.

“And so you got into the Stocks to try what it was like. Well, I can’t wonder—it is a very handsome pair of Stocks,” continued the Squire, with a loving look at the object of his praise. “Nobody need be ashamed of being seen in those Stocks—I should not mind it myself.”

“We had better move on,” said the Parson drily, “or we shall be having the whole village here presently, gazing on the lord of the manor in the same predicament as that from which we have just extricated the Doctor. Now pray, what is the matter with Lenny Fairfield?

I can’t understand a word of what has passed. You don’t mean to say that good Lenny Fairfield (who was absent from church by the bye) can have done anything to get into disgrace?”

“Yes, he has though,” cried the Squire. “Stirn, I say—Stirn.” But Stirn had forced his way through the hedge and vanished. Thus left to his own powers of narrative at second-hand, Mr Hazeldean now told all he had to communicate: the assault upon Randal Leslie, and the prompt punishment inflicted by Stirn; his own indignation at the affront to his young kinsman, and his good-natured merciful desire to save the culprit from the addition of public humiliation.

The Parson, mollified towards the rude and hasty invention of the beer-drinking, took the Squire by the hand. “Ah, Mr Hazeldean, forgive me,” he said repentantly; “I ought to have known at once that it was only some

ebullition of your heart that could stifle your sense of decorum. But this is a sad story about Lenny, brawling and fighting on the Sabbath-day. So unlike him, too—I don't know what to make of it."

"Like or unlike," said the Squire, "it has been a gross insult to young Leslie; and looks all the worse because I and Audley are not just the best friends in the world. I can't think what it is," continued Mr Hazeldean, musingly, "but it seems that there must be always some association of fighting connected with that prim half-brother of mine. There was I, son of his own mother—who might have been shot through the lungs, only the ball lodged in the shoulder—and now his wife's kinsman—my kinsman, too—grandmother a Hazeldean—a hard-reading sober lad, as I am given to understand, can't set his foot into the quietest parish in the three kingdoms, but what the mildest boy that ever was seen—makes a rush at him like a mad bull. It is FATALITY!" cried the Squire solemnly.

"Ancient legend records similar instances of fatality in certain houses," observed Riccabocca. "There was the House of Pelops—and Polynices and Eteocles—the sons of Œdipus!"

"Pshaw," said the Parson; "but what's to be done?"

"Done?" said the Squire; "why, reparation must be made to young Leslie. And though I wished to spare Lenny, the young ruffian, a public disgrace—for your sake, Parson Dale, and Mrs Fairfield's;—yet a good caning in private—"

"Stop, sir!" said Riccabocca mildly, "and hear me." The Italian then, with much feeling and considerable tact, pleaded the cause of his poor protégé, and explained how Lenny's error arose only from mistaken zeal for the Squire's service, and in the execution of the orders received from Mr Stirn.

"That alters the matter," said the Squire, softened; "and all that is necessary now will be for him to make a proper apology to my kinsman."

"Yes, that is just," rejoined the Parson; "but I still don't learn how he got out of the Stocks."

Riccabocca then resumed his tale; and, after confessing his own principal

share in Lenny's escape, drew a moving picture of the boy's shame and honest mortification. "Let us march against Philip!" cried the Athenians when they heard Demosthenes—

"Let us go at once and comfort the child!" cried the Parson, before Riccabocca could finish.

With that benevolent intention, all three quickened their pace, and soon arrived at the widow's cottage. But Lenny had caught sight of their approach through the window; and not doubting that, in spite of Riccabocca's intercession, the Parson was come to upbraid, and the Squire to re-imprison, he darted out by the back way, got amongst the woods, and lay there *perdu* all the evening. Nay, it was not till after dark that his mother—who sate wringing her hands in the little kitchen, and trying in vain to listen to the Parson and Mrs Dale, who (after sending in search of the fugitive) had kindly come to console the mother—heard a timid knock at the door and a nervous fumble at the latch. She started up, opened the door, and Lenny sprang to her bosom, and there buried his face, sobbing loud.

"No harm, my boy," said the Parson tenderly; "you have nothing to fear—all is explained and forgiven."

Lenny looked up, and the veins on his forehead were much swollen. "Sir," said he sturdily, "I don't want to be forgiven—I ain't done no wrong. And—I've been disgraced—and I won't go to school, never no more."

"Hush, Carry!" said the Parson to his wife, who, with the usual liveliness of her little temper, was about to expostulate. "Good night, Mrs Fairfield. I shall come and talk to you to-morrow, Lenny; by that time you will think better of it."

The Parson then conducted his wife home, and went up to the Hall to report Lenny's safe return; for the Squire was very uneasy about him, and had even in person shared the search. As soon as he heard Lenny was safe—"Well," said the Squire, "let him go the first thing in the morning to Rood Hall, to ask Master Leslie's pardon, and all will be right and smooth again."

"A young villain!" cried Frank, with his cheeks the colour of scarlet;

“to strike a gentleman and an Etonian, who had just been to call on *me!* But I wonder Randal let him off so well—any other boy in the sixth form would have killed him!”

“Frank,” said the Parson sternly, “if we all had our deserts, what should be done to him who not only lets the sun go down on his own wrath, but strives with uncharitable breath to fan the dying embers of another’s?”

The clergyman here turned away from Frank, who bit his lip, and seemed abashed—while even his mother said not a word in his exculpation; for when the Parson did reprove in that stern tone, the majesty of the Hall stood awed before the rebuke of the Church. Catching Riccabocca’s inquisitive eye, Mr Dale drew aside the philosopher, and whispered to him his fears that it would be a very hard matter to induce Lenny to beg Randal Leslie’s pardon, and that the proud stomach of the pattern-boy would not digest the Stocks with as much ease as a long regimen of philosophy had enabled the sage to do. This conference Miss Jemima soon interrupted by a direct appeal to the Doctor

respecting the number of years (even without any previous and more violent incident) that the world could possibly withstand its own wear and tear.

“Ma’am,” said the Doctor, reluctantly summoned away, to look at a passage in some prophetic periodical upon that interesting subject—“ma’am, it is very hard that you should make one remember the end of the world, since, in conversing with you, one’s natural temptation is to forget its existence.”

Miss Jemima blushed scarlet. Certainly that deceitful heartless compliment justified all her contempt for the male sex; and yet—such is human blindness—it went far to redeem all mankind in her credulous and too confiding soul.

“He is about to propose,” sighed Miss Jemima.

“Giacomo,” said Riccabocca, as he drew on his nightcap, and stepped majestically into the four-posted bed, “I think we shall get that boy for the garden now!”

Thus each spurred his hobby, or drove her car, round the Hazeldean whirligig.

BIOGRAPHY.

ALTHOUGH history and biography both relate to the affairs of men, and are employed in the narrative of human events, they are governed by opposite principles, and require, for their successful prosecution, different powers and habits of thought. The main object of history is the tracing out the growth of nations, the great events which lead to their rise or fall, the causes operating on the social body, which at one period conduct to power and greatness, at another induce weakness and decay. Biography is concerned with individual life. Its aim is to trace the annals, not of nations, but of persons; to portray, not the working of general causes on the progress of empires, but the influence of particular characters on their most interesting episodes. The former requires habits of general thought, and the power of tracing one common principle through a great variety of complicated details; the latter, close attention to individual incidents, and a minute examination of the secret springs of human conduct. The first is closely allied to the generalisations of the philosopher; the latter requires the powers of the dramatist. The two branches of composition, however, are nearly allied, and frequently run into each other. History generally finds its most interesting episodes, often its most important subjects, in the narrative of individual greatness; biography is imperfect unless, in addition to tracing the achievements of the individuals it records, it explains their influence upon the society among whom they arose.

What we call the histories of antiquity were, for the most part, only biographies, and they owe their principal interest to that circumstance. The *Cyropædia* of Xenophon is a philosophical romance, clothed with the eloquence of an orator; the fragments which remain of Sallust, the rhetorical narrative of Quintus Curtius, are the avowed biographies of individual men. Even the regular histories of classical

times owe their chief charm to the simplicity of the subject, in which one state or contest stands prominently forward, and the others are thrown into a shade which only renders the more striking the light thrown on one particular subject, or the efforts of individual greatness. Herodotus has earned his deathless fame by the narrative he has given of the great war between Persia and Greece, on which the destinies of mankind depended; Thucydides by his profound exposition of the strife of aristocracy and democracy in the contest between Lacedæmon and Athens. The long narrative of Livy has survived the floods of Time almost entirely from the charming episodes descriptive of character or manners which he has introduced, and the dramatic power with which he has narrated the exploits of individual men; and what has given Tacitus immortality, is neither any luminous views on the progress of mankind, nor any just appreciation of the causes of greatness in particular states, but the depth to which he has fathomed the real springs of action in particular men, and the terrible truth with which he has unveiled that most appalling of all spectacles—a naked human heart.

The great difficulty of history, as it must be written in modern times, arises from the multitude and complication of the events which have to be recorded. So intimately connected have the States of Europe been since the rise of modern civilisation, that he who writes the annals of one must write the history of all. The progress, internal and external, of all its powers must be brought forward abreast; and such is their number and importance, that not only is the historian oppressed with the variety and complication of his materials, but he finds it next to impossible to produce interest in the reader amidst such a sea of details; and often fails, from the impossibility of attaining that essential requisite in the rousing of human sympathy—

unity of emotion. Add to this the infinity of subjects a historian even of an individual state must now embrace, and which almost overwhelm the exploits of particular men by their multitude and complication. Strategy, statistics, trade, navigation, commerce, agriculture, taxation, finance, currency, paper credit, poor laws, agriculture, socialism, chartism, form a few of the topics, any one of which would require volumes for its elucidation, yet none of which can be omitted without exposing the historian to the imputation, from some one or other, of having overlooked the most important part of his subject. So great is this difficulty, so extensive the embarrassment it produces, that it may safely be pronounced to be insurmountable by any effort, how great soever, unless the endeavours of the historian are aided by unity of interest in the subject, or overpowering greatness of influence in the characters with whom he has to deal. But it is, perhaps, only in the wars of the Crusades, of the Succession in Spain, and of the French Revolution, that such unity of interest is to be looked for, or such surpassing grandeur of character is to be found, from the achievements of a Richard Cœur-de-Lion, a Marlborough, or a Napoleon.

From this great difficulty, biography is entirely free, and thence the superior interest with which, when properly treated, works of that description are attended. We are so constituted that we must concentrate our interest; dispersion is fatal to its existence. Every novelist and romance-writer knows this; there must always be a hero and a heroine; but two or three heroes and heroines would prove fatal to the interest. Ariosto tried to divide the interest of the reader among the adventures of a dozen knights-errant; but even his genius proved unequal to the task, and he was obliged to concentrate the whole around the fabulous siege of Paris to restore the broken unity of his power. The great and signal advantage of biography is, that, from its very nature, it possesses that personal interest and individual character which the epic poet and novelist feel to be essential to the moving of

the human heart, but which the historian so often finds himself unable to attain, without omitting some important parts of his subject, or giving undue prominence to the characters of individual men.

For this reason it is, that the most popular works which ever have been written have been biographies of illustrious men. No one would think of comparing the intellect of Plutarch to that of Tacitus, his eloquence to that of Cicero's, yet he has made perhaps a greater impression on the imagination of subsequent ages than either of these illustrious men. If we examine the images of the mighty of former days which are engraven on our minds, we shall find that it is not so much the pictured pages of Livy or Quintus Curtius, as the "Lives of Plutarch," which have given them immortality. We complain of his gossip, we lament his superstition, we smile at his credulity, but we devour his pages; and, after the lapse of seventeen hundred years, they remain one of the most generally popular works in existence. It is the same in modern times. No one would think of comparing Boswell, in point of intellect, to Johnson; in point of eloquence to Burke; in point of genius to Gibbon; yet he has produced a work superior in general interest to any of these illustrious men, and which is daily read by thousands, to whom the "Reflections on the French Revolution," the moral essays of the "Rambler," and the "History of the Decline and Fall," will for ever remain unknown.

To render biography, however, thus generally attractive, it is indispensable that its basis should be that first element in the narration of human action — TRUTH. Without this, it wants the great superiority of the narrative of real event over fictitious creations, how interesting soever they may be—that of recording what has actually occurred in real life. How important this is in awakening the sympathies of the human heart, may be seen even in children who, when particularly fascinated by any story they are told, invariably end by asking, "But is it all true?" The value of truth, or

rather of what is "*vraisemblable*," is felt even in imaginary conceptions, which it is well known are never so attractive, or interest so powerfully, as when they most closely resemble the events and characters of actual existence. The real is, and ever must be, the only sure foundation of the ideal. Novels are most delightful when they approach nearest to what we behold around us in real life, while yet containing a sufficient blending of romance and sentiment, of heroism and magnanimity, to satisfy the higher aspirations of our being. Biography is most charming when it depicts with fidelity those characters, and records with truth those events, which approach nearest to that imaginary perfection to which every generous mind aspires, but to which none ever has attained, or ever will.

It has been said with truth, that the events which are suitable for epic poetry are such as are "probable but yet elevating." We are so constituted by our bonds to earth, that our chief interest must ever be derived from the virtues or the vices, the joys or sorrows, of beings like ourselves; but we are so filled with more ennobling thoughts and aspirations, by our destiny in Heaven, that we can be satisfied only by what points to a higher state of existence, and feel the greatest enjoyment by being elevated, either by the conceptions of fancy or the records of reality, to a nearer view of its perfection. If novels depict merely imaginary existences, they may charm for a season, like the knights of Ariosto, or the heroes of Metastasio; but they are too much in the clouds permanently to interest sublunary mortals. If they record merely the adventures of low, or the vulgarity of middle life, they may amuse for a season, like the characters of Smollett; but they will sink ere long, from the want of that indispensable lifeboat in the sea of time, an elevating tendency. It is characters like those of the *Iliad*, of Shakspeare, of Scott, and Schiller, which combine the well-known and oft-observed characteristics of human nature with the oft-imagined but seldom seen traits of heroism and magnanimity which border on the realms of the ideal

that for ever fascinate the imagination, and dwell in the heart of man. The reason is, they contain enough of reality to tell us it is of humanity that the story is told, and enough of the ideal to make us proud of our connection with it.

The great and chief charm of biography is to be found in this, that it unites, from its very nature and object, those two indispensable requisites to durable popularity in works of fiction, and combines them with the value and the solid information of truthful narrative. It possesses the value of history, without its tedium—the interest of romance, without its unsubstantiality. It culls the flowers from the records of time, and casts into the shade all the accompanying weeds and briars. If a judicious and discriminating selection of characters were made—if those persons were selected for the narrative who have been most illustrious by their virtues, their genius, or their magnanimity, or, as a contrast, by their vices, and who have made the greatest and most durable impression on human affairs, a work might be produced exceeding any one of history in its utility, any of romance in its popularity. David Hume strongly advised Robertson, eighty years ago, instead of writing the *Life of Charles the Fifth*, to write a series of biographies, on the plan of Plutarch, for modern times; and it is, perhaps, to be regretted that the advice was not followed. Yet were the abilities of the Scotch Principal, great as they were, not such as peculiarly fitted him for the task. His mind was too philosophical and discursive to give it its chief interest. He wanted the dramatic turn, the ardent soul, the graphic power, the magnanimous disposition, which was essential to its successful accomplishment. A work in three thousand pages, or six volumes, recording the lives of fifty of the greatest and most illustrious men in Europe, from the days of Alfred to those of Napoleon, executed in the right spirit, and by a man of adequate genius, would be the most popular and elevating book that ever appeared in Modern Europe. Many such have been attempted, but never with any success, because they were not set about by the proper

minds. To do justice to such an undertaking would require a combination of opposite qualities rarely to be met with in real life.

As biography deals with individual characters, and is relieved from the extended and perplexing subjects which overwhelm the general historian, it admits, in return, of an expansion into many topics which, although often in the highest degree amusing, and sometimes not a little interesting, would yet be felt to be misplaced in the annals of the great changes of nations or of the world. As the delineation of character is its avowed object, and the events of individual life its principal subject, it not only admits of but requires a thousand incidents and descriptions, which are essential to a right understanding of those characters, and form, as it were, the still life of the picture in which their features are to be portrayed. Such descriptions are not unsuitable to general history. Mr Macaulay has shown in his *History* that his observations on that head in the *Edinburgh Review* were founded on a just appreciation of the object and limits of his art. But they must be sparingly introduced, or they will become tedious and unprofitable: if any one doubts this, let him try to read Von Hammer's *History of the Ottoman Empire*, one-half of which is taken up with descriptions of dresses, receptions, and processions. But in biography we readily give admission to—nay, we positively require—such details. If they are not the jewels of history, they are the setting which adds to their lustre. They fill up our conception of past events; they enable us to clothe the characters in which we are interested in the actual habiliments in which they were arrayed; they bring before our eyes the dwellings, the habits, the mode of life, the travelling, the occupations of distant ages, and often give more life and reality to the creatures of our imaginations than could have been attained by the most laboured general descriptions, or the most emphatic assertions of the author.

For this reason, as well as on account of the known influence of individual character, rather than abstract principle, on the fair sex, there is no

branch of historical composition so suitable for woman as biography; and Miss Strickland has shown us that there is none which female genius can cultivate with greater success. The general bent of the female mind, impressed upon it for the wisest purposes by its Creator, is to be influenced in its opinions, and swayed in its conduct, by individual men, rather than general ideas. When Milton said of our first parents—

“ Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed:
For valour he and contemplation formed;
For beauty she, and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him; ”

He foreshadowed man as the appropriate historian of the general march of human events—woman, as the best delineator of individual character, the most fascinating writer of biography. The most gifted of her sex is a proof of this; for if a few men have exceeded Madame de Stael in the broad view she takes of human affairs, none have equalled her in the delineation of the deepest feelings and most lasting passions of the human heart. As it is the nature of woman's disposition to form an idol, (and it is for that very reason that she proves so attractive to that of man,) so, when she comes to composition, we rejoice to see her form idols of her heroes, provided only that the limits of truth are observed in their delineation, and that her enthusiasm is evinced in depicting the real, not in colouring the imaginary.

As graphic and scenic details are so valuable in biography, and give such life and animation to the picture which it exhibits, so we willingly accept from a female biographer, whether of her own or others' life, details which we could not tolerate in the other sex. When the Duchess of Abrantes, writing after the fall of Charles X., recounts in her charming memoirs the enchanting *Schall de Cachemire*, which excited her envy on the shoulders of Josephine—or tells us that at a certain ball in Paris, in 1797, she wore her blue satin dress and pearl ornaments, and at another, her pink silk and diamonds, we perhaps smile at the simplicity which made her recount such things of herself; but still we gratefully

accept them as characteristic of the costume or manners of the time. But we would never tolerate a male biographer of Murat, who should tell us that at a certain ball at Naples he wore his scarlet trowsers and black furred jacket, and on his coronation looked irresistible in his blue and silver uniform and splendid spare jacket;—not even though we know that in Russia he often returned to his lines with his sabre dripping wet with the blood of the Cossacks whom he had challenged and slain in single combat, and although the experience of all ages has confirmed the truth of Philopœmen's observation, that "to soldiers and women, dress is a matter of no small consequence."

Though details of this description, however, are valuable and admissible in biography, and come with peculiar propriety and grace from a female hand, it must be observed, on the other hand, that there is a limit, and a very obvious one, to the introduction of them, and that, if not inserted with caution, they may essentially injure the popularity or utility of a work. In particular, it is seldom safe to carry to any considerable length in the text the introduction of quotations from old histories or chronicles of the period, which often are filled with them to the exclusion of all other subjects. We know that such original documents have a great charm in the eyes of antiquarians or antiquarian biographers, the more especially if they have brought them to light themselves; but such persons learned in ancient lore constitute but a small fraction of the human race. The great body of readers, at least nineteen out of twenty, care nothing at all for such original authorities, but wish to see their import condensed into a flowing easy narrative in the author's own words. For this reason it is generally safest to give such original documents or quotations in notes or an appendix, and to confine quotations in the text to characteristic expressions, or original words spoken on very important occasions. Barante and Sismondi in France, Tytler in Scotland, and Lingard in England, have essentially injured the general popularity of their great and learned works, by not attending to this rule. The two Thierrys

have chiefly won theirs by attending to it.

The great popularity and widely extended sale of Miss Strickland's *Queens of England*, almost equalling, we believe, that of any living author in this country, and much exceeding that of any prior writer, whether of her own or the other sex, in the same period in biography, is a proof both of the intrinsic excellence of that work, and the thirst which exists in the public mind for works of that description. We have long been of opinion that the narrative of human events might be rendered as popular in the outset, and far more and durably interesting in the end, than any works of fiction; and that the only reason why this has so seldom taken place, was because historical works were in general constructed on wrong principles. The great success which has recently attended historical composition in this country, especially in the case of Mr Macaulay's *History* and Miss Strickland's *Lives*, is a proof that this view of the subject is well founded. And of the two, biography, when supported by learning, and handled by genius such as both these learned writers possess, is much more likely to be generally popular than extended history, because it partakes more of the character of Romance, and possesses in a higher degree that *unity* of interest which is the most essential element in all arts which aim at pleasing or fascinating mankind.

Scotland is a country peculiarly fortunate in the characters it presents for biographical genius. This arises from its physical weakness when compared to the strength of its formidable neighbour, and the resources which it has ever found in the persevering and indomitable character of its inhabitants. The former in every age of the wars with England has made its plains the seat of conflict; while the latter has always secured their success in the end, though often after fearful reverses, and always against tremendous odds. The proof of this is decisive. Scotland, after three centuries of almost incessant conflict, first with the arms, and then, more formidable still, with the gold of England, was still unsubdued when her monarchs ascended the English

throne, and the rivalry of two noble nations was turned into the blissful emulation of peace. It is this combination of circumstances which has caused her history to be so prolific of incident, and has rendered, as strangers so often have remarked, every step in her surface historical. Her physical weakness filled it with incident—her moral strength with heroic incident. Go where you will, you meet with some traces of the great or the beautiful, the gifted or the fascinating, of former days. The ancient walls and castellated rocks of Edinburgh teem with historical recollections of the highest interest, which the kindred spirit of modern chivalry has done so much to illustrate.* In the short space of twenty miles—between Falkirk and Stirling—are four battle-fields,† on each of which the fate of Britain was determined, or armies as numerous as those which met at Waterloo encountered each other. Lochleven exhibits the mournful prison of beauty; Niddry Castle, of her evanescent joys; the field of Langside, of her final overthrow. Cartlan Crags still show the cave of Wallace; Turnberry Castle the scene of Bruce's first victory; Culloden, the last battle-field of generous fidelity. Every step in Scotland is historical: the shades of the dead arise on every side: the very rocks breathe—

“Yet, Albyn, yet the praise be thine,
Thy scenes and story to combine!
Thou bid'st him who by Roslin strays,
List to the tale of other days;
Midst Cartlan Crags thou show'st the cave,
The refuge of the champion brave;
Giving each rock its storied tale,
Pouring a lay for every dale,
Knitting, as with a moral band,
Thy native legends with thy land,
To give each scene the interest high,
Which Genius lends to Beauty's eye.”

Miss Strickland's talents as a writer, and turn of mind as an individual, in a peculiar manner fit her for painting a historical gallery of the most illustrious or dignified female characters in that land of chivalry and of song. Her disposition is at once heroic and pictorial.

She has the spirit of chivalry in her soul, and the colours of painting in her eye. She sympathises with all the daring spirit, the bold adventure, the chivalrous devotion, of the cavaliers of former days; and she depicts with not less animation and force the stately scenes of departed times—the dignified processions, the splendid ceremonials, the imposing pageants. She has vast powers of application, and her research is unbounded; but these qualities, so necessary as the foundation of a historian's fame, are in her united with the powers of painting and the soul of poetry, and dignified by the elevated objects to which they are directed. The incidents of individual life are of peculiar importance in Scottish annals, because, with the exception of two periods—the war of independence under Wallace and Bruce, and the national struggle for emancipation from Popish tyranny at the Reformation—there have seldom been what we now call *popular* movements in Scotland. Everything, or next to everything, depended on individual character; the great game of the world was played by kings and queens, nobles and knights. On this great theatre the queens played, as they do everywhere, a most important part. The instructor of man in childhood, the object of his adoration in youth, of lasting influence in manhood, woman has, in modern Europe where her destiny was first fully developed, exercised an important sway, and more so than is generally supposed on national affairs. But nowhere has this influence been more strongly felt than in Scotland, where queens have appeared, whose beauty and misfortunes have become immortal in story, and been for ever engraven on the human heart by the hand of genius, and where the chivalrous and daring disposition of the country, the *perferendum Scotorum ingenium*, at once penetrated some with the most devout adoration of their charms, and inspired others with the most vehement jealousy of their ascendancy.

* Mr Aytoun's noble *Lyrical Ballads*, and Mr Grant's admirable *History of the Castle of Edinburgh*.

† Falkirk, Torwood, Bannockburn, Stirling Bridge.

In her delineation of individual character, Miss Strickland evidently takes the greatest pains to be impartial; and the multitude of new documents and facts which she has brought on both sides of the question in regard to her heroines, is a sufficient proof that this most laudable principle is a ruling one in her mind. But she would be something more or something less than mortal, if no trace of predilection was to be found in her pages. It is rather, however, in regard to families than individuals that this leaning is apparent. She is evidently inimical to the Tudor and friendly to the Stuart race. In this she only shares the feelings of the chivalrous and the enthusiastic of every age and country; for the leading qualities of the one were as calculated, on a retrospect, to inspire aversion as those of the other were to awaken sympathy. The first was selfish, overbearing, cruel, but often exceedingly able: the latter generous, unsuspecting, heroic, but sometimes sadly imprudent. Success at the time crowned the worldly wisdom of the one, and disaster, long-continued and crushing, at length punished the unhappy want of foresight of the other. But the results of the time are not always indicative of the opinion of futurity: and already the verdict of mankind has been secured in regard to the rival Queens who brought their fortunes into collision, by two pleaders of surpassing power in swaying the human heart. Scotland may be proud that one of these was found in the most gifted of her sons, whose genius has, in one of his most perfect historical novels, immortalised the prison of Lochleven and the field of Langside; and Germany may well exult in the reflection that the other appeared in that matchless genius who three centuries after her death imbibed, on the banks of the Saale, the very soul and spirit of the age of Mary in England, and has for ever engraven her heroic death, and the imperishable scenes of Fotheringay, on the hearts of men.*

Miss Strickland's partiality for the Stuart and aversion to the Tudor race, may be explained by another

and still more honourable circumstance. It is the inevitable effect of a long course of injustice, whether in the rulers of men, or the judges of those rulers, the annalists of their lives, to produce in the end a reaction in the general mind. This is more particularly the case in persons like Miss Strickland, actuated by generous and elevated feelings, and who feel conscious of power to redress much of the injustice which the long-continued ascendancy of a particular party, whether in religion or politics, has inflicted on the characters of History. Nowhere has this injustice been more strongly experienced than in Great Britain during the last two centuries. The popular party in politics, and the reformed in religion, having in both these countries, after a sanguinary struggle, been successful, and a family seated on the throne which embodied, and in a manner personified, both these triumphs, nearly the whole historians who treated of the period for a century and a half were entirely one-sided. When Hume wrote his immortal history, he complained, with justice, that for seventy years power, reward, and emolument had been confined to one party in the state, and that the sources of History had in consequence been irremediably corrupted. His rhetorical powers and impartial spirit did much to remedy the evil, but he had not industry and research sufficient to do the whole. Much was left to the just feelings, and generous because disinterested effort, of the high-minded who succeeded him in the path of historical inquiry. Mr Tytler's great and authentic *History of Scotland*, and Lingard's able and valuable, though one-sided, *History of England*, have gone far to give the opposite side of the picture which Malcolm Laing and Burnet had painted in so vehement a party spirit, and Macaulay has since continued with such remarkable historical power. But much remained yet to be done. Antiquarian industry, chivalrous zeal, have of late brought many of the concealed or suppressed treasures of History to light; and it is those which

* Schiller, in his noble drama of *Maria Stuart*.

Miss Strickland proposes to embody in her *Queens of Scotland*.

Of the general plan which she proposes to adopt in this work, our author gives the following admirable account:—

“As long as Scotland, in consequence of bad roads and tedious travelling, remained a sort of *terra incognita*, vulgar prejudice prevailed among the ignorant and narrow-minded portion of society in England; but Scotland only required to be seen to be appreciated. Strong in native talent, rich in native worth, valiant, persevering, and wise, her sons have been ever foremost in the field of honourable enterprise, whether in deeds of arms, science, jurisprudence, or the industrial arts of peaceful life. In poetry, music, and song, she has certainly never been surpassed. It was, however, reserved for the genius of Sir Walter Scott to draw English hearts and English gold to Scotland, and to knit those bonds of brotherly regard which no act of legislature could do. His graphic pictures of Scotland and the Scotch acted like a spell of enchantment on the imaginations of the English. Those who were able to indulge the enthusiastic feelings which his writings had excited, crossed the Border, rushed into Highland glens, scaled Highland hills, congregated at Scotch hostleries, peeped into Scotch cottages, were invited to partake of Scotch hospitality—and found themselves in a land flowing with milk and honey, not merely in its festive character, but in its kindness to strangers, which is the glory of all lands.

“Yet among the numerous visitors whom the sight-seeing instincts of this age of locomotion have rendered familiar with the ancient seats of Scottish regality, how few know anything about the Queens who once held their courts within the now deserted walls of Dunfermline, Falkland, Linlithgow, and Stirling!—gems which, even in their desolation, are surviving monuments of the graceful tastes of their founders, and incline the musing antiquary, who realises in fancy for a moment their pristine glory, to smite his breast and exclaim ‘Ichabod!’ With the exception of Windsor Castle, England has certainly no vestige of palatial architecture which may compare with the royal homes of Scotland, of whose former tenants a few particulars may be no less acceptable to the sons and daughters of the land, than to the southern stranger who visits them.

“The Maiden Castle, sitting enthroned on her dun rock, the Acropolis of Edinburgh, at once a relic and a witness of

the immutable Past, is full of memories of eventful scenes connected with Queens whose hearts would have leaped with exultation could their eyes have looked on such a vision of national prosperity as the bright New Town, with its gay streets, and shops full of costly merchandise; its spacious squares, crescents, and noble public buildings, rising on the outer *ballium* of that grim fortress whose base is now surrounded by green flowery gardens, for the joyance of a peace-loving generation. Mons Meg and her brethren have lost their vocation through the amended temper of the times, and hold sinecure posts in silence—their destructive thunders being superseded by the din of the railway trains bringing hourly freights of wealth and wisdom to the good town of Edinburgh and its inhabitants.

“Many original royal letters will be embodied in these volumes, with facts and anecdotes carefully verified. Local traditions, not unworthy of attention, have been gathered in the desolate palaces and historic sites where every peasant is an oral chronicler, full of spirit-stirring recollections of the past. These are occasionally connected with themes which were the fountains whence Sir Walter Scott drew his inspiration for the chivalric poetry and romance which has rendered Scotland classic ground. The tastes of those who were the rising generation, when the Waverley romances were the absorbing theme of interest in the literary world, have become matured. They require to have history rendered as agreeable without the mixture of fiction as with it; they desire to have it so written, without sacrificing truth to fastidiousness, that they may read it with their children, and that the whole family party shall be eager to resume the book when they gather round the work-table during the long winter evenings.

“Authors who feel as they ought to feel, should rejoice in seeing their productions capable of imparting pleasure to the simple as well as the refined; for a book which pleases only one grade of society may be fashionable, but cannot be called popular. That which interests peasants as well as peers, and is read with equal zest by children and parents, and is often seen in the hands of the operative classes, speaks to the heart in a language intelligible to a widely-extended circle of humanity, has written its own review, and needs no other.”

In the last lines of these admirable observations, we doubt not Miss Strickland has, without intending it, fore-

shadowed the destiny of her own undertaking.

The work begins with the Life of Margaret Tudor, daughter of Henry VII. of England, and married at the early age of fourteen to James IV., the heroic and brilliant King of Scotland. This choice, in many respects, was fortunate, as it commences with the period when the fortunes of the two kingdoms became closely interlaced, and with the princess whose marriage with James was the immediate cause of the union of the two crowns on the same head, and the placing of the Stuart, and through it of the Hanoverian family, on the British throne.

The first chapter is occupied with the details of the journey of the royal bride from London to Edinburgh, which was somewhat a more tedious and fatiguing undertaking than it is now when performed by her descendant Queen Victoria, for it took above *three weeks* to perform. The reception of the youthful princess at York, Newcastle, and Durham, where she was met and attended by the whole nobility and gentry of the northern counties, who accompanied her on her progress northward on horseback, gives occasion for several faithful and animated pictures. Her first day's journey in Scotland, however, brought her into ruder scenery, characteristic of the stormy life which lay before her; and she rested the first night at *Fastcastle*, then a stronghold of the Home family, now belonging to Sir John Hall of Dunglass, which modern genius, under a feigned name, has done so much to celebrate.

"Fastcastle is no other than the veritable Wolf-Crag Tower, celebrated in Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor* as the abode of the Master of Ravenswood. It is seated on a lofty promontory, which commands the lonely indented bay of which St Abb's Head forms the extreme point to the right, with a wild array of rifted rocks terminating in the Wolf-Crag, which soars high in mid air above the fortress—black, gloomy, and inaccessible. The way by which the southern bride and her company reached this rugged resting-place lay across the Lammermuir, several miles of wild heath and treacherous bog, which no stranger might traverse in safety without guides well acquainted with the track. Before they

entered on this pass, they had to descend a hill which was so steep and precipitous that, even within the last century, it was customary for the passengers by the mail-coach between Berwick and Edinburgh to alight and cross it on foot, while the carriage was taken off the wheels and carried over by a relay of men, stationed on the spot for that purpose. Of course the roads were not better in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Fastcastle is approached by one or two descents and ascents of this kind, and is separated from the mainland by a cleft between the rocks, which has to be crossed by a natural bridge formed of a ledge of rock, without rail or guard, with the vexed billows boiling and thundering sixty feet below.

"When the young Tudor Queen made her passage across this *Al Arat* of the Caledonian coast, she had the German Ocean before her, which beats against the rocky battlements and defences with which the basement of the castle is surrounded. One of these masses resembles the upturned keel of a huge man-of-war stranded among other fragments, which, like the relics of a former world, lay scattered at the foot of the precipice, with the wild breakers rushing through their clefts, forming a grand *jet-d'eau*, and tossing the light feathery foam on high. The larger rocks are the haunt of innumerable sea-birds. Fastcastle had formerly been the stronghold of some of those ferocious feudal pirates who may be regarded as the buccaneers of the Caledonian coast. Many a bloody deed had been perpetrated within its isolated and inaccessible circuit; but the festive solemnities and ceremonials that surrounded the royal bride allowed no leisure or opportunity for whispers of the dark tales and romantic traditions connected with its history."

Hitherto the Tudor princess had not seen her royal lover. Their first interview, and his personal appearance, are described in these characteristic lines:—

"James entered the presence of Margaret Tudor with his hawking-lure flung over his shoulder, dressed simply in a velvet jacket; his hair and beard, curling naturally, were rather long, his complexion glowing from the manly exercise he had just been engaged in. He was the handsomest sovereign in Europe, the black eyes and hair of his elegant father, James III., being softened in his resemblance to the blonde beauty of his Danish mother. Sir Walter Scott has drawn James IV.'s portrait *con amore*, and has not exaggerated the likeness—

'For hazel was his eagle eye,
And anburn of the darkest dye
His short curled beard and hair,
Light was his footstep in the dance,
And firm his stirrup in the lists;
And oh, he had that merry glance
Which seldom lady's heart resists.'

The young Queen met her royal lord at the doorway of her great chamber. The King of Scotland uncovered his head and made a deep obeisance to her, while she made a lowly reverence to him. He then took her hand and kissed her, and saluted all her ladies by kissing them. It was noticed that he welcomed the chivalric Earl of Surrey with especial cordiality.

"Then the King of Scotland took the Queen on one side, and they communed together for a long space. She *held good manner*, [was unembarrassed;] and the King remained bare-headed during the time they conversed, and many courtesies passed between them. *Incontinent* [immediately] the board was set and served. The King and Queen washed their hands with humble reverence, and after that set them down at table together."

The entry of the royal pair into Edinburgh is thus described; and it seems to have been attended with one remarkable and characteristic circumstance, for she *rode behind her destined husband on the same horse* :—

"Half way to Edinburgh, James IV. was seen advancing with his company. He was this time attired in grand costume. 'His steed was trapped with gold, and round its neck was a deep gold fringe; the saddle and harness were of gold, but the bridle and head-gear of burnished silver. The King wore a jacket of cloth of gold, lined and bordered with violet velvet and fine black *bouge* or *budge* fur; his waistcoat was of violet satin, his *hoses* of scarlet, his shirt confined with bands of pearl and rich stones; his spurs were long and gilt. He rode towards the Queen in full course, at the pace at which the hare is hunted. On seeing her, he made very humble obeisance, and, leaping down from his horse, he came and kissed her in her litter. Then mounting in his usual gallant fashion, without touching stirrup, a gentleman-usher unsheathed the sword of state, and bore it before his King in regal fashion. The Scottish sword was enclosed in a scabbard of purple velvet, whereon was written, in letters of pearl, *God my defende*. The like words are on the pommel, the cross, and the *chap* also. The Earl of Bothwell bore this sword when the royal party reached Edinburgh town."

"The King placed himself by the Queen's litter, and passed all the time conversing with her and entertaining her, as he rode by her side.

"'Before they entered Edinburgh, one of the King's gentlemen brought out a fair courser, trapped in cloth of gold, with crimson velvet, interlaced with white and red: the King went to the horse, mounted him without touching the stirrup in the presence of the whole company, then tried his paces—choosing to judge himself whether it were safe for his bride to ride on a pillion behind him, which was the mode in which he intended to enter the city.' Likewise he caused one of his gentlemen to mount behind him, as a lady would ride, to see whether the prond courser would submit to bear double or not.

"When he had concluded all his experiments, he decided that it was not proper to trust the safety of his bride to his favourite charger; 'so King James dismounted from him, and condescended to ride on the Queen's gentle palfrey. He mounted, and the Queen was placed on a pillion behind him.'"

The real tragedy and most interesting period of Margaret Tudor's life, is that which preceded and followed the fatal expedition to Flodden, to which the genius of Mr Aytoun has lately added such additional interest in his exquisite ballads. Miss Strickland has also been strongly moved by the same catastrophe :—

"There are traditions still current in the neighbourhood of the beautiful palatial ruin of Linnithgow relative to her parting with James IV.

"Near the King's bed-chamber, and a beautiful little apartment overlooking the lake, supposed to be his dressing-room, is a turnpike stair, at the corner of the east side of the quadrangle erected by James IV. This leads to a lofty turret or mirror, called by popular tradition 'Queen Margaret's Bower.' It is surrounded by a stone bench or divan, and had once a small stone table in the centre. Here the Queen spent in tears the live-long summer's day on which her husband left her to march against England. Here, too, she is said to have passed 'the weary night of Flodden fight,' expecting news of the engagement, which came at last, but too soon.

"The fatal field of Flodden not only made Queen Margaret a widow, but rendered Scotland desolate and almost desperate. All the hope that remained to the people of averting the fury of Henry VIII., and the cruelty of his successful

general, centred solely in the Queen—being founded on the near relationship of herself and their infant King to the southern sovereign.”

“The Queen convened such of the nobility as survived the red field of Flodden to meet the clergy at Perth immediately. So prompt were all their proceedings, that the young King was crowned at Scone, near that city, within twenty days of his father’s death. It was called the Mourning Coronation; for the ancient crown of Scotland being held over on the baby-brow of the royal infant, most of the witnesses and assistants of the ceremony burst into an ‘infectious passion’ of sobs and tears. They wept not only their own recent losses on the battle-field, but their late monarch, ‘who was,’ as Buchanan says, albeith no commender of kings, ‘dear to all men while living, and mightily lamented by his people at his death.’

“When the first agony of grief was abated at the loss of the King and the terrible slaughter of the best of the nobility and gentry who fought in the serried phalanx of spears about his person, the discovery was made by the Scottish people that no other injury was like to accrue from Flodden fight. It was, to all intents and purposes, one of those bad expenditures of human life called a drawn battle. Had it taken place on Scottish ground, it would have been reckoned another Bannockburn: the English must have retreated, (for they did so on their own ground,) and the Scots would have retained possession of the field. As it was, the English had the moral advantages of being an invaded people; and, as such, their success in making a great slaughter of those who were arrayed in battle on their soil, redounded more to their true glory than is the case in most great victories. But they did not purchase it easily. Stark and stiff as James IV. lay under heaps of slain, he kept possession of that well-stricken field. The despatch of Lord Dacre clearly proves that when the English left the field at nightfall, they were ignorant to whom the victory belonged. Then the Homes and other Border chieftains plundered the dead at their leisure; their countrymen strongly suspected that they slew their King, and turned the scale of victory against their countrymen. There is the more probability in this supposition when it is remembered how inflexibly James IV. had maintained justice on his Borders—therefore he had honestly won the enmity of those rapacious septa.

“Lord Dacre made an excursion of observation, with a party of cavalry, in the morning after the battle of Flodden, to ascertain who possessed the field; he saw the King of Scotland’s formidable train of brass cannon dominant over the scene, but mute and motionless; the artillerymen gone; the Scottish cannon and the silent dead were solely in possession of the battle-ground. The thickest heaps cumbered it on the spot where the royal James and his phalanx had fought; the breathless warriors lay just as death had left them, for the marauding Borderers had not dared to pursue their occupation of stripping and plundering in the full light of day.”

Queen Margaret, however, did not remain long inconsolable; she had too much of the disposition of her brother Henry VIII. in her to remain long without a husband; and she fixed her eyes on a handsome youth, the Earl of Angus, whom she soon afterwards married, to the no small annoyance of her brother and his subjects. Her marriage with him gave occasion to the following pleasing verses by Gawin Douglas, the uncle of the nobleman thus honoured by the smiles of royalty:—

“Amidst them, borne within a golden chair,
O'er-fret with pearls and colours most
 preclair,
That drawn was by hackneys all milk-
 white,
Was set a queen as lily sweetly fair,
In purple robe hemmed with gold ilk-
 where;
With gemmed clasps closed in all perfite,
A diadem most pleasantly polite,
Sate on the tresses of her golden hair,
And in her hand a sceptre of delight.

So next her rode in granate-violet,
Twelve damsels, ilka ane on their estate,
Which seemed of her counsel most secrets;
And next them was a lusty rout, God wot!
Lords, ladies, and full mony a fair prelate,
Both born of low estate and high degree,
Forth with their queen they all by-passed
 me,
At easy pace—they riding forth the gate,
And I abode alone within the tree.”

Margaret’s life, after her second marriage, was a series of adventures and disasters partly occasioned by the turbulent spirit and endless disorders of the times, partly by her own passions. She was a true Tudor in her disposition. Like her brother, “she spared no man in her last, and no woman in her hate.” When she died,

at the age of forty-eight, she had already married four husbands, of whom *three were still alive*. She divorced, not beheaded, when she was tired of her lovers: in that respect she was better than Henry. By the second of these husbands she had a daughter, named Margaret, whose birth took place in the following circumstances, characteristic alike of the age and country:—

“The welcome message of Dacre arrived at Coldstream almost in the last minute that Queen Margaret could be moved. So desperately ill was she taken on the road, that her convoy were forced to stop by the way, and hurry her into Harbottle or Hardbattle Castle, one of the grimest and gauntest stone-donjons that frowned on the English frontier. It was just then garrisoned by Lord Dacre in person, who had commenced the fierce war on the Borders to which the arrival of the Duke of Albany in Scotland had given rise. The portcullis of Harbottle was raised to admit the fainting Queen of Scotland; but not one Scot, man or woman, Lord Dacre vowed, should enter with her. Here was a terrible situation for Margaret. She was received into the rugged Border-fortress, October 5, and, after remaining in mortal agony for more than forty-eight hours, gave birth to a daughter, the Lady Margaret Douglas, whose name is familiar to every one on the pages of general history, as the immediate ancestress of our present royal family.”

The death of Margaret Tudor suggests the following reflections to our author, the justice and beauty of which makes us regret that she does not more frequently speak in her own person, instead of the quaint style of ancient annalists.

“Some of Margaret Tudor’s mistakes in government, it is possible, may be attributed to the fact that she is the first instance that occurs, since Christianity was established in the island, of regnant power being confided to the hands of a woman who was expected to reign as *femme seule*. She had no education, scarcely any religion, and was guided entirely by her instincts, which were not of an elevated character. Her misdeeds, and the misfortunes attributable to her personal conduct, gave rise to most of the terrible calamities which befell her descendants. Some persons among the aristocracy of Scotland followed her evil example of divorce, which caused long and angry litigation concerning the birth-

rights of their descendants. The fearful feud between the houses of Arran and Darnley-Stuart was of this kind, which deeply involved the prosperity of her granddaughter, Mary Queen of Scots. And that hapless Princess was likewise marked as a victim by the cold and crafty Ruthven, on account of his family interests being affected by Queen Margaret’s marriages and divorces.

“A succession of tragedies, for three generations, was the consequence of Margaret Tudor’s indulgence of her selfish passions. Nor are the woes attendant on contempt of the divine institution of marriage limited to the great ones of the earth. Many a domestic tragedy, though shrouded in the obscurity of every-day life, may be traced to the same cause. Sorrow enters with sin; it desolates the peace of home; and unoffending children suffer for the evil of their parents, whenever persons are found to break, either by wilful passions or litigious contest, the earliest law given by the Almighty.”

The second Life in the volume is that of Magdalene of Valois, the beautiful first Queen of James V., the brevity of whose reign of *forty* days in Scotland was the subject of such lamentation to the country. James went to Paris, in the true spirit of chivalry, to choose and win a Queen in person; and after a rapid and somewhat discreditable homage to Mary of Vendôme, on the banks of the Loire, his inconstant affections were at length fixed by Magdalene daughter of Francis I., whom he soon after married, and who became his much loved but short-lived Queen. Their entrance into Scotland is thus described:—

“The royal voyagers made the port of Leith, Saturday, May 19, being the fifth day from their embarkation, and Whitsun-eve. They landed at the pier amidst the acclamations of a mixed multitude of loving lieges of all degrees, who came to welcome their sovereign home, and to see their new Queen. Magdalene endeared herself for ever to the affections of the people by the sensibility she manifested on that occasion; for when ‘she first stepped on Scottish ground, she knelt, and, bowing herself down, kissed the moulds thereof for the love she bore the King, returned thanks to God for having brought the King and her safely through the seas, and prayed for the happiness of the country.’ This was indeed entering upon her high vocation, not like the cold state puppet of a public pageant, but in

the spirit of a queen who felt and understood the relation in which she stood both to the King and people of that realm. A touching sight it must have been to those who saw that young royal bride thus obey the warm impulse of a heart overflowing with gratitude to God, and love to all she then looked upon. The venerable Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, and other contemporary poets, who were so soon to hang elegiac wreaths of mournful verse on the early bier of her who then stood among them in her fragile and almost unearthly loveliness, radiant with hope, and joy, and happy love, called her 'the pleasant Magdalene,' and 'the sweet Flower of France.'

"King James blithely conducted his Queen to his palace of Holyrood; and, to increase the universal satisfaction which her appearance and manners had given, the auspicious news quickly spread through Edinburgh, that she was likely to bring an heir to Scotland. Great were the rejoicings in consequence. The ancient prediction 'that the French wife should bring a child the ninth in degree from the left side of the stem of Bruce, that should rule England and Scotland from sea to sea,' was revived in anticipation of the offspring of James V. of Scotland by Magdalene of France, although it would only have been the eighth in descent from that illustrious stock."

Her premature and lamented death is recorded in these feeling paragraphs:—

"The early death of Magdalene was not only a misfortune to her royal husband, but a serious loss to Scotland, and even to Christendom, on account of the enlightened views she had received on the all-important subject of religion. Brantôme tells us that 'she was very deeply regretted not only by James V. but by all his people, for she was very good, and knew how to make herself truly beloved. She had a great mind, and was most wise and virtuous.' The first general mourning ever known in Scotland was worn for her, and her obsequies were solemnised with the greatest manifestation of sorrow of which that nation had ever been participant. The lamentations for the premature death of this youthful Queen, and the hopes that perished with her of an heir of Scotland, appear to have been of a similar character to the passionate and universal burst of national sorrow which, in the present century, pervaded all hearts in the Britanic empire, for the loss of the noble-minded Princess Charlotte of Wales and her infant.

'How many hopes were borne upon thy bier,
O stricken bride of love!'

"The epitaph of this lamented Queen was written by Buchanan in elegant Latin verse, of which the following is a translation:—

'MAGDALENE OF VALOIS, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND, DIED IN THE XVI YEAR OF HER AGE.

'I was a royal wife, from monarchs sprung,
A sovereign's daughter, and in hope to be
The royal mother of a regal line;
But lest my glory should exceed the height
Of mortal honour, Death's invidious dart
Hath laid me in my morning freshness here.
Nature and virtue, glory, life, and death,
Strove to express in me their utmost power.
Nature gave beauty; virtue made me good;
Relentless death o'er life too soon prevail'd.
But my fair fame shall flourish evermore,
To compensate for that brief mortal span
By lasting meed of universal praise.'

Mary of Lorraine, daughter of the great Duke of Guise, and a lineal descendant of Charlemagne, was the second Queen of James V.: she is peculiarly interesting, as her daughter was Queen Mary; and she was the ancestress of our present illustrious sovereign. We have room only, however, for one extract:—

"Let us," says an eloquent French writer of the present day, 'enter the grand gallery of the Chateau d'Eu, and contemplate the noble portraits of the line of Guise. There we shall view that old Claud of Lorraine, clad in his heavy cuirass, bearing his long sword, first dyed in blood at Marignan, having for his cortege and companions his six glorious sons; then we shall see Francis of Lorraine, rival of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and conqueror of Calais; near him that Cardinal of Lorraine, eloquent as an orator, gallant and magnificent as a prince, yet an ambitious and cruel priest. And there is the grandchild of Duke Claud, Mary Stuart, angel of grief and poesy, whose charming head bore a crown-regnant, and yet fell beneath the axe of the executioner.'

"The Duke and Duchess of Longueville were both present at the bridal of James V. and Magdalene of France. Little did the Duchess imagine, when she, as the wife of the representative of the brave Dunois, and the eldest daughter of the house of Guise-Lorraine, proudly took high place among the great ladies of France, near the person of the royal bride, that the crown-matrimonial of Scotland—never to be worn by her on whose finger she saw the enamoured bridegroom place

the nuptial ring—was destined to encircle her own brow. Far less could she have believed, even if it had been predicted to her, that from her union with that Prince should proceed a line of sovereigns who would reign not only over the Britannic isles from sea to sea, but whose empire, far exceeding that of her mighty ancestor Charlemagne, should extend over India, a considerable section of America, and include vast portions of the habitable globe whose existence was then unknown. Before the anniversary returned of the day that witnessed the nuptials of James and Magdalene, all these apparently impossible events were in an active state of progression.”

Miss Strickland has announced in her Preface that two volumes are to be devoted by her to the life of Queen Mary; and that great light has been thrown upon that interesting subject by the important original letters which Prince Labanoff's recent researches and publication have brought to light. We look with impatience for the fulfilment of the promise; for, although nothing can exceed in pathos and interest Mr Tytler's entrancing account of the captivity and death of that celebrated and heroic princess, yet we are well aware that much light has since his time been thrown on the subject, by the zealous labours of chivalrous antiquaries. That she may succeed in vindicating her memory from much of the obloquy which, despite her many great and noble qualities, and matchless charms of person and manner, still oppresses it, is, we need hardly say, our most anxious wish; and if any one can do it, it is herself. But we confess we have little expectation that it is possible even for her chivalrous mind and untiring industry to effect the object. Our *present* view of this interesting question is as follows:—The strength of the case against Queen Mary, during her reign in Scotland, is such that it remains much the same upon the admitted and incontestible facts of history, though all the dis-

puted points were decided in her favour. No original letters of hers, or others which can be produced—no complete disproof of those which were charged, we believe falsely and treacherously, against her—can do away with her *acts*, whatever light they may throw upon her motives, or the unparalleled network of treachery, selfishness, and duplicity, with which she was surrounded. Can it be reasonably hoped that any subsequent effort of industry or ability will be able to do more for Queen Mary's memory than has been done by her gifted dramatic biographer Schiller, who, in the awful scene of her last confession to the priest in prison, immediately before being conducted to the block, makes her admit her failings in the indulgence of undue hatred against some, and impassioned love to others; and recount, with sincerity, her stings of conscience for having permitted the King, her husband, to be put to death, and thereafter loaded with favours and bestowed her hand on the party charged with his murder? It is hopeless to deny the magnitude of these delinquencies, though men, at least, should view them with an indulgent eye; for they arose, as Schiller makes her say, on that dread occasion, from the self-forgiveness and generous feelings which led her to trust in a sex by whom she was forsaken and betrayed.* Such is our present view of the case; but we have every confidence in Miss Strickland's powers and research, and shall impatiently await the new light she will doubtless throw on that most fascinating and tragic of all biographies.

The truth appears to be, that Mary was a mixed character: no uncommon thing in every age, and especially so in that disastrous and profligate one in which Mary's lot was cast. She was as charming and heroic as her most impassioned advocates would represent, and as impassioned, and in one matter guilty, as her worst enemies

* “Ach! nicht durch hass allein, durch sund' ge Liebe
Noch mehr hab' Ich hochste Gott beleidigt.
Das Eitle herz ward zudern Mann gezogen,
Der treulos mich verlassen und betrogen.”

“Ah! not through hatred only, but still more through sinful love, have I offended Almighty God! My tender heart was too strongly drawn to man, by whose faithlessness I have been forsaken and betrayed.”—*Maria Stuart*, Act v. scene 7.

allege. Her virtues, however, were her own; her delinquencies, of the religion in which she had been bred, and the age in which she lived. It was the age, and she had been bred in the court, which witnessed the successive murders of the Duke of Guise and the Admiral Coligni at the court of France; the Massacre of St Bartholomew by a French king, and the fires of Smithfield lighted by an English queen. To one period, and that the most interesting of her life, unmixed praise may be given. From the day of her landing in England, her conduct was one of dignity, innocence, and heroism; and if her previous life was stained by the imputation of having *permitted* one murder, suggested to herself by despair, and recommended by others from profligacy, she expiated it by being the victim of another, suggested by jealousy, executed by rancour, and directly ordered by a cruel relative and a vindictive rival.

If there is any blemish in the very interesting volume, of which our limits will only permit a more cursory notice than its high merits deserve, it is to be found in the too frequent use of quotations from old authorities or original letters *in the text*, and the mosaic-like appearance which is often given to her pages, by the introduction of quaint and antiquated expressions drawn from contemporary writers in the body of the narrative. We are well aware of the motive which has led to this, and we respect it as it deserves: it arises from the wish to be accurate and trustworthy, the anxious desire to make her Lives a faithful transcript of the times—to exhibit

their very "form and pressure." The object was good, the desire was laudable; but it is quite possible to be carried too far, even in working out the most praiseworthy principle. Long accounts of dresses, decorations, and processions; entries of expenses in Treasurers' accounts; even original letters, unless on very particular occasions, are the materials of biography, but they are not biography itself. It is *living* character, not still life, which we desire to see delineated: the latter is the frame of the picture, but it is not the picture itself. Such curious details are characteristic, generally amusing, often interesting; but they, in general, do better in foot-notes than in the body of the narrative. We must admit, however, that Miss Strickland has exhibited equal judgment and skill in the manner in which she has *fitted in* those contemporary extracts into the body of the narrative, and the selection she has made of such as are most curious and characteristic of the times. By many, we are well aware, they will be considered as not the least interesting part of her very interesting volumes. It is the principle of introducing them in the *text* that we wish her to reconsider. Unity of composition is not less essential to the higher productions of art, in history or biography, than in painting or the drama; and Miss Strickland writes so powerfully, and paints so beautifully, that we cannot but often regret when we lose the thread of her flowing narrative, to make way for extracts from a quaint annalist, or entries from the accounts of a long-forgotten exchequer.

THE LAY OF THE NIEBELUNGEN.

WOLF, the learned German, was certainly very far wrong—as Germans in their endless speculations are apt to be—when he set himself to explain the *Iliad* without Homer; an attempt which, to our British ears, generally sounded pretty much as profane as to explain the world without God, or, according to Cicero's simile against the Epicureans, to explain the existence of a book by the mere accidental out-tumbling of alphabetic counters on the ground. The *Iliad* could not have existed without Homer—so the rude instinct of the most unlearned and most unmetaphysical English Bull declared against the cloud-woven theories and the deep-sunk lexicographical excavations of the famous Berlin professor; and the rude instinct, after much philological sapping and mining, stands ground. But Wolf did not labour in vain. Though he did not take the citadel, he made breaches into many parts of our classical circumvallation, formerly deemed most strong, and made us change, in great measure, the fashion of our fortifications. In the same manner Niebuhr, with his knotty club, made sad havoc among the waxen images of the old Romans, which the piety of Livy—taking them for genuine granite statues—had set forth with such a wealth of fine patriotic elocution; but after all this work of destruction, Rome still remains with its Tiber, and, in the minds of most sane persons, Romulus also, we imagine; while the great Julius shines a kingly star every inch, as much after Niebuhr's strong brush as before. What, then, was the great truth by virtue of which—as stupid sermons are redeemed by a good text—Wolf, with his startling anti-Homeric gospel, made so many proselytes, and such fervid apostles, among the learned and the poetic of his countrymen? Plainly this, that he seized with a keen glance, and a grand comprehensiveness, the minstrel

character of the POPULAR EPOS of early ages, as distinguished from the more artificial and curiously-piled compositions of more polished times, bearing the same name. Wolf was wrong—say mad, if you please—in asserting that Pisistratus, with a whole army of such refurbishers of old wares as Onomacritus, could have put together such a glowing vital whole as the *Iliad*; but he was right, and altogether sound, when he looked upon the great Epic song of the wrath of Achilles as a thing essentially different, not only in degree, but in kind, from the *Æneid* of Virgil, or the *Paradise Lost* of our Milton. Many men of learning and taste, from Scaliger downwards, have instituted large and curious comparisons between the great national Epos of the Greeks, and that of the Romans; but the comparison of things that have a radically different character can seldom produce any result beyond the mere expression of liking and disliking; as if, among critics of trees, one should say, *I prefer a bristling pine*, while another says, *Give me the smooth beech*. Or, a result even more unsatisfactory might be produced. Starting from the beech as a sort of model tree, a forest critic, predetermined to admire the pine also, might spin out of his brain a number of subtle analogies to prove that a pine, though bearing a different name, is, in fact, the same tree as a beech, and possesses, when more philosophically considered, all the essential characteristics of this tree. You laugh?—but so, and not otherwise, did it fare with old Homer, at the hands of many professional philologists and literary dilettantes, who, with a perfect appreciation of such works of polished skill as the *Æneid* and the *Jerusalem Delivered*—as being akin to their own modern taste—must needs apply the same test to take cognisance of such strange and far-removed objects as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Such transference

The Fall of the Niebelungers; otherwise the Book of Kriemhild: a translation of the *Niebelunge Nôt*, or *Niebelungen Lied*. By WILLIAM NANSON LETTOM. London: Williams and Norgate, 1850.

Ueber die Iliade und das Niebelungen Lied. VON KARL ZELL. Karlsruhe: 1845.

of the mould that measures one thing to another, and an altogether different thing, is indeed a common enough trick of our every-day judgments; but it is, nevertheless, a sort of criticism altogether barren of any positive results, and which ends where it begins—in talk. To the character and certainty of a science, it can assuredly have no claim. If you wish to descant with any beneficial result upon roses, pray compare one English rose with another, and not with a Scotch thistle. Bring not the fine city dame into contact with the brown country girl; but let Lady B's complexion be more delicate than Lady C's, and the brown of Bessie be more healthy than that of Jessie. Jessie, if you will consider the matter, has nothing in common with Lady B, except this, that she is a woman. As little has Homer in common with Virgil, or Tasso, or Milton. With whom, then, is Homer to be compared? A hundred years ago, Voltaire, with all his wit, could not have answered that question—the whole age of European criticism of which Voltaire was the oracle and the god could not have answered it; but thanks—after the Percy Ballads, and Cowper, and Wordsworth, and Southey, and Burns—to Frederick Augustus Wolf, that question we can answer now in the simplest and most certain way in the world, by pointing to the famous Spanish Cid, and the old Teutonic LAY of the NIEBELUNGEN.

To the Cid, we may presume that those of our readers who love popular poetry, and are not happy enough to know the sonorous old Castilian, have been happily introduced by the great work of Southey. But, with respect to the other great popular Epos of Western Europe, we suspect Mr LETTSOM is only too much in the right when he says, that this venerable monument of the old German genius is “so little known amongst us, that most ordinary readers have not so much as heard of it. Even amongst the numerous and increasing class of those who are acquainted with German, few pay attention to the ancient

literature of Germany: they are generally conversant only with the productions of the day, or, at farthest, with those of the most celebrated authors.” So, indeed, it must be; the necessary business and amusements of life leave but few of us at liberty to follow the example of the learned Germans, and refuse to look at Helen before we have critically investigated the history of Jove's amours, and of Leda's egg. So much the more are we beholden to gentlemen like the present translator, who, by the patient exercise of those pious pains which are the pleasure of poets, put us into the condition of being able to hear the notes of that strange old Teutonic lyre prolonged through the aisles of an English echo-chamber. Mr Lettsom has done a work, much wanted for the English lover of poetry, honestly and well: this we can say from having compared it in various places with a prose translation of the old German poem, published at Berlin in 1814;* also from the distinct recollection which we have of the character and tone of the modern German version of Marbach, which we read for the first time several years ago. But Mr Lettsom's translation bears also internal evidence of its excellence: there is a quiet simplicity and easy talkative breadth about it, characteristic no less of the general genius of the Germans than of the particular mediæval epoch to which it belongs. With a perfect confidence, therefore, in the trustworthiness of the present English version, we proceed to lay before our readers a rapid sketch of the Epic story of the Niebelungen, accompanied with such extracts as may serve to convey an idea of the general tone and character of the composition.

At Worms, upon the Rhine, (so the poem opens,) there dwelt three puissant kings—Gunther and Gernot and Gieselher—three brothers, of whom Gunther was the eldest, and, in right of primogeniture, swayed the sceptre of Burgundy.† These kings had a sister named Kriemhild, the real heroine and fell female Achilles of the

* *Das Niebelungen Lied*; in's hoch Deutsche übertragen. Von AUGUST ZEUNE. Berlin: 1814.

† These Burgundians are, in the second part of the poem, also called the *Niebe-*

Epos ; for though she is as gentle and mild as a Madonna till her love is wounded, after that she nourishes a desire of vengeance on the murderers of her husband, as insatiate and inexorable as that which the son of Peleus, in the *Iliad*, nurses against the son of Atreus for the rape of the lovely Briseis. In fact, as the great work of Homer might be more fully designated *the wrath of*

Achilles, so the most significant designation for this mediæval Iliad of the Germans would be *the revenge of Kriemhild*. After naming these, and other notable personages of the Burgundian court at Worms, the poet makes use of a dream, as Æschylus in the *Agamemnon* uses an omen, to open up, in a fitful glimpse of prophecy, the general burden and fateful issue of his tale.

“ A dream was dreamed by Kriemhild, the virtuous and the gay,
How a wild young falcon she trained for many a day,
Till two fierce eagles tore it ; to her there could not be
In all the world such sorrow as this perforce to see.

To her mother Uta at once the dream she told ;
But she the threatening future could only thus unfold—
‘ The falcon that thou trainedst is sure a noble mate ;
God shield him in his mercy, or thou must lose him straight.’

‘ A mate for me ! What say’st thou, dearest mother mine ?
Ne’er to love, assure thee, my heart will I resign.
I’ll live and die a maiden, and end as I began,
Nor (let what else befall me) will suffer woe for man.’

‘ Nay ! ’ said the anxious mother, ‘ renounce not marriage so ;
Wouldst thou true heartfelt pleasure taste ever here below,
Man’s love alone can give it. Thou’rt fair as eye can see :
A fitting mate God send thee, and naught will wanting be.’

‘ No more,’ the maiden answered, ‘ no more, dear mother, say ;
From many a woman’s fortune, this truth is clear as day,
That falsely smiling pleasure with pain requites us ever.
I from both will keep me, and thus will sorrow never.’

So in her lofty virtue, fancy-free and gay,
Lived the noble maiden many a happy day ;
Nor one more than another found favour in her sight ;
Still, at the last, she wedded a far-renowned knight.

He was the self-same falcon she in her dream had seen,
Foretold by her wise mother. What vengeance took the queen
On her nearest kinsmen, who him to death had done !
That single death atoning died many a mother’s son.”

With these words ends the very short first canto, or, in the phraseology of the bard, “ adventure ” of the poem. The second introduces us to the most prominent male character in the first part of the poem—for it is divided into

two distinct parts or acts—the famous SIEGFRIED, “ with the horny hide,” as the old German chap-book has it, which any of our readers may have for a groschen or two in Leipzig, and not more, we suppose, than a sixpence here.

“ In Netherland there flourished a prince of lofty kind,
(Whose father hight Siegmund, his mother Siegelind)
In a sumptuous castle, down by the Rhine’s fair side ;
Men did call it Xanten ; ’twas famous far and wide.”

This princely youth, who, like the Spanish Cid, is perfect even to the smallest hair on his beard, after hav-

ing employed his early days, like ancient Hercules and Theseus, in attacking and overcoming every sort of

lungen, which epithet, however, in the first part, is applied to certain distant Scandinavian vassals of Siegfried. The origin of this name has caused much dispute amongst the learned.

terrible monster, in bestial or human guise, that came in his way, is dubbed knight with the stroke of the chivalrous sword, in due form, and a festival is held in honour of the event, the description of which occupies the "second adventure." Like a dutiful son, as well as a fearless knight, he will accept no royal honours, or share in the official dignities of government, so as long as his father and mother live.

"While Siegelind and Siegmund yet lived and flourished there,
Full little recked their offspring the royal crown to wear.
He only would be master, and exercise command,
'Gainst those whose pride o'erweening disturbed the peaceful land.

None ventur'd to defy him; since weapons first he took,
The bed of sloth but seldom the noble knight could brook!
He only sought for battles: his prowess-gifted hand
Won him renown eternal in every foreign strand."

But even the sturdy mail-clad heroes of mediæval knighthood sometimes tired of "battles;" and when they were thus weary, they had one other serious occupation, and that, of course, was love. With the entrance on this new career, the third adventure is occupied.

"'Twas seldom tear or sorrow the warrior's breast assayed;
At length he heard a rumour how a lovely maid
In Burgundy was dwelling, the fairest of the fair;
For her he won much pleasure, but dash'd with toil and care."

Siegfried opens his determination this rumour, and take to wife none to his parents to follow the fortune of other than—

"The bright Burgundian maiden, best gem of Gunther's throne,
Whose far-renowned beauty stands unapproached alone."

This resolution, of course, as is the fortune of true love, meets with opposition, at first, from the parents of the youth; but with a calm and decided answer, such as true love knows how to give, the difficulty is overcome.

"Dearest father mine,
The love of high-born women for ever I'll resign
Rather than play the wooer but where my heart is set."

Forthwith, therefore, he sets out on an expedition to Worms, predetermined, after the common fashion of mediæval love-romances, to marry the woman whom he had never seen; for in these matters, rumour, it was thought—that plays so falsely elsewhere—could not err. To make the necessary impression on so mighty a king as Gunther, the Prince of the Netherland is pranked out most gorgeously with all that woman's needle can produce of chivalrous embroidery; and, thus accoutred,—

"On the seventh fair morning, by Worms along the strand,
In knightly guise were pricking the death-defying band;
The ruddy gold fair glittered on every riding vest;
Their steeds they meetly governed, all pacing soft abreast.

Their shields were new and massy, and like flame they glowed;
As bright, too, shone their helmets; while bold Siegfried rode
Straight to the court of Gunther to woo the stately maid.
Eye never looked on champions so gorgeously arrayed.

Down to their spurs, loud clanging, reached the swords they wore;
Sharp and well-tempered lances the chosen champions bore;
One, two spans broad or better, did Siegfried sternly shake,
With keen and cutting edges grim and ghastly wounds to make.

Their golden-coloured bridles firm they held in hand;
Silken were their poitrals: so rode they through the land.
On all sides the people to gaze on them began;
Then many of Gunther's liegemen swift to meet them ran."

Then follows the formal reception at the court of Worms, and, as on all great festival occasions in those days, a tournament is held, where the stranger knight, of course, acquires himself like a god rather than a man, to the admiration of all beholders,

but specially of the gentle ladies, who, on occasions when propriety did not allow them publicly to appear, enjoy the dear delight of gazing on bearded swordsmen even more exquisitely from behind a window.

“At court the lovely ladies were asking evermore,
Who was the stately stranger that so rich vesture wore,
At once so strong of presence and so strong of hand?
When many a one gave answer, ‘Tis the King of Netherland.’

He ever was the foremost, whate’er the game they played.
Still in his inmost bosom he bore one lovely maid,
Whom he beheld had never, and yet to all preferred;
She too of him, in secret, spoke many a kindly word.

When in the court contending, fierce squire and hardy knight,
As fits the young and noble, waged the mimic fight,
Oft Kriemhild through her windows would look, herself unseen—
Then no other pleasure needed the gentle Queen.”

But though Kriemhild saw Siegfried through the window, Siegfried remained with Gunther a whole year,

“Nor all that weary season a single glimpse could gain
Of her who after brought him such pleasure and such pain.”

Like the disciples of Pythagoras, the amorous knights of those days had first to serve a long apprenticeship of the severe discipline of abstinence, before they were permitted to kiss the hand of beauty, or to meet even its distant glance. The fourth adventure, therefore, goes on to tell how Siegfried showed his prowess by fighting with the Saxons, who had come under the guidance of their king,

Ludeger the Bold, and leagued with him King Ludegast of Denmark, to attack the realm of the Burgundians. Coming home, like a Mars-subduing Diomedé, from this fierce encounter, the knight of the Netherland is at length deemed worthy to be introduced to his destined fair. Another tourney is held, at which Kriemhild publicly appears.

“Now went she forth the loveliest, as forth the morning goes,
From misty clouds out-beaming: then all his weary woes
Left him in heart who bore her, and so long time had done.
He saw there stately standing the fair, the peerless one.

Many a stone full precious flashed from her vesture bright;
Her rosy blushes darted a softer, ruddier light.
Whate’er might be his wishes, each could not but confess
He ne’er on earth had witnessed such perfect loveliness.

As the moon arising out glitters every star,
That through the clouds so purely glimmers from afar,
E’en so love-breathing Kriemhild dimmed every beauty nigh.
Well might, at such a vision, many a bold heart beat high.”

With not less of serene beauty, and a quiet naturalness that is peculiar to him, the old bard describes the feelings of Siegfried on first coming within the sweet atmosphere of woman’s love.

“There stood he, the high-minded, beneath her star-bright eye,
His cheek as fire all glowing; then said she modestly,
‘Sir Siegfried, you are welcome, noble knight and good!’
Yet loftier at that greeting rose his lofty mood.

He bowed with soft emotion, and thanked the blushing fair;
 Love's strong constraint together impelled the enamoured pair;
 Their longing eyes encountered, their glances, every one,
 Bound knight and maid for ever; yet all by stealth was done.

That in the warmth of passion he pressed her lily hand,
 I do not know for certain, but well can understand.
 'Twere surely past believing they ventured not on this;
 Two loving hearts, so meeting, else had done amiss.

No more in pride of summer, nor in bloom of May,
 Knew he such heart-felt pleasure as on this happy day,
 When she, than May more blooming, more bright than summer's pride,
 His own, a dream no longer, was standing by his side.

Then thought full many a champion, 'Would this had happ'd to me,
 To be with lovely Kriemhild, as Siegfried bold I see,
 Or closer e'en than Siegfried; well were I then, I swear,"
 None yet was champion who so deserved a queen."

Thus far well. But his probation was not yet finished. Before finally joining hand and heart with the peerless sister of King Gunther, Siegfried must assist her brother in a yet more difficult work than anything that he had hitherto achieved—in gaining the love of Brunhild, a doughty princess of Iceland, "far beyond the sea," who, being of a masculine temper and strength, had determined to submit herself to no male lord who had not proved himself worthy to wield the marital sceptre, by actually mastering his spouse in strong physical conflict.

"There was a queen high-seated afar beyond the sea,
 None wielded sceptre a mightier than she;
 For beauty she was matchless, for strength without a peer;
 Her love to him she offered who could pass her at the spear.

She threw the stone, and bounded behind it to the mark;
 At three games each suitor, with sinews stiff and stark,
 Must conquer the fierce maiden whom he sought to wed,
 Or, if in one successful, straight must lose his head.

E'en thus for the stern virgin had many a suitor died.
 This heard a noble warrior, who dwelt the Rhine beside,
 And forthwith resolved he to win her for his wife;
 Thereby full many a hero thereafter lost his life."

Doubtful of his single strength to subdue so mettlesome a maid, Gunther enters into a compact with Siegfried to assist him in his enterprise—*by fair means or foul*, as it appears; and in this evil compact, and the underhand work to which it gives rise, lies already visible before the unveiled eye of the reader, the little black spot on the fair blue of the epic sky, which is destined (and the bard is ever forward to hint this catastrophe,) at a day though distant yet sure, to dilate into a wide-spreading cloud, and to burst in a fearful deluge that shall sweep hundreds and thousands of the guilty and the guiltless into destruction. This is neither more nor less than the dark old doctrine of retribution, which in the Greek tragedians, and especially Æschylus, plays so awful a part; only with this difference, that in the Niebelungen, as in the Odyssey, the punishment overtakes the offending parties, and not, as in the tragedians, their sons and grandsons. But to proceed: Siegfried, like Jack the Giant-killer, though commencing his career as a single mortal with no miraculous power, had in the course of his chivalrous exploits, and as the reward of his extraordinary prowess, got possession of certain wonder-working instruments, that rendered him, when he chose to use them, sure of victory against mere mortal strength. With the aid of these, Siegfried, for the sake of the love of Kriemhild, had determined (secretly and unfairly) to assist Gunther in subduing the stout Brunhild.

“I have heard strange stories of wild dwarfs, how they fare :
They dwell in hollow mountains ; and for protection wear
A vesture, that hight cloud-cloak, marvellous to tell ;
Whoever has it on him, may keep him safe and well

From cuts and stabs of foemen ; him none can bear or see
As soon as he is in it, but see and hear can he
Whate'er he will around him, and thus must needs prevail ;
He grows besides far stronger : so goes the wondrous tale.

And now with him the cloud-cloak took fair Siegelind's son,
The same the unconquered warrior, with labour hard, had won
From the stout dwarf Albrecht, in successful fray.
The bold and ready champions made ready for the way.

So, as I said, bold Siegfried the cloud-cloak bore along ;
When he but put it on him, he felt him wondrous strong :
Twelve men's strength then had he in his single body laid.
By trains and close devices he wooed the haughty maid.

Besides, in that strange cloud-cloak was such deep virtue found,
That whosoever wore it, though thousands stood around,
Might do whatever pleased him, unseen of friend and foe :
Thus Siegfried won fair Brunhild, which brought him bitterest woe.”

In order the more surely to afford his necessary aid, Siegfried appeared among the attendants of Gunther, in the character of a subordinate vassal. Having thus arranged matters, they set out for the far island of the sea. And here, as in many other passages, it is noticeable with what a childlike, almost girlish delight, the old bard expatiates on the gay dress of his mighty men. He evidently did not

live in an age when a Napoleon would have sought to make an impression on the vulgar by “wearing the plain dress of the Institute ;” nor has he the slightest conception of the soul of poetry beating in a breast of which the exterior vesture is the “hoden grey,” or the plain plaid of our Scotch Muse. We shall quote this one passage to serve for many similar, with which the poem is studded :—

“So with kind dismissal away the warriors strode ;
Then quick the fair queen summon'd, from bow'rs where they abode,
Thirty maids, her brother's purpose to fulfil,
Who in works of the needle were the chief for craft and skill.

Silks from far Arabia, white as driven snow,
And others from Zazamanc, green as grass doth grow,
They deck'd with stones full precious ; Kriemhild the garments plann'd
And cut them to just measure, with her own lily hand.

Of the hides of foreign fishes were linings finely wrought,
Such then were seen but rarely, and choice and precious thought ;
Fine silk was sewn above them, to suit the wearers well,
Now of the rich apparel hear we fresh marvels tell.

From the land of Morocco and from the Libyan coast,
The best silk and the finest is worn and valued most
By kin of mightiest princes ; of such had they good store :
Well Kriemhild show'd the favour that she the wearers bore.

E'er since the chiefs were purposed the martial queen to win,
In their sight was precious the goodly ermelin.
With coal-black spots besprinkled on whiter ground than snow,
E'en now the pride of warriors at every festal show.

Many a stone full precious gleam'd from Arabian gold ;
That the women were not idle, scarcely need be told.
Within seven weeks, now ready was the vesture bright ;
Ready too the weapons of each death-daring knight.”

With the arrival of the kingly travellers, and their reception at Iceland, we cannot afford to detain ourselves. Suffice it to say, that, by the aid of the secret invisible cloak (*Tarnkappe*) of Siegfried, and his good sword Balmung, Gunther is greeted by the vanquished Brunhild as her legitimate lord and master; and sails back with him to Worms, where she is most hospitably and magnificently received by her mother-in-law, dame Uta, and her now sister, the lovely Kriemhild. A double marriage then takes place; that of King Gunther with Brunhild, and that of Siegfried with Kriemhild; and the festivities which then took place furnish the poet with another opportunity for exercising his descriptive powers, and displaying the sunny joyousness of his social nature. Herein, as in many other points, he is quite Homeric; a certain magnificence and amplitude in the common acts of eating and drinking being as essential to his idea of poetry as the luxuriant energy of more lofty functions. But in the midst of this connubial hilarity, the black spot of destiny begins perceptibly to enlarge into a threatening cloud; and the stately Brunhild

begins to show herself as possessed by that pride which the wise man tells us was not made for man, and which, wherever it is harboured, is not long of banishing love, confidence, peace, and happiness from palace as from cabin. The haughty spouse of Gunther looks with an evil eye at Siegfried, whom she had known only in his assumed character as vassal of her husband, judging it an affront that her sister-in-law should be given away to a mere vassal. The respect with which the hero of Netherland is treated by her husband, and the whole court, she cannot and will not understand. Either he is a vassal, and then her pride is justly offended at the unequal match; or he is not, and then Gunther had deceived her with regard to the true character of his companion—and there must be some mystery beneath this, which, as a true daughter of Eve, she can have no rest till she unveils. Possessed by these feelings, she takes a course worthy of the masculine character for which she had early been so notable. On the marriage-night she resumes her old virgin obstinacy, and will not be tamed:—

“‘Sir knight,’ said she, ‘it suits not—you’d better leave me free
From all your present purpose—it must and shall not be.
A maid still will I keep me—(think well the matter o’er)
Till I am told that story.’ This fretted Gunther sore.”

Alas, poor Gunther! So has it ever fared with men who marry women with beards. The embraceless bride

took a cord, which she wove strong and tough about her wrist, and with that

“The feet and hands of Gunther she tied together all,
Then to a rail she bore him, and hung him ’gainst the wall,
And bade him not disturb her, nor breathe of love a breath;
Sure from the doughty damsel he all but met his death.”

In this dilemma Siegfried with his invisible cloak was again called in, and did strange service a second time in helping Gunther to subjugate his refractory yoke-fellow. Brunhild then became tame, and, like Samson, lost her wondrous strength; while Siegfried, as a sort of memorial of this notable service, secretly abstracted and brought with him a golden ring which the stately lady used to wear on her fine finger, and likewise the girdle with which she had tied her

lord; and both these, in an evil hour, he gave to his wife—“a gift that mischief wrought,” as we shall presently see.

After these achievements, the horny hero retired home to the land of his father Siegmund and his mother Siegelind; and after remaining ten years with him, “the fair queen, his consort, bore him at last an heir.” All this time the haughty spirit of Brunhild was brooding over the deep wrong.

“Why should the lady Kriemhild herself so proudly bear?
And yet her husband Siegfried, what but our man is he?
And late but little service has yielded for his fee.”

And to clear up this matter, as well as for the sake of old kindness, an invitation is sent by King Gunther to the heroine in Netherland, which is accepted. Siegfried and Kriemhild, and the hoary-headed old Siegmund,

“Sore toiled the chief cook, Rumolt; Oh! how his orders ran
Among his understrappers! how many a pot and pan,
How many a mighty caldron retched and rang again!
They dressed a world of dishes for all the expected train.”

The high festal was kept for eleven days; but the loud merriment, which so luxuriantly was bellowed forth to

Siegfried's honour, failed to deafen the evil whisper of pride and jealousy in the dark heart of Brunhild.
“Then thought Queen Brunhild, ‘Silent I'll no longer remain;
However to pass I bring it, Kriemhild shall explain
Wherefore so long her husband, who holds of us in fee,
Has left undone his service: this sure shall answered be.’

So still she brooded mischief, and conned her devil's lore,
Till she broke off in sorrow the feast so blythe before.
Ever at her heart lay closely what came perforce to light;
Many a land she startled with horror and affright.”

The cloud thickens; and the first thunder-plump, prophetic of the destined deluge, will immediately burst. Jealousy is a spider that never wants flies. In the midst of the tilting and junketing, the two queens—as queens, like other idle women, will sometimes do—began to discourse on the merits of their respective husbands; in the course of which conversation, the most natural thing in the world was that Brunhild should proclaim her old cherished belief that Siegfried, as a mere dependent vassal, could never be put into comparison with Gunther, who was his king and superior. On this, Kriemhild, whose gentleness, where the honour of her lord was concerned, fired into lionhood, gave the retort with a spirit more worthy

of Brunhild than herself. She said that, to prove her equality with the wife of Gunther, she would walk into the cathedral publicly before her; and she did so. This was bad enough; but, following the inspiration of her womanly wrath once roused, she divulged the fatal fact of her possession of Brunhild's ring and girdle—expressing, at the same time, plainly her belief that her husband Siegfried could not have come by these tokens in any way consistent with the honour of the original possessor. Here now was a breach between the two queens, that no human art could heal. In vain was Siegfried appealed to by Gunther, to testify to the chastity of Brunhild.

“‘Women must be instructed,’ said Siegfried the good knight,
‘To leave off idle talking, and rule their tongues aright.
Keep thy fair wife in order, I'll do by mine the same;
Such overweening folly puts me indeed to shame.’”

“Hasty words have often sundered fair dames before.”

The haughty princess of Iceland now perceives that she had from the beginning been practised upon by Gunther, and that Siegfried had performed the principal part in the plot. Against him, therefore, she vows revenge; and, in order to accomplish his purpose, takes into her counsels Hagan chief of Trony, one of the most prominent characters in the poem, and who in fact may be looked on as the hero of the second part,

after Siegfried has disappeared from the scene. This Hagan is a person of gigantic energy and great experience, but utterly destitute of gentleness and tenderness; all his aims are selfish, and a cold calculating policy is his highest wisdom. Conscience he seems to have none; and, except for a purpose, will scarcely trouble himself to conceal his perpetration of the foulest crimes. He has the aspect of Napoleon—as he is painted by the

graphic pencil of Emerson. Like Napoleon, he never hesitates to use falsehood to effect his ends. Pretending extraordinary friendship for Kriemhild, he worms from her the secret of her husband's invulnerability, or rather of his vulnerability—like Achilles—on only one part of the body.

“Said she ‘My husband’s daring, and thereto stout of limb;
Of old, when on the mountain he slew the dragon grim,
In its blood he bathed him, and thence no more can feel
In his charmed person the deadly dint of steel.

Still am I ever anxious, whene’er in fight he stands,
And keen-edged darts are hailing from strong heroic bands,
Lest I by one should lose him, my own beloved mate—
Ah ! how my heart is beating still for my Siegfried’s fate.

So now I’ll tell the secret, dear friend, alone to thee—
For thou, I doubt not, cousin, will keep thy faith with me—
Where sword may pierce my darling, and death sit on the thrust :
See, in thy truth and honour, how full, how firm my trust.

As from the dragon’s death-wounds gushed out the crimson gore,
With the smoking torrent the warrior washed him o’er ;
A leaf then ’twixt his shoulders fell from the linden bough—
There only steel can harm him ; for that I tremble now.’”

Possessed of this secret, Hagan secretly draws Siegfried aside to refresh himself, after hard sport, from the clear waters of a sylvan well ; and, while he is kneeling down, transfixes him between the shoulders on the fatal spot with a spear. Then—
with Gunther, who was accessory,

“His lively colour faded ; a cloud came o’er his sight ;
He could stand no longer ; melted all his might ;
In his paling visage the mark of death he bore :
Soon many a lovely lady sorrowed for him sore.

So the lord of Kriemhild among the flowerets fell ;
From the wound fresh gushing his life’s blood fast did well.
Then thus, amidst his tortures, even with his failing breath,
The false friends he upbraided who had contrived his death.

Thus spake the deadly wounded, ‘Ay ! cowards false as hell,
To you I still was faithful ; I served you long and well ;
But what boots all ! for guerdon, treason and death I’ve won :
By your friends, vile traitors ! foully have you done.

Whatever shall hereafter from your loins be born,
Shall take from such vile fathers a heritage of scorn.
On me you have wreaked malice where gratitude was due ;
With shame shall you be banished by all good knights and true.’

With blood were all bedabbled the flowerets of the field,
Some time with death he struggled, as though he scorned to yield,
Even to the foe, whose weapon strikes down the loftiest head
At last, firm in the meadow, lay mighty Siegfried dead.

The death of Siegfried is the catastrophe of the first part of the poem. Kriemhild laments the death of her peerless knight with a love more than the love of common women, and which feeds itself on the intense hatred of the murderer, and the inly-cherished expectation of revenge. The hoary old Siegmund returns home in silent sorrow, for he is too weak to offer resistance ; and, to complete the matchless wrong, the thorough-working, never-hesitating Hagan takes unjust possession of “the Niebelungen treasure”—a famous hoard bestowed by Siegfried on his wife—thus

depriving the fair widow of the means of external munificence, as he had formerly stopt her source of inward consolation. Not avarice, but policy,

was Hagan's motive for this, as for all his crimes. He was never a villain without a reason.

“‘A prudent man,’ said Hagan, ‘not for a single hour, Would such a mass of treasure leave in a woman’s power. She’ll hatch, with all this largess, to her outlandish crew, Something that hereafter all Burgundy may rue.’”

A deep desire of revenge now takes possession of the once gentle mind of Kriemhild; and all the milk of her affections is metamorphosed into gall. The best things, it is proverbially said, when abused, become the worst; and so the revenge of Kriemhild, revealed in the second part of an essentially Christian poem, works out a catastrophe far more bloody than the warlike wrath of the heathen Pelidan, or the well-calculated retribution worked by the bow of the cunning Ulysses,—

“For Earth begets no monster dire
Than DISH’S OWN heart more dreaded,
All-venturing woman’s dreadful ire
When love to woe is wedded.”

We have now finished a rapid outline of nineteen adventures of the *Niebelungen Lay*; and there are thirty such divisions in the whole poem. Our space forbids us to detail what follows with equal fullness; but the extracts already given will have been sufficient to give the reader a fair idea of the general character of the composition. A brief summary of the progress of the story, till it ends in the sanguinary retribution, may therefore content us.

For thirteen years after the death of Siegfried, Kriemhild remained a widow. At the end of that period a knightly messenger, Sir Rudeger of Bechelaren, came from Etzel, King of the Huns, requesting the fair sister of King Gunther to supply the place of his queen, “*Dame Helca*,” lately deceased. Nursing silently the religion of sorrow, the widow at first refused steadfastly to give ear to any message of this description; Hagan also, with his dark far-seeing wisdom, gave his decided negative to the proposal, knowing well that, beneath the calm exterior of time-hallowed grief, the high-hearted queen, never forgetting by whose hand her dear lord had fallen, still nursed the sleepless appe-

tite for revenge. The brothers of the king, however, his other counsellors, and Dame Uta, urged the acceptance of the proposal, with the hope thereby, no doubt, of compensating in some degree to the royal widow for the injury at whose infliction they had connived. But all this moved not Kriemhild; only the distinct pledge given by Rudeger that he would help her, when once the sharer of King Etzel’s throne, to avenge herself of all her enemies, at length prevailed. She married a second husband mainly to acquire the means of avenging the death of the first. Under the protection of Margrave Rudeger therefore, and with bad omens only from the lowering brows of Sir Hagan, the widow of Siegfried takes her departure from Worms, and proceeding through Bavaria, and down the Danube—after being hospitably entertained by the good bishop Pilgrim of Passau—arrives at Vienna, where she receives a magnificent welcome from “the wide-ruling Etzel,” and his host of motley courtiers, pranked with barbaric pomp and gold, that far outshone the brightest splendour of the Rhine. Polacks and Wallachians, Greeks and Russians, Thuringians and Danes, attend daily, and do knightly service in the court of the mighty King of the Huns. The marriage feast was held for seventeen days with all pomp and revelry; and after that the happy monarch set out with Kriemhild for his castle at Buda. There he dwelt “in proudest honour, feeling nor woe nor sorrow,” for seven years, during which time Kriemhild bore him a son, but only one, whom the pious wife prevailed with her lord to have baptised after the Christian custom. Meanwhile, in her mind she secretly harboured the same deep-rooted determination of most unchristian revenge; and towards the dark Hagan delay only intensified her hatred.

Accordingly, that she might find means of dealing back to him the blow which he had inflicted on her first husband, she prevailed on Etzel to invite her brothers, with their attendants, and especially Hagan, to come from the far Rhine, and partake the hospitality of the Huns in the East. This request, from motives partly of kindness, partly of curiosity, was at once responded to by all: only, as usual, the dark Hagan stands alone, and prophesies harm. He knew he had done a deed that could not be pardoned; and he foresaw clearly that, in going to Vienna, he was marching into a lion's den, whence, for him, certainly there was no return. But, with a hardihood that never deserts him, if for no other reason than that no one may dare to call him a coward, he goes along with the doomed band, the only conscious among so many unconscious, who were destined to turn the halls of Hunnish merriment into mourning, and to change the wine of the banqueters into blood. So far, however, his dark anticipations prevailed with his unsuspecting comrades, that they marched in great force and well armed; so that when, after encountering some bloody omens on the long road, they did at length encounter the false fair welcome of the injured queen, they were prepared to sell their lives dearly, and to die standing. No sooner arrived than they were well advertised by the redoubted Dietrich of Bern, (Verona,) then attached to Etzel's court, of the temper of their hostess, and of the deathful dangers that awaited them behind the fair show of regal hospitality. This information only steeled the high heart of Hagan the more to meet danger in the only way that suited his temper, by an open and disdainful defiance. He and his friend Volker, the "valiant gleeman," who plays a distinguished part in the catastrophe of the poem, doggedly seated themselves

before the palace gate, and refused to do homage to the Queen of the Huns in her own kingdom; and, as if to sharpen the point of her revenge, displayed across his knees his good broadsword, that very invincible *Balmung* which had once owned no hand but that of Siegfried. This display of defiance was a fitting prelude to the terrible combat that followed. Though the knight of Trony was the only object of Lady Kriemhild's hatred, connected as he was with the rest of the Burgundians, it was impossible that the sword should reach his heart without having first mowed down hundreds and thousands of the less important subordinates. Accordingly, the sanguinary catastrophe of the tragedy consists in this, that in order to expiate the single sin of Hagan—proceeding as that did originally out of the false dealing of Siegfried, and the wounded pride of Brunhild—the whole royal family of the Burgundians or Niebelungen are prostrated in heaps of promiscuous slaughter with their heathen foemen, the Huns. The slaughter of the suitors, in the twenty-second book of the *Odyssey*, is ferocious enough to our modern feelings; but the gigantic butchery with which the *Niebelungen Lay* concludes outpurples that as far as the red hue of *Sylla's* murders did the pale castigation of common politicians. Eight books are occupied in describing the details of this red ruin, which a woman's revenge worked; and the different scenes are painted out with a terrific grandeur, that resembles more the impression produced by some horrid opium dream than a human reality. Victim after victim falls before the Titanic vastness of the Burgundian heroes—Gunther, and Gernot, and Gieselher, the valiant gleeman Volker, who flourishes his broadsword with a humorous ferocity, as if it were his fiddlestick, and, above all, the dark Hagan himself:

"Well grown and well compacted was that redoubted guest;
Long were his legs and sinewy, and deep and broad his chest.
His hair, that once was sable, with grey was dashed of late,
And terrible his visage, and lordly was his gait."

Finding her first attempt at midnight assassination fail, the Queen

first commits her cause to Bloedel, the brother of Etzel; but in an instant

his head was severed from his body by the might of Sir Dankwart. A terrible massacre ensues, during which the banqueting hall of King Etzel is turned into a charnel-house. Then Iring, the Danish Margrave, falls in single combat with Hagan. An in-

furiate rush is now made by the Huns against the Burgundians, who had fortified themselves in the hall; but against such men as Dankwart, Hagan, and Volker, they avail no more than hail against the granite rock.

"Thereafter reigned deep silence, the din of war was hushed;
Through every crack and cranny the blood on all sides gushed
From that large hall of slaughter; red did the gutters run.
So much was through their prowess by those of Rhineland done."

Kriemhild then, finding all her efforts with the sword baffled, sets fire to the hall; but, the roof being vaulted, even this application of the terror that scared Napoleon from Moscow, did not subdue the Promethean endurance of the Burgundians. The noble Margrave Rudeger is at last appealed to, as bound by his promise made to Kriemhild at Worms to prosecute the bloody work of her revenge to the last; but he also, with five hundred of his men, falls in the bloody wrestling, and with him his adversary Gernot, the brother of Gunther. Last of all, the haughty defiant spirit of the unsubdued Hagan draws, though unwilling, the redoubted Dietrich of Bern into the fight; and before his might Hagan himself is not slain, but taken captive,

that he may be reserved to glut the private appetite of the sanguinary queen. "*Bring me here John the Baptist's head in a charger!*" Nothing less than this will satisfy the terrible revenge of Kriemhild. With her own hand she lifts up the terrible sword Balmung, and, meeting Hagan face to face in the dark prison, and charging him hot to the heart with his deadly wrongs, severs the head from his body. Kriemhild's revenge is now complete. But the revenge of Him who rules above required one other blow. This was immediately executed by the aged master Hildebrand, one of Dietrich's company. And the poem concludes, like a battle-field, with many to weep for, and only a few to weep.

"There now the dreary corpses stretched all around were seen;
There lay, hewn in pieces, the fair and noble queen.
Sir Dietrich and King Etzel, their tears began to start;
For kinsmen, and for vassals, each sorrowed in his heart.

The mighty and the noble there lay together dead;
For this had all the people dole and dreariness.
The feast of royal Etzel was thus shut up in woe.
Pain in the steps of pleasure treads ever here below."

On the singular poem, of which a brief but complete outline now stands before us, many remarks of a critical and historical nature might be made; but we confine ourselves to three short observations, and with these leave the matter to the private meditations of the reader. *First*, That the poem is not "snapt out of the air," as the Germans say, but has a historical foundation, seems sufficiently manifest — Etzel being plainly the famous Attila, Dietrich, Theodoric the Goth, and counterparts to Siegfried and Gunther being producible from

the early history of the Franks.* Besides this, it is perfectly plain, from the analogy of the *Cid*, and other popular poetry of the narrative character, that not religious allegory—as some Germans would have it—but actual, though confused and exaggerated history, is the real staple of such composition. The nucleus of the story of the Burgundian Kings, and the revenge of Kriemhild, belongs, probably, to the century following that in which Attila was so prominent a character. But the complete poem, in its present shape, is not later than

* In the year 436, Gundicarius, king of the Burgundians, was destroyed with his followers by the Huns; and this event is supposed to be represented by the catastrophe of the *Niebelungen*.—LETTSOM, Preface, p. 4, and ZELLE, p. 370.

the thirteenth century. Its author is not known.

Secondly, The lay of the 'Niebelungen is extremely interesting, as disproving, so far as analogy may avail to do so, the Wolfian theory above alluded to, of the composition of the *Iliad* out of a number of separate ballads. Lachmann has tried the same process of disintegration with the unknown Homer of his own country; but a sound-minded Englishman needs but to read the poem as it has been given us, for the first time, complete by Mr Lettsom,* in order to stand aghast at the extreme trouble which learned men in Germany often give themselves, in order to prove nonsense. "*Nihil est tam absurdum quod non scripserit aliquis Germanorum.*"

Thirdly, As a poetical composition, the Lay of the Niebelungen will not bear comparison for a moment with the two great Greek works of the same class; it is even, in our opinion, inferior to its nearest modern counterpart, the *Cid*. The author of the *Iliad* possessed a soul as sunny and as fiery as those lovely island-fringed coasts that gave him birth; and in describing battles he rushes on himself to the charge, like some old

French-eating Marshal Blucher, the incarnation of the whirlwind of battle which he guides. Our German minstrel takes matters more easily, and, while his pen revels in blood, sits all the while in his easy chair, rocking himself delectably, and, like a true German, smoking his pipe. His quiet serene breadth is very apt to degenerate into Westphalian flats and sheer prosiness. When, again, he would be sublime and stirring, as in the bloody catastrophe, he is apt to overshoot the mark, and becomes horrible. His heroes are too gigantic, and do things with a touch of their finger which no Homeric hero would have dreamt of without the help of a god. The fancy, also, of the old German is very barren and monotonous, as compared with the wealthy Greek. His similes are few; he has no richness of analogy. Nevertheless, the Niebelungen Lay remains for all Europe a very notable poem—for all lovers of popular poetry an indispensable study. Whatever else it wants, it has nature and health, simplicity and character about it; and these things are always pleasurable—sometimes, where a taint of vicious taste has crept in, your only crutives.

* The translation by Birch, published at Berlin in 1848, follows Lachmann's mangled text, and is otherwise very inferior to Mr Lettsom's.

ADDITIONAL CHAPTERS FROM THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

CHAPTER I.

HOW DICK DEVILSDUST WENT UPON HIS TRAVELS; HOW THE JUGGLER MADE A FACTION WITH MOSES; AND HOW HE KEPT IT.

You are, I suppose, perfectly aware of what took place before Juggling Johnny was appointed steward of Squire Bull's household. The story is not a pretty one; and, for the sake of those who are dead and gone, I shall not enter into particulars. Suffice it that Johnny was installed in the superintendence of the under-servants' room through the influence of Dick Devilsdust, Old Hum, the superannuated Quack, Bendigo the fighting Quaker, and a lot more of the same set, who lived in the villages upon the Squire's property, and bore anything but goodwill to the steady and peaceable tenants. Dick Devilsdust, in particular, was a walking pestilence to himself. For some reason or other, which I could never fathom, he had imbibed a most intense hatred to the military, and never could set his eyes upon a Redcoat without being thrown into a horrible convulsion, and bellowing like a bull at the sight of a Kilmarnock nightcap. As he grew up, he took to writing tracts between the intervals of weaving; and one of his first productions was an elaborate defence of Esquire North, who was then accused of having used harsh measures towards one of his tenantry. It is reported that Dick sent a copy of this pamphlet to the Esquire, with his humble compliments and so forth; but whether that be true or no, certain it is that he never received any thanks, or so much as a stiver's acknowledgment for having taken up cudgels against poles—an omission which, to the present day, he remembers with peculiar bitterness. So Dick thought it his best policy, as it really was, to turn his attention to the state of matters at home in Bullockshatch. Dick, you must know, dealt in a kind of cloth so utterly bad that no tenant on the estate would allow it to approach his skin. It was stamped all over with great flaring patterns of flamingos, parroquets, and popinjays, such as no Christian could

abide the sight of; and if you took one of his handkerchiefs to blow your nose with, the odds are that its texture was so flimsy that both your fingers came through. He was therefore obliged to sell it to people living beyond the estate—Jews, Turks, heretics, or infidels, he did not care whom, so that he could turn a penny; and some of those benighted creatures, having no other way of covering their nakedness, were content to take his rags, and to pay him handsomely for them. For all that, Dick was a discontented man. Did he meet a respectable tenant of Squire Bull going soberly with his family to church, when he, Dick, was pretending to jog to the meeting-house with his associates, (though Obadiah refused to certify that he was by any means a regular attender,) he would make mouths at the worthy man, and accost him thus:—

“So, sir! going to the tithe-eating parson's, I see—much good may it do ye. And if ye don't happen to have any particular sins this fine morning to repent of, I may as well remind ye that the quartern loaf is a farthing dearer than it ought to be just at the present time. Do you know what a locust is, you clod? You're a cankerworm, you base chawbacon!” And so on he would go reviling the honest man, who had all the mind in the world to lay him on the broad of his back in the mud—and would have done it too, had it been a working week-day. Another while, Dick would send the bellman round the village, and having called a special meeting of weavers like himself, he would harangue them in some fashion like the following:—

“Look'ye, my lads, I'm an independent man and a weaver, and I don't care a brass for Squire Bull. I've got a seat in the under-servants' room, and if I am not entitled to make a row at meal-times I don't know who is. I'll tell you a bit of my mind—you're the worst-used set

of fellows on the face of the earth, and if you have the least atom of pluck you won't stand it. Here are you obliged to take your flour from the Squire's tenantry, when you might get it cheaper if you went to the next town and bought it from Nick Frog, or Philip Baboon, or even Esquire North; though I consider his name an abomination, and would not give sixpence to save him from perdition. And then you have to find meal for Dragon the house-dog, and to victual some of the under servants; and it's no joke, I can tell you, what they eat. If you stand this any longer, you are a set of jolterheads, and nincompoops, and asses, and slaves, and base cowardly coistrels. Why don't you get up a stir, rouse the villages, and alarm the tenantry a little? Rely upon it, they will come to reason soon enough if you give them a hint or two about the duck-pond or the pump; and for my own part, I don't mind telling them so in the servants' hall."

And so he would go on, raving and spouting, telling everybody that Squire Bull was a superannuated idiot, with not half the sense of his natural byeblow Jonathan—a chap whom Dick quoted on all occasions—till he got a kind of reputation as an itinerant orator; and the tag-rag-and-bobtail would come from any distance, if they were certified that Devilsdust was to give tongue.

Now, as to the grievance that Dick complained of, there was none. The tenantry, as you know, were obliged to pay a pretty high rent to Squire Bull for their farms, and to keep up all sorts of watchmen and game-keepers, and rural police—besides a night-patrol on the canal—not only for the general security of the estate, but for the order of the villages, which hatched the most turbulent, mischievous, and discontented crew that ever an estate was cursed with. When one of these fellows in the villages fell ill, the tenantry were compelled to pay for his nursing and cure. When any of them were out of employment, and lounging about the market-place with their hands in their breeches' pocket, not knowing where to turn for a job, the tenantry, out of sheer goodness of heart, gave them a turn at ditching or draining;

and though they worked very ill they got fair wages. More than two-thirds of all the webs they wove—for some of them were really skilful artisans, and not mere botchers like Devilsdust—were taken by John Bull's tenantry: they paid almost no rent to the squire—in fact, they were a great deal too well treated, and this indulgence had turned their heads. They wanted now to have nothing to do with the tenantry—beyond forcing them to take the same amount of cloth as before—and to get all their meat and bread from Frog, Baboon, North, Jonathan, and others, who lived off the estate, and who, they thought, would be uncommonly glad to take webs in exchange for provisions. None of these squires wanted webs, because their own villagers would have made a precious hullibaloo if they had introduced into their estates anything which was manufactured on the grounds of Mr Bull; but they made believe as if they would have no objections, at some future period, to meet the views of Devilsdust; and in the mean time, having a good deal of land which they wished to see properly tilled, they intimated to the villagers of Squire Bull, that they would have no objection whatever to sell them cattle and corn at a rate somewhat smaller than Bull's tenantry could afford.

This scheme never could have been carried into effect but for a difference in the servants' hall. It is of no use now raking up old matters. Carried it was, to the great disgust of the tenantry, and Juggling Johnny was appointed steward. To do the Juggler justice, he was not altogether in favour of the plan. But he could hardly help himself, as, without the assistance of Dick and his backers, he never would have got the keys; so, being an adroit little creature, and as clever at spinning a pirouette as an opera-dancer, he turned his back upon himself, declared that the tenantry were labouring under an antiquated fallacy, and that he would put all to rights in the twinkling of a bed-post. So, much against the convictions of the Squire, who knew him of old for as incapable a squirrel as ever cracked a rotten nut, he sat himself down at the head

of the table, and began to talk to the servants as though he were a second edition of Mahomet or the prophet Nixon.

And where do you think was Dick Devilsdust all this time? If you suppose that he was not looking after his own interest, you are consumedly mistaken. No sooner was the measure which swindled Squire Bull's tenantry carried in the servants' hall, than he went down to the country, called the villagers together, mounted upon an old sugar-barrel—which was now perfectly useless—and, brandishing a billy-roller in his hand, addressed them in the following terms:—

“Friends, Billy-roller men, and brothers! lend me your ears! The victory is won—we have done the trick! Cottonchester and the Mississippi are henceforward laid side by side. (Enormous cheering.) The devil take Bull's tenantry. (Applause.) They are dolts, asses, fools, idiots, chawbacons, and Helots. Bull himself is a blockhead, and we must look after his affairs. We alone, and not the tenantry, are fit to do it. (Cheering.) And I am not going to stand any nonsense about police or house-dogs. (Vociferous applause.) We know very well why they are kept; and I, for one, have no notion of being interfered with. You understand me? (Cries of “We do!”) Well, then, I'll tell you what it is—the Juggler hasn't behaved to me at all handsome in this matter. Not that I care about it one toss of a Brummagem farden; but I think they might have paid a little more respect to the voice of the villages. Howsom'dever, d'ye see, I don't mind the thing; only, as my health's a little shaken as it were with doing jobs of yours, I think a slight jaunt would do me good; and as I have been obliged to neglect my business, at an enormous sacrifice, on your account, perhaps you wouldn't consider it an unwarrantable liberty if I were just to send round the hat.”

So Devilsdust sent round the hat, and pocketed a lot of browns with some stray sixpences to boot—quite enough in fact to clear him in his projected jaunt, and something more. This subscription—being the first—turned out so well that Bendigo the Quaker, who had been a strong

backer of Devilsdust, and, as some thought, was the cleverer fellow of the two, tried to get up a collection on his own account; but, I am sorry to say, made nothing of it. So Devilsdust, having pocketed the blunt, went out to take his holiday.

How do you think he used it? He made what he called a “Practical Tour” through the estates of Don Pedro, Don Ferdinando, Signor Macaroni, and Sultan Koran, advertising his wares everywhere, and entreating them to give him custom. Moreover, he lost no opportunity of abusing his landlord, John Bull, whom he held up everywhere to contempt as the most idiotical, prejudiced, pig-headed individual living. He said that there was but one way of promoting universal brotherhood among all the estates, and that was by admitting his, Dick Devilsdust's, wares free of duty. He pledged himself that, if this were done, there would be no more squabbles or lawsuits; and as he invariably spoke in a dialect which no one who heard him could understand, whilst he did not understand one word which was made in reply to his speeches, the effect, of course, was electric. He came back, swearing that there could be no more lawsuits, on account of his (Devilsdust's) enormous expected consignments; and that all Bullocks-hatch should unite as one man, to compel Squire Bull to dismiss every policeman, watchman, and bumbailiff in his service. As for poor Dragou, who had long been the terror of tramps and poachers, Dick proposed that he should be poisoned forthwith, or at all events starved to death; but he had not the smallest objection that his skin should be stuffed, and preserved as a specimen of an extinct animal.

Meanwhile Juggling Johnny, the new steward, set about regulating the affairs of the household as quietly as possible. The Juggler was not now quite so young as he once was, and, moreover, he had taken unto himself a wife; so that his wages became a matter of considerable importance to him, and he had no wish to do anything which might induce Squire Bull to give him warning. But he had difficult cards to play. You must know that the lower servants' room was

fitted with an entirely new set, and a number of these were fellows bred in the villages, who were ready to say ditto to every word which was uttered by Devilsdust or Bendigo. They had no abstract affection, but, on the contrary, an intense contempt for the Juggler, who they said—and perhaps they had reason for it—was not worth his wages; and they seemed to make it the pet business of their lives to keep him in hot water. One while Hum, the quack doctor, would insist on overhauling his accounts, and made a tremendous outcry if every remnant of candle was not accounted for. The Juggler tried to stop his month by giving his son an appointment in the scullery, but old Hum, who was a regular Greek, would not submit to be put off in that way. Another while a fellow would rise in the common's hall, and quietly propose that the villagers should, thenceforward, pay no rent to the Squire. Some wanted to have beer gratis; others complained that they were not allowed to have their stationery for nothing. In short, there was no end to their clamour, so that the Juggler very soon found that he had by no means an easy seat. Then there was another section of the servants, friends of the regular tenantry, who liked the Juggler just one degree better than they liked Devilsdust or Bendigo. They took every opportunity of telling him that he was playing the mischief with the whole estate; that the rents were being paid simply out of capital or borrowed money, instead of profits; and that, if he did not alter his whole system, and clap on a decent embargo on the corn-carts and meat-vans of Nick Frog, North, Jonathan, and the rest, he might wake some fine quarter-day without finding money enough in the till to pay himself his wages. That, however, must have been an exaggeration, for the Juggler was too old a raven not to look ahead whenever his own interest was concerned. The only men who really stuck to him on all occasions were such of the servants as he could provide with places in the household, or furnish with stray pickings on the sly; and, to do them justice, they adhered to him like leeches. The upper servants, though they bore no great love to Johnny, thought it best,

in the mean time, to interfere as little as possible, and to let things run their course; only this they were determined upon, that no improper or suspected person should get into the house without their leave.

You may possibly think that the Juggler could have no interest to break this fundamental rule of the household, but if so, you are confoundedly mistaken. It was an old custom in Bullockshatch, that nobody could be admitted as a servant to the lower room unless he should produce a certificate from the village or farm from which he came, to the effect that he was a person of reasonably good character, and unless he swore on the New Testament that he would serve Squire Bull faithfully. Now it so happened that, when the Juggler went down to the largest village on the estate to get his certificate of character, he found, very much to his petrification, that Moses the old-clothesman, with three hats upon his head, and a baize bag for cast habiliments under his arm, had put up a candidate of his own persuasion, and was haranguing the villagers in the market-place. Moses was, to say the least of it, a doubtful kind of character. Besides his ostensible calling, and a minor though undisguised traffic in oranges and sponges, he did a little bit of underhand bill-broking and discounting at most enormous percentages. He was suspected, moreover, of being the real owner of the sponging-house, which was actually kept by his nephew, to which all the unhappy lads who were not prepared to cash up when the bills became due were carried, and fleeced out of their watches, rings, and studs, or anything else which they had about them. It was said, moreover, that Moses was a sweater and a slop-seller, and that he was in the habit of kidnapping Christian tailors who had gone astray, and shutting them up under lock and key in stifling garrets, where they were compelled to work for him on the smallest possible allowance of cabbage, without a slice of cucumber to flavour it. One thing there was no doubt of, that, by some means or other, Moses had become enormously rich, so that he was able to lend money to any of the neighbouring squires who might require it, and it was strongly

surmised that he even held bonds with the signature of John Bull appended.

You may fancy, from this description of him, that Moses was by no means popular; nor was he. But money will go a great way, and the truth is, that he had so many of the villagers under his power that they durst not say a word against him. Then, again, he had made friends with Obadiah, to whom he talked about liberty of conscience, and so forth; dropping, at the same time, a five-pound note on the floor, and pretending not to notice that Obadiah's splay foot covered it by an instantaneous instinct. So they parted on the best of terms, Moses calling Obadiah "ma tear" as they shook hands, and Obadiah snuffing something about "a chosen vessel." After that they thoroughly understood one another, though Obadiah did not altogether give up his old trick of soliciting the ladies for a subscription to convert Moses—the proceeds whereof never reached the latter, at least under the persuasive form of hard cash.

Great, therefore, was the astonishment of the Juggler when he found Moses speaking in the market-place, and Obadiah cheering him with all his might and main. He would gladly have slunk off, if he had been allowed the opportunity of doing so; but Obadiah was too quick for him.

"Here's a dispensation!" cried our lank-haired acquaintance, the moment he caught a glimpse of the Juggler's wrinkled mug passing round the corner of the lane. "Here's a special vouchsafing, and a jubilation, and a testimony—ha, hum! Make way there, you brother in the fustian jacket! and you fellow-sinner in the moleskins, take your pipe out of your cheek, and let pass that Saul among the people!"—and before he knew where he was, the Juggler was hoisted on the shoulders of the rabble, and passed on to the hustings, where he found himself placed cheek-by-jowl with Moses and Obadiah, and every kind of money-lender and usurer, and hypocritical frequenter of the Stocks, clustering around him, and wringing his hand, as though they had loved him from infancy.

"Three cheers for Juggling Johnny, the friend of liberty of conscience!"

cried one—"Huzza for the Juggler and anythingarianism!" vociferated a second—"Down with Christendom!" roared a third—"Make him free of the Synagogue!" suggested a fourth—"Three groans for Martin!" shouted a fifth—"Schent per schent!" screamed a sixth; and, finally, they all agreed upon one chorus, and rent the welkin with acclamations for Moses and the Juggler.

You may easily conceive that the latter was anything but delighted at this demonstration. He had a proud stomach of his own, and was woundily disgusted to find that he was only considered as playing the second fiddle to the old-clothesman. But nevertheless he durst not, for the life of him, show any symptoms of vexation; so he stepped to the front of the hustings with a grin on his face, as though he had been fortifying himself for the task with a dram of verjuice, and began to speechify as follows:—

"Friends, and enlightened villagers! your reception of me this day is the proudest criterion of my life. Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, yet, on this occasion, when liberty of conscience is the grand climacteric menstruum which depends upon the scale, I would be unworthy the name of a thorough indigenous renovator if I did not express, by all the judicious idiosyncrasy in my power, the deep aspirations which vibrate in my unfathomed sensorial region. Yes, my friends, it is true! liberty of conscience is liberty of conscience; and the man who denies that proud and exalted position is, to my mind, no better than a mere residuary instigator. As the progress of opinion moves forward, so move its chariot wheels; sometimes unseen amidst the roar of popular ebullition, but never the less distinctly, that the clear calm voice of conscience illustrates the oscillations of the heart, and marks, beyond the possibility of doubt, those unequivocal demonstrations which control the destiny of empires. Holding such opinions, as I have ever held them—relying upon the quantification of the predicate which dictates irrevocably to the sublime and recondite motion of the spheres—and appealing, moreover, to my own past experience, and your knowledge of my consistorial

qualifications, I have little hesitation or dubiety, at the present juncture, of claiming your senatorial suffrages to the proud position which I trust I am reintegrated to occupy!"

At this, some few fellows at the outskirts of the crowd began to cheer; and Johnny, taking advantage of the circumstance, made them a polite bow, and was about to skip off without further question. But a big bumbailiff, who was an intimate friend of Moses, stopped him at once.

"Lookye, master Juggler!" said he, "all this may be very well, and, for my part, I've no manner of objection to make to your principles. They might be a thought clearer, perhaps, but that's neither here nor there. But what we want to hear from you is this—will you stand by Moses at this pinch, and lend his friend a helping hand to get into the servants' hall?"

It was pitiable to see how the Juggler twisted and turned. He had a mouth's mind to say no to the whole concern; but he knew very well that, if he did so, the villagers would have nothing to say to him. For there were two public-houses in the marketplace decorated with flags, inscribed with such mottos as "Moses for ever!" and "Vote for the Talmud and liberty of conscience!" and through the open windows you could see scores of fellows within, guzzling beer and gin, and smoking tobacco—all, as you may suppose, at the expense of the old-clothesman. So the Juggler, seeing that he had no chance of getting a character there, unless he made common interest with Moses, stepped up to the latter, called him his excellent friend and beloved pitcher, and said he hoped very soon to welcome his nominee to servants' hall.

"Only," quoth he, "you must be prepared for some of the fellows yonder kicking up a bobbery about that idle matter of the oath. However, I think we shall be quite able to manage that: one book is just as good as another, and I do suppose your friend will have no objection to be sworn on the Song of Solomon?"

So they shook hands again, and the mob shouted, and then both the Juggler and the friend of Moses got their characters certified by the village

schoolmaster. There was talk at the time of a private arrangement made between them, whereby Moses undertook to stand the whole expense of the beer; but as I never saw a copy of the document, I won't be positive as to that.

But what, think you, took place after this? One fine afternoon, when the servants were sitting at their commons, up gets the Juggler, and proposes that they should agree to let in his excellent friend and colleague of the tribe of Moses, without taking the usual oath. Whereupon a great row commenced—one English, an old servant of the Squire, and an especial friend of Martin's, protesting that he would not sit at the same table with an arch-heathen and unbeliever; and many others did the same. However, Bendigo, Devilsdust, Hum and Company, this time backed up the Juggler, and a majority of the under-servants were for letting him in. This, however, they could not do without the consent of the upper-servants, who very coolly told them that they would do nothing of the sort; and that Moses and his friends, if they refused to take the oath, might even wait at the outside of the door. When this was communicated to Moses and his tribe, they were in a sad taking. However, they sent word to the Juggler that they relied upon his making another attempt; and in the mean time they got Obadiah to go out to the lanes and bye-ways, and preach sermons in favour of Moses. But nobody cared, in reality, one single stiver for Moses. The very villagers, who had drunk his beer, refused to do anything further in the matter; and the Juggler, seeing this, thought it best to hold his tongue and imitate their example. At last Moses and his friends began to wax furious, and to abuse the Juggler as a traitor, time-server, slippery rogue, and so forth; and some of the more pestilent of the under-servants went down to the village, and persuaded Moses for once to pluck up heart, and boldly to knock at the gate in his own person, demanding admittance. "Time enough," said they, "to boggle about the oath when they put it to you."

So Moses, having figged himself

out in a sky-blue satin vest, with peach-coloured trousers, and a velvet cut-away coat, and no end of Mosaic jewellery, went up to the door, and, when the porter came to see who was there, attempted, with the utmost effrontery, to walk in and help himself to the table-beer. But English was too quick for him.

"Halloa, there!" he cried; "what right has that fellow to come here? Has he taken the oath?" Whereupon Moses admitted that he had not, but that he was perfectly ready, if the gentleman pleased, to qualify himself upon the Apocrypha! At this up starts the Juggler, and, to the infinite consternation of Moses, desires that he shall be shown to the outside of the door, until this matter was discussed. This being done, the row began afresh. Some of the servants said that Moses should be admitted at once upon his simple affirmation; but the Juggler, who had by this time taken a second thought on the subject, would not hear of it. So he proposed that they should adopt a string of resolutions,

to the effect that Moses was an excellent character, and well qualified to be a servant of the Squire's, but that neither he nor any of his persuasion could be admitted without complying with the rules of the household, and that the matter must just lie over. "And this, I think," said the Juggler, "will be a noble testimony of our respect for the liberty of the conscience, and also in entire conformity with the customs of the household." At this Hum and others got up in a rage, and said—what was true enough—that it was no testimony at all, but a wretched piece of shuffling; and that the Juggler ought to be ashamed to show his face in decent society, considering the nature of his previous encouragements and promises to Moses. But, nevertheless, there the matter ended for the time; and Moses, when he was informed of the resolution, uttered a melancholy howl of "Old clo'!" shouldered his bag, and from that day to this has never been allowed to put his nose within the door.

CHAPTER II.

HOW PHILIP BABOON WAS EJECTED FROM HIS ESTATE—HOW COLONEL MARTINET BAMBOOZLED HIS TENANTRY—AND HOW THE ROW BECAME GENERAL.

But I must go back a little, and tell you what was doing in other estates which are adjacent to the Squire's. Philip Baboon, who, as you may remember, had succeeded in ousting his cousin Charles, who was the natural proprietor of the estate, was as deep an old fox as ever established himself in a badger's burrow. He contrived to marry his sons and daughters—and a precious lot he had of them—into the best families in the neighbourhood; and whenever a new match of this kind was concluded, what, think you, did he, but call upon his tenantry to come down with a handsome sum, just by way of gratuity, to set up the young couple in the world! Nor could he plead personal poverty as an excuse for this; for it was notorious to everybody that he was the richest old fellow in Christendom, and regularly spent several hours each day in his closet counting over his coin by sack-

fuls. In a short while, his own people began to detest him cordially, so that at last he could hardly go out to take an airing, without being startled by the whiz of a bullet past his ear; and he durst not even open a letter without precaution, lest it should be filled with fulminating powder. When he first came into the estate, he was considered rather a hearty old buck than otherwise; for he used to drive about in a pony phaeton, popping into cottages about meal-time, tasting the soup-maigre, and patting the children on the head, though he never was known to give them as much coin as might purchase a penny trumpet. But now all that was changed. He had grown morose and gloomy, never stirred abroad, and maintained a large body of police for the purpose of guarding the premises. It is quite possible that he might have kept possession to his dying

day, but for one of the most stupid acts of interference that was ever committed by a master. It so happened that some of the servants had agreed to dine together on a holiday, and as each man was to pay his own shot, there could be no reasonable objection. But what think ye did Philip Baboon? No sooner did he hear the clatter of the dishes, than he peremptorily forbade the servants to sit down to their meal, telling them that, if they ventured to do so, he would have them all taken into custody. This was rather too much; so, next morning, when Philip came out of his dressing-room, what should he find but a huge barricade of tables, chairs, washing-tubs, and what not, erected at the head of the principal staircase, and fifty or sixty of the very worst fellows from the village—poachers, ragmen, and coal-heavers—armed with pikes and cudgels, cursing, swearing, and hurraing like mad. And, what was worse than that, some of the regular servants were backing them up. No sooner did they catch a glimpse of Philip than they set up a yell which might have done credit to a colony of Choctaws, and let drive a perfect storm of chamberpots and other crockery at his head. Philip jumped back into his dressing-room in an ecstasy of terror, bolted the door, threw up the window, and screamed lustily for the police. But the police were not one whit more to be relied upon than their neighbours, for they only nodded and laughed, but did not budge a foot; and instead of collaring the scoundrels, who were by this time swarming round the doors, they accosted them as excellent friends and beloved brethren, and drank their very good healths, and success to them, out of pots of beer which some of the servants had supplied. When Philip Baboon saw that, he knew it was all up with him; so, having caught up as many valuables as he could well carry, he even stole down the back staircase, and made off, leaving his family to shift for themselves as they best could. In fact, the fright which he got had altogether upset his reason. He skulked about the woods for several days, assuming all sorts of disguises, and sleeping at night in barns; and at length crossed

the ferry and landed on Squire Bull's estate, as cold and tattered as a scarecrow.

As for Philip's house, after he left it, it became a regular bedlam. The doors were thrown wide open, and every tatterdemalion on the estate rushed in, whooping, hallooing, and yelling, as though they had been at Donnybrook fair. First, they broke open Philip's cellar, and helped themselves to his best wines and spirits; next, they went up to the bedrooms, smoked in the beds, and committed divers other abominations which it is not needful to detail; then, they took his best furniture, heaved it out of the windows, and made a bonfire of it in the court. In short, they acted for some time like regular madmen—the servants standing by and looking on, but not daring to interfere. Indeed, it was questionable what right they had to interfere, if they were never so willing to do it; for the estate was now without an owner, and the mob had sworn a most horrible oath, that no one of the blood of Charles or Philip Baboon should again set foot within the property. However, some of the wiser and steadier of the old servants saw plainly enough that these disorders must be put a stop to in some way or other, and that the house at all events must be cleared of the rabble; "otherwise," thought they, "it will be burned to the ground, or thoroughly gutted, and in that case there is little chance that our boxes can escape." So they issued an order that everybody should leave the house, thanking, at the same time, in the most polite terms, the exceedingly respectable gentlemen who had taken the trouble to assist them in getting rid of old Philip. Then it was that they got a sufficient taste of the quality of the fellows with whom they had to deal. No sooner was the order posted up in the different rooms than it was torn down, amidst the booting of the mob, who swore that they were the sole proprietors of the estate and the house, and everything in it, and that they would not submit to be dictated to by a parcel of superannuated lackeys and footmen. Nay, it was enough to make the hair of any respectable tradesman turn grey on the spot to hear the language which

they used. They said that no man had a right to keep any property to himself, but that every one was entitled by the laws of nature to help himself to whatever he fancied. They averred that the boy of all work, who swept out the shop of a morning and ran the errands, was entitled to demand a half share of all his master's profits; and these damnable heresies, they said, they were determined to enforce in future. So you may easily conceive the taking in which all people were on the estate who had a Sunday's suit of clothes, a stick of furniture, or, mayhap, a bag of money.

In short, matters proceeded from bad to worse, and at last became so intolerable that three or four of the old servants, who had contrived to keep a garret to themselves, sent for one Budge, who had been chief constable in Philip Baboon's time, and told him plainly that, unless he could assist them in turning out this villainous crew, everything must necessarily go to wreck and ruin. Budge was an old soldier, who had seen service—a devilish determined kind of fellow when he took any job in hand, and not at all in the habit of sticking at trifles. It was more than whispered that, if Philip Baboon had not lost head altogether at the first brush, but been capable of giving orders, Budge would have stood by him; and such was his influence over the police that there is no saying what might have been the result.

As it was, he heard them to the end without uttering a word, and then, taking the pipe from his mouth, and knocking out the ashes on the hob, he delivered himself in the following oracular fashion:—

“Harkye, monnseers! If so be as how you want the job done, and them raff utterly scomfished, I'm the man that can do it. The force will stick to me, because I sticks to the force. Moreover, they knows by this time that there ain't no chance of their getting their pay so long as this shindy is allowed. They're ready, and I'm ready. Only this—I is to be allowed to do as I likes. I takes my orders from you, and them orders is to be, that I may shoot, hang, or blow up every scoundrel who stands in my

way. Them's my terms; and the sooner you puts it down on black and white the better!”

As there was no help for it, the servants gave Budge the order; whereupon he stepped down to the courtyard, called the police together, and told them that if they did not obey his directions, not one mother's son of them would see a halfpenny of their arrears. He then reminded them, that, if the blackguards who held possession of the house got the upper hand, the force would inevitably be discharged, and most of them thrown upon the parish, the poor-rates being no longer collected. They were all ready enough to join him; but they became readier still, when, just as he speaking, a quantity of filth was thrown upon them from a window above, followed by the hootings and laughter of the drunken gang who were sotting away as usual. Budge did not lose his opportunity; but, beckoning to his men to follow, he took them to an adjoining cellar, where there were plenty blunderbusses and small-arms collected, and having given each watchman twelve rounds of ammunition and a dram, he bade them fear nothing, but proceed to clear the premises.

It was not so easy a task as you might imagine. Many of the desperadoes within had weapons, and were determined to use them, so that a bloody fight took place at the staircase, where the barricades were again thrown up. But the police, being in grim earnest, fought this time like devils, and at last succeeded in clearing the house, and in capturing several of the ringleaders, who were incontinently shaved in the head, and sent off to hard labour in the hulks. In this way some sort of order was restored; and at last, by the general voice of the tenantry, young Nap, a nephew of the old Corsican who had once given Squire Bull so much trouble, was made provisional head-steward of the estate, and remains so to the present day. Budge died shortly afterwards—whether or not from exertion in the above affair I cannot say—and the number of the police was doubled, much, as you may suppose, to the disgust of the malcontents, who have not yet abandoned

the idea of a second attack upon the house.

One squib suffices to set off a whole bundle; and you can have no idea what effect these proceedings on Baboon's territory had upon some neighbouring estates. Nick Frog's people, to be sure, both tenantry and villagers, expressed themselves perfectly contented with their landlord; but a very different scene occurred on the domain of Colonel Martinet. The Colonel—who was usually considered as rather out at elbows—had an immense notion of his own importance, and wanted, at county meetings and elsewhere, to take the precedence of Don Ferdinando, whose lands were twice the extent of his, besides being incomparably in finer order. This sort of rivalry had led to many bickerings in former years, though the two were cousins-german; and these were heightened by the fact that, at the Quarter-Sessions, which they both attended, some thirty small proprietors and yeomen were entitled to vote. Ferdinando had hitherto been invariably elected chairman, a dignity which Martinet would have given his little finger to achieve; indeed, so much store did he set on gaining it that he kept up an establishment far too costly for his means, and, in consequence, took every opportunity of driving a hard bargain with his tenantry. Not that he was illiberal—at least so he said. He was exceedingly desirous that his tenantry should have an opportunity of inspecting the manner in which his accounts were kept; but, somehow or other, he never would give them that opportunity, and great were the complaints in consequence. Privately—there is no use mincing the matter—the Colonel was a weak creature. He had got into an unfortunate habit of issuing orders and then recalling them, solely for the purpose of exhibiting the extent of his puissance and power. The consequence was that you never could depend upon him. At eleven o'clock he would summon his servants, and deliver to them a document regularly signed and sealed, desiring a meeting of the tenantry to be held next day, at which he would announce to them a material remission of rent. Right or wrong, that must be posted instantly. At one,

he had changed his mind; the meeting was to be put off, and he intended to charge them twenty per cent additional. At three, there was a new notice, desiring them, under penalties, to attend a Protestant place of worship. At five, out came a placard warning them to conform to the Roman Catholic religion. And if no more notices were given that day, the reason was that the Colonel had gone to dinner. You may therefore comprehend the reason why his people, when they learned what had befallen Philip Baboon, thought it a good opportunity to do likewise, and, at all events, to demand a sight of the books.

It so happened that, when they assembled, the Colonel was in one of his exalted moods; and, on being informed that a large body of men were gathering on the lawn, he immediately gave orders to the gamekeepers to fire upon them. This they accordingly did; and you may conceive the consternation and rage of the poor fellows, who had their faces tattooed with snipe-shot! They retreated, but returned in an hour or two afterwards in augmented numbers, seriously determined on mischief, when, what think you took place? Why, the Colonel, having in the mean time finished another bottle, came out to meet them in a full suit of black, with crape round his hat, and weepers on his wrists, protesting that the whole thing was a mistake—that he loved them as his life—that they were his children, (which might have been the case with some half-dozen of them)—and that, if any of them were going to die from the unfortunate accident of the discharge, he, Colonel Martinet, would be proud and happy to officiate as principal mourner! While they stood staring like stuck pigs at this unexpected announcement, the Colonel began an oration landing them mightily as the best and foremost tenantry in the universe, protesting that it was a shame and disgrace that they were not allowed to take the wall of Ferdinando's tenants, and hinting that it merely depended upon themselves whether they might not get new lands for nothing.

“At all events, my lads,” said he, “one thing is clear—we must have

the precedence at Quarter-Sessions. Your honour is concerned in that, as well as mine; and I don't see why we should not have a tidy little court of our own, chosen generally by all the tenantry, to put matters right, and settle any trifling matters of dispute. Don't say one word of apology for what has occurred to-night. I understand the whole matter. Don Fernando is at the bottom of the whole mischief, but we'll make him pay for it before long. Is there anything more? I think not. Well then, gentlemen, I insist upon your having a glass of wine all round; and, if you please, we shall drink bad luck to Fernando and his tenants!"

You would hardly believe it; but the mob did actually drink the toast, and gave a cheer for the Colonel moreover, and then went peaceably home. But the question about the Quarter-Sessions was by no means settled. Some men held the opinion that neither Fernando nor Colonel Martinet had any right to dictate in person, but the whole bench should be composed of persons elected by the tenantry and villagers, independent of the landlords; and, for that purpose, they convened a meeting at the Frankfort Arms—a sort of joint-stock public-house, to which everybody who lived on the estates represented at Quarter-Sessions might come and welcome—to consider what rents should be paid, and what police maintained, and a variety of questions which were utterly beyond their province to decide. Nor had they the sense even to take this step without causing a new outcry, for they summoned to their meeting men from a farm belonging to the estate of Squire Copenhagen, and which had belonged to it since the days of Noah, on the pretext that the flood had unrighteously separated it from their jurisdiction at Quarter-Sessions!

No sooner were they assembled at the Frankfort Arms than they declared the meeting to be perpetual, and voted themselves each a handsome allowance of five shillings per diem at the expense of the landlords; some of whom, like Martinet, paid their share of the subsidy because they could not well help themselves, whilst others, like Fernando, told

the rascals who called with the subscription-book to go to the devil. Then they set about drawing up new regulations for the management of all the neighbouring estates, of which they now considered themselves the actual proprietors, calling the landlords mere trustees, and declaring that they would make them account strictly for past intrusions. Next, they ordered out a posse of watchmen and gamekeepers, and sent them down the river to occupy that farm of Squire Copenhagen's of which we have spoken, with the full consent of Martinet, who had long had an eye upon it for his own advantage. But they reckoned for once without their host, for Copenhagen was as brave as a lion, and determined to fight to the last drop of his blood before an acre of his estate should be confiscated; and Esquire North, who was a near relation of his, intimated that he should be ready at all times to back him in his reasonable quarrel.

If I were to tell you all that took place in consequence of the proceedings of this villanous gang at the Frankfort Arms, it would occupy volumes. There were no bounds to the disturbances which they created. They were drunk from morning till night, and might be seen staggering about in dresses which made them fac-similes of the ruffians who murdered the Babes in the Wood. They shouted, and wrangled, and fought, and blasphemed, until no peaceable gentleman durst go near the Frankfort Arms, lest he should be assaulted, attacked, or robbed; and at last they grew so bad that they were indicted as a common nuisance. Martinet, and those who had hitherto supported them, gave notice that the supplies were stopped; and so, after a scene of rioting which baffles all description, they were turned neck and crop out of doors, and the Frankfort Arms was shut up. Some of the vagabonds, not knowing what better to do, marched in a body and broke into Fernando's mansion—a feat which they accomplished with the aid of the charity boys on his foundation, for those diabolical miscreants had poisoned the minds and perverted the principles of old and young. There they remained for some days, plunder-

ing and ravishing; but were at last driven out again by Ferdinando and his watchmen, who, as you may well suppose, felt no manner of scruple whatever in knocking the ringleaders on the head.

These, however, were only part of the disturbances which took place, for there was more or less rioting in almost every estate in the country;

even Bullockshatch did not altogether escape, as you shall presently hear. Indeed, many excellent people began to think that the end of the world must be drawing nigh, for such was the beating of drums, blowing of trumpets, springing of rattles, yelling of mobs, and alarms of fire every night, that no amount of laudanum could insure a quiet slumber.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE ATTEMPTED DISTURBANCES AT BULLOCKSHATCH; OF THE OUTBREAK ON THE FARM AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE POND; AND OF THE GRADUAL ADVANCES OF PETER.

The news of the ejection of Philip Baboon by the tenantry and villagers spread, as you may suppose, like wildfire all over Bullockshatch, and was also soon conveyed to John's detached farm on the other side of the pond. Now, although the greater part of the tenantry had little confidence in the Juggler, and others who occupied situations in the household, they were deeply and sincerely attached to John, and were ready to stand by him to the last drop of their blood. And so, to do them justice, were the vast majority of the villagers who had money in the Savings' Bank: for, besides the fact that the Squire was a kind, upright, and honourable master as ever breathed the breath of life, they knew that, if anything should happen to him, they might whistle for their principal, let alone the yearly dividends. But there was a set of rascals, the same who for years past had been attempting to batter down the Ten-bar Gate which was put up by old Gray and the Juggler in the Squire's avenue, who thought this a capital opportunity to create a fresh disturbance; so they met at a pot-house hard by, constituted themselves into a kind of sham servants' hall, passed resolutions to the effect that they were entitled to occupy the house, and to have the run of the buttery; and in secret set about the purchase of crowbars, picklocks, and other implements of burglary. This, however, was not done so secretly but that a rumour of it reached the ears of the Juggler, who grew as pale as death at the intelligence, and could hardly be brought round by dint of sal-volatile and burned feathers.

When he came to himself, and had thought over the subject, he began to see that he was in an ugly fix. None of his own friends were fit to manage an affair of this kind, so he resolved to take what was precisely the wisest course he could have adopted, namely, to step across the way, and take counsel with old Arthur, who still retained a sort of superintendence of the police. He found the gallant veteran with spectacles on nose, reading Cæsar's *Commentaries*; and being accommodated with a camp-stool, the Juggler even made a clean breast of it, and laid his difficulties before him. Arthur pricked up his ears like a horse at the sound of the hunting-horn.

"Leave this matter entirely to me, Master Juggler!" quoth he. "It concerns the safety of the whole household; and it shan't be said that old Arthur hung back at the last, after having served Squire Bull so long. In the mean time, go you and enrol as many tight lads as you can for special constables; I'll look after the police, and take care to have Dragon the house-dog ready."

So the Juggler hopped down stairs with a heart as light as a linnet's, for he knew that if Arthur took a job in hand it was as good as done. And before evening a whole regiment of tight lads were sworn as special constables. Arthur was at work all night, and, by daybreak, everything was ready. Pattereroes were mounted on the roofs of the outhouses, so as to command the avenue; the regular police was mustered in the Riding-School, and Dragon's collar ready to be slipped at a moment's notice.

The mob, however, did not venture to appear. They had summoned a great meeting to be held on a common, from which they were to march upon John's house; but the hearts of many failed them when they heard tell of the preparations which were made for their reception, and they did not appear at the place of muster. In fact, the whole thing ended in smoke. The meeting on the common broke up. Nobody appeared at the gate save one red-headed fellow, who came trundling a wheelbarrow before him, which he said contained the humble petition of many well-affected villagers; and he requested, quite meekly, that he might be allowed to convey it to the house. No objection whatever was made to this—so the barrow, escorted by special constables, was wheeled up the avenue, and the petition carried into the house, and laid upon the servant's table. When they came to examine it, however, they found what a set of rascals the framers were. "John Bull, his mark," was subscribed at least fifty times to the petition addressed to himself! Mrs Bull appeared to have done little else for a fortnight than go about from booth to pot-house for the purpose of signing her name! If there was faith in pen, ink, and paper, Arthur had committed himself twenty times over, and so had the Juggler, and almost every one of the servants. Then there were names like Bloody-bones, Dirk Hatteraick, Blue-beard, and Swill-gore, which were never borne by any Christian man, in hundreds; so that it became apparent that it was no petition at all, but an infamous forgery; and it was accordingly chucked under the table. And so ended this new conspiracy at Bullockshatch.

Matters, however, looked more serious on the farm on the other side of the pond, which had always harboured the most turbulent set of people on the whole estate. That hoary old sinner, Peter, of whom you shall hear more anon, had been allowed, through the stupidity, carelessness, or good-nature of some of the former stewards, to take such liberties there, that at last he had the consummate impudence to assert that he, and not Squire Bull, was the Lord Paramount.

He even appointed deputies, who claimed a sort of jurisdiction; and if he did not venture actually to uplift the rents, he hinted broadly enough that nobody was bound in conscience to pay them to the Squire, or to render stipend to Patrick, who acted as the Squire's chaplain in those parts. Dan, the old Rabiator, as he was called, had been long his chief agent in the farm; but Dan was now dead, and the man who assumed his place was little better than a nincompoop. Nobody, in fact, could have done Peter's business half so well as Dan. He always kept—at least almost always—on the windy side of the law; talked wildly enough, in all conscience, but abstained from overt acts; and knew precisely how to avail himself of the necessities of the steward for the time being, who was often forced to apply to him for a helping hand in cases of strong emergency. In this way Dan was able to provide handsomely for his family, most of whom were located in different situations of indifferent trust in the service of Squire Bull; and he managed, moreover, to secure a snug little income for himself, by levying a kind of black-mail, called Daniel's pence, at all the fairs and gatherings on the farm. But when Dan died, he left no Elisha behind him. One Byrne tried to put on his mantle—a sorry one it was by this time—and he insisted that all the disciples of Peter, and all others on the farm who bore no goodwill to the Squire, were bound to follow him, on the ground that, before the Christian era, an ancestor of his was supposed to have possessed a corner of the farm rent-free. He had a seat in the under servants' hall, but he refused to attend at commons, alleging that he did not get as much as he was entitled to; and, after several acts of foolery, he fairly crossed over to the farm, and called upon Donnybrook and Shilelah, and the other merry lads who used to roar in the wake of Dan, to follow him, and knock the constables of the Squire on the head. A bigger fool than Byrne you never met with on a summer's day. His game evidently was to have played Peter's cards, to keep temporising whenever he could, and to have done all in his power to

advance the interests of that stealthy Jesuit. Peter would have backed him to any extent, so long as he stood up solely for the interests and the rights of Peter; but the moment he deserted that principle, and advanced his own preposterous claims, he found the back of Peter's hand turned to him with a vengeance. A sad sight it was to see the poor fellow take to the hill-side, with a handful of misbegotten idiots behind him, dressed in a new uniform ordered for the occasion, and carrying pikes and rusty swords, and pokers, and such other weapons as they could conveniently command. They had not even victuals enough to sustain them for the first twelve hours of their march; and whenever they knocked at the door of any of Peter's emissaries, imploring that, for the love of the saints, he would hand them out a bowlful of potatoes, they were greeted with a formal commination, and told that they were accursed heretics. They tried to storm a toll-house or two, for the purpose of abstracting money; but they invariably found the shutters made fast, and divers fowling-pieces levelled at them from the windows of the upper story. At last, after being out for four or five nights in the cold mist and rain, they came down to a house kept by a lone widow woman, in which several of the police were stationed, and swore that, if they were not admitted, they would burn down the premises, and massacre every man, woman, and child within. Possibly they never intended to do anything of the kind; for Byrne, though a blockhead, had nothing savage about him; indeed, he was rather soft-hearted than otherwise. He ran round the house, entreating the police to surrender, in order to save the effusion of blood; but they merely answered by a laugh of contempt, and a discharge of musketry, which was supposed to have settled Byrne's business. However, his followers, on looking about, found him squatted in the widow's cabbage-garden, marvellously distressed in heart, and apparently labouring under a painful visitation of the bowels. He escaped for the moment, but a few days afterwards was seized, tried, and sentenced to transportation. And this is the last actual outbreak which

has occurred in any portion of Squire Bull's estates.

But you must not, from this, conclude that everything was going smooth. That infernal miscreant, Peter, had acted politicly throughout the latter affair; not from any regard to Squire Bull, but because he knew he could make more of him by seeming to give into his authority, than by backing up a stupid egotistical creature like Byrne, who never had the ghost of a chance. Now, however, when the danger was over, he, through his emissaries, thought fit to claim prodigious credit for the disinterested part which he had acted. One Claretson was at this time ground-steward for the Squire on that farm, and to him the whole retainers of Peter repaired.

"You see," they said, "what immense respect we have for the authority of Squire Bull. Nothing would have been easier for us than to have set up Byrne; but our consciences would not allow it; and so we have settled what might have been an ugly business without any difficulty at all. We don't wish to claim the slightest merit for having done so. It was our duty, and nothing more. Merely, if you think that we deserve well of Squire Bull, we would just mention that certain of Patrick's people are apt to give themselves airs, and to insist upon walking before us out of a shebeen-shop, which is neither here nor there, only it is unpleasant, considering that many of us and our predecessors maintain that we were in the parishes before Patrick was born. That, we allow, may possibly be matter of dispute; but there can be no doubt of this, that Peter is senior to Martin; and, as Patrick has always acted as a junior brother to Martin, we venture to think that it is a reasonable request, that Squire Bull shall hereafter acknowledge Peter's nominees as equal in dignity to Patrick's."

It is difficult to say whether Claretson was really humbugged by this jesuitical oration, or whether he was so far misled in judgment as to consider their views reasonable. Certain it is that he gave them a most civil answer; and reported the matter to the Juggler, who was then in particularly good humour, as his charac-

ter, and perhaps his place, depended on the suppression of the riot. So he called together several of the servants, showed them Claretson's letter, and begged them to speak their minds freely.

"My own view is," quoth he, "that nothing can be more reasonable. Patrick may perhaps fume and get into a huff about it, but who cares for Patrick? He may be very glad that he is allowed to draw his stipend, and what matters it to him whether he walks first or last?"

"And I think," said Gray—not the old Gaffer, who, as you know, brought in Madam Reform, but his son and successor—"I think we can't do less for Peter, considering his very handsome conduct in this business. I am for going still further. Why not make the rule universal in all Squire Bull's properties and estates beyond Bullockshatch? It may not be altogether convenient to bring in Peter here, just at the present moment; but we can think about that afterwards. Meanwhile let us give him what he wants; and let him walk first everywhere except in Bullocks-hatch."

"I, for one, am perfectly agreeable," said Timber, who, being a man of exceedingly limited ideas, always made a point of coinciding with the opinions of the rest.

"So be it!" quoth Protocol. "But don't you think we might even go a step further? I find it a main inconvenience that I am not allowed to write direct to Peter whenever I have occasion to know the last quotations of indulgences, holy water, or pardons. Could we not arrange among ourselves to send over some respectable gentleman, who might look after any business of the Squire's in those parts, and occasionally pop in in a friendly way, and take pot-luck with Peter? I own that it would be a great accommodation to me, and I don't see how any one could object to it."

The Juggler, however, who had recently been thinking a good deal on that very subject, shook his head, remarking that Squire Bull had long ago expressed his determination that none of his servants should hold direct intercourse with Peter. "And," said he, "that is precisely one of the

points upon which he is most obstinate and fractious. If we were openly to broach this matter to him, it might go far to lose us our places. But I'll tell you what;—there may be a way to get round the bush, and establish a communication with Peter, without incurring the scandal. There's my near connection, Mat o' the Mint, who, between ourselves, is of no earthly use here beyond keeping the keys of a certain place which shall be nameless. Suppose we send him out nominally on a visit to Signor Macaroni, or any other squires in the south, and give him a general roving commission? He'll like the job vastly, I can tell you; for, of course, we shall charge his whole expenses to the Squire; and he can take that opportunity of seeing Peter, and arranging as to future proceedings."

No objection being made to this very convenient arrangement, Mat-o'-the-Mint received his credentials. This individual was one of the most lucky men alive, and seemed born specially to refute the proverb, that service is no inheritance. It was difficult at any time to say what he was fit for, for he rarely uttered words of more value than—"Ay, ay! my masters! this is a fine day, as the ancient philosopher remarked." Or, "In respect to that, my opinion is whatever Providence may please." Notwithstanding this oracular turn of mind, he generally contrived to have himself appointed to some snug place in the household, where there was plenty to get and little to do; and it is fair to add, that he never forgot any of his own relations, when he could contrive to provide for them at the Squire's expense.

Peter, who was always alert and vigilant in doing mischief, had, at this moment, more irons in the fire than usual. In the first place, he was getting up a private demonstration in his own village, for the purpose, if possible, of making himself popular with his people, who used most cordially to detest him. Secondly, he wished to stir up the whole tenantry of Signor Macaroni against Don Ferdinando, who had for a long time held a considerable farm in mortgage. Thirdly, he wanted to make all the world believe that he

was an altered character since the days when he presided at hangings, burnings, torturings, and other devilish acts of cruelty. And, fourthly, he was most especially anxious, in one way or another, to get speech of Squire Bull. You must know that there was a quarrel of long standing between the two; John, in his younger days, having been insulted and domineered over by Peter and his emissaries, until his patience could bear it no longer; so, one fine day, he armed himself with a horsewhip, lashed the whole gang of them out of Bullocks-hatch, and swore the most solemn of possible oaths that they should never again set foot within his property if he could prevent it; nor would he even acknowledge that such a being as Peter existed on the face of the earth. Peter, on the other hand, was resolved that he should get some of his people located on John's estate, in spite of all his opposition; and, by dint of perseverance, he ultimately carried his point. For example, Squire Bull would observe from his window an olive-faced fellow in black clothes and purple stockings, with a surtout down to his heels, no shirt-collar, and a shovel hat, pacing down the avenue, and pretending to be reading from a small book with illuminated characters. At this apparition the Squire would start, and sing out to the nearest of the servants—"Lookye there now! what fellow is that? A spy of Peter's, I dare be sworn! Have I not told you, over and over again, that not one of them shall be quartered here?" Then the servant whom he accosted would put on his spectacles, take a long look at the walking spider before him, and reply quite calmly, "Bless your heart, Squire! you are clean mistaken altogether. I know that person perfectly well. He is a highly respectable foreigner, who has taken lodgings for a few months in the village for the benefit of country air. He is the Bishop of Timbuctoo, I think—or, now that I look again, I see it is the Vicar-Apostolic of New Guinea—a most agreeable, accomplished, gentlemanly man, I assure you." And if this did not satisfy the Squire—which it rarely did, for he used to growl like a mastiff whenever he caught sight of

one of those gentry—the servant would put it to him whether it was the part of a Christian and an esquire to harbour ill-will against a gentleman who was merely residing for temporary purposes upon his estate, and who occupied a great portion of his time in visiting the sick and in relieving the poor? On these occasions, John had invariably the worst of the argument; and the upshot was, that one of these temporary residents was presently located in every village on the estate, and showed no symptom of moving. Very little regard had they for the spiritual concerns of their flocks in Timbuctoo or New Guinea! But to make up for that omission, they took immense pains with the tenantry of Bullocks-hatch, building chapels in which they burned a mild kind of consecrated incense, erecting schools wherein they taught the children gratis, and wheedling everybody in the most amiable and conciliatory manner possible. They even contrived to make mischief in Martin's family, as I shall presently have occasion to tell you. As for Peter's friends on the farm across the pond, they pretended to no disguise at all, but broadly maintained their intention to support him at all hazards, and to do his bidding. There were no Bishops of Timbuctoo, or Terra-del-fuego there. So many of the tenantry were of their opinion, that they did not care one pinch of snuff for your *præmunires*, or other legal bugbears.

Now, what Peter wanted was to bring Bullockshatch to precisely the same condition as the detached farm. He had got himself, as one may say, firmly established in the lesser spot; and he was determined to move heaven and earth, and mayhap another place, to acquire an equal footing in the bigger one. This he could hardly hope to do, without coming to some sort of terms with Squire Bull, through his servants; and he had been long privately expecting to find an opportunity by means of Protocol, who was a reckless creature, and hardly ever condescended to give a single thought to Martin. Protocol, in fact, was a kind of secular Peter. He was never so happy as when swimming in troubled waters; and the

main difference between them was, that Protocol cared for nothing but excitement, whereas Peter never for a moment lost sight of the main chance. You may conceive, therefore, with what joy the latter received the intimation that he might expect, in a short while, to receive a private and confidential visit from no less a person than Mat-o'-the-Mint. Not that Mat was any great acquisition in

himself; but being a near relative of the Juggler, and also an upper servant in Squire Bull's household, nothing could be more consonant with the secret wishes of Peter. So he ordered three chapels to be illuminated, and a special prayer to be chaunted for the conversion of Bullocks-hatch; at the mention of which name, it is recorded that some images winked their eyes!

CHAPTER IV.

HOW MAT-O'-THE-MINT UNDERTOOK AN EXPEDITION TO THE ESTATES OF SIGNOR MACARONI; AND WHAT FOLLOWED THEREUPON.

Mat-o'-the-Mint, then, having got his roving commission signed in due form, and his pocket-book well stuffed with bank-notes, set out upon his tour like an actual walking mystery. It is my opinion, up to the present hour, that the excellent gentleman had no precise idea of what he was expected to do; but that his general notion was that he was bound to give advice—at least such advice as he could give—to any one who asked him for it. No man can be expected to accomplish impossibilities: he can merely do his best; and that Mat-o'-the-Mint was prepared to perform quite conscientiously. It was not his fault, if those who sent him did not make him comprehend their design; indeed Protocol, who was a sly fox, and always left a door of escape open for himself in case of emergency, was not likely to be too specific in his instructions, or to commit himself irretrievably on paper.

No sooner was it noised abroad that Mat-o'-the-Mint was on his travels, than there was a considerable stir both among the southern squirearchy and their tenantry, who were then unfortunately at loggerheads. Everybody who had a dispute with anybody else wanted to know what Squire Bull thought of the matter, hoping probably that he would not be disinclined to lend him a helping hand, and maybe a few pounds; for the fellows in those parts laboured under the delusion that the Squire was made of money. So they were all anxious to get a confidential hearing from Mat-o'-the-Mint, whom they imagined to be a very great man indeed, and a

very wise one; arguing, naturally enough, that the Squire would not have entrusted such a mission except to a person of consummate prudence and discretion. Little they knew of the Juggler or Protocol, or of the way in which Squire Bull's business was conducted! But to resume. One fine day Mat-o'-the-Mint arrived on the estate of a gentleman, Don Vesuvius, who was an old friend of Bull's, and was received at the boundary by the ground-steward, who, in the very civilest possible manner, presented his master's compliments, and requested that Master Matthew would drive straight up to the Hall, where a handsome suite of apartments was ready for his accommodation. Privately, and in his heart, Mat would have liked nothing better; but he was not quite sure whether Protocol would approve of his doing so, especially as Don Vesuvius was notoriously on bad terms with some of his own people. So he thought it best to decline for the present.

"My compliments," quoth he, "to your master, and say to him that I am quite sensible that he has done the proper thing in asking me to the Hall. But you see that I am so situated that I can't very well come. My master, the squire, has heard a good deal of what is going on in these parts; and though, as a matter of course, he has no wish to interfere between the Don and his tenantry, yet the fact is that, under present circumstances, I had better put up at the inn. Say to your master that I shall be glad to see him there, any time he may be passing; at all events,

I shall certainly make a point of writing him my opinion on the general question, in the course of a day or so."

Now, it so happened that there were a number of lazy-looking fellows, with knives in their belts, loitering around the drosky while Mat-o'-the-Mint delivered this answer to the ground steward; and these were precisely the worst of the whole crew with whom Don Vesuvius was at feud. Who so rejoiced as they to find that Squire Bull's confidential servant was likely to be on their side! They threw up their hats, and brayed, and danced, and cut fandangos, to all which Mat-o'-the-Mint replied by taking off his hat and bowing like a Chinese mandarin. At last, in the exuberance of their joy, the crowd took the horses out of the vehicle, and fairly dragged him to the village inn, leaving the unhappy ground steward as disconsolate as Ariadne on Naxos.

No sooner were they arrived at the inn, than Mat asked a number of the men to step up to his sitting-room; and having questioned them regarding their grievances, which you may be sure they took care to magnify to the utmost, he called for pen, ink, and paper, and sate himself down to write a long epistle to Don Vesuvius. I can't give you the particulars of this document, further than that it contained an intimation that in his, Mat-o'-the-Mint's opinion, the gentleman had been very much misled in the management of his own affairs. That for the sake of restoring peace and tranquillity, it appeared to the aforesaid Matthew that Don Vesuvius would do well to surrender one half of his estate to the tenantry, without receiving any consideration for it; and that if this arrangement, which he merely ventured to suggest, should meet with approbation, there could be no difficulty whatever in reducing the rents on the remaining half. As also that the undersigned was with the highest consideration, &c. &c. Having finished this doughty epistle, which he despatched by the boots of the inn, Mat ordered his equipage, and drove away to another estate, as proud as Punch, amidst the shouts of the whole idlers of the village.

You may fancy the astonishment of

the honest gentleman when he read Mat's letter. It was some time before he could believe the evidence of his spectacles. "Good heavens!" he said, "is it possible that Squire Bull can treat an old friend and fellow-sportsman thus? Haven't I dozens upon dozens of letters under his own hand, guaranteeing me possession of my whole estate, and am I now to be fobbed off in this way, and insulted to boot by an old trencherman of whom nobody ever heard? But I won't believe it! It must be some trick of that rascal, Protocol, who is perpetually writing letters without authority in the name of his master—at all events, I won't submit to be dictated to, in the disposal of my own, by the best Squire living!"

By this time, however, the riotous portion of the tenantry were fully possessed with the notion that Squire Bull was ready to back them up to any extent; so they began a regular insurrection, fired at the gamekeepers, beat the watchmen, and barricaded one of the villages, after they had thoroughly plundered it. But they reckoned without their host; for the tenantry on the home farm were to a man true to their master, and having armed themselves, they crossed the canal, (in which, by the way, some of John's barges were lying, it was thought with the connivance of Protocol,) and gave the rascally rabble such a drubbing, that nothing more was heard afterwards about the partition of the property. The rioters, however, believe to this hour that they were deceived by Squire Bull, who, they aver, had promised to support them, and they accordingly hate him like ratsbane; neither, as you may well conceive, is Don Vesuvius, whose property was proposed to be divided, over and above grateful for this impudent interference with his private affairs.

This, however, was a mere segment of the mischief which was effected by Mat-o'-the-Mint. Wherever he went he tendered advice; and whenever that advice was given, rioting ensued. In short, he proved such a nuisance, that well-affected people would much rather have submitted to a visit from the cholera. At last he arrived at Peter's patrimony, a place which was

by no means tranquil at the time. Notwithstanding Peter's boasting, and his perpetual attempt to get his emissaries quartered on every estate in the country, he was the reverse of popular at home. He had a very handsome house, which he kept full of friars, monks, Jesuits, Dominicans, Carthusians, and Grand Inquisitors, fellows who did little else than eat, drink, sleep, and conspire at the expense of the working population. This had become so intolerable, that Peter, though the most tyrannical despot upon earth, found it necessary to come down a peg or two, and announced his intention of revising the laws of his household, which, to say the truth, needed mending sorely. But he did not stop there. He began to intrigue for a restoration of the whole estates which were formerly in the family of Signor Macaroni, but which latterly had passed into the hands of other proprietors—for example, Don Ferdinando; and, at the time I speak of, his village was filled with every description of cut-throat, robber, and murderer that could be gathered from the country round, all of them shouting "Long life to Peter!" and "Hurrah for the independence of Macaroni!" They were in the very midst of this jubilation, which sounded more like an echo of Pandemonium than anything else, when Mat-o'-the-Mint drove into the town; and the moment they heard of his arrival, the very worst of them—Massaniello, Massaroni, Corpo di Caio Mario, and Vampyrìo degli Assassinatione—congregated under the windows, and whooped and howled, till Mat, in an access of terror, came out upon the balcony, pressed a flag, with a death's-head and cross-bones upon it, to his bosom, and proposed three cheers for the independence of Macaroni! You may conceive what a taking the poor fellow must have been in before he ventured to do anything of the sort.

Mat, being thus committed to Macaroni, was a mere baby in the hands of Peter. They had an interview to discuss the affairs of the neighbouring Squirearchy, and any other little matters which might occur to either; which Mat felt as an honour, whilst Peter was feeling his pulse. Peter,

like an aged villain as he was, affected to be extremely straightforward and open in his remarks, and quite confidential in his communications; so that, in the course of half an hour, poor Mat was entirely at his mercy. After they had chatted for a short time, and cracked a bottle or so of Lachrymæ together, Peter claps me down a map of the whole country, whereon Squire Bull's farm was marked out with some twelve or thirteen crosses, before Mat, and asked him whether he thought it was all correct?

"Undubitably," quoth Mat-o'-the-Mint, who regarded the crosses as simply indicative of the villages.

"Then there can be no objections to the publication of a map of this kind upon hierarchical principles?" continued Peter, ogling his victim at the same time, as a fox makes love to a gander.

"Hier—I beg your pardon"—said Mat-o'-the-Mint, who was not overburdened with lore at any time, and just then was rather confuscated. "Hieroglyphical principles, did you say?"

"No—hierarchical principles," insinuated Peter, with a smile intended to convey the utmost amount of indulgence. "Hierò, you know, was one of our earliest geographers."

"To be sure he was"—replied Mat-o'-the-Mint—"and an intimate friend of Leander's—I've read of him in the *Imaginary Conversations*—There can be no objections, of course. The map's a capital map!"

"I'm very glad to hear you say so," said Peter, sounding a little silver whistle which dangled from his button-hole, "it is always matter of satisfaction to me to meet with a plain, intellectual, honourable, enlightened gentleman, who knows what's what, and is above all manner of prejudice.—You may take away that map, Hippopotamus"—he continued, as an individual in purple stockings entered the room. "Mr Matthew is perfectly satisfied as to its correctness, and you may mention that when you write to your friends at home."

Hippopotamus swept up the plan and retired; but long after he closed the door, you might have heard a sniggering in the lobby.

“And now, my very dear friend,” quoth Peter, “let’s have a fresh bottle of Lachrymæ, and a little conversation about those affairs of Patrick’s.”

It matters very little what passed upon that score, for the job was already settled; but Peter probably thought it safest to make this appear the principal topic of their conversation. They sate up a long time together; and Mat-o’-the-Mint found it no easy matter to get home to his hotel, or to ring up the porter when he arrived there.

So far Peter thought that he was carrying everything his own way; but he was labouring all the while under a confounded mistake. Massaniello, Massaroni, and the rest, were glad enough to get into the village, and to throw up their caps for Peter and Macaroni, so long as they received free quarters, but not a moment longer. They had now time given them to peer into the churches and shops, and to reckon what might be turned to account; and they had made up their minds that if they could only get rid of Peter, there was plunder enough to be had out of his patrimony to maintain themselves in comfort for the remaining portion of their lives. Once having ascertained this, they lost no time in carrying their plans into execution. They broke out into actual revolt, stabbed one of Peter’s servants on the stairs, shut up the old firebrand himself in his drawing-room, and discharged pistols into the windows, until they succeeded in frightening him out of his seven senses, and drove him out of the village in the disguise of an ordinary cabman. Then they began, as a matter of course, to help themselves to every man’s property, and to share upon principles of equality. You have no idea what a row all this made. Even Ferdinando was furious, for though he had no great cause to regard Peter, he liked still less the rascally ruffians who had turned him out of house and home, and he proposed straightway to march a *posse comitatus* against them. But young Nap, now styled Administrator of the Baboonery, was before him. He had more idle fellows on hand than he knew what to do with, so he sent a

whole gang of them off to clear Peter’s patrimony of the rioters, and mayhap, if convenient, to bring back the old Jesuit in person. Terrible were the execrations of Massaniello and his friends when they were summoned to surrender by young Nap’s people! They said—what was true enough—that if the others were entitled to eject Philip Baboon, they were entitled to turn Peter about his business; and they protested that the people of each estate should be allowed to manage their own matters without interference. But interference was the order of the day. Everybody was interfering; so Nap’s men gave them to understand that they did not intend to be exceptions to the general rule. In short, Massaniello and his friends must evacuate or—take the consequences. And, accordingly, evacuate they did, though not without a good deal of burning of gunpowder, levying of subsidies, abduction of church-plate, &c.; and, in due course of time, old Peter was brought back, amidst a discharge of Roman candles, squibs, crackers, and Catherine wheels; and with him returned the whole host of Jesuits, monks, and inquisitors, singing *Quare fremuerunt gentes?* and ten times more ready for any kind of mischief than before.

And where all this while, you may ask, was Mat-o’-the-Mint? Snug at home. Some of the upper servants in the household of Squire Bull had got an inkling of the business he was after, and put questions, which were neither easy to answer nor agreeable to evade. The Squire himself began to grumble. Protocol could not help perceiving that he had got into a scrape by sending out such an envoy; and even the Juggler did not care to have the matter publicly mentioned, but was willing that it should fall into oblivion. It is, however, easier to open a negotiation with Peter, than to get out of one. The difficulty is not to catch the lobster, but to force him to leave go after he has fastened on you with his claws; and you shall presently hear what took place in Bullockshatch, not long after the time when Peter was reinstated in his patrimony.

HUNGARIAN MILITARY SKETCHES.

THE brief but brilliant struggle which was terminated, on the 13th August 1849, by the surrender of Vilagos, is unquestionably one of the most remarkable episodes in contemporary history; and numerous as are the writers, both in Germany and England, who have applied themselves to exhibit and comment on its circumstances, it yet is not wonderful that the interest of the subject is far from exhausted. A Schlesinger, a Pulsky, and a Klapka, graphic and striking as are their delineations of the singular contest in which they all more or less participated, have still left much for their successors to tell. The volume before us—a German collective translation of tales and sketches by several Hungarian authors—is of a different class from the works of the above-named writers. It does not aspire to the dignity of historical memoirs, nor is the form it affects—namely, the romantic—one that we usually much admire when applied to such recent and important events as those of which Hungary has been the theatre; events, too, of themselves so striking and fascinating as to render fictitious colouring superfluous. Nevertheless, these sketches must be admitted to have considerable merit. They are vivid and characteristic illustrations of a remarkable country, a heroic people, and an extraordinary period; and the amount of fiction interwoven is, in most instances, little more than is necessary to string together historical facts. Some few of them have little to do with the late war, but all throw more or less light upon the state and character of Hungary and its inhabitants. Their success in that country, the German preface assures us, and we can readily believe, has been very great. Some of them read like prose translations of poems; and with the exception of three or four, which are terse and matter-of-fact enough, their style has often a wild and metaphorical vagueness, recalling the semi-

oriental character of the country whence they proceed. Those which take for their foundation the cruelties perpetrated by the Serbs upon the Magyars, and the fearful retaliation thereby provoked, are too horrible—not for truth, but to be pleasant reading; others border on the humorous, whilst some combine the tragic with the gay. Of this last class is the opening sketch by Sajó, entitled *A Ball*. It is a letter from a young lady to a friend, describing her and her mother's terror at the anticipated arrival of a Hungarian division, after English Guyon's glorious victory at Branisko; and relating how the old woman hid herself in cupboards and clock-cases, and urged her daughter to stain her face black, in order to diminish her personal attractions—advice which the daughter, not exactly comprehending its motive, most indignantly rejects. Presently she is astonished by the arrival of a couple of handsome hussar officers, instead of the leather-clad Calmuck-visaged barbarians, seven feet high, and with beards to their waists, which her mamma has predicted; and still more is she surprised when, instead of breaking open doors and ill-treating women, the newcomers organise a ball for that very night—a ball which she attends, and where she is greatly smitten with an elegant captain of Honveds. He has just led her out to dance, when the ball-room windows rattle to the sound of cannon, and a splashed hussar announces an attack upon the outposts. The officers buckle on their sabres and hurry to the fight, begging the ladies to await their return. In little more than an hour they reappear in the ball-room. They have repulsed the enemy, and return flushed and laughing to the dance. But the handsome Honved is not amongst them. The interrupted quadrille is re-formed, but Laura still awaits her partner. A tall dry-mannered major, of valiant reputation, approaches her. "Fair lady," he says, "your partner

begs a thousand pardons for his absence. With the best will in the world, he cannot have the pleasure of dancing with you, for his leg has been shot away and amputated above the knee." This is the whole of the story—little enough, and owing everything to the manner of telling. The second tale, *Claudia*, by Szilagyl, is striking and powerful rather than agreeable. We pass on to *The Chapel at Tarczal*. All who have read Max Schlesinger's admirable narrative of the *War in Hungary*, will assuredly remember his account of the Hungarian hussar, "the embodiment of Magyarism, born and reared upon the heath," loving his country before all things, and, next to his country, his horse. "There are no soldiers in the Austrian army," says Schlesinger, "who can compare with him in chivalrous daring, dexterity, precision in manoeuvres, strict subordination, cleanliness, and fidelity."* Mr Sajó loves to exalt the virtues, and exemplify the eccentricities, of this fine race of cavalry soldiers. In several of his tales he introduces the heroic hussar, cheerfully suffering and sacrificing himself for Hungary's good and the honour of his corps. The opening scene of *The Chapel at Tarczal* is an amusing sketch of one of these veterans, thoroughly persuaded of the immeasurable superiority of the Magyar over all other men, and of the hussar over every other soldier.

"The Austrians had won the battle; the Hungarians had lost it. The Austrian general was taking his ease in his quarters, with his staff around him; an officer entered, and reported the capture of a hussar.

"Bring him in," said the General, who was in excellent humour. He himself wore the uniform of the hussar regiment he had formerly commanded, and had unbuckled his sabre and made himself comfortable; whilst his officers stood around buttoned to the chin, and strictly according to regulation.

The hussar entered—a bare-headed veteran with gray mustaches. His face was still black with the smoke of Schwechat's battle; his stiffly-waxed

mustaches stuck out fiercely right and left. He glanced gloomily around him, evidently ill-pleased with his company, until his eye fell upon the General. Then a gleam came over his features, like the sun breaking through a cloud, and he was near shouting for joy. The general laughed, and clapped his hands together. He recognised old Miska, his former orderly, who had served him for five years in Szobossló.

"Do you know me again, old man?" said he good-humouredly.

"At your service, Colonel," replied the hussar, raising his hand to his brow, as though his schako were still on his head.

"General, not Colonel," interposed one of the officers.

Silently and contemptuously the hussar measured the speaker with his eyes, wondering that an infantry-man, captain though he might be, dared intrude upon the conversation of hussars.

"So you have let yourself be taken prisoner, Miska?" said the General, willing to tease his old servant.

"What could I do, Colonel? There were so many against me. I got into a crowd of them."

"You knocked over a few, I dare say."

"I did not count them, but *something* remained upon the ground."

"Right, Miska. Let them give you a dram, and then go to my grooms; if anybody meddles with you, give him as good as he brings."

The hussar thanked his former colonel, but seemed in small haste to leave the room. The General noticed him no farther, but turned again to his officers and resumed the discussion of his plan of campaign. Suddenly he felt a pull at his pelisse, and turning, beheld Miska, who had stolen quietly behind him. With an unintelligible gesture, and a countenance of extraordinary mystery, the hussar pointed to something.

"Colonel! Colonel!" he whispered, redoubling the eagerness of his gesticulations. The General had no notion of his meaning. "Colonel, reach me yonder sabre from the corner."

* See Schlesinger's *War in Hungary*, (English version,) vol. ii. p. 18-30, for a most interesting anecdotal account of this *beau ideal* of light horsemen.

"What the devil do you want with it?"

"Only give it here! In two minutes there shall not be a German in the room."

Miska thought his colonel was a prisoner.

The General burst into a hearty laugh, and told his officers of the hussar's kind intentions towards them. The laughter became general. The officers crowded round the old soldier, clapped him on the shoulder, and made much of him.

"Well, Miska, you will take service with us, eh?" said the General, curious to hear his answer.

"There are no hussar regiments here!" replied the old soldier, twisting his mustaches.

"What matter? You shall be a cuirassier. We'll make a serjeant of you."

"Many thanks. Can't stand it. Should have been serjeant long ago, if I could write."

"What do you think of doing then? Eat your ration in idleness?"

"Not so—by your honour's favour—but make a run for it."

The honest answer pleased the General. The hussar saw that it did.

"A whole regiment of those gaiter-legged fellows could not keep me," he added.

One of the officers asked him angrily why he wished to go back. Those were mistaken, if any, who expected a rude answer from the hussar.

"Yonder is my regiment," he replied, again twirling his mustache.

"A true soldier bides by his colours." To this nothing could be objected.

"Well, Miska, that you may not desert from us, I let you go free."

"Thanks, Colonel." Once more the hand was raised to the schako's place.

"You can go."

The hussar lingered, rubbed his nose, and frowned.

"Colonel—you surely do not intend me to pass through the whole camp in hussar uniform, and on foot. I should die of shame. Let them give me back my horse."

"Your horse? That is the Emperor's property, my son."

"I crave your pardon, Colonel! I reared the horse myself from a colt. I have ridden it for ten years, and it comes at my whistle. By every right it belongs to me. I would rather a bullet hit me than lose the good brute."

"Well, take it."

Even now the hussar did not seem satisfied.

"Colonel! can I go back to my regiment in this scandalous manner?—without my sabre? I shall have to run the gauntlet; they will think I have sold it for drink."

"It shall be restored to you." The General made sign to his orderly; the hussar saluted, and turned to depart. But at the door he once more paused, and gazed pathetically at his former chief.

"Colonel!" he said, in the most insinuating tone he could command.

"Well?"

"Colonel—come over to us!"

And with a bound he was out of the room, feeling well enough that he had said something extraordinarily stupid, but which he could not help saying though it had cost him his head.

When horse and sabre were restored to him, one of the General's grooms, a mischievous fellow, trod on the hussar's spur, breaking the rowel, and then sprang aside laughing.

The old hussar shook his clenched fist menacingly.

"Wait a little, Italian!" he cried, "I will find you yet." Then saluting the General's window with his sabre, he galloped away.

It was thought that a tear glistened in the General's eye, as he turned to his staff, and said—

"Such soldiers should *we* have!"

Such were the soldiers with whom Görgey drove before him the best generals of Austria; with whom he triumphed in that brilliant conflict, of fourteen days' duration, which terminated in the capture of Pesth, the relief of Komorn, and the complete retreat of the Imperialists.* These were the men who rode up to the very months of the Austrian cannon at Isazeg,† and who followed, in twenty conflicts, the well-known war-cry of the gigantic Serb, Dámjánics. Of this

* *War in Hungary*, i. 206-7.

† *Ibid.* ii. 20.

last-named general (of whom Schlesinger has given many interesting details,) we find an interesting and authentic anecdote in Sajó's vigorous military sketch, entitled *The Two Brides*.

Dámjánics and his troops encamped in the night at two leagues from Szolnok. In order of battle, and without watch-fires, they there awaited the signal to advance. The signal was the sound of cannon, fired beyond the Theiss.

The Hungarian General had already fought many battles, won many victories, taken many standards. When he began a battle, he stationed himself in front of his army, looked where the foe was strongest, shouted "Mir nach!"* and rushed forward, overthrowing and crushing all before him. It was his way.

There were persons who did not like this way, and who wearied him with assurances that, to be a renowned general, it is not enough to win battles; one must also leave permanent evidence of merit, to be handed down to future generations; one must make speeches, issue proclamations, and so forth.

So it came to pass, when he marched away from the Banat, that he addressed to the hostile party in the province a proclamation which has become celebrated. It was word for word as follows:—

"Ye dogs!

"I depart. But I shall come back again.

"If in the interval you dare to stir, I will extirpate you from the face of the earth; and then, that the seed of the Serbs may be extinct, I, the last of them, will shoot myself."

The success of this first attempt so encouraged the General, that, after much persuasion, he gave a solemn promise to make a speech to his army when next they went into action.

On the eve of the battle, Dámjánics felt his spirits extraordinarily low.

"Strange," thought he to himself, "never yet have I trembled at the approach of a fight, but now I feel as if I had no stomach for it." And he sought within himself the cause of this unaccustomed mood, but all in vain.

Presently, however, one of his staff-officers came to remind him that, before the next day's battle, they expected to hear the speech he had promised them.

"Devil take it!" cried the General. "That was what made me shake in my boots. But never fear, it shall be done—I will venture it—the speech you shall have."

He had drawn out his plan of battle in a quarter of an hour. But morning dawned whilst he was still hammering at his speech.

The troops stood in order of battle. Dámjánics rode along the front of the line. Everybody knew he was to make a speech, and what a cruel task it was to him.

Before the colours of the ninth battalion he halted, raised his hat and spoke:

"Comrades!"

At that instant the artillery beyond the Theiss boomed out its first discharge. The General's face glowed, he forgot phrases and oration, tore his sabre from the scabbard, pressed his schako down upon his brow, and—

"Yonder is the foe: follow me!" he shouted in a voice of thunder. A tremendous hurrah was his army's reply, as they followed their leader, with the speed and impetuosity of a torrent, to the familiar encounter of the Austrian cannon.

"Why is it," said Dámjánics, as he limped up to the gallows, after seeing seven of his brave comrades executed before his eyes, on the morning of the fatal sixth of October 1849—"why is it that I, who have ever been foremost in the fight, must here be the last?" That was no empty boast in the dying man's mouth. "To Dámjánics," says Schlesinger, "after Görgey, belongs the glory of all the battles from Hatvan to Komorn. From the commencement of the movement, he was the boldest champion of the national cause." And whatever his staff and his Austrian executioners may have argued from his oratorical incapacity and his ignominious death, neither, assuredly, will prevent his name's preservation on posterity's list of patriot-heroes, even though he should never obtain the monument

* "Follow me!"

which it has been predicted that Hungary will one day erect to him, upon the spot where he mounted the scaffold.

Before proceeding to the longest and most remarkable sketch in the volume, we will extract the beginning and end of a humorous paper, written in true soldier's style, entitled *From the Memoirs of a Quartermaster*.

"I never saw such a man as my lieutenant. It is not because he was my lieutenant that I say so, but a merrier fellow was not to be found in the army. Were I a poet or a scholar, I would make a fine romance out of his adventures; but as I unfortunately lack the learning, I must be content to set down a few odd incidents of our joyous camp-life, just as they occur to my memory. It gives me pleasure to recall these anecdotes of my late master, who was lieutenant in the volunteers. Those who knew him will not have forgotten how gay a wooer he was with women, and how brave a soldier in war.

"They transferred us to a battalion that lay in Siebenbürgen, and which was not yet completely equipped. Our principal wants were muskets and cartouch-boxes. Nobody had a greatcoat; and, in another respect, the battalion was quite uniform, for every one went barefoot. My lieutenant often complained to the captain, who had been a Bohemian forester, and afterwards a coffee-roaster in Pesth, but who, when his daughter's husband was promoted to be major of our battalion, was by him appointed captain—to him, I say, the lieutenant repeatedly complained that the poor soldiers were frozen, and should at least be supplied with greatcoats. But all in vain; the superior officers gambled the money sent them by Government for the equipment of the troops; and all my lieutenant could obtain from the ex-coffee-roaster was a *bon-mot* which Napoleon, he said, had addressed to his soldiers when they complained in Egypt of bad clothing: 'Avec du pain et du fer on peut aller à Chine.'

"The lieutenant made me write these words on one hundred and fifty small slips of paper, pinned these upon his men's shoulders, and said—'There, my lads, are your greatcoats.' Boots

were all that was now wanting. One fine morning we received a hundred and fifty bran-new—blacking-boxes!

"'Engem ucse,' said the lieutenant: 'tis good; instead of boots they send us blacking.' And next day, when the little gray general passed a review, our company marched past with their bare feet blacked and polished, and with spurs drawn in chalk upon their heels. The general laughed at first, and then reprimanded the major. The major laughed too, and scolded the captain. Finally, the captain abused my lieutenant, who abused him in return; but, as the one understood no Hungarian, and the other no German, the dispute led to nothing.

"At last we got ourselves shod, by gloriously ransacking a Wallachian village, and thrusting our feet into the red boots the women had left behind them. Thenceforward our company was known everywhere as 'the regiment of Red Boots.'

"In our first engagement we had not much to do. The enemy fired at us from a distance, whilst we stood still and looked at them. Some of the recruits bobbed their heads aside when they saw the shot coming through the air. 'Don't shake your head, my man,' the lieutenant would say; 'you might chance to knock it against a cannon-ball.' In the second action we took a gun from the enemy. It came up very near us and unlimbered; but, before it had time to fire a shot, my lieutenant made the soldiers believe it was one of our own guns; that the enemy were about to capture it; and could we suffer this? We could not suffer it, and rushed on: a few shots met us; but before we well knew what we did, the gun was in our power. The whole was over in less time than I take to tell it.

"From that day forward nobody made fun of the Red Boots, and soon we were supplied with muskets. Many of these were hardly fit to fire with; but bayonet and butt were always there, wherewith to thrust and strike.

* * * *

"It was in the dog-days. For three months we had received no pay. At last, to silence my lieutenant's terrible expostulations, they sent us

money—fifteen notes of a hundred florins each.

“The salaries of Government officials were paid in fifteen-kreuzer pieces; the money we soldiers wanted, for our daily bread, was sent in hundred-florin notes. Of course, nothing could be easier, in the Wallach hamlets in which we were cantoned, than to get small change for fifteen hundred-florin notes.

“Whilst my lieutenant was grumbling over this, and puzzling his head how to divide these few large notes into many small ones, a courier arrived and brought him a letter.

“The lieutenant read the letter, and laughed out loud. Then he ordered a parade. He was the only officer present. Two captains and a major were constantly rambling about, and seldom saw their battalion, but left everything to my lieutenant. So he ordered the drums to beat for muster; and when the men were assembled, he informed them that their pay had come just in the nick of time. Then he produced the fifteen hundred florins* and a pair of scissors, made the soldiers file past, and cut off a slip of the notes for each one of them. It was the only way to divide them.

“This done, he came singing and whistling into his quarters, laughed and cut jokes, played a thousand pranks, and at last called to me, and asked if I had a dry cloth at hand, to wipe up something.

“I answered that I had.

“‘Go and fetch it, then.’ And he continued to laugh and jest, and seemed in most wonderful good humour. ‘Make haste,’ he shouted after me, as I hurried to fetch the cloth. I felt quite sure he was going to play me some famous trick, he looked so sly and comical when he gave me the order.

“Whilst I sought for a towel, I heard the report of a firearm in the next room. Towel in hand, I threw open the door. The room was full of smoke.

“‘What am I to wipe up?’ I asked.

“‘This blood!’ said the lieutenant,

who lay upon the ground. The warm heart’s-blood flowed from a wound in his breast; in his hand he held a pistol and the letter he had that morning received.

“The letter announced the catastrophe of Vilagos. In two minutes he was dead.

“Thus did my lieutenant make a fool of me at last.

“Such a merry fellow was my lieutenant.”

The various memoirs of the Hungarian war record more than one instance of self-destruction and insanity, amongst the enthusiastic defenders of the Magyar cause, consequent upon Görgey’s shameful surrender, and the final downfall of their cherished hopes. As far as the suicide goes, therefore, there is nothing improbable in the conduct of the eccentric lieutenant. Passing over several shorter papers, for the most part clever and spirited, we come to the striking tale, or rather series of scenes, entitled *George of St Thomas*, which, besides being the most carefully finished of these sketches, includes several of the most terrible and romantic historical incidents of that war. Its construction is favourable to extract, and we propose to translate such portions of it as our limits will allow, and therewith close our notice of the *Schlachtfelderblüthen aus Ungarn*. The first chapter is headed—

THE FIEND’S FESTIVAL.

It was dark night in the town of St Thomas. Not a star was visible. Well was it that the heavens saw not what then occurred upon earth.

Men who had grown gray together in love and friendship, dwelling in the same street, under the very same roof, who were bound to each other by ties of blood and kindred, of gratitude and duty, who were wont to share each other’s joys and griefs, began, upon a sudden, as if frantic with infernal inspirations, to plot each other’s extermination, and to fill their souls with bloody hatred against those who had never wronged them.

It was St Eustace’ day. The Rait-

* The notes issued from Kossuth’s bank-note press were, of course, worthless when the revolution was suppressed.

zen* assembled in their church, to worship God, as they said. But no words of God were there, nor solemn organ-notes; wild voices announced approaching horrors, and the sainted roof resounded with strains ominous of strife.

The town's-people were tranquil. Those amongst them who noticed that their neighbours' windows were lighted up, and who saw gloomy faces hurrying to the church, said to themselves, "To-day the Raitzen hold high festival;" and thought no more of it, but went their ways to bed. Towards midnight the alarm-bell sounded, the doors of the temple opened, and the nocturnal revel began.

With wild howl the excited mob burst into the houses of their sleeping neighbours. It was as though they had some ancient and inveterate grudge to avenge, so fierce and bitter was the fury with which they murdered all whose windows showed no lights—the token the Raitzen had adopted, lest by error they should assail each other's dwellings.

In two hours the Magyar population of the town was exterminated, with the exception of a scanty few who escaped in carts and carriages. These, however, were pursued; and when the uproar in the town, the sounds of strife and lamentation, and the clang of bells, were hushed, cries of agony and despair were still heard issuing at in-

tervals from the adjacent country, as vehicles, stuck fast in the treacherous swamps, were overtaken, and the luckless fugitives ruthlessly butchered. At last these heart-rending sounds also ceased. Voices of complaint were no longer audible, but in their stead, in more than one quarter of the illuminated town, were heard music, and dancing, and merriment.

It was long past midnight when a cart drove through the streets of St Thomas. In it sat a man wrapped in his cloak, marvelling greatly at the lights in the houses, and the sounds of festivity and joy. At his own household he stopped his horse. To his great surprise, his dwelling also was lighted up, and within were sounds of music, a hum of voices, and noise of dancing feet. Astounded and anxious, he stepped silently to a window, and through it he beheld a crowd of well-known faces. The company, flushed with wine and excitement, sang and shouted, and drank out of his glasses, and danced madly round the room. They were all old acquaintances, and inhabitants of the town.

Ignorant of the events of the night, the man thought he was dreaming.

Presently his attention was attracted by the licentious garb and demeanour of a woman, who circulated amongst the guests with loud laugh and libertine gestures, sharing in and stimulating the orgies. At first, he

* The name of Raitzen is synonymous with Serbs. "Arsenius Czernojewic, under Leopold I., transplanted a large colony of Serbs from the ancient Rascia to Hungary. Hence the name Razen, Raczen, Raitzen.

"The Serbs first aimed the poniard at their German and Magyar neighbours. . . . Isolated scenes of murder, perpetrated by the Serbs against the Magyars and Germans, who inhabit that district, (the Bacska, or country of Bacs, between the Danube and the Theiss,) led the way to a series of sanguinary atrocities, such as our age had hoped never to see repeated. The commencement of hostilities is due to the Slavowallachian race; old, long-restrained hate, combined with an innate thirst for blood, marked the rising of the South Slavonian races from the first as one of the bloodiest character, in which murder was both means and end. No revolution of modern times—the great French Revolution not excepted—is blackened with such horrible atrocities as this: the details may be found in the Serbian and Magyar journals; and one would fain have hoped that the accounts on both sides were exaggerated. Unhappily, such a hope is illusory; nor can the historian indulge it without falsifying the truth. Deeds have been perpetrated which call to mind the Hurons and Makis of the American forests. Like them, the Serbs were masters in the art of torture and murder; like them, they made their unhappy victims previously undergo all the dreadful steps of torment, prolonging the transition from life to death with a refinement of cruelty; like them, they vaunted the deeds of horror, and honoured their executioners as heroes. . . . Such unheard-of atrocities inevitably called forth retaliation. Magyars and Germans became savages among savages."—SCHLESINGER, Pulsky's edition, i. 22-24.

could not discern who this woman was. Then he recognised her. It was his own wife.

"Hold!" he shouted, and strode into the room where these saturnalia were in progress. He knew not what to do or say; it were hard to find a word which should express the rage that possessed him.

"Hold!" he thundered out, every fibre quivering with fury, "what do ye here?"

The guests stood aghast at that apparition of wrath. The boldest started at sight of the man, as he stood amongst them, terrible and deadly pale. For a while none dared approach him. He went up to his wife, a dark-haired, black-eyed, red-cheeked wanton, who stood as if turned to stone. He fixed his eyes upon hers with a deadly gaze.

"On your knees!"

The woman stirred not.

"On your knees, wretch!" vociferated the husband, and struck her in the face, so that she fell to the ground.

"Hold, dog!" was shouted on all sides. The Raitzen rushed forward, and the man was seized by twenty hands. He struggled against them, grasped the throat of one, and relaxed not his clutch, even when thrown down and trampled under foot, until he had choked his adversary to death. They bound his hands and thrust him into a corner. The Raitzen formed a circle about him.

"What would ye of me?" he asked, the blood flowing from his mouth.

"What would we? Look around you. See you not that all here are Raitzen?" replied a tall dark-browed Serb, scowling scornfully and cruelly at the sufferer.

"And I a Magyar. What then?"

"Ask thy neighbours. Hast thou not heard that to-day is our festival? The festival of the extermination of the Magyars. You are one: the last in the town. All the others are dead. As the last, you shall choose the manner of your death."

"So you are the executioner, Basil?"

"I? I am the chosen of my people."

With indescribable loathing, the Magyar spat in his face.

"Scoundrel!" yelled the insulted

man, "for this you shall weep tears of blood."

"Weep! I?—who ever saw me weep? You may slay me, you may torture me, or tear me limb from limb. There are enough of you to do it. But weep you shall not see me, though you burst for impotent rage."

"Weep thou shalt, and 'tis I will make thee. Know that it is I who seduced your wife, and for whom she betrayed you."

"That is thy shame, not mine."

"All thy kinsmen are slain."

"Better they should lie dead in the street than breathe the same air with thee."

"Thy property is annihilated."

"May God destroy those who did it."

"Truly, thou art a cool fellow. But—you had a daughter,—a fair and innocent child."

George looked at his tormentor, and shuddered.

"Lina, I think, was her name," continued the Serb, drawing out his words with a refinement of cruelty.

"What—what mean you?" asked the trembling father.

"A comely maiden, by my word. Fair to look upon, is she not?"

"The devil seize thee! What next?"

"So young and delicate, and yet—six husbands. Hard to choose. Your wife could not decide to which she should belong. I stepped in, and settled the matter. I married her—to all six—" He burst into fiendish laughter.

Mute and giddy with horror, the father raised himself from the ground.

"I am sorry," continued the Serb, "that you were not here for the wedding."

"May God's justice fall upon you!" shrieked the wretched father, stifling his tears. But the parent's heart overpowered the pride of the man. He fell with his face upon the ground, and wept—tears of blood.

"Lift him up," said Basil, "that we may see him weep for the first time in his life. Weep a little, George; and you, sot, tune up your pipes, that he may have accompaniment to his tears."

And thereupon the drunken band began to dance round their victim

with shouts of laughter and scoffing gestures, striking and kicking him as they passed. Now, however, he wept no longer. He closed his eyes and kept silence, enduring their ill-treatment without sign or sound of complaint.

"Away with him!" cried Basil. "Throw him into the garret, and put a sentry over him. To-day we have celebrated his daughter's wedding; to-morrow we will drink at his funeral. Good-night, friend George."

He was dragged up to the garret, and locked in. Where they threw him, there he lay, motionless upon the floor, as though all sensation had departed from both body and soul, awaiting the hour of death, and rejoicing that it was near at hand. For a while the dancing and singing continued; then the Serbs departed to sleep, and all was still. His eyes were unvisited by slumber. Yet a little while, he thought to himself, and eternal repose will be mine.

He lay with his senses thus benumbed, thinking neither of the past nor the future, when he heard a rustle at the garret window. Through the darkness he saw a white figure pass through the small opening, and grope its way towards him. Was it a dream? or a reality? The figure's steps were noiseless. But presently it spoke—in a scarcely audible whisper.

"Father! father!" it said.

"Lina!"

He looked up, seeking to discern the features of his visitor. She hurried to him, kissed him, and cut the ropes that bound his hands.

"My child!" murmured George, and clasped his daughter's tottering knees. "My dear, my only child!"

"Let us fly!" said the maiden, in faint and suffering tones. "The ladder is at the window. Quick, father—quick!"

George clasped his panting child in his arms, and bore her through the opening in the garret roof, and down the ladder, resting her head upon his shoulder and covering her cold cheek with his kisses. Near the ladder-foot, he stumbled over something. "What is that? A spade. We will take it with us."

"For a weapon!" said the father.

"To dig a grave!" said the daughter.

On the other side of the house was heard a heavy monotonous step. It was a Serb on sentry.

"Stay here! Keep close to the wall," said George to his daughter. He grasped the spade, and crept noiselessly to the corner of the house. The steps came nearer and nearer. George raised the spade. The Serb turned the corner, and—lay the next moment upon the ground, with his skull split. He had not time for a single cry.

George took the dead man's clothes and weapons, took his daughter in his arms, and left the town. The morning star glittered in the brightening sky. Towards daybreak, and without having exchanged a word, father and daughter reached the nearest village. George had many acquaintances there, and with one of them, he thought, he could leave his daughter. He found but a poor reception. Nowhere was he suffered to cross the threshold. None offered him so much as a crust of bread. All closed their doors, and implored him to depart, lest he should bring destruction on their heads. The villagers were neither hard-hearted nor cowardly; but they feared that if the Serbs of St Thomas heard of their sheltering a fugitive, they also would be murdered or plundered. With anguish in his soul, the wretched man again took his child in his arms, and resumed his journey.

For six days he walked on, over stubble and fallow, through storm and cold by night and parching heat by day—his child, his beloved child, on his arm. He asked not what ailed her; and she uttered no complaint.

On the sixth day the maiden died, of hunger, misery, and grief.

The father felt his burthen heavier; the arms that clasped his neck slackened their hold, and the pale cheek that nestled on his shoulder was chill and cold!

But the spires of Szegedin now glittered in the distance. George hurried on, and at last, exhausted by his speed, he reached at noonday the large and populous city. In front of it, on the vast plain, a great multitude was assembled: more than

twenty thousand souls were gathered together, listening to the words of a popular orator, exalted upon a scaffolding in their midst. George made his way into the throng; the speaker was relating the incredible atrocities of the Raitzen. Several of his hearers noticed the weary, wild-looking, travel-stained man, carrying in his arms a pale girl with closed eyes, who stood amongst them like a fugitive from a mad-house.

"Whence come you?" they asked him.

"From St Thomas."

"Ha! Up! up with him on the scaffold!" cried those who heard his reply.

"A man is here from St Thomas. Up with him, and let him speak to the people!"

The crowd opened a passage, and George was hurried to the scaffold. When, from this elevation, his emaciated and ghastly countenance, furrowed by suffering and despair, his failing limbs, and the faded and ashy pale features of the child upon his shoulder, became visible to the assembled multitude, a deep shuddering murmur ran through its masses, like that the Platten Lake gives forth when tempest nears its shores. At sight and sound of the heaving throng, a hectic flush flamed upon George's cheek, an unwonted fire burned in his bosom; he felt the spirit of revenge descend upon his head like a forked and fiery tongue.

"Magyars!" he exclaimed in loud and manly tones, "I come from St Thomas, the sole survivor of all who there prayed to God in the Magyar tongue. My goods are plundered, my kinsmen slain. Have any of you friends there?—prepare your mourning, for of a surety they are dead. Of all I possessed I have saved but one treasure—my unhappy child. Approach! ye that are fathers, think of your virgin daughters, and behold what they have made of mine!"

As he spoke, he lifted his child from his shoulder; and then only did he perceive that she was dead. Until that moment, he had thought she was only faint and silent, as she had constantly been for six days past.

"Dead!" shrieked the despairing man, and clasped the corpse to his

heart. "She is dead!" he repeated. The words died away upon his lips, and he fell, like one thunderstruck, headlong to the ground.

This tragical incident raised to a climax the excitement of the multitude.

"Revenge!—a bloody revenge!" thundered a voice; and the tumult that now arose was like the howling of the storm.

"To arms! To arms! all who are men!" was shouted on every side, and the people thronged through the streets and lanes of the city. "To arms!—to arms!" was re-echoed from house to house, and in an hour's time ten thousand furious men stood armed and equipped, and ready to set out for St Thomas.

Then there got abroad a sullen apprehension, speedily succeeded by a fierce resolve. Some one chanced to say:—

"But what if, when we march away, the Raitzen rise up and murder our children?"

The words passed from mouth to mouth.

"They shall die!" exclaimed many voices. "Let them perish, as our brothers perished at St Thomas! They must die!"

And with terrible ferocity the people turned against their own city, and like a mountain torrent, overpowering all restraint, poured into their neighbours' dwellings, and slew the Raitzen to the very last man.

This occurred on the sixth day after the extermination of the Magyars at St Thomas.

THE ROBBER-CAPTAIN.

George took his dead child in his arms, carried her into the forest, dug a grave at the foot of a poplar tree, and laid her in it. He lacked the courage to throw clods upon her pale and beautiful countenance, but he plucked leaves and twigs from the bushes, laid them thickly over her, and then covered all with the black earth. When the grave was filled in, and whilst he was smoothing the green moss over the mound, anguish tore his heart; but, instead of soothing tears, the fire of hell gleamed in his eyes.

Then he took out his knife, to cut

his child's name on the bark of the tree which was to be her living monument. But when the letters were complete, there stood, graven by his own hand, the name of *BASIL*. For he thought no longer of his daughter, but of her murderer. And more terribly significant than a thousand curses and vows of vengeance was that name, graven in that hour and that place.

George rose from the ground, and wandered forth into the forest. He had walked some distance, when a longing desire came over him once more to gaze upon his daughter's grave. He turned to seek it, but the trees were all alike: in vain he sought the one beneath which his child lay buried, and at last night overtook him in the very heart of the forest. Still he walked on, whither and wherefore he knew not. The wood grew thicker, and the night darker; the birds, startled at his footsteps, flew screaming from their perch. At last he stumbled over a tree-root, and fell. Why should he get up again? As well there as anywhere. He let his weary head sink upon the ground, whispered a "good night" to his child, and fell asleep, and dreamed of burning towns and scenes of slaughter.

Towards midnight the neighing of a horse roused him from his restless slumbers. Near at hand he saw a saddle-horse, snorting and pawing the ground. Behind some bushes he heard a woman's plaintive tone, and the harsher voice of a man, mingled at intervals with the prattle of a child.

The man was a short spare figure, with flashing black eyes, long mustaches hanging down over his mouth, and black hair streaming on his shoulders. Energy was the charac-

teristic of his features, and the sinews of his frame were like cords of steel.

In his arms he held a child, three or four years old. The child called him father, and clasped him affectionately with its little hands. A woman was also there, sobbing passionately, and wiping the tears from her eyes.

"Canst thou pray, my son?" said the man, seating the child upon his knee.

"Surely he can," the woman answered; "morning and evening he repeats his prayer."

"Grow up a good man, my son—not such a one as thy father. In another year put him to school, that he may learn something good."

"That will I, though it were to cost me my last florin!"

"And take him far hence! When he is older, never tell him what his father was. Conceal my name from him; never let him know that he is the son of *Rosa Sandor* the robber."

"Ask thy father, child, when he will again visit us."

"I know not, my son. For me the morning never dawns of which I can say, this day is mine. Here to-day, to-morrow fifty miles off; after to-morrow, perhaps under the turf."

"Talk not thus! See, tears are in the child's eyes."

"So is it, my son, and not otherwise. The robber has none to whom to pray, early and late, for protection to his life."

"But you are no murderer, *Sandor*! You have no man's blood upon your hands!"

"Seek not to palliate my offence, dear wench! Sooner or later, the gallows and the ravens will claim me."

Again the woman began to sob; the child cried when it saw its mother

* *Schlesinger* describes *Rosa Sandor* as "a man about thirty-five years of age not very tall or stout, with fair hair, small mustaches and whiskers, and with nothing of the bandit in his appearance or demeanour," but mentions that he had a lieutenant of the popular bandit type, a broad-shouldered truculent personage with a formidable black beard, and long hair streaming on his shoulders. "A strange relation," he adds, "exists between the two men. The master was anxious, for reasons easy to conceive, that his person should not be generally known in the country; whilst the servant, on the contrary, had vanity enough to take pleasure in passing for the famous *Rosa Sandor*. All the portraits of the latter which are circulated throughout the country are faithful likenesses of the lieutenant, and hence the common erroneous notion of the Captain."

weep; with deep feeling the robber caressed and comforted them.

"Go home, dear ones!" he said, "and be not uneasy. Tell no one that you have seen me. And His blessing be upon you, whose blessing I dare not ask!"

The woman and child departed. The robber sprang into the saddle, and, standing up in the stirrups, listened, as long as they were audible, to the infantine tones of his child. Suddenly an icy-cold hand was laid upon his. Startled, but without uttering a sound, he turned his head. A man stood beside his horse. It was the fugitive from St Thomas.

"Fear nothing from me, Rosa! Handle not your pistols. Mine shall not be the first blood you shed. Not to that end has your life been preserved through sixteen years of peril. Your destiny is not that of a common malefactor."

"You know me, then?"

"By report, as an outlaw, with a price upon your head. I know, too, that you have a beloved wife and a darling child, to see whom once in every year you risk your life—here, where all know you, and any might betray you."

"Not a word of that! You are ragged and needy. Doubtless you would enlist in my band. Here, take this"—he offered him a pistol; "rather than do that, send a bullet through your head."

The fugitive from St Thomas looked earnestly in Sandor's face. Then he said quietly, almost carelessly, "Do my bidding, and the name of the Robber shall no longer be coupled with that of Rosa Sandor."

"Are you mad? Have I not done my utmost? and in every quarter? Let them pardon my past offences, and they would hear of no new ones. The traveller need no longer fear me. Have I not offered to compensate to the utmost of my power all those I have injured, and to build, out of my ill-gotten gains, a place of worship for that God whose commandments I have wilfully broken? All I ask is to be suffered to live amongst my fellow-men, and to earn my daily bread by the labour of my hands. They would never listen to my offers. There is no atonement I am not willing to make to the offended laws of God

and my country. But they ever rejected and drove me forth. And thou—what wouldst thou with me?—betray me? Fly, wretch! Hitherto I have shed no blood."

"Henceforward thou shalt shed it, and thereby redeem thy crimes. Your country accepts what the law refused. Your country has foes; go, wash with their blood the stain from your name!"

"Tempt me not!" said the robber mournfully. "Ah, were it indeed granted me to die a happy and honourable death upon the battle-field!"

"And if fame, instead of death, awaited you there? And if, on your return thence, the very men who now chase you from forest to forest, came forth to meet you with laurel crowns and joyous acclamations; and if, instead of "robber," hero and patriot were coupled with your name?"

"Stop! befool me not! Oh, I could do much! A strong squadron could I bring into the field, composed of men who a hundred times have looked death fearlessly in the face; men inured to heat and cold, and to back a horse for three days and nights without dismounting."

"I will go and intercede for you."

"But what am I to thee? Who art thou? And why wouldst thou serve me?"

"Oh, I have my motives. I am one whom the Raitzen have driven from house and home, whose wife they have seduced, whose kindred they have slain. By flight alone did I escape with my life; and here, in this very forest, have I buried my only child, polluted and murdered. All these things have the Raitzen done to me. Now, tell me, if you war against them, you will give no quarter?"

"None."

"Then trust me that I will never rest until I bring your pardon, on the condition that you take the field against the Raitzen with your whole band. And may your happiness on earth be measured by the destruction you bring upon their accursed race."

"Clear me the path to the battle-field, and you shall have a mountain of your enemies' skulls."

"I will do so. By all that is sacred, I swear. In a fortnight I bring your pardon. Where shall we meet?"

"We? nowhere. I trust no man.

If you be sincere, come to Félégyház. There, in the tavern, sits each morning a wrinkled old beggar, his grey hair tied up in two knots. He has but one hand—thereby will you know him. Show him this pistol, and he will conduct you to me. Seek not to compel from him the secret of my hiding-place, for no tortures could wring it from his lips. Be not angry. I must be cautious. For sixteen years have I been hunted like a beast of prey. And now away, and keep to your right to find the path. An opposite road is mine.”

He set spurs to his horse, and galloped off through the forest.

The fortnight had not expired when George entered the tavern at Félégyház.

In a dark corner, over a measure of wine, sat the grey-haired, one-handed beggar.

George showed the pistol. The beggar rose from his seat, drank off his wine, paid the tavern-keeper, and left the house. Not a syllable escaped him.

The two men stopped before a wretched hut, at the extremity of the village. The beggar went in, and brought out two powerful black saddle-horses. He signed to George to mount one, whilst he himself sprang upon the other, as actively as though he were a young man and had both hands.

Once fairly off, the old beggar became talkative. These horses, he said, were hacks of Rosa Sandor's, good beasts enough; but the Captain's favourite steed was far finer and better, and would let none but its master mount it, and would gallop for whole days together without rest, or food, or drink. It swam the Theiss thrice running, and watched its master's sleep like the most faithful dog, neighing when danger approached.

Till late in the evening, they rode on across the endless heath. No path was there, nor visible landmark; only at intervals a patch of stunted aspens, and now and then a hut, whence proceeded the hoarse bark of dogs, or a sheep-pen vacant until nightfall. There were fens overgrown with reeds and rushes, and swarming with white herons; and vast tracts of moor, grazed and trampled by every sort of cattle. Now and then, on the far horizon, the travellers caught sight of a steeple; or of a dark mass of wood, coaxed by toil and care from the ungrateful sandy soil.

At last night fell. All around grew grey, and then black; but still the old horse-herd kept steadily on his way. In the remote distance a red glimmer was seen: right and left flamed the fires of the shepherds.

“Yonder is Rosa Sandor,” said the Betyár, pointing to the distant light: “there we shall find him.”

Another hour brought them to the place. As they drew near, the horses that stood round the fire neighed aloud, and the figures of three men were visible. Their attitude was one of watchfulness and determination.

A peculiar whistle from the lips of the old Betyár warned them of the approach of friends.

One of the three men at the fire was the robber chief, Rosa Sandor.

“What bring you?” asked Rosa.

“Your pardon!” cried George; and, springing from his steaming horse, he handed a sealed packet to his interrogator. “Read and rejoice!”*

The robber turned to the firelight, and unfolded the document, which quivered in his hand as he read it. One tear and then another fell upon the paper; slowly he bent his knees, and turned his glistening eyes to heaven. “My Lord and my God!” he exclaimed, his utterance choked by sobs, “for sixteen years I have been hunted like

* Rosa Sandor was less a highwayman than a cattle-lifter, and pursued his vocation in the neighbourhood of Szegedin. “He was never in prison,” says Schlesinger, “but repented his misdemeanours of his own free will, and wrote to the magistrates stating that he would leave their cattle alone, if they would pardon him for the past and allow him to pursue the Anstrians.” The Hungarian Government granted his request, and he did good service, especially against Jellachich and the Serbs; and also repeatedly entered Pesth and Komorn with despatches, when those places were closely invested by the Austrians.—See Schlesinger, i. 226-8, for other particulars of this Hungarian Robin Hood, who was at the head of a band of three hundred men, and was further remarkable by his abstinence from bloodshed.

a wild beast, but Thou vouchsafest to me to be once more a man!"

He turned to his companions. "To horse!" he cried; "let the troop assemble."

They sprang to their horses, and soon upon all sides the signal-whistle was heard. In ten minutes, a hundred and eighty men, well mounted and armed, mustered round the fire.

"Friends and comrades," cried Sandor, "that which we have so long desired has come to pass. We are no longer robbers—our country pardons us. It is granted us to atone our crimes by an honourable death. Is there one amongst you who does not repent his past life, and rejoice to be allowed to end it in honour?"

"Not one!" was the unanimous shout.

"Will you follow me to the battle?"

"Everywhere! To death!"

"Swear it."

The vow was brief. "We joyfully swear to shed our blood for our fatherland!"

"Add," said George to Rosa, "and to give no quarter!"

NOSTALGIA.

The soldier is dying of home-sickness.

On a sudden an epidemic broke out amongst the Hungarian troops stationed in foreign lands.

A mysterious man wandered from place to place, visiting the wine-houses frequented by the hussars, and joining in their conversation. The words he spoke, repeated from mouth to mouth, spread far and wide amongst the light-hearted soldiers, whose light-heartedness then suddenly left them. The stranger told them of things which had happened in their native land; and, when he departed, he left behind him printed verses and proclamations. These the privates took to their serjeants to have read to them. When they heard them read they wept and cursed, and learned by heart both verse and prose, from the first word to the last, and repeated them from morning till night.

Then many took to their beds, and neither ate nor drank; and when the doctors asked what ailed them, they pointed to their hearts, and said, "Home! home!—let us go home!"

Many died, and no one could say what had killed them. The rough uneducated soldiers were pining away in home-sickness, like flowers transplanted to a foreign and ungenial soil.

An experiment was tried. Some of the sick men received leave to go home. The next day—they were well and hearty.

It became known that some one was at work secretly inoculating the soldiers with this strange malady; but it was impossible to detect the person.

The soldiers!—oh, not one of *them* would betray him; and all snares were laid in vain. With the officers he never meddled. The private soldiers were his men. With them he felt himself secure from treachery. And the seed he scattered abroad produced an abundant harvest.

The dejection of the troops became daily more striking. The soldiers grew wild and intractable. No longer, when riding their horses to water, did they sing, as had been their wont, joyous ditties in praise of wine and women. Their songs were now sad and strange-sounding; mournful words to yet more dismal tunes. They sang of their country, of their dear native land, and of strife and bloodshed, in dirge-like strains; and the burden of every complot was "*Eljen Magyar!*" Like the last accents of a dying man were the tones they uttered, sinking deeper and deeper, and ending in piteous long-protracted cadences.

Still are such songs to be heard in Hungary's forests, and around her villages, in the silent night-time. Now, more than ever, do they sound like funeral dirges, and their long sad notes like wailings from the grave.

In a small Gallician town was quartered a division of hussars—splendid fellows, for whom the heart of many a Polish maiden beat quicker than its wont. The most beautiful woman in all the neighbourhood loved the best blade amongst the hussars—the Captain.

Countess Anna K—nsky, the lovely Polish widow, had been for six months betrothed to the bold hussar officer, and the wedding-day was near at hand. A single night intervened. On the eve of the happy day, the bride-

groom went to visit his bride. He was a tall slender man, with the bloom of youth still upon his face; but his high forehead was already bald;—"Sun and moon together," as the Hungarian proverb says.

The bride was a fair and delicate lady, with abundant black locks, a pale nervous countenance, and blue eyes of that unusual lustre which one finds only in Polish blue eyes. At sight of her lover, her alabaster cheek was overspread with the roses of love's spring-time, and her eyes beamed like the rising sun.

The bridegroom would fain have appeared cheerful; but it is hard to deceive the gaze of love, which reads the beloved one's trouble in each fold of the brow, in each absent glance of the eye. Tenderly she approached him, smoothed his forehead's wrinkles with her hand, and imprinted a kiss in their place. But again they returned.

"What ails thee, dearest? How is this? Sad on the eve of our wedding-day?"

"I? Nothing ails me. But I am annoyed at an incident—a casualty—which I cannot postpone. The court-martial has condemned a man to death. I have just now signed the sentence. The man is to be shot to-morrow: just on our bridal-day! I would it were otherwise!"

"The man is doubtless a criminal?"

"According to military law. He has been debauching soldiers from their duty—exciting them to desert and return home to fight the Serbs. Death is the penalty of his crime."

"And you have signed the sentence? Are you not a Magyar? Love you not your native land?"

"I am a soldier before everything. I respect the laws."

"Impossible! You, who love so well, cannot be devoid of that most ennobling kind of love—patriotism."

"I can love, but I cannot dream. Of the maxims and principles of revolutionists, I understand not a word; but thus much I know, revolutions never end well. Much blood, little honour, eternal remorse."

"Say not eternal remorse, but eternal hope. Hope that a time *must* come, which will compensate all sufferings and sacrifices."

The fair enthusiast quitted her

bridegroom's side, seated herself at the piano, and played with feverish energy the well-known song,

"Noch ist Polen nicht verloren!"

her eyes flashing through tears. Her lover approached her, removed her hand, which trembled with emotion, from the keys of the instrument, and kissed it.

"Poor Poland! Well may thy daughters weep over thy fate; but alas! in vain. I was lately in Pesth. Passing along a street where a large house was building, I noticed amongst the labourers a woman, carrying stones to and fro upon her head, for the use of the masons. Twice—thrice—I passed before her. The sweat streamed from her face; her limbs could scarcely support her. She was no longer young, and the toil was severe. This woman once possessed a palace in Warsaw—far, far more magnificent than the house she was then helping to build. Its portals were surmounted by a prince's coronet; and many are the joyous hours I have spent beneath its hospitable roof. . . . When, at the sound of the noonday bell, she seated herself at her wretched meal, I accosted her. For a long time she would not recognise me; then she turned away her head and wept. The other women only laughed at her. I offered her money; she thanked me, and took very little. She, once the mistress of millions, besought me to send the remainder to her little daughter, whom she had left a dependant on a rich family in a distant town. I promised to seek out her daughter. When I had last seen her she was a lovely child, six years of age. Eight years had elapsed, bringing her to the verge of womanhood. I reached the house. In answer to my inquiries, a girl appeared—not that fair and delicate being whose sweet countenance still dwelt in my memory, but a rude creature, with hard coarse features and wild eyes. She did not recognise me, often though she had seen me. I spoke to her in Polish; she understood not a word. I asked after her mother; she stared vacantly in my face. . . . Truly, the fate of Poland is a terrible example of what a nation may expect from its neighbours when it engages

in a struggle with one more powerful than itself; and woe to the Magyar if he does not profit by the warning!"

"Ah! it is no Magyar who can talk thus!"

"Anna! thy first husband fell in battle on the morrow of thy wedding day. Wouldst thou lose thy second bridegroom on its eve?"

"I? With contrition I avow my culpable weakness; I love you more than my country, more than liberty. Until to-day, no man ever heard these words from a Polish woman. I wish you to sacrifice yourself? Did you seek to do so, I should surely hold you back—which no Polish wife ever yet did to her husband. All I crave of you is to leave that man his life, whose patriotism was stronger than your own. On our bridal eve, I ask you for a man's life as a wedding-gift."

"And a soldier's honour!"

"Punish him otherwise."

"There is but one alternative. The man has instigated mutiny and desertion; the law has doomed him to death. I must execute the sentence, or fly with him to Hungary. And thence, I well know, I should never return. In a case like this, the judge punishes, or is an accomplice of the criminal. In one hand I have the sword of justice, in the other the banner of insurrection. Choose! which shall I raise?"

The sky was scarcely reddened by the dawn when the prisoner was led forth to execution. Silently, without other sound than that of their horses' hoofs, marched the square of hussars. In the centre, on an open cart, was the chaplain, a crucifix in his hand; and beside him, in a white shirt, bare-headed and with fettered hands, the culprit, George of St Thomas.

The sun rose as they reached the appointed place. The plumes of the hussars and the grey locks of the condemned man fluttered in the morning breeze. They took him from the cart: six hussars dismounted and unslung their carbines; the remainder formed up. The adjutant unfolded a paper and read, in a stern and merciless voice, the sentence of death passed upon George of St Thomas. According to customary form, a soldier stepped up to the adjutant, presented

him with a wand, and thrice implored mercy for the condemned man. The third time the officer broke the wand in two, threw it at the criminal's feet, and said in solemn tones, "God is merciful!"

At these words the doomed man raised his head; his attitude grew more erect, his features glowed. He gazed around him in the faces of the assembled soldiers, then upwards at the purple clouds, and spoke in enthusiastic tones.

"Thank thee, O God!" he said; "and thanks also to you, comrades, for my death. Life has long been a burthen to me; death is welcome. I have lost everything—wife and child, house and home; my country alone remained to me, and her I could not free. I rejoice to die. You, comrades, bless God, that yonder, beyond the mountains, you have a mother, a beloved bride, a faithful wife, an infant child, waiting your return. Yonder beyond the mountains you have your homes, your cottages, your families. Pray to God that at your last hour you may welcome death as joyfully as I, who have nothing left upon earth." He paused, and sank upon his knees, as if power had departed from his limbs.

The soldiers stood motionless as statues. The adjutant waved the paper in his hand. Gloomily the six hussars raised their carbines.

Once more the adjutant raised the folded paper, when behold! a young non-commissioned officer dashed out of the ranks, snatched the fatal document from his hand, tore it, and threw the fragments at the feet of the firing-party.

Two hundred sabres flashed from their scabbards, and, amidst a cloud of dust, two hundred chargers scoured across the plain.

The wedding guests were waiting. The bridegroom was there in full uniform, glittering with gold, and the beautiful bride in her graceful robe of white lace. Yet a moment, and she would be his wedded wife.

The moment was very long.

The bridegroom awaited his adjutant's return from the execution. Until then, he would not approach the altar.

What if, at the very instant the

solemn Yes! passed his lips, there reached his ears the rattle of the life-destroying volley, which he, the thrice happy lover, had commanded?

What if, whilst God's servant implored Heaven's blessing on their union, the angry spirit of the criminal, invoking vengeance on his judge's head, appeared at the footstool of the Almighty?

Still no adjutant came.

The bridegroom was uneasy. Yet uneasier grew the bride.

"Perhaps," she whispered, "it were better to postpone the ceremony."

"Or," he replied, "to hasten it."

A foreboding of evil oppressed them both.

And still the adjutant came not. Two, three hours elapsed beyond the appointed time. Noon approached; each minute seemed an eternity.

At last hoofs clattered in the court. Hasty steps and jingling spurs were heard upon the stairs. All eyes were fixed upon the door. . . . It opened, the adjutant appeared, pale, dusty, exhausted, the sweat streaming over his face.

"Remain without!" cried the bridegroom. "You bring a message of death—enter not here!"

"No message of death do I bring," replied the officer hoarsely, "but a hundred times worse. The condemned man has taken the hussars away with him, all, towards the Hungarian frontier. A couple of leagues off they released me to make my report!"

"My horse!" shouted the bridegroom, hurrying madly to the door. But he paused at sight of his bride, paler than ever and with terror in her glance.

"WAIT BUT A MOMENT, dearest love!" he said, clasped her to his breast, kissed her, and threw himself on his horse.

The animal reared beneath him and would not leave the court. The rider struck the spurs sharply into its flanks. Once more he looked back. There she stood, the beloved one, in her bridal dress upon the balcony, and waved her kerchief. "You will soon be back," she said.

She never saw him again.

Forward raced the hussars upon

their rapid coursers, forward towards the blue mountains—ever forward.

Through forest wildernesses, over pathless heaths, up hill and down—ever forwards to the distant mountains.

Right and left steeped cities appeared and vanished; the vesper bells greeted them as they passed; loudly neighing, their horses swept along, swift and ever swifter.

Amongst them rode the gray-headed man, guiding them by untrodden paths, over swamp and moor, through silent groves of pine, forwards to the mountains.

In the evening twilight they reach the banks of a stream. Here and there on the distant hills glimmer the shepherds' fires; beyond those hills lies the Magyar's home, and in their valleys this stream takes its rise. Here, for the first time, they dismount, to water their horses in the wave whose source is in their native land.

Whilst the horses sup the cool stream, their riders strike up that gay and genial song, whose every note brings memories of home,—

"Hei! auch ich bin dort geboren,
Wo der Stern dort strahlt."*

Who ever rode so merrily to death?

But the vedettes make sudden sign that some one comes.

In the distance a horseman is seen; his steed vies in swiftness with the wind, his long plume and laced pelisse stream behind, the gold upon his schako glitters in the red sun-rays.

"The Captain!" is murmured around.

The hussars mount, draw their sabres, form line, and when their captain appears in their front, they offer him the customary salute.

Breathless with fury and speed, at first he cannot speak. Motionless in front of the line, his sabre quivering in his hand, he is at a loss for words to express his indignation. Before he can find them, four hussars quit the ranks; the youngest—the same who tore up the sentence—raises his hand to his schako, and addresses his chief.

"Welcome, Captain! You come at the right moment to accompany us to Hungary. Short time is there for

* "Ha! I too was yonder born, where brightly beams the star."

deliberation. Decide quickly. We will seize your horse's bridle, and take you with us by force. Well do we know that you come willingly; but so will you avoid disgrace, should defeat be our lot. You must with us—by force. If we succeed, yours the glory; if we fall, the guilt is ours, since we compel you. Play your part! Defend yourself! Cut one or two of us from our saddles, the first who lays hand on your rein—see, I grasp it! Strike, Captain, and with a will."

He did as he said, and seized the horse's bridle; whilst, on the other side, an old serjeant laid hand on its mane. The horse stirred not.

The Captain gazed hard at them, each in turn; but he raised not his sabre to strike. Behind him his forsaken bride, before him the mountain frontier of his native land. On the one hand, a heaven of love and happiness; on the other, glory and his country's cause. Two mighty passions striving against each other with a giant's force. The fierce conflict went nigh to overpower him; his head sank upon his breast. Suddenly blared the trumpets in rear of the squadron; at the martial sound his eager war-horse bounded beneath him. With awakening enthusiasm the rider raised his head and waved his sabre.

"Forward, then," he cried, "in God's name!"

And forward he sprang into the river, the two hussars by his side; the cloven waters plashing in pearls around their heads.

Forward, forward to the blue mountains!

In lengthening column, the hussars followed across the stream—the horses bravely breasting the flood, the bold riders singing their wild Magyar ditty. But dark and gloomy was their leader's brow, for each step led him farther from happiness and his bride.

In the midst of the troop rode George of St Thomas, in his hand the banner of Hungary. His cheek glowed, his eye flashed: each step brought him nearer to revenge.

The troubled stream is once more stilled, the fir-wood receives the fugi-

tives, their horses' tramp dies away in the darkness. Here and there, from the distant mountains, the herdsman's horn resounds; on their flanks the shepherd's fire gleams like a blood-red star.

Forward, forward!

Back to thy lair, bloodthirsty monster, back and sleep!

Let the forest-grass grow over the ensanguined plain.

How much is destroyed, how much has passed away.

How many good men, who were here, are here no longer; and how many who remain would grieve but little if they, too, were numbered with the dead.

The hero of battles is once more a robber and a fugitive. The iron hand of the law drives him from land's end to land's end.

In the mad-house mopes a captain of hussars, and ever repeats,—“WAIT BUT A MOMENT!” None there can guess the meaning of his words.

Only George of St Thomas is happy. He sleeps in a welcome grave, dreaming of sweet renown and deep revenge.

We have suppressed two chapters of this tale, both for want of space, and because they are unpleasantly full of horrors. They are chiefly occupied with the vengeance wreaked by George, who is frightfully mutilated in the course of the war, upon the Serbs, and especially upon his deadly foe Basil; and include an account of the capture by assault, and subsequent conflagration, of the town of St Thomas. They are in no way essential to heighten or complete the interest of those we have given; and *L'Envoy* is as appropriately placed at the end of the third chapter as at the close of the fifth. The plot of the whole tale, if such it may be called, is quite unimportant; but there is an originality and a wild vigour in many of the scenes, which justify, in combination with other German translations from the Magyar that have lately reached us, an anticipation of yet better things from the present generation of Hungarian poets and novelists.

THE MESSAGE OF SETH.

AN ORIENTAL TRADITION.

BY DELTA.

I.

PROSTRATE upon his couch of yellow leaves,
 Slow-breathing lay the Father of Mankind ;
 And as the rising sun through cloudland weaves
 Its gold, the glowing past returned to mind,
 Days of delight for ever left behind,
 In purity's own robes when garmented,
 Under perennial branches intertwined—
 Where fruits and flowers hung temptingly o'erhead,
 Eden's blue streams he traced, by bliss ecstatic led.

II.

Before him still, in the far distance seen,
 Arose its rampart groves impassable ;
 Stem behind giant stem, a barrier screen,
 Whence even at noonday midnight shadows fell ;
 Vainly his steps had sought to bid farewell
 To scenes so tenderly beloved, although
 Living in sight of Heaven made Earth a Hell ;
 For fitful lightnings, on the turf below,
 Spake of the guardian sword aye flickering to and fro—

III.

The fiery sword that, high above the trees,
 Flashed awful threatenings from the angel's hand,
 Who kept the gates and guarded :—nigh to these,
 A hopeless exile, Adam loved to stand
 Wistful, or roamed to catch a breeze that fanned
 The ambrosial blooms, and wafted perfume thence,
 As 'twere sweet tidings from a distant land
 No more to be beheld ; for Penitence,
 However deep it be, brings back not Innocence.

IV.

Thus had it been through weary years, wherein
 The primal curse, working its deadly way,
 Had reft his vigour, bade his cheek grow thin,
 Furrowed his brow, and bleached his locks to grey :
 A stricken man, now Adam prostrate lay
 With sunken eye, and palpitating breath,
 Waning like sunlight from the west away ;
 While tearfully, beside that bed of death,
 Propping his father's head, in tenderness hung Seth.

V.

“Seth, dearest Seth,” ’twas thus the father said,
 “Thou know’st—ah ! better none, for thou hast been
 A pillow to this else forsaken head,
 And made, if love could make, life's desert green—
 The dangers I have braved, the ills unseen,
 The weariness and woe, that, round my feet,

Lay even as fowlers' nets ; and how the wrath
 Of an offended God, for blossoms sweet
 Strewed briars and thorns along each rugged path :—
 Yet deem not that this Night no hope of Morning hath.

VI.

“ On darkness Dawn will break ; and, as the gloom
 Of something all unfelt before, downweighs
 My spirit, and forth-shadows coming doom,
 Telling me this may be my last of days—
 I call to mind the promise sweet (let praise
 Be ever His, who from Him hath not thrust
 The erring utterly !) again to raise
 The penitential prostrate from the dust,
 And be the help of all who put in Him their trust.

VII.

“ Know then, that day, as sad from Eden's home
 Of primal blessedness my steps were bent
 Reluctant, through the weary world to roam,
 And tears were with the morning's dewdrops blent,
 That 'twas even then the Almighty did relent--
 Saying, ' Though labour, pain, and peril be
 Thy portion, yet a balsam sweet of scent
 For man hath been provided, which shall free
 From death his doom—yea, gain lost Eden back to thee.

VIII.

“ Although thy disobedience hath brought down
 The wrath of justice ; and the penalty
 Are pangs by sickness brought, and misery's frown,
 And toil—and, finally, that thou shalt die ;
 Yet will I help in thine extremity.
 In the mid garden, as thou know'st, there grows
 The Tree of Life, and thence shall preciouslly,
 One day, an oil distil, of power to close
 Sin's bleeding wounds, and soothe man's sorrows to repose.

IX.

“ That promise hath been since a star of light,
 When stumbled on the mountains dark my feet ;
 Hath cheered me in the visions of the night,
 And made awaking even to labour sweet ;
 But now I feel the cycle is complete,
 And horror weighs my spirit to the ground.
 Haste to the guarded portals, now 'tis meet,
 And learn if, even for me, may yet be found
 That balsam for this else immedicable wound.

X.

“ Thine errand to the Angel tell, and He
 (Fear not, he knows that edict from the Throne)
 Will guide thy footsteps to the Sacred Tree,
 Which crowns the Garden's midmost space alone :
 Thy father's utmost need to him make known ;
 And ere life's pulsing lamp be wasted quite,
 Bring back this Oil of Mercy ;—haste, be gone ;
 Haste thee, oh haste ! for my uncertain sight,
 Fitful, now deems it day, and now is quenched in night.”

XI.

Seth heard ; and like a swift, fond bird he flew,
 By filial love impelled ; yea, lessened dread
 Even of the guardian Fiery Angel knew—
 And through the flowery plains untiring sped—
 And upwards, onwards to the river-head—
 Where, high to heaven, the verdant barriers towered
 Of Eden ; when he sank—o'ercanopied
 With sudden lightning, which around him showered,
 And in its vivid womb the midday sun devoured.

XII.

And in his ear and on his heart was poured,
 While there entranced he lay, an answer meet ;
 And, gradually, as Thought came back restored,
 Uprising, forth he hied with homeward feet.
 Sweet to the world's grey Father, oh how sweet
 His coming on the nearest hill-top shone !
 For now all feebly of his heart the beat
 Returned ; and of his voice the faltering tone,
 Meeting the listener's ear, scarce made its purpose known.

XIII.

“ Beloved father ! ” thus 'twas through his grief
 Impassioned spake the son, “ it may not be,
 Alas ! that, for thy misery's relief
 Wells now the promised balsam from Life's Tree.
 And must I say farewell—yea, part with thee ?—
 Droop not thus all despairing : breath may fail,
 And days and years and ages onward flee
 Ere that day dawn ; but Thou its beams shalt hail,
 And earth give up its dead, and Life o'er Death prevail.

XIV.

“ Astounding are the visions I have seen :
 The clouds took shapes, and turned them into trees
 And men and mountains ; and the lands between
 Seemed cities, dun with crowds ; and on the seas
 Dwelt men, in arks careering with the breeze ;
 And shepherds drove their flocks along the plain ;
 And generations, smitten with disease,
 Passed to the dust, on which tears fell like rain ;
 Yet fathers, in their sons, seemed age grown youth again !

XV.

“ And the wide waters rose above the tops
 Of the high hills, and all looked desolate—
 Sea without shore ! Anon appeared the slopes,
 Glowing with blossoms, and a group elate
 Eying an arch, bright with earth's future fate,
 In heaven ; and there were wanderings to and fro ;
 And, while beneath the multitudes await,
 Tables, by God's own finger written, show
 The Law by which He wills the world should walk below :

XVI.

“ And ever passed before me clouds of change,
 Whose figures rose, and brightened, and declined ;
 And what was now familiar straight grew strange,

And, melting into vapours, left behind
 No trace ; and, as to silence sank the wind,
 Appeared in heaven a beautiful bright star,
 Under whose beams an Infant lay reclined ;
 And all the wheels of nature ceased their jar,
 And choiring angels hymned that Presence from afar.

XVII.

“ And then, methought, upon a mountain stood
 The Tree, from which, as shown to thee, should flow
 That Oil of Mercy—but it looked like blood !
 And, to all quarters of the earth below,
 It streamed, until the desert ceased to know
 Its curse of barrenness ; the clouds away
 Passed in their darkness from the noon ; and lo !
 Even backwards flowed that brightness to this day,
 And, Father, showed me thee, encircled by its ray :—

XVIII.

“ It showed me thee, from whom mankind had birth,
 And myriads—countless as the sere leaves blown
 From wintry woods—whose places on the earth,
 Even from the burning to the icy zone,
 Were to their sons' sons utterly unknown,
 Awakening to a fresh, eternal morn :
 Methinks I list that glad Hosannah's tone,
 From shore to shore on all the breezes borne !
 Then, Father, droop not thus, as utterly forlorn ;

XIX.

“ A long, long future, freaked with sin and strife,
 The generations of the world must know ;
 But surely from that Tree—the Tree of Life—
 A healing for the nations yet will flow,
 As God foretold thee.”

“ Freely then I go,
 For steadfast is the Lord his word to keep,”
 Said Adam, as his breathing, faint and slow,
 Ceased ; and like zephyr dying on the deep,
 In hope matured to faith, the First Man fell asleep !

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

'Twas in a lone sequestered dell,
And on a summer's eve ;
The sun's last glances ling'ring fell,
As loath the spot to leave :

For never sun more blithely rose
To light a scene more fair—
Day never had so sweet a close,
Or night a charm so rare.

And I have climbed the rocky steep
That cuts the vale in twain,
And gaze adown the lonely sweep
That seeks the vale again.

I gaze on many a stately dome
Of high imperious name,
On many a low and humble home
Unglorified by fame :

But all are wrapt in deep repose,
And not a sound is there
To tell how swift the River flows
Between the banks of Care.

Unmarked, the stream of life glides on
To that Eternal Sea,
Where earthly sun hath never shone,
Nor aught of earth can be.

And this, to me, is as a spell
That binds me to the night—
That bathes each wild untrodden dell
In waves of mystic light.

There are who say this wondrous world
Is but the work of chance ;
That earth, like some huge scroll, unfurled,
And wrought its own advance ;

That senseless atoms blindly grew
Into a world of light ;
That creatures no Creator knew—
That death's eternal night !

O Man, with aspirations high,
Is this the end you crave !
Oh Man, with soul that cannot die,
And perish in the grave—

Are all the wonders prophets told
But wild delusive dreams !
And can it be that human mould
Is but the clay it seems !

Shall love and virtue live on earth,
And with the earth decay !
Shall faith, and hope, and stainless worth,
Pass like a dream away !

Come forth, thou false and subtle sage !
Creation read aright !
Cast off the gathering mists of age,
And clear thy clouded sight !

Throw down, throw down the guilty pen—
Break off the stubborn mask :
The creed thou dar'st assert to men,
Its truth of *Nature* ask !

At morn, at noon, or sacred eve,
On land or on the sea,
The lightest sound thy step may leave
Shall breathe "Eternity !"

Come tread with me this dizzy height,
And, through this waste of air,
Gaze out upon the forms of night—
What is thine answer there !

The moonlit fields of waving corn,
That ripening harvests fill—
The bubbling springs where lakes are born,
To man subservient still—

All speak of His unbounded love
Who caused those streams to flow,
Who fed those fields from founts above,
And made the harvest grow.

And wheresoe'er the broad moon's rays
In matchless beauty fall,
They mirror forth to thoughtful gaze
The Hand that fashioned all.

There's not a plant upon the earth,
There's not a tree nor flower,
But bears the stamp of heavenly birth,
The proof of heavenly power.

The very leaf on which you tread
Was wrought with wondrous hand,—
A fragment of a volume dread
That speaks to every land :

A book unchanged from age to age—
The same since time began :
For Nature is a living page
That preaches God to man !

CHARLES WILTON.

BRITISH LABOUR AND FOREIGN RECIPROCITY.

WE hear a great deal at the present day, not only from pretended philanthropists, but from well-meaning and conscientious people, about the "Rights of Labour." In fact, the term has become so hackneyed that very rarely is any popular speech delivered from a hustings, or elsewhere, without its occurrence as a marked and leading principle, which the speaker is determined to uphold.

But general terms are almost always susceptible of wide and contradictory construction; and when we come to analyse this phrase, "the rights of labour," and to consider the different interpretations which have been passed upon it, we are forced to arrive at the conclusion, that very few of those who use the words have any distinct idea of the meaning which they ought to convey. One man considers "the rights of labour" as identical with the operation of the maxim which exhorts us "to buy in the cheapest, and to sell in the dearest market." Another defines those rights to mean, "a fair day's wage for a fair day's labour." And so the term is bandied about among us, repeated and reiterated, until it has fairly lost the semblance of anything like clear significance.

Meanwhile labour, in this country at least, is loudly calling for the recognition of its rights, whatever those rights may be—not for the shadow, but the substance; not for the name, but for the reality. Labour in Ireland is struck down and paralysed—paralysed in its first natural function and duty, the production of food, although millions of acres, capable of yielding large returns of cereal produce, are either unbroken or withdrawn from the tillage of the plough. Labour in Scotland is becoming daily less remunerative; the northern population is driven to emigrate by thousands, or to take refuge in the cities and towns already redundantly supplied. Wages are decreasing in the Lowlands; the poor-rate is multiplying fast; and the greatest source of

our wealth, the iron trade, is in a state of lamentable prostration. Labour in England, by far the richest country of the three, is scarcely better remunerated. In the rural districts, we hear of lowered agricultural wages and growing discontent; in the towns, we are told of mills closed or put upon short time; and, from the metropolis and the larger cities, we have accounts of misery and destitution which, did they reach us from missionaries in a heathen land, would fill our souls with horror, and our hearts with righteous indignation.

To that call, proceeding from the labourers themselves, we cannot and we dare not turn a deaf ear. We must listen to it, appalling as it is; and examine into the cause of it, if we wish society to remain as it has been. We must allow no preconceived ideas or impressions, generated, perhaps, by the delusions of the last few years, or of many years, to stand in our way when so frightful a calamity approaches as the destitution and demoralisation of the working and producing classes of this mighty empire; for we may as well expect a fabric to stand after its foundations have been worn away, as suppose that a state can exist without the support of those who are, in reality, the artificers of its whole wealth and produce.

Would to heaven we could persuade men to throw aside, not for a time, but for ever, their party notions, and, what is still more difficult, their selfish interests; and induce them to look this great question broadly and fairly in the face! They will not find it treated of in their politico-economical treatises—those wretched collections of sophisms compiled by the dullest and most blear-eyed of mankind, which have been accepted in our day as monuments of transcendent wisdom. They will not find the question mooted at all in the tomes of their conceited statisticians: but if they step beyond that dreary range, and go forth into the scenes of busy life, they will hear it discussed, always eagerly,

sometimes ably, sometimes incompetently, in the workshop, the forge, the factory, the cottage, and the mine; and they may then form some idea of the importance which the working-classes attach to that much-abused term—"the Rights of Labour."

The mere general discussion of such a point implies that there is something amiss, either in our social or in our commercial and national system. With regard to the first, we think there can be no argument. Unless some totally new evangel has been reserved for these latter days, Socialism, as it is understood on the Continent, and even partially among ourselves, is a wild and miserable delusion. It has been tried, over and over again, under circumstances far more favourable for its development than any which are likely to occur again, and has invariably failed. Nay, the tendency of Liberalism has been to sweep what modified Socialism might exist in a civilised community away. Guilds, corporations, the chartered privileges of burghs, have all vanished, or been reduced to shadows, and nothing is now permitted to stand between the employer and the employed. Socialism, through the law, can have no existence. It may, indeed, lawfully rear and extend itself, if it can, on its own simple merits; but, tried by that test, it simply resolves itself into a new form of labour, liable to competition as before, and powerless to affect prices, by which labour must ever be estimated.

Our firm and fixed belief is, that what are termed social grievances are simply the consequence of a faulty or erroneous commercial and national system. Vapid and superficial writers have talked a great deal about what they are pleased to call the "*Laissez-faire*" tendencies of modern statesmen—intending thereby to convey the impression that Government is not active enough in its regulating and modifying functions. According to our view, this is a most unfounded charge, as against either the Government or the Legislature. We can discern no lack of activity—no want of interference: on the contrary, we are inclined to complain that changes are too common and rapid. This is

an evil to which governments, based on the popular representative principle, are peculiarly liable; and the skill and prescience of the modern statesman will be more conspicuously shown in restraining than in encouraging the spirit of change. Why complain of want of activity, or of culpable negligence, when the fact is before us that, during the last few years, the whole of our commercial system has undergone a radical change, which has affected, more or less, every source of labour, every branch of industry, every application of capital throughout the British empire? We have been the reverse of idle, both at home and abroad. At home, not one single interest has escaped the ordeal of experiment; abroad, we have subjected the colonies to forced operations, from the effects of which it is exceedingly doubtful if they can ever rally, at least under our tutelary care.

These alterations and changes were no doubt intended by their devisers to be productive of good, but they may in reality have been productive of evil. It is impossible to foretell with certainty the effect of any sweeping change, even when the elements of calculation appear to be within our own control. When they are beyond it—as must be the case whenever we assume the co-operation of foreign independent powers, without securing it by treaty—the uncertainty is still greater. It cannot be denied that the late commercial changes proceeded upon the assumption of reciprocity, and that this assumption has been proved by experience to be utterly wrong. So far, then, they have not answered the expectations of their framers. Free imports may be advantageous or the reverse; but they have at all events failed in producing reciprocity, and in converting foreign nations to our insular commercial doctrines. It would be, to say the least of it, becoming in those who advocate the maintenance of the present system to remember this, and to mitigate the arrogance of their tone; for, undeniably, the most important half of their prophecy has fallen to the ground.

Still it remains to be seen whether, in spite of the absence of the pro-

mised reciprocity, we have derived any material advantage from the change ; and here men will differ according to their methods of estimation. Those who are determined, at all hazards, to cry up the advantages of Free Trade, will point to a balance-sheet of extended exports as a sure index of the prosperity of the nation. Is it, after all, a sure index ? The whole amount of our national exports is but an infinitesimal portion of the annual creation of wealth in the country ; it consists of the products of only a few branches of industry, and represents the employment, not of the masses of the population, but merely of a small section. Some of these branches, indeed the most important of them, do not possess the first guarantee for stability and endurance. *They depend for their existence entirely upon the supply of foreign material.* But for the cotton-wool of America, the factories of Lancashire would be shut up ; and we shall presently have occasion to inquire what likelihood there is of an extended, or even a continued supply. Increased exports give us no account whatever of internal and home consumption. During the last year, with a limited supply of raw material, owing to a deficient crop, we have sent away more cotton goods than before. What is the natural inference from that, as to the capabilities of the home consumer ?

Neither is it fair to select any two or three branches of industry which may be flourishing, and to parade these as an index of the prosperity of the whole country. If Free-Trade had not been productive of advantage to *some* classes, it would not have been tolerated so long. We know perfectly well, and are prepared to admit, that at this moment some trades are doing well ; *but then they are thriving at the expense of the great body of the community.* Such, for example, is the linen-trade of Dundee, supported at the present time by a large demand from abroad for coarse textures, the origin of which demand may be traced to the Free-Trade measures. That cheap provisions, owing to the imports from abroad, should be a great advantage to the operatives engaged in this kind of manufacture, will admit of no doubt ; but how does that affect the

general prosperity of the nation ? Those operatives work for the foreigner, and are fed by the foreigner. Their contributions to the national revenue, through the customs' duties and excise, cannot be taken as an equivalent for their decreased consumption of British agricultural produce ; yet how often is such an instance as this paraded as a proof of general prosperity ! After all, it is, perhaps, the only branch of importance which is prospering at the present time. The woollen trade has been steady, but not more profitable than before. The cotton trade we know to be depressed ; and the iron trade, one of our most valuable staples, because the raw materials of the coal and ore, as well as the manufactured article, are of British production, is at present worse than unprofitable.

We state these things, not as proofs of the inefficacy of Free Trade, but simply as tending to show that no sound inferences as to the general prosperity of the country can be drawn from the fact that exports have increased. The only criterion is, and must be, the condition of the working classes. We have already pointed out the vast depreciation of labour, and the want of employment which is visible over the three kingdoms ; and we have alluded to the two most formidable symptoms—pauperism and extended emigration. How these unchallenged and admitted facts are reconcilable with the idea of general prosperity, it remains for our philosophers to show.

To what, then, is this owing ? We can only attribute it to one cause—the total disregard of the interests of the British producer. Politicians may attempt, as they have heretofore done, to explain away evident and startling facts on trivial and insufficient grounds ; journalists may affect to sneer at the representations of the sufferers, and to turn their complaints into derision ; economists may offer to prove the fitness of existing circumstances, upon certain immutable laws of which they were the sole discoverers ; demagogues may strive to divert attention from the lamentable consequences of their misdeeds by attacking other institutions ; but the fact of general depression and distress remains uncon-

troverted and incapable of denial; and so it will remain until the national policy is altered.

It is now precisely twelve months ago since we drew the attention of the public to the actual state of British agriculture under the operation of Free-Trade prices. We then, and in subsequent articles, quoted the deliberate opinion of those who favoured and carried the repeal of the Corn Laws, as to what remunerative prices in reality were; we called as witnesses the late Sir Robert Peel, Mr Wilson, M.P. for Westbury, and others—and showed that, according to their judgment, not that of Protectionists, wheat could not be grown with a profit in this country unless it commanded in the market from 12s. to 16s. more per quarter than was at that time the average of England. We were told in reply, by our antagonists, that the depression was merely accidental. Hardly one of them ventured to say that they had anticipated such a result, or that such a result was desirable: on the contrary, the farmers of this country were told to believe that the low prices current were simply the consequences of an exuberant harvest, combined with the first impulse of new importation, and that, from sheer want of material, the latter would speedily subside. At the close of another year, and after another harvest materially differing in quality, we find prices actually lower than they were at this time twelvemonths. Nor is this the case with grain alone, but with cattle: thus demonstrating how hopeless is the condition of the British farmer under the operation of the present law.

That the impending ruin of the agriculturists, who constitute by far

the most important body of British producers, and therefore of consumers in the home market, would speedily react upon every branch of industry, we foresaw and foretold; and the result is now before us, evident in each day's reiterated tale of distress.

Notwithstanding all this, we are assured in certain quarters, that at every hazard the experiment must go on; that, having once embarked in a career, however dangerous, we must persevere to the last; and that protection to native industry is inconsistent with the genius of a free and enlightened people.

Let us see whether it be so. And, as to judge of this question we must look elsewhere than to Britain, let us try to discover the extent to which the principles of Free Trade are acknowledged in other lands, where freedom, both of sentiment and action, is claimed quite as enthusiastically as in our own. It is worth while knowing how far our opinions on this commercial subject have been responded to, not by despotic states, wherein the popular voice might be suppressed, but by the most liberal and enterprising countries, which, we were told, waited only for our example to engage in the work of reciprocity.

Among these we are surely entitled to reckon Switzerland and Germany—including in the latter denomination that powerful confederacy, the Zollverein, which embraces the Hanseatic towns. These are Protectionist—determined at all hazards to maintain their doctrine of fostering native industry, and meeting us, not with reciprocity, but with augmented customs' duties. The following extracts from the last modifications of the general tariff of the Zollverein may be instructive:—

MODIFICATIONS OF THE GENERAL TARIFF OF THE ZOLLVEREIN.

IMPORT DUTIES ON,	OLD DUTY.	NEW DUTY.
Cotton twist, unbleached, per cwt., . . .	£0 6 0	0 9 0
Iron, raw, . . . do.	(Free.)	0 1 0
... pig, rails and raw, cast and refined steel, . . .	0 3 0	0 4 6
Linen, viz.—		
Yarn, raw, . . . per do.	0 0 6	0 6 0
... bleached or dyed,	0 3 0	0 15 0
... boiled with ashes,	0 1 6	0 9 0
Thread,	0 6 0	0 12 0
Manufactures, raw,	0 6 0	0 12 0
... bleached, &c.,	1 13 0	3 0 0
Woollen manufactures,	4 10 0	7 10 0

The law which gave a tariff to Switzerland on the 30th of June 1849, commences by enacting "that all the articles which are imported into Switzerland, are, with certain exceptions, specified by the present law, submitted to an import duty," and proceeds to impose duties of various kinds on all conceivable articles of importation. So far from being in favour of Free Trade, the Swiss nation is distinctly opposed to it; because, as in France, the people engaged in those important branches of industry are fully alive to their interest, and exercise the power they possess to render the revenue laws subservient to it.

Next comes France, upon the example of which country, and its reciprocal sentiments, Mr Cobden almost perilled his case, when he undertook his crusade to stir up that enthusiasm for free imports which, according to his view, lay burning at the heart of every people throughout the civilised globe. We have reason to know that the accounts of his reception in France, which appeared in many of the London journals, were absurdly exaggerated; and that, beyond the circle of that small and despised clique of whom M. Bastiat is or was the head, it was the reverse of flattering, until he arrived at Bordeaux. There, indeed, the wine-growers of the Gironde prepared an ovation for the statesman who had opened—or rather who, it was hoped, would open—the ports of England to the produce of their generous vintage. But when, in answer to one of his entertainers, more practical or suspicious than the rest, the hero of the League was compelled to avow his opinion that wine was a fair subject for taxation, the disheartening announcement was made that, if the wine duties were not repealed, Bordeaux did not interest itself at all in the question of Free Trade. Nor can we at this moment discover a country visited by Mr Cobden, whatever may be its form of government, that has fulfilled those "confident expectations" which he announced with such singular energy. It cannot be

said that democracy has made no progress in Europe since 1846. The gallant and mighty people of France are now in full enjoyment of all the rights of man, and have only to indicate their will to their representative governors, and it is obeyed. Have, then, free imports followed in the train of liberty? Englishmen are not likely soon to forget how the enfranchised people of France first made use of their newly acquired power; and, though with steadier and more regular action, the great French Republic has held on its protective course up to the recent opening of its Chamber, heedless alike of the lectures of M. Bastiat, or the example of England. Indeed, there appears to be a tacit agreement on this one subject among all statesmen and all parties. Once, it is true, the eloquent though unsuccessful voice of M. de Lamartine was heard prophesying, in mystical phrase, the speedy triumph of brotherhood and interchange; but, by some association of ideas which we do not pretend to understand, the Free-trader of Meudon shortly became chief of that government which established the communist National Workshops. We have waited in vain to hear from any statesman of note a criticism on the President's most Protectionist Message, or any decided expression of dissent; and why is this? Because the French people, the small proprietors, the peasantry, the workmen of Lyons and Mulhausen, the manufacturers "of woollen* cloths and tissues, of cotton cloths, leather, earthenware, glass, and objects of luxury, have found ready and advantageous markets" under the existing system, and are prepared to defend Protection to the last drop of their blood. The rulers of such a people know, that to deprive their labour of Protection is but to inaugurate the reign of Communism, to establish anarchy, and to insure their own immediate downfall.

So much for the Liberal states of Europe. Let us next turn to America, wherein no corrupt aristocracy sheds its baneful influence upon society;

* President's Message, November 1850.

where an unsectarian and generous instruction is given by the State to all; where no standing army is at hand, first to inflame, and then to gratify the unwise lust of conquest; where the people are really the source of power, and a free press enlightens them as to its proper exercise. There surely, if anywhere, we shall find political economic truth enshrined in the heart and tariff of the nation, and the pestilent heresies of Protection given up to the ridicule of a wise and discerning community. A glance at the present tariff, and an examination into the relations between "the plough, the loom, and the anvil," on the other side of the Atlantic, may consequently afford some useful information to us who are now subjected to a policy which is sacrificing the first to the two other members of that great industrial triad. Mr Carey, the well-known statistical writer of America, has, in *The Harmony of Interests*, supplied us with ample materials for conducting such an inquiry; and we can safely recommend his remarkable work to all who wish to investigate the causes of the progress and decline of industrial communities.

Governor Pownell in 1769, arguing in the House of Commons against taxing our North American provinces, had the prophetic wisdom to foresee—what some few American politicians of the present day, and the leaders of our own Manchester school do not yet seem rightly to comprehend—that the time must inevitably come when America would cease to depend upon English industry for manufactured goods. "They will abominate," said he, addressing himself to the people of England, "as sincerely as now they love you; and if they do, they have within themselves everything requisite to the food, raiment, or dwelling of mankind; they have no need of your commerce." A dim perception of this truth has at last impelled the Manchester Chamber of Commerce—the oligarchy by whom the destinies of this empire are swayed at the present time—to despatch a Com-

missioner to India in search of cotton-growing districts, whence they may obtain certain supplies of the raw material, and, we hope, of markets for the manufactured products thereof; for to us it is evident, that the "model republic" is henceforth to be relied on for neither the one nor the other.

Is this a bold or unauthorised assertion? Let us see. Who has forgotten the prophecies, or rather the confident assumption, of that entire and unlimited reciprocity which was to prevail between Great Britain and America, the moment after the former power announced her intention of admitting free of import duties the produce of the latter? Certainly we have not, though the memories of many people in Manchester and the adjacent parts may be more fallacious. In common fairness we must allow that, so far as argument could be drawn from mere hypothesis, the advocates of Free Trade were entitled to make the most of America. No other country could afford them so plausible a plea for reciprocity. Through absolute necessity, the cotton manufacturers of Great Britain depended upon America for their yearly supply of raw material. America hitherto had taken a large proportion of our manufactured goods—being content that the cotton, before it reached her in a textile fabric, should twice cross the waters of the Atlantic; and she also was a large customer for our coal, our iron, and other commodities. The terms were still unequal, at least for endurance. Britain could not do—at least Manchester and its dependencies could not—without the supply of cotton wool; but how if America, by rearing factories and furnaces, could contrive to do without either our calicoes, or our coal, or our iron? For a long time it was supposed that this was impossible—that the Americans had not sufficient capital to embark in manufacturing pursuits—and that nature had denied them those plentiful stores of coal and iron which are to be found in the British islands. The following tables, brought down to the latest accessible dates, will demonstrate the fallacy of that idea:—

BALES OF COTTON WORKED UP IN THE UNITED STATES.

	Northern Manufactures.	Southern Manufactures.
1843-44	347,000	None.
1844-45	389,000	None.
1845-46	423,000	30,000
1846-47	428,000	40,000
1847-48	531,000	75,000
1848-49	518,000	100,000

The annual production of American coal and iron is as follows:—

	Coal.	Iron.
1821 to 1829, average tons,	37,000	90,000
1830	142,000	165,000
1832	318,000	210,000
1834	451,000	210,000
1835 to 1841, average,		250,000
1837	881,000	
1842	1,108,000	
1844	1,621,000	380,000
1846	2,343,000	765,000
1848	3,089,000	800,000

In the increase here exhibited lies the reason why the League made such a desperate, and unfortunately successful, effort to overthrow the whole protective system of Great Britain; and also the reason why America refuses reciprocity. The Manchester men began to see—there being no want of shrewdness among them when their own individual interests were concerned—that their game had not only become hazardous, but must ere long prove desperate. They had already many rivals on the continent of Europe, who were, equally with themselves, customers to the Americans for cotton wool, and who fenced themselves against the introduction of the Manchester fabric by hostile tariffs. That, however, was nothing in comparison to the appalling fact, that the very people who found the raw material were actually in possession of the means of spinning it themselves, and seemed bent on doing so by their progress from year to year! In vain did our manufacturers and chambers of commerce try to demonstrate to the Yankees that they were not only committing a foolish but a most unnatural action—in vain did they assert, as a fundamental doctrine of ethics, that Britain ought to have the manufacturing monopoly of the world; and as a fundamental principle of economy, that it was far more for the advantage of a nation which produced the raw material to forego its manufacture, than to rear up within itself a new and lucrative

branch of industry. Their ethics and their economy were alike scouted; and no wonder, for both propositions were repugnant to common sense, to ascertained results, and to reason. If it is indeed a law of economy that a nation which produces the raw article ought to confine itself to that production, and not to undertake the finishing and manufacturing process—then, by the same reasoning which was attempted to be palmed off upon the Americans, our wool, instead of being made up at Leeds or Bradford, should be straightway shipped off to Saxony; and the product of our iron mines transported to Sweden, there to undergo the necessary process of smelting. It is perhaps the strangest feature of the age in which we live, that such absolute and self-evident nonsense as this should not only have been uttered on platforms, and received with applause by crowds of congregated merchants, but have been gravely set forth in our public journals as a doctrine of the highest value.

There is, however, no such thing as a universal code of political economy. The Americans listened and laughed, and ran up their factories faster than ever, and ransacked the bowels of the earth for their inestimable strata of minerals, believing with a proper faith that they would not have been placed there unless it was intended that man should convert them to his use. Our cotton manufacturers, being thus situated, had some reason to despond. The nation that gave them their raw

material, and that was also their best customer for fabrics, seemed on the very point of deserting them in both ways. True, a much greater quantity of cotton than was ever yet grown might be raised in America, but then

the demand, though great in itself, has limits; and an unusually large crop has the effect of extinguishing profit to the grower. This will be better understood by the American estimate of the value of crops:—

Crop.	Amount of Product, lbs.	Estimated Value, dols.
1844	812,000,000	65,772,000
1845	958,000,000	56,000,000
1847	711,000,000	72,000,000
1848	1,100,000,000	60,000,000

The estimate for the latter year, says Mr Carey, was that made at New Orleans before the occurrence of the frosts and freshets, which, we presume, raised the price of cotton wool. We see, however, from this, that the small yield of 1847 was infinitely more profitable to the grower than the large yield of 1845, and this will explain the reason why the culture of cotton cannot be indefinitely extended. It therefore became necessary, at all hazards, if cotton-spinning in Britain was to be maintained in its former palmy state, that some further concession should be made to America, to bribe her, since she could not be forced to abstain from the encouragement of her own manufactures.

That bribe was the removal of the import duties on grain and provisions to Great Britain: Let the secret instigators of the movement—the men who organised the machinery of the League—disguise the fact as they may, that, and that alone, was the actual cause of our lowered tariffs and the ultimate repeal of the corn-laws. The Manchester Chamber hoped—most vainly, as it now appears—that, by giving a new stimulus to agriculture in America, at the expense of the vast body of British producers, they could at least ward off the evil day when the American manufacturer should be able to annihilate their trade, by depriving them of the enormous profits which they realised on the conversion of the raw material into yarn. What these profits were will appear from the fact that the price of cotton wool at Liverpool, in 1843-4, was 6d., whilst twist was selling at 10½d.; and that in 1844-5, the price of wool having fallen to 4d., the market value of twist was 11¾d. Hitherto the prices,

as fixed in England, have regulated those of the world.

That the late Sir Robert Peel, himself a scion of the cotton interest, should have been swayed by such considerations, is not, perhaps, remarkable; but that any portion of the landed gentry, of the producers for the home market, the labourers and the mechanics of Great Britain, should have allowed themselves to be deceived by the idea, that diminished or depreciated production could possibly tend either to their individual or to the national advantage, will hereafter be matter of marvel. We who know the amount of artifice and misrepresentation which was used, and who never can forget the guilty haste with which the disastrous measure was hurried through both Houses of Parliament, without giving to the nation an opportunity of expressing its deliberate opinion, feel, and have felt, less surprise than sorrow at the event. With British feeling, however, we have at present nothing to do; our object is to trace the effect which our relaxation has exercised upon American policy.

The American tariff of 1846, denounced by the Protectionists of the States as injurious to home interests, and supported by the Free-Trade party, imposes, among others, the following duties:—

	Duty per Centum.
Bottles,	30
Bread,	20
Candles,	20
Cheese,	30
Coal,	30
Cotton goods, (cord, gimps, } galloons, &c.,)	30
... thread, twist, yarn, &c.,	25
... caps, leggins, stock- ings, &c., }	20
Duck,	20

	Duty per Centum.
Flax,	15
Flour and meal,	20
Grain,	20
Iron,	30
Lead,	20
Leather,	20
Provisions,	20
Soap,	30
Spirits,	100
Sugar,	30
Tobacco, unmanufactured,	30
... manufactured,	40
Wool,	30

These duties are somewhat lower, though not materially so, than the former tariff of 1842; but they certainly offer no inconsiderable amount of protection to home industry and produce. We have already seen the progress which has been made by the American cotton manufacturers, ironmasters, and miners; and it is now quite evident that, unless that progress is checked—which it only can be by the will of the Americans—our exports to that quarter must naturally decline. This is not our anticipation merely; it has been expressed openly and anxiously in the columns of the Free-Trade journals. In the iron districts of Scotland and Staffordshire, the apprehension that henceforward the American market will be generally closed against them, is, we know, very prevalent; and the following extract from the report of the *Morning Chronicle*, (April 11, 1850,) on the condition and prospects of the iron trade in the spring of 1850, applies exactly to the opening of 1851:—

“The present state of our commercial negotiations with the United States, particularly in relation to the exportation of iron from this country, promises greatly to aggravate existing evils. It is feared by many largely interested in the iron manufacture of this neighbourhood, that the efforts of Sir Henry Bulwer at Washington to obtain a modification of the American tariff, with respect more especially to the importation of iron, will prove abortive for some time to come. Our exports of iron from South Staffordshire are said to be already considerably reduced; and should our Transatlantic friends continue, as they threaten, their restrictive commercial policy, business in these important manufacturing districts must of necessity be still more limited than it is at the present moment.”

What the prospects are of future

relaxation may be gathered from the following extract from the message of President Fillmore to Congress, which has reached us whilst writing this article. We observe that the *Times* is bitterly chagrined to find that the President “has stated and commended the false doctrine of Protection.” Was it to be expected that he would have done otherwise, seeing that the vast majority of the American public are thoroughly imbued with the same doctrines, however false and heretical they may appear in the eyes of Manchester?

“All experience has demonstrated the wisdom and policy of raising a large portion of revenue for the support of Government from duties on goods imported. The power to lay these duties is unquestionable, and its chief object, of course, is to replenish the Treasury. But if, in doing this, an incidental advantage may be gained by encouraging the industry of our own citizens, it is our duty to avail ourselves of that advantage.

“A duty laid upon an article which cannot be produced in this country, such as tea or coffee—adds to the cost of the article, and is chiefly or wholly paid by the consumers. But a duty laid upon an article which may be produced here stimulates the skill and industry of our own country to produce the same article, which is brought into the market in competition with the foreign article, and the importer is thus compelled to reduce his price to that at which the domestic article can be sold, thereby throwing a part of the duty upon the producer of the foreign article. The continuance of this process creates the skill, and invites the capital, which finally enable us to produce the article much cheaper than it could have been procured from abroad, thereby benefiting both the producer and the consumer at home. The consequence of this is, that the artisan and the agriculturist are brought together; each affords a ready market for the produce of the other, the whole country becomes prosperous, and the ability to produce every necessary of life renders us independent in war as well as in peace.

“A high tariff can never be permanent. It will cause dissatisfaction and will be changed. It excludes competition, and thereby invites the investment of capital in manufactures to such excess, that when changed it brings distress, bankruptcy, and ruin upon all who have been misled by its faithless protection. What the manufacturer wants is uniformity and

permanency, that he may feel a confidence that he is not to be ruined by sudden changes. But, to make a tariff uniform and permanent, it is not only necessary that the law should not be altered, but that the duty should not fluctuate. To effect this, all duties should be specific, wherever the nature of the article is such as to admit of it. *Ad valorem* duties fluctuate with the price, and offer strong temptations to fraud and perjury.

“Specific duties, on the contrary, are equal and uniform in all ports and at all times, and offer a strong inducement to the importer to bring the best article, as he pays no more duty upon that than upon one of inferior quality. I therefore strongly recommend a modification of the present tariff, which has prostrated some of our most important and necessary manufactures, and that specific duties be imposed sufficient to raise the requisite revenue, making such discrimination in favour of the industrial pursuits of our country as to encourage home production without excluding foreign competition. It is also important that an unfortunate provision in the present tariff, which imposes a much higher duty upon the raw material that enters into our manufactures than upon the manufactured article, should be remedied.”

So that America, the great democratic state on which we relied for reciprocity, is going ahead, not, as our Free-Traders foretold, in their direction, but precisely on the opposite tack.

What is there wonderful in this? Was it likely that a country, possessing within itself the raw material in abundance, and, so far as cotton was concerned, having a virtual monopoly of its growth, should for ever refuse to avail itself of its natural advantages, and to stimulate agriculture by giving it that enormous increment of consumption which must arise from the establishment of domestic manufactures? Does not common sense show us that, the nearer the point of exchange can be brought to the exchanging parties, the more advantageous and profitable to both parties must that interchange necessarily become? Unquestionably it is for the interest of the American planter to have the manufactory brought as close as possible to his plantation, seeing that thereby he would avoid the enormous charges which he bears at present, both in land carriage and

freightage—charges which, of themselves, go a great way towards the annihilation of his profit. Add to this that those charges on the raw material necessarily enhance the price of the fabric when converted by British machinery, and again transported to America, and it must become evident to every one how largely the American planter is interested in the foundation and success of American manufactures. The interest of the agriculturist is equally great. For him a steady market at his own door, such as extended manufactures alone can give, is the readiest and most certain source of wealth and prosperity. What he wants is regular consumption, and the nearer the customers can be found, the greater will be the demand, and the more profitable the supply.

We need not, however, argue a matter which has been already settled on the other side of the Atlantic. It suffices us to know that, in all human probability, America will persevere as she has begun, taking every advantage which we are foolish enough to give her, and yet adhering to her system of protecting domestic labour, and of riveting more closely than before all branches of industry by the bonds of mutual interest. Such clear, distinct, and philosophic principles as are enunciated by a late American writer make us blush for the confused, absurd, and contradictory jargon which of late years has been proffered to the world, with so much parade, as the infallible dicta of British political economy.

“A great error exists in the impression now very commonly entertained in regard to national division of labour, and which owes its origin to the English school of political economists, whose system is throughout based upon the idea of making England ‘the workshop of the world,’ than which nothing could be less natural. By that school it is taught that some nations are fitted for manufactures and others for the labours of agriculture; and that the latter are largely benefited by being compelled to employ themselves in the one pursuit, making all their exchanges at a distance, thus contributing their share to the maintenance of the system of ‘ships, colonies, and commerce.’ The whole basis of their system is *conversion and exchange*, and not production,

yet neither makes any addition to the amount of things to be exchanged. It is the great boast of their system that the exchangers are so numerous and the producers so few; and the more rapid the increase in the proportion which the former bear to the latter, the more rapid is supposed to be the advance towards perfect prosperity. Converters and exchangers, however, must live, and they must live out of the labour of others; and if three, five, or ten persons are to live on the product of one, it must follow that all will obtain but a small allowance of the necessaries and comforts of life, as is seen to be the case. The agricultural labourer of England often receives but eight shillings a-week, being the price of a bushel and a half of wheat.

"Were it asserted that some nations were fitted to be growers of wheat and others grinders of it, or that some were fitted for cutting down trees, and others for sawing them into lumber, it would be regarded as the height of absurdity, yet it would not be more absurd than that which is daily asserted in regard to the conversion of cotton into cloth, and implicitly believed by tens of thousands even of our countrymen. The loom is as appropriate and necessary an aid to the labours of the planter as is the grist-mill to those of the farmer. The furnace is as necessary and as appropriate an aid to the labours of both planter and farmer as is the saw-mill; and those who are compelled to dispense with the proximity of the producer of iron labour are subjected to as much disadvantage as are those who are unable to obtain the aid of the saw-mill and the miller. The loom and the anvil are, like the plough and the harrow, but small machines, naturally attracted by the great machine, the earth; and when so attracted all work together in harmony, and men become rich, and prosperous, and happy. When, on the contrary, from any disturbing cause, the attraction is in the opposite direction, and the small machines are enabled to compel the products of the great machine to follow them, the land invariably becomes poor, and men become poor and miserable, as is the case with Ireland."

In short, the American system is, to stimulate production by creating a ready market at home, and, as the best means of creating that market, to encourage the conversion of the raw material within the United States, by laying on a protective duty on articles of foreign manufacture. The British system now is, to discourage home production, and to

sacrifice everything for the desperate chance of maintaining an unnatural and fortuitous monopoly of conversion, not of our own raw material only, but of that of other countries. In the attempt to secure this exceedingly precarious advantage—which, be it remembered, does not conduce to the prosperity of the great majority of the nation—our rulers and politicians have deliberately resolved that agriculture shall be rendered unprofitable; and that the bulk of our artisans, who can look to the home market only, shall henceforward be left unprotected from the competition of the whole world. It needs little sagacity to predict which system is based upon sound principles; or which, being so based, must ultimately prevail. Our economists never seem to regard the body of British producers (who, as a class, are very slightly interested in the matter of exports) in the light of important consumers. If they did so, they could not, unless smitten by judicial blindness, fail to perceive that, by crippling their means, and displacing their labour, they are in effect ruining the home market, upon which, notoriously, two-thirds even of the converters depend. The stability of every state must depend upon its production, not upon its powers of conversion. The one is real and permanent, the other liable to be disturbed and annihilated by many external causes. A country which produces largely, even though it may not have within it the means of adequate conversion, is always in a healthy state. Not only the power, but the actual source of wealth is there; and, as years roll on, and capital accumulates, the subsidiary process of conversion becomes more and more developed, not to the injury of the producer—but to his great and even incalculable advantage.

The natural power of the production of Great Britain, as compared with other states, is not very high. Its insular position, and the variability of its climate, renders the quality of our harvests uncertain; but that uncertainty is perhaps compensated, on the average, by our superior agriculture, and the vast pains, labour, and capital which have been expended on the tillage of our land. Our meadows,

downs, and hill pastures have, however, been most valuable to us in furnishing a better quality of wool than can elsewhere be obtained in Europe—an advantage which our forefathers perceived and wisely availed themselves of—for, as early as the reign of Edward III., manufacturers from Hainault were brought into this country by the advice of Queen Philippa, and laid the foundation of the most prosperous, healthy, and legitimate trade which we possess. Ever since, the woollen manufacture has been inseparably connected with the interests of the British soil. Few luxuries, or even such articles of luxury as are now considered necessaries, can be grown in Great Britain. For wine our climate is unsuited; but there is nothing whatever to prevent us—except a system which calls itself, though it is not, Free Trade—from growing the coarser kinds of tobacco, and from establishing manufactories of sugar from beet-root. Our stock of minerals is great—almost inexhaustible—and to this fact we must look for our singular pre-eminence during so many years in Europe. Our unlimited supply of coal and iron gave us an advantage which no other European nation possessed—it was, in fact, virtually a monopoly—and upon that we built our claim to become the workshop of the world. Nor was the claim in any degree a preposterous one. That singular monopoly of minerals—for such it seemed—gave us the actual power, if judiciously used, of controlling the process of conversion, not only here, but elsewhere throughout the globe. Manual labour, it mattered not what was the distance, had no chance at all against the triumphs of machinery; and hence our commerce extended itself far and wide, to savage as well as civilised nations, and our arms were used to force a market where it could not otherwise be obtained. This, if not our strength, was undoubtedly the cause of our supremacy, and even of our extended colonisation; and as we obtained command of a raw material of foreign growth, so did we adapt our machinery to convert it into fabrics for the world.

It is by no means a pleasant matter

to recur to certain particulars in our commercial and manufacturing history. We found the East Indies in the possession of a considerable manufacture of cotton, the producer and the converter being there reciprocally dependent. That we have stopped, the object being to compel the Hindostanee to receive his clothing direct from Manchester. And we have succeeded so far that, last year, our exports to Hindostan were so great, that, by lumping them in the general account, our statisticians were able to furnish what appeared to many a convincing argument in favour of Free Trade, though in reality it had nothing to do with that question. *But at what cost* have these operations been made on India? Simply at this, that, whilst destroying the native manufacture, we have also curtailed the production of the raw material. Of the rapid diminution in its amount let the following figures tell:—

IMPORT OF COTTON FROM INDIA TO ENGLAND.

1844	:	:	:	88,000,000 lbs.
1845	:	:	:	58,000,000 —
1846	:	:	:	34,000,000 —

But raw material we must have, else our machinery is of no use. We have had so long a monopoly of cotton-spinning that we have accustomed ourselves, spite of nature, and spite of fact, to believe that our whole destiny was that of cotton-spinning. We ignore all history in favour of that particular shrub; and, pinning our faith to export tables—concocted by the weakest and most contemptible of charlatans—we make no hesitation in avowing that the prosperity and destiny of Great Britain is indissolubly entwined with our monopoly of cotton twist! That would be simply laughable, if we had not absolutely legislated on, and committed ourselves to that theory. We stand just now, in the face both of Europe and America—we know not whether we ought to exclude the other quarters of the globe—in the most ridiculous possible position. Our economists are permitted to say to them—“Send us your raw material, and we shall be proud and happy to work it up for you. Don't be at the pains or the cost of rearing manufactories for yourselves. That

would entail upon you, not only a great deal of trouble, but a vast expenditure of capital, which you had much better lay out in improving your extra soil, and in bringing it to good cultivation. We can promise you a ready market here. Our proprietors and farmers are unquestionably heavily burdened by taxation, but they must submit to the popular will; or, if they choose to dissent, they may sell off their stock and emigrate to your country, where doubtless they will prove valuable acquisitions. You, we are well aware, are able to provide us with food cheaper than they can do it; and cheapness is all we look to. We shall even do more for you. We agree to admit to our market, at merely nominal duties, all your small articles of manufacture. You may undersell and annihilate, if you can, our glovers, hatters, shoemakers, glass-blowers, and fifty others—only do not interfere with the larger branches, and, above all, do not touch our monopoly of cotton.”

It is now obvious, and we believe generally acknowledged by those who have most practical knowledge of the subject, that the monopoly is broken up. America is seriously addressing herself to the task of applying her lately discovered stores of coal and iron to practical use; and, as we shall presently have occasion to show, she has no need to train workmen for that purpose, since the great emigration from this country

supplies her with practised hands. That her rivalry will be of the most formidable description there can be no matter of doubt, for she will still be able to retain command of the raw material, and, retaining that, to regulate the price of cotton and cotton goods at New Orleans, instead of permitting Liverpool or Manchester to dictate authoritatively to the world. Whether the Manchester Chamber, finding their last move utterly abortive in securing monopoly, may succeed in rearing up plantations of cotton elsewhere than in America, is a point upon which we cannot speak with any degree of certainty. That they are alarmed, and deeply alarmed, at the prospect before them is evident, not only from the representations made in Parliament, and the desponding tone of their organs, but from the experiments which they have instituted for the purpose of ascertaining whether some other vegetable product may not be used as a substitute for cotton. Even if they were successful in one or other, or in both of their inquiries, it seems clear to us that they never can hope to regain their former ascendancy. They must be exposed to the competition not only of America, but of the Confederation of the Zollverein, which now receives from the United States a large and increasing supply of raw material. The following table will show the extreme rapidity in the growth of that consumption:—

	1835.	Average from 1837 to 1841.	1843.	1845.
Raw cotton, quintals, exported } from America to the Zollverein, }	152,364.	200,093.	306,731.	443,887.

Although it never can be agreeable to know that any important branch of trade in this country is retrograding or falling into decay, we cannot affect to feel much sympathy with the cotton manufacturers, and that for several reasons. In the first place, their trade was a factitious one, not founded upon or tending in any degree to promote the real production of Great Britain, but avowedly rendering us dependant to a dangerous degree upon foreign supplies. Secondly, there can be no doubt that our demand for the raw

material has had the effect of perpetuating slavery in the southern states of America. And, lastly, we cannot forget that we owe all our present difficulties to the machinations of men connected with the cotton manufacture. The doctrine that the strength of Britain lay in its powers of conversion, not in its powers of production, originated with them; and in their selfish eagerness to maintain a monopoly, even then in a precarious position, they made no scruple of sacrificing every interest which stood in their way.

Our readers cannot fail to recollect the arguments which were employed by the champions and leaders of the League. America, whether as an example or an ally, was never out of their mouths. We were to spin for America, weave for America, do everything in short for her which the power of machinery could achieve. America, on the other hand, was to forego all idea of interfering with our industrial pursuits, in the way of encouraging her own children to become manufacturing rivals, and was to apply herself solely to the production of raw material, cotton, corn and provisions, wherewith the whole of us were to be fed. Our statesmen acted on this faith, assured us that we had but to show the example, and reciprocity must immediately be established, and opened the British ports without any condition whatever. The consequence was an influx of corn and provisions far greater than they expected, which at once annihilated agricultural profits in Great Britain, and is rapidly annihilating agriculture itself in Ireland. We were told to take comfort, because the very amount of the importations showed that it could not be continued; and yet it is continued up to the present day, and prices remain at a point which, even according to the estimate of the Free-traders, is not only unremunerative, but so injurious to the grower that he must lose by the process of cultivation. The actual labourer was the last sufferer, but he is suffering now, and his future prospects are most miserable and revolting. The smaller branches of manufacture, and the multitudes of artisans employed in these, have felt grievously the effect of lowered tariffs, and, even still more, the competition which has been engendered by the amount of displaced labour. Our large towns are the natural receptacles for those who have been driven from the villages, on account of sheer lack of employment; and ever and anon philanthropists are made to shudder by the tales of woe, and want, and fearful deprivation, which are forced upon the public ear. And yet few of them appear to have traced the evil to its source, which lies simply in the legislative discouragement of production, for the sake of a system of con-

version which can offer no means adequate to the wants and numbers of the competing population.

Our exports, when we deduct the value of the raw material, constitute in reality an insignificant item in the account of our annual creation of wealth. The greatness and prosperity of Britain never did, and never will, depend upon the amount of her foreign trade, though that is now regarded by our statistical quack-doctors as the sole criterion. What we must depend upon is the home trade, and that can only be prosperous by maintaining the value of production. For how else, save from production, are the labouring population, or indeed any of us, high or low, rich or poor, as we may call ourselves, to be maintained? All of us derive our subsistence from the earth, and beyond what is reaped or redeemed from its bosom we have nothing. If, for example, there is no market for iron, the furnaces will be blown out, and the ores left unworked; if there is no market for agricultural produce—that is, a remunerative market—the fields will be left untilled. What, then, becomes of the converters?—for whom do they work?—or how do they acquire the wherewithal to purchase the food which the foreigner may chance to send them? Let Ireland answer. That unhappy island is at this moment paying the last penalties of Free Trade. It stands before us as a beacon and warning of what we must expect, and cannot avoid, if we continue to discourage production, in the insane hope of thereby stimulating conversion; and perhaps we cannot do better than quote an American opinion as to the cause of its wretchedness and ruin:—

“With this vast increase in the importation from abroad has come the ruin of the people of Ireland. Deprived of manufactures and commerce, her people were driven to live by agriculture alone, and she was enabled to drag on a miserable existence, so long as her neighbour was content to make some compensation for the loss of labour, by paying her for her products higher prices than those at which they might have been elsewhere purchased. With the repeal of the Corn Laws that resource has failed; and the result is a state of poverty, wretchedness, and famine, that has compelled the

establishment of a system which obliges the landowner to maintain the people, whether they work or not; and thus is one of the conditions of slavery re-established in that unhappy country. From being a great exporter of food, she has now become a large importer. The great market for Indian corn is Ireland—a country in which the production of food is almost the sole occupation of the people. The value of labour in food, throughout a population of eight millions, is thus rapidly decreasing.”

To every word of this we subscribe, and we beg to say, further, that this is not the only instance. A large portion of Scotland has been absolutely pauperised by Free Trade. The condition of the western Highlands and Islands is most appalling; and unless Ministers and members of Parliament are prepared to do their duty to the children of the soil, they are utterly and execrably unworthy of the trust which has been committed to their charge. It is with a feeling nearly akin to loathing that we peruse accounts of Brobdignag glass-houses, and sham exhibitions of the industry of nations, reared at an enormous cost, when we know that the men who ought to be the producers of our national wealth—and who might be so, were they not made the victims of a heartless and senseless system—are being driven in hundreds from their hearths and homes, and cast upon the wide world, without a roof to shelter them, or a rag to give them covering!

All this, and more—for every day brings its fresh tale of woe and wretchedness—is the consequence of free imports. And how stands the account the other way? Where is the counterbalancing advantage? It may be that the ruin and prostration of Ireland and the Highlands is no great loss to the indwellers of the towns, the men of the factories and counting-houses. It may be that they are not at all affected by such misery, or that they care to listen to it, notwithstanding that the victims are in the sight of God as valuable beings as themselves. It may be that, in consequence of such suffering, or rather by creating it, they have derived some advantage large enough to compensate for the havoc, by enabling them to

give a livelihood to thousands who would otherwise have been unemployed and destitute. If so, where is it? Has America reciprocated?

NO! AND AMERICA WILL NOT.

America laughs at the whole crew of Manchester conspirators with sovereign and undisguised contempt. She wants nothing from them—she will take nothing from them. Secure in her own position, and possessing within herself every requisite for greatness, and—what is more—for the happiness and welfare of her children, she regards with scorn the attempted compromise of the crippled converters, and, while she rejects their offer, gives them a burning rebuke for their treachery to their native land.

So far from discouraging her manufactures, she intends to protect them; so far from concealing her mineral wealth, she has resolved to develop that to the utmost—judging, and rightly judging, that it is alone through the “harmony of interests” that a nation can be truly prosperous.

Her rebuke, as contained in the documents before us, which we firmly believe convey the sentiments of the wisest men of the Union, is perhaps the most poignant that ever was cast in the teeth of a civilised and Christian community. It resolves itself into this:—

“You, producers, mechanics, and artisans of Great Britain, who are deprived of your labour, which is your only heritage, for the sake of a few men, who will neither take your produce nor avail themselves of your skill, come to us. We require hands to till our savannahs, to excavate our ores, to work at the furnaces, to weave, and to spin. Labour with us is not as in your country. The producer shall not be sacrificed for the sake of the converter, or the converter subjected to the precarious mercy of the producer of another land. Here, at least, you will find an entire harmony of interests. Foreign customers you need seek none, for every requisite of life is secured to you in return for your labour.”

And, lest it should be thought that we are putting words into the mouth of the Americans without authority, we shall presently have occasion to

quote from the remarkable work before us.

The repeal of the Corn Laws, and of the duties levied on provisions, have enormously, as we all know,

increased the exports of America. The following tables will show their amount, and, in the case of provisions, the increase since the lowered tariffs came into operation.

AMOUNT OF AMERICAN EXPORTS OF GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

GRAIN AND FLOUR.

Year ending	Flour. barrels.	Wheat. bushels.	Corn. bushels.	Cornmeal. bushels.
June 30, 1848, . . .	958,744	1,531,000	5,062,000	226,000
... Aug. 31, 1849, . . .	1,114,016	4,684,000	12,721,000	88,000

PROVISIONS.

	Beef. barrels.	Butter. lb.	Cheese. lb.	Pork. barrels.	Hams. lb.	Lard. barrels.
1840, .	19,631	1,177,639	723,217	66,281	1,643,897	7,418,847
1841, .	56,537	3,785,983	1,748,471	133,290	2,796,517	10,597,854
1844, .	106,174	3,251,952	7,342,145	161,629	3,886,976	25,746,385
1849, .	133,286	3,406,242	17,433,632	253,486	56,060,822	37,446,761

Now, if the doctrine of the Free-traders is a true one, it will follow that the imports of America must be on a scale corresponding to the mag-

nitude of the exports. If that be so, the fact will be evident on the face of their revenue accounts. We turn to these, and find the following results:—

CUSTOMS REVENUE FROM THE IMPORTS TO THE UNITED STATES.

	Dollars.
1844-5,	27,528,000
1845-6,	26,712,000
1846-7,	23,747,000
1847-8,	31,757,000
1848-9,	28,346,000

How, then, and in what shape, were these enormous exportations of grain and provisions paid for? Not certainly in goods, for if that were so, a corresponding increase would be apparent in the revenue accounts. The answer is quite short—in gold, and in that commodity which ought to be regarded as far more valuable than gold—MAN.

It is a fact of no small interest, that the shipowning corn-merchants have willingly sold grain in Liverpool for less than they could have got for it in the States, in order to insure the return cargo—that which they find so profitable—emigrants. Mr Blain, who was engaged for many years by the Jews of London and Germany in valuing the growing crops of America, gives the following account of this apparently unreasonable process:—“The shipowners of America are making much money by carrying emigrants to the States: they are now extensive corn-merchants, and are buying largely at very low prices, it being better to carry wheat across

the Atlantic, and sell it at 2s. per quarter less than it cost, than buy ballast, which is very dear in the American seaports.” * Steam, too, is now about to be applied in furtherance of this traffic, and we read of magnificent steamers built expressly for the corn and emigrant trade between New York and Liverpool. By the way, with freights at 6d. a barrel of flour, (the rate in September 1849,) equivalent to 1s. per quarter of wheat, what becomes of the once favourite sophism, that the Atlantic afforded a natural protection of at least 10s. to the English farmer? Nor should it be forgotten that the American farmer finds it his plain interest thus to part with his surplus production, procuring in return that of which he stands so much in need—labour; and the vast emigration from the western states to California has rendered European labour more valuable and welcome to him than ever.

“We imported last year,” says Mr Carey, “about three hundred thousand

* *Liverpool Mail*, Nov. 2, 1850.

persons. Estimating their consumption of food at twenty cents per day for each, there was thus made a market on the land for the products of the land to the extent of *twenty millions of dollars*. This transportation required the constant employment of two hundred and fifty thousand tons of shipping, and ships carried freight to Europe at very low rates, because certain of obtaining valuable return cargoes. The farmer thus obtained a large home market, and the power of exporting cheaply to the foreign one; and to the conjoined operation of these two causes is due the fact, that wheat and flour have continued so high in price.

"We may now, I think, understand many curious facts now passing before our eyes. Food is so abundant in Russia, that it is wasted, and yet among the large exporters of food to Great Britain is this country, in which it sells at a price almost as high as in Liverpool, and now even higher. The produce of Russia has to bear all the charges out and home, and the consequence is that the producer remains poor, and makes no roads; and thus the cost of transportation, internal and external, continues, and must continue great. The farmer of the United States sends his produce to market cheap, because the return cargo, being chiefly man, is valuable, and the space it occupies is great. He therefore grows rich, and makes roads and canals, and builds steamboats; and thus is the cost of transportation, internal and external, so far diminished, that the difference in the price of a barrel of flour in Pittsburgh and in Liverpool is, when we look at the distance, almost inconceivably small.

"The bulk of the trade of Canada is outwards; and the consequence is that outward freights are high, while our imports of men and other valuable commodities keep them low with us; and therefore it is that the cost of transporting wheat and flour from our side of the line is so much lower than from the other, that both now pass through New York on their way to Liverpool. Hence it is that there has arisen so vehement a desire for commercial reciprocity, and even for annexation. The protective system has thus not only the effect of bringing consumers to take their places by the side of the producer, facilitating the consumption on the land of the products of the land, and facilitating also the exportation of the surplus to foreign markets by diminishing outward freights, but the further one of producing among our neighbours a strong desire for the establishment of the same perfect freedom of trade that now exists among the seve-

ral states, by becoming themselves a part of the Union. Protection, therefore, tends to the increase of commerce, and the establishment of Free Trade; while the British system tends everywhere to the destruction of commerce, and to the production of a necessity for restriction.

"We see, thus, that if we desire to secure the command of that which is falsely termed 'the great grain-market of the world,' it is to be effected by the adoption of such measures as will secure valuable return freights. The most costly and the most valuable of all are men; the least so are pig-iron and coal. The more of the latter we import, the larger will be our surplus of food, the higher will be the outward freight, internal and external, the greater will be the waste, and the poorer will be the farmer. The more of the former we import, the smaller will be our surplus of food, the lower will be the outward freights, and the more numerous will be the commodities that can go to Europe, to be given in exchange for luxuries that now we cannot purchase."

So much for the American views of reciprocity. Secured by her system of tariffs, which she is now about to heighten, against the effects of foreign competition, America is resolutely bent on availing herself to the utmost of all the vast natural resources which she possesses, and to render herself wholly independent of the conversion of foreign countries. By following such a course she must, as her population increases, grow in greatness and in might, as must every nation wherein labour is estimated and cherished according to its proper value, and the rights of the domestic producer and workman guarded with untiring vigilance.

One word as to the prospects of the British farmer. We know from undoubted authority that in many parts of the United States, for example Ottawa, excellent land may be purchased for £1 an acre, broken up for 7s., burdened by no poor nor county rates, and unconscious of the presence of the tax-gatherer. Land such as this can, indeed, afford to produce corn at an almost nominal price—ballast for the ships that shall bring back the overweighted and ruined yeomen and peasants of England to New York and New Orleans! But, vast as the immigration has been, the production of food has greatly outstripped it; and as fresh tracts of virgin land are, year

by year, brought into cultivation, and internal communications opened or improved, we see no reason whatever to believe that the export of grain to England will diminish, or the price of that grain be enhanced. Let our readers bear in mind the wonderful development of the mining and manufacturing resources of America, to which we have just directed their

attention, and then see how, in spite of, or far rather concurrently with that, the production of food also increased. We again quote from *The Harmony of Interests*. How great was the increase may be seen by the following comparison of the returns under the census of 1840, and the Patent Office Estimates for 1847:—

	Wheat	Barley	Oats	Rye	Buckwheat	Indian Corn	TOTALS
1840	84,823,000	4,161,000	123,071,000	18,645,000	7,291,000	377,531,000	615,522,000
1847	114,245,000	5,649,000	167,867,000	29,222,000	11,673,000	539,350,000	867,826,000
Increase	29,422,000	1,488,000	44,797,000	10,577,000	4,382,000	161,819,000	252,304,000

Showing an increase of not less than 40 per cent in 7 years, during which the population only advanced 23 per cent.

How much of this surplus produce may be expected to find its way into the English market, we do not pretend accurately to foretell; but when we find that, without the inducement of an unrestricted access to it, in 1846 America was able to raise her exports of grain to thirteen millions of bushels, from six millions in 1845; and in 1847, with only the preparation of a year, to twenty-six millions, we think Lord Fitzwilliam is quite justified in taking it for granted that the price of corn in England will not rise above its present ruinous average. Attempts, no doubt, will be made to show that the emigration to California has deprived the Western States of the labour that is required to raise these enormous crops. Our answer is, that 300,000 souls were added by immigration to the population of the United States in 1849; and that our own emigration returns for 1850 show that the tide from England is flowing in that direction with unabated force. So last year, when the great and unexpected import of French flour was adding to the depression, and stimulating the complaints of the English agriculturists, the Free Import authorities explained it away as a forced unnatural importation which must speedily cease, as France was an importing, and not an exporting, country, and the price of corn there was naturally higher than in England; and yet we learn from the same organ of public opinion which favoured us in the summer with this satisfactory explanation of the French importations, that in the month of

November last, the prices of wheat, flour, and bread were all much higher in London than in Paris. In its City article of November 14th, appeared the following comparison of the present prices of wheat, flour, and bread, in London and Paris:—

“The highest price of wheat of the first quality in Paris is 24 francs per $1\frac{1}{2}$ hectolitres, which is equal to 36s. 8d. per quarter; and the highest price of white wheat of the first quality, in London, being 48s. per quarter, it follows that wheat is $30\frac{1}{2}$ per cent dearer in London than in Paris. The highest quotation of flour of the first quality in Paris is 29 francs 95 cents the 100 kilogrammes, which is equal to 29s. 11d. per sack of 280 lb. English; and the highest quotation of flour in the London market being 40s. per sack, it follows that flour is about $33\frac{1}{2}$ per cent dearer in London than in Paris. The price of bread of the first quality in Paris is 27 cents per kilogramme, which is equal to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per 4 lb. loaf English weight; and the price of bread in London, at the full-priced shops, being $6\frac{1}{2}$ d. per 4 lb., it follows that bread is $40\frac{1}{2}$ per cent dearer in London than in Paris.”

We apprehend that a difference of thirty or forty per cent is sufficient to tempt the French corn-grower, or miller, into the higher-priced market which lies so conveniently open to him; and thus from the model republic of the Old, no less than from the model republic of the New World, must the English farmer expect to see for the future those supplies of grain and flour pouring in, which shall prevent his produce procuring a remunerating price. To complete the picture, it should not be forgotten that both these exporting countries impose considerable duties on the

importation of grain and flour, and thus afford us a perfect specimen of that reciprocity which all Liberal governments and free nations were so anxious to establish, according to our sapient rulers, in 1846.

We do not think that we need add any further argument to what has been already said. Our antagonists, the Free-traders, have been allowed—what they required and what was fair—time for the working of their experiment. Ample time has been granted, and we now see that it has failed in every particular. They said that it would induce reciprocity; it has induced higher opposing tariffs. They said it would secure for Great Britain the manufacturing custom of the world; on the contrary, foreign manufactories are springing up with unexampled rapidity. They said it would increase the demand for iron; it has prostrated it. They said it would give full employment to all our labouring population; it has displaced labour, and driven our working men by hundreds of thousands to emigrate. They said it could not attract such an importation of foreign grain and provisions, as permanently to beat down prices in this country below the remunerating level; it has already brought such an influx of these articles, that the grower of grain is impoverished, and the breeder of cattle ruined. They said it would be the commencement of a new era of prosperity to Ireland; it has laid it utterly desolate!

Are we, then, obstinately to persevere in a course of policy so evidently obnoxious and detrimental? Are we still to crush down labour for an end which is now proved to be impossible of attainment; and to tell the working classes, that because our rulers have made a false step, they and theirs must submit to descend into the hideous gulf of pauperism? These are questions for the nation to consider—questions of unparalleled magnitude, both for the present and the coming time. If we are not so to persevere in our folly, there is no alternative left but to build up our commercial system anew upon wiser and sounder prin-

ciples. It cannot be expected that we shall ever again possess a monopoly of the manufactures of the world. We must be contented with that share which our skill, and energy, and undeniable resources can command; and if we wish still to retain possession of the vast Colonial Empire which has long been our pride and boast, we must foster, stimulate, and protect the industry of the colonists as sedulously and anxiously as our own.

After all, we may possibly, at no very distant period of time, have reason to be thankful that the experiment has been made, notwithstanding all the misery and loss which have accompanied the trial. For, if anything could have broken down the free independent spirit of Great Britain, and rendered it callous and listless to external aggression or insult, no better method could be found than the complete adoption of a system which must have made us perpetually subservient to the wants of other nations, doing their work to order, and receiving wages in return. In order to emancipate ourselves from this state of threatened Helotism—the state which the disciples of the Manchester school regard as the most enviable upon earth—we must attempt to re-establish perfect harmony and mutual co-operation amongst all the interests of Britain, to give productive labour its proper place and pre-eminence, and, since we cannot secure for convertive labour the command of foreign markets, to take care that, in the home market, it is not exposed to any undue or unfair competition. We hold by this proposition, well understood and energetically supported in America, that “when a nation makes a market at home for nearly all its products, other nations have to come and seek what they require, and pay the highest price; and that, when it does not make a market at home, markets must be sought abroad, and then sales must be made at the lowest prices.” If this be true, it will follow that the way to sell at the highest prices, and to buy at the lowest, is to buy and sell at home.

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LATIMER AND RIDLEY

BURNED AT THE STAKE IN OXFORD, A.D. 1555.

[THE fires of Smithfield and the massacre of Bartholomew are truly events of little consequence in history, if they fail to convince us of the aggressive and unscrupulous policy of the Roman Catholic Church. The claim of the Pope, which never has undergone or can undergo any modification whatever, is nothing less than one of universal supremacy. That claim is asserted now as broadly and boldly as it was three hundred years ago; when, at the accession of Mary, Cardinal Pole was sent over as legate to England, for the reduction of that realm to the obedience of the See of Rome, and for the extirpation of heresy.

It matters not what may have been the private character of the Cardinal. He has been represented as a man of mild nature, humane disposition, and averse to the infamous cruelties which were then perpetrated, the odium of which has been commonly thrown upon Bishops Gardiner and Bonner. This much at least is plain, that, whatever may have been his opinion as to the methods which were employed for the suppression of Protestantism, he did not deem it expedient to exercise his great power in mitigating the fury or tempering the cruelty of the persecution. He was a passive witness of the enormities, and allowed the mandates of the Church to supersede the dictates of humanity and the merciful teaching of the Saviour.

The records of the reign of Mary ought, especially at the present time, to be studied by those who, in their zeal for toleration, forget that they have to contend with most bitter and uncompromising enemies. Not only the sufferings and fortitude of the martyrs, (among whom were numbered five bishops, and twenty-one clergymen of the Reformed faith of England,) but the charges on which they were condemned, and the noble testimony which they bore, will be found detailed in John Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*. Next to that of Archbishop Cranmer, the names of Latimer and Ridley can never be forgotten in this land, so long as the voice of Protestantism is heard against Papal superstition and supremacy. Political and ecclesiastical dominion are things inseparable from each other in the eye of Rome; and wherever she has succeeded in planting her foot, she has attempted to enforce spiritual submission, and to extinguish liberty of conscience, by the power of the secular arm. The following extract, from the work already referred to, narrates the close of the terrible tragedy which consigned two English prelates to the flames at Oxford:—

“Then they brought a faggot, kindled with fire, and laid the same down at Dr Ridley's feet. To whom master Latimer spake in this manner: ‘Be of good comfort, master Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out.’

“And so the fire being given unto them, when Dr Ridley saw the fire flaming up towards him, he cried with a wonderful loud voice, ‘In manus tuas, Domine, com-

mendo spiritum meum : Domine, recipe spiritum meum.' And after, repeated this latter part often in English, ' Lord, Lord, receive my spirit ;' master Latimer crying as vehemently on the other side, ' O Father of heaven, receive my soul !' who received the flame as it were embracing of it. After that he had stroked his face with his hands, and as it were bathed them a little in the fire, he soon died (as it appeareth) with very little pain or none. And thus much concerning the end of this old and blessed servant of God, master Latimer, for whose laborious travails, fruitful life, and constant death, the whole realm hath cause to give great thanks to Almighty God.

" But master Ridley, by reason of the evil making of the fire unto him, because the wooden faggots were laid about the gorse, and over-high built, the fire burned first beneath, being kept down by the wood ; which when he felt, he desired them for Christ's sake to let the fire come unto him. Which when his brother-in-law heard, but not well understood, intending to rid him out of his pain (for the which cause he gave attendance,) as one in such sorrow not well advised what he did, heaped faggots upon him, so that he clean covered him, which made the fire more vehement beneath, that it burned clean all his nether parts, before it once touched the upper ; and that made him leap up and down under the faggots, and often desire them to let the fire come unto him, saying, ' I cannot burn.' Which indeed appeared well ; for, after his legs were consumed by reason of his struggling through the pain (whereof he had no release, but only his contentation in God,) he showed that side toward us clean, shirt and all untouched with flame. Yet in all this torment he forgot not to call unto God still, having in his mouth, ' Lord, have mercy upon me !' intermingling his cry, ' Let the fire come unto me : I cannot burn.' In which pangs he laboured till one of the standers-by with his bill pulled off the faggots above, and where he saw the fire flame up, he wrested himself unto that side. And when the flame touched the gunpowder, he was seen to stir no more, but burned on the other side, falling down at master Latimer's feet ; which, some said, happened by reason that the chain loosed ; others said, that he fell over the chain by reason of the poise of his body, and the weakness of the nether limbs.

" Some said, that before he was like to fall from the stake, he desired them to hold him to it with their bills. However it was, surely it moved hundreds to tears, in beholding the horrible sight ; for I think there was none that had not clean exiled all humanity and mercy, which would not have lamented to behold the fury of the fire so to rage upon their bodies."]

I.

'Tis good to sing of champions old
The honour and renown ;
To tell how truth and loyalty
Have saved an earthly crown.
But shame to us, if on the day
When higher themes are given—
When man's device and man's decree
Usurp the word of Heaven—
We dare forget the nobler names
Of those who vanquished death,
To keep unstained, from sire to son,
Our freedom and our faith !

II.

We bend the knee and bow the head
Upon the Christmas morn,
In token that, for sinful men,
The Saviour, Christ, was born.
Nor less, unto the faithful heart,
That time must hallowed be,
On which our Lord and Master died
In anguish on the tree ;
And Easter brings its holy hymn,
Its triumph o'er the grave,
When He, the dead, arose in might,
Omnipotent to save.

III.

We worship as our fathers did,
 In this our English home,
 Not asking grace from mortal man
 Nor craving leave from Rome.
 Once more the warning note is heard,
 The hour of strife is near—
 What seeks he, with his mitred pomp,
 That rank Italian, here?
 What sought they in the former days,
 When last that mission came?
 The will, the craft, the creed of Rome
 Remain for aye the same!

IV.

Woe, woe to those who dared to dream
 That England might be free;
 That Papal power and Papal rule
 Were banished o'er the sea;
 That he who sate in Peter's chair,
 Had lost the will to harm,
 Was powerless as a withered crone
 Who works by spell and charm!
 Woe, woe to those who dared deny
 The Roman Pontiff's sway!
 His red right arm is bared in wrath,
 To smite, and burn, and slay!

V.

Light up, light up the ready fires!
 Sound trumpet, fife, and drum;
 Give welcome meet to him who brings
 The sovereign hests of Rome.
 No humble barefoot messenger—
 No sandalled monk is he;
 A stately priest—a Cardinal—
 Proclaims the Pope's decree.
 And see! upon her royal knees
 The Queen of England falls,
 In homage to a mightier Prince,
 Within her fathers' halls!

VI.

'Tis done. Fair England! bow thy head,
 And mourn thy grievous sin!
 What though the Universal Church
 Will gladly let thee in?
 The stain is still upon thy brow,
 The guilt is on thy hand;
 For thou hast dared to worship God,
 Against the Pope's command.
 And thou hast scoffed at salnt and shrine,
 Denied the Queen of Heaven,
 And opened up with impious hands
 The Holy Book unshriven.

VII.

For this, and for thy stubborn will
 In daring to be free,
 A fearful penance must be done
 Ere guilt shall pass from thee.
 The prophets of the new-born faith,
 The leaders of the blind—
 Arise, and take them in the midst—
 Leave not a man behind!
 In London's streets and Oxford's courts
 A solemn fast proclaim,
 And let the sins of England's Church
 Be purged away by flame!

VIII.

In order long, the monkish throng
 Wind through the Oxford street,
 With up-drawn cowls, and folded hands,
 And slow and noiseless feet.
 Before their train the Crucifix
 Is borne in state on high,
 And banners with the Agnus wave,
 And crosiers glitter by:
 With spangled image, star-becrowned,
 And gilded pyx they come,
 To lay once more on English necks
 The hateful yoke of Rome.

IX.

The mail-clad vassels of the Church
 With men-at-arms are there,
 And England's banner overhead
 Floats proudly in the air.
 And England's bishops walk beneath—
 Ah me! that sight of woe!
 An old, old man, with tottering limbs
 And hair as white as snow.
 Another, yet in manhood's prime,
 The blameless and the brave—
 And must they pass, O cruel Rome,
 To yonder hideous grave?

X.

“Ay—for the Church reclaims her own;
 To her all power is given—
 The faggot and the sword on earth—
 The keys of hell and heaven.
 To sweep the heretics away,
 'Tis thus the Church commands—
 What means that wailing in the crowd?
 Why wring they so their hands?
 Why do the idle women shriek—
 The men, why frown they so?
 Lift up the Host, and let them kneel,
 As onwards still we go.”

XI.

The Host was raised—they knelt not yet—
 Nor English knee was bowed,
 Till Latimer and Ridley came,
 Each in his penance-shroud.
 Then bent the throng on either side,
 Then knelt both sire and dame,
 And thousand voices, choked with sobs,
 Invoked the martyr's name.
 No chaunted hymn could drown the cry,
 No tramp, nor clash of steel—
 O England! in that piteous hour,
 Was this thy sole appeal?

XII.

What more? That cry arose on high;
 'Twas heard, where all is calm,
 By Him who, for the martyr's pang,
 Vouchsafes the martyr's palm;
 By Him who needs no human arm
 To work his righteous will:—
 "The LORD is in his holy place,
 Let all the earth be still."
 They said it—they who gave the doom,
 In that most awful name—
 And if they spoke in blasphemy,
 So shall they die in shame!

XIII.

To death—to death! The stake is near,
 The faggots piled around;
 The men-at-arms have made their ring,
 The spearmen take their ground;
 The torches, reeking in the sun,
 Send up their heavy fume;
 And by the pile the torturer
 Is waiting for the doom.
 With earnest eye and steadfast step,
 Approach the martyr twain—
 "Our cross!" they said—then kissed the stake,
 And bowed them to the chain.

XIV.

Short be the pang!—Not yet, not yet!
 The Tempter lingers near—
 Rome parts not with her victims so;
 A Priest is at their ear.
 "Life—life, and pardon! say the word,
 Why still so stubborn be?
 Do homage to our Lord the Pope—
 One word, and you are free!
 O brothers! yield ye even now—
 Speak but a single name—
 Salvation lies not but with Rome;
 Why die in raging flame?"

XV.

Then out spoke aged Latimer :—
 “ I tarry by the stake,
 Not trusting to my own weak heart,
 But for the Saviour's sake.
 Why speak of life or death to me,
 Whose days are but a span ?
 Our crown is yonder—Ridley—see !
 Be strong, and play the man.
 God helping, such a torch this day
 We'll light on English land,
 That Rome and all her Cardinals
 Shall never quench the brand !”

XVI.

They died. O ask not how they died !
 May never witness tell,
 That once again on English ground
 Was wrought that deed of hell !
 The Consul, mad for Christian blood,
 Even in his deadliest rage,
 Was human when he opened up
 The famished lion's cage—
 More human far than they of Rome,
 Who claimed the Christian name,
 When those, the ministers of Christ,
 Were writhing in the flame !

XVII.

Harlot of Rome ! and dost thou come
 With bland demeanour now ?
 The bridal-smile upon thy lips,
 The flush upon thy brow—
 The cup of sorcery in thy hand,
 Still in the same array,
 As when our fathers in their wrath
 Dashed it and thee away ?
 No ! by the ashes of the saints,
 Who died beneath thy hand,
 Thou shalt not dare to claim as thine
 One foot of English land !

XVIII.

The echo of thy tread shall make
 The light still higher burn—
 A blaze shall rise from Cranmer's grave
 And martyred Ridley's urn !
 A blaze which they who own thy power
 Shall stand aghast to see,
 A blaze that in your infamy
 Shall show both them and thee !
 Yes ! send thy Cardinals again—
 Once more array thy powers—
 Their watchword is, The Pope of Rome—
 The Word of God, be ours !

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.—PART VI.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHATEVER may be the ultimate success of Miss Jemima Hazeldean's designs upon Dr Riccabocca, the Machiavellian sagacity with which the Italian had counted upon securing the services of Lenny Fairfield was speedily and triumphantly established by the result. No voice of the Parson's, charmed he ever so wisely, could persuade the peasant-boy to go and ask pardon of the young gentleman, to whom, because he had done as he was bid, he owed an agonising defeat and a shameful incarceration. And, to Mrs Dale's vexation, the widow took the boy's part. She was deeply offended at the unjust disgrace Lenny had undergone in being put in the stocks; she shared his pride, and openly approved his spirit. Nor was it without great difficulty that Lenny could be induced to resume his lessons at school; nay, even to set foot beyond the precincts of his mother's holding. The point of the school at last he yielded, though sullenly; and the Parson thought it better to temporise as to the more unpalatable demand. Unluckily Lenny's apprehensions of the mockery that awaited him in the merciless world of his village were realised. Though Stirn at first kept his own counsel, the Tinker blabbed the whole affair. And after the search instituted for Lenny on the fatal night, all attempt to hush up what had passed would have been impossible. So then Stirn told his story, as the Tinker had told his own; both tales were very unfavourable to Leonard Fairfield. The pattern boy had broken the Sabbath, fought with his betters, and been well mauled into the bargain; the village lad had sided with Stirn and the authorities in spying out the misdemeanours of his equals: therefore Leonard Fairfield, in both capacities of degraded pattern boy and baffled spy, could expect no mercy;—he was ridiculed in the one, and hated in the other.

It is true that, in the presence of

the schoolmaster, and under the eye of Mr Dale, no one openly gave vent to malignant feelings; but the moment those checks were removed, popular persecution began.

Some pointed and mowed at him; some cursed him for a sneak, and all shunned his society; voices were heard in the hedgerows, as he passed through the village at dusk, "Who was put in the stocks?—baa!" "Who got a bloody nob for playing spy to Nick Stirn?—baa!" To resist this species of aggression would have been a vain attempt for a wiser head and a colder temper than our poor pattern boy's. He took his resolution at once, and his mother approved it; and the second or third day after Dr Riccabocca's return to the Casino, Lenny Fairfield presented himself on the terrace with a little bundle in his hand. "Please, sir," said he to the Doctor, who was sitting cross-legged on the balustrade, with his red silk umbrella over his head;

"Please, sir, if you'll be good enough to take me now, and give me any hole to sleep in, I'll work for your honour night and day; and as for the wages, mother says 'just suit yourself, sir.'"

"My child," said the Doctor, taking Lenny by the hand, and looking at him with the sagacious eye of a wizard, "I knew you would come! and Giacomo is already prepared for you! As to wages, we'll talk of them by-and-by."

Lenny being thus settled, his mother looked for some evenings on the vacant chair, where he had so long sate in the place of her beloved Mark; and the chair seemed so comfortless and desolate, thus left all to itself, that she could bear it no longer.

Indeed the village had grown as distasteful to her as to Lenny—perhaps more so; and one morning she hailed the Steward as he was trotting his hog-maned cob beside the door,

and bade him tell the Squire that "she would take it very kind if he would let her off the six months' notice for the land and premises she held—there were plenty to step into the place at a much better rent."

"You're a fool," said the good-natured Steward; "and I'm very glad you did not speak to that fellow Stirn instead of to me. You've been doing extremely well here, and have the place, I may say, for nothing."

"Nothin' as to rent, sir, but a great deal as to feeling," said the widow. "And now Lenny has gone to work with the foreign gentleman, I should like to go and live near him."

"Ah yes—I heard Lenny had taken himself off to the Casino—more fool he; but, bless your heart, 'tis no distance—two miles or so. Can't he come home every night after work?"

"No, sir," exclaimed the widow almost fiercely; "he shan't come home here, to be called bad names and jeered at!—he whom my dead goodman was so fond and proud of. No, sir; we poor folks have our feelings, as I said to Mrs Dale, and as I will say to the Squire hisself. Not that I don't thank him for all favours—he be a good gentleman if let alone; but he says he won't come near us till Lenny goes and axes pardin. Pardin for what, I should like to know? Poor lamb! I wish you could ha' seen his nose, sir—as big as your two fists. Ax pardin! If the Squire had had such a nose as that, I don't think it's pardin he'd been ha' axing. But I let's the passion get the better of me—I humbly beg you'll excuse it, sir. I'm no scollard, as poor Mark was, and Lenny would have been, if the Lord had not visited us otherways. Therefore just get the Squire to let me go as soon as may be; and as for the bit o' hay and what's on the grounds and orchard, the new comer will no doubt settle that."

The Steward, finding no eloquence of his could induce the widow to relinquish her resolution, took her message to the Squire. Mr Hazeldean, who was indeed really offended at the boy's obstinate refusal to make the *amende honorable* to Randal Leslie, at first only bestowed a hearty curse or two on the pride and ingratitude both of mother and son. It may be supposed,

however, that his second thoughts were more gentle, since that evening, though he did not go himself to the widow, he sent his "Harry." Now, though Harry was sometimes austere and *brusque* enough on her own account, and in such business as might especially be transacted between herself and the cottagers, yet she never appeared as the delegate of her lord except in the capacity of a herald of peace and mediating angel. It was with good heart, too, that she undertook this mission, since, as we have seen, both mother and son were great favourites of hers. She entered the cottage with the friendliest beam in her bright blue eye, and it was with the softest tone of her frank cordial voice that she accosted the widow. But she was no more successful than the Steward had been. The truth is, that I don't believe the haughtiest duke in the three kingdoms is really so proud as your plain English rural peasant, nor half so hard to propitiate and deal with when his sense of dignity is ruffled. Nor are there many of my own literary brethren (thin-skinned creatures though we are) so sensitively alive to the Public Opinion, wisely despised by Dr Riccabocca, as that same peasant. He can endure a good deal of contumely sometimes, it is true, from his superiors, (though, thank Heaven! *that* he rarely meets with unjustly;) but to be looked down upon, and mocked, and pointed at by his own equals—his own little world—cuts him to the soul. And if you can succeed in breaking this pride, and destroying this sensitiveness, then he is a lost being. He can never recover his self-esteem, and you have chucked him half way—a stolid, inert, sullen victim—to the perdition of the prison or the convict-ship.

Of this stuff was the nature both of the widow and her son. Had the honey of Plato flowed from the tongue of Mrs Hazeldean, it could not have turned into sweetness the bitter spirit upon which it descended. But Mrs Hazeldean, though an excellent woman, was rather a bluff plain-spoken one—and, after all, she had some little feeling for the son of a gentleman, and a decayed fallen gentleman, who, even by Lenny's account, had been assailed without any intelli-

gible provocation; nor could she, with her strong common sense, attach all the importance which Mrs Fairfield did to the unmannerly impertinence of a few young cubs, which, she said truly, "would soon die away if no notice was taken of it." The widow's mind was made up, and Mrs Hazeldean departed—with much chagrin and some displeasre.

Mrs Fairfield, however, tacitly understood that the request she had made was granted, and early one morning her door was found locked—the key left at a neighbour's to be given to the Steward; and, on farther inquiry, it was ascertained that her furniture and effects had been removed by the errand-cart in the dead of the night. Lenny had succeeded in finding a cottage, on the road-side, not far from the Casino; and there, with a joyous face, he waited to welcome his mother to breakfast, and show how he had spent the night in arranging her furniture.

"Parson!" cried the Squire, when all this news came upon him, as he was walking arm in arm with Mr Dale to inspect some proposed improvement in the Alms-house, "this is all your fault. Why did not you go and talk to that brute of a boy, and that dolt of a woman? You've got 'soft sawder enough,' as Frank calls it in his new-fashioned slang."

"As if I had not talked myself hoarse to both!" said the Parson in a tone of reproachful surprise at the accusation. "But it was in vain! O Squire, if you had taken my advice about the Stocks—*quieta non movere!*"

"Bother!" said the Squire. "I suppose I am to be held up as a tyrant, a Nero, a Richard the Third, or a Grand Inquisitor, merely for having things smart and tidy! Stocks indeed!—your friend Rickeybockey said he was never more comfortable in his life—quite enjoyed sitting there. And what did not hurt Rickeybockey's dignity (a very gentlemanlike man he is, when he pleases) ought to be no such great matter to Master Leonard Fairfield. But 'tis no use talking! What's to be done now? The woman must not starve; and I'm sure she can't live out of Rickeybockey's wages to Lenny—(by the way, I hope he don't board him upon his and Jack-

eymo's leavings: I hear they dine upon newts and sticklebacks—fagh!) I'll tell you what, Parson, now I think of it—at the back of the cottage which she has taken there are some fields of capital land just vacant. Rickeybockey wants to have 'em, and sonnded me as to the rent when he was at the Hall. I only half promised him the refusal. And he must give up four or five acres of the best land round the cottage to the widow—just enough for her to manage—and she can keep a dairy. If she want capital, I'll lend her some in your name—only don't tell Stirn; and as for the rent—we'll talk of that when we see how she gets on, thankless obstinate jade that she is! You see," added the Squire, as if he felt there was some apology due for this generosity to an object whom he professed to consider so ungrateful, "her husband was a faithful servant, and so—I wish you would not stand there staring me out of countenance, but go down to the woman at once, or Stirn will have let the land to Rickeybockey, as sure as a gun. And harkye, Dale, perhaps you can contrive, if the woman is so cursedly stiff-backed, not to say the land is mine, or that it is any favour I want to do her—or, in short, manage it as you can for the best." Still even this charitable message failed. The widow knew that the land was the Squire's, and worth a good £3 an acre. "She thanked him humbly for that and all favours; but she could not afford to buy cows, and she did not wish to be beholden to any one for her living. And Lenny was well off at Mr Rickeybockey's, and coming on wonderfully in the garden way—and she did not doubt she could get some washing; at all events, her haystack would bring in a good bit of money, and she should do nicely, thank their honours."

Nothing farther could be done in the direct way, but the remark about the washing suggested some mode of indirectly benefiting the widow. And a little time afterwards, the sole laundress in that immediate neighbourhood happening to die, a hint from the Squire obtained from the landlady of the inn opposite the Casino such custom as she had to bestow, which at times was not inconsiderable. And

what with Lenny's wages, (whatever that mysterious item might be,) the mother and son contrived to live without exhibiting any of those phy-

sical signs of fast and abstinence which Riccabocca and his valet gratuitously afforded to the student in animal anatomy.

CHAPTER XIV.

Of all the wares and commodities in exchange and barter, wherein so mainly consists the civilisation of our modern world, there is not one which is so carefully weighed—so accurately measured—so plumbed and gauged—so doled and scraped—so poured out in *minima* and balanced with scruples—as that necessary of social commerce called “an apology!” If the chemists were half so careful in vending their poisons, there would be a notable diminution in the yearly average of victims to arsenic and oxalic acid. But, alas, in the matter of apology, it is not from the excess of the dose, but the timid, niggardly, miserly manner in which it is dispensed, that poor Humanity is hurried off to the Styx! How many times does a life depend on the exact proportions of an apology! Is it a hairbreadth too short to cover the scratch for which you want it? Make your will—you are a dead man! A life do I say?—a hecatomb of lives! How many wars would have been prevented, how many thrones would be standing, dynasties flourishing—commonwealths brawling round a *bema*, or fitting out galleys for corn and cotton—if an inch or two more of apology had been added to the proffered ell! But then that plaguy, jealous,

suspicious, old vinegar-faced Honour, and her partner Pride—as penny-wise and pound-foolish a she-skinflint as herself—have the monopoly of the article. And what with the time they lose in adjusting their spectacles, hunting in the precise shelf for the precise quality demanded, then (quality found) the haggling as to quantum—considering whether it should be Apothecary's weight or Avoirdupois, or English measure or Flemish—and, finally, the hullaboo they make if the customer is not perfectly satisfied with the monstrous little he gets for his money,—I don't wonder, for my part, how one loses temper and patience, and sends Pride, Honour, and Apology, all to the devil. Aristophanes, in his “Comedy of Peace,” insinuates a beautiful allegory by only suffering that goddess, though in fact she is his heroine, to appear as a mute. She takes care never to open her lips. The shrewd Greek knew very well that she would cease to be Peace, if she once began to chatter. Wherefore, O reader, if ever you find your pump under the iron heel of another man's boot, heaven grant that you may hold your tongue, and not make things past all endurance and forgiveness by bawling out for an apology!

CHAPTER XV.

But the Squire and his son, Frank, were large-hearted generous creatures in the article of apology, as in all things less skimpinkly dealt out. And seeing that Leonard Fairfield would offer no plaister to Randal Leslie, they made amends for his stinginess by their own prodigality. The Squire accompanied his son to Rood Hall, and none of the family choosing to be at home, the Squire in his own hand, and from his own head, indited and composed an epistle which might have satisfied all the wounds which the dignity of the Leslies had ever received.

This letter of apology ended with a hearty request that Randal would come and spend a few days with his son. Frank's epistle was to the same purport, only more Etonian and less legible.

It was some days before Randal's replies to these epistles were received. The replies bore the address of a village near London, and stated that the writer was now reading with a tutor preparatory to entrance at Oxford, and could not, therefore, accept the invitation extended to him.

For the rest, Randal expressed

himself with good sense, though not with much generosity. He excused his participation in the vulgarity of such a conflict by a bitter but short allusion to the obstinacy and ignorance of the village boor; and did not do what you, my kind reader, certainly would have done under similar circumstances—viz. intercede in behalf of a brave and unfortunate antagonist. Most of us like a foe better after we

have fought him—that is, if we are the conquering party; this was not the case with Randal Leslie. There, so far as the Etonian was concerned, the matter rested. And the Squire, irritated that he could not repair whatever wrong that young gentleman had sustained, no longer felt a pang of regret as he passed by Mrs Fairfield's deserted cottage.

CHAPTER XVI.

Lenny Fairfield continued to give great satisfaction to his new employers, and to profit in many respects by the familiar kindness with which he was treated. Riccabocca, who valued himself on penetrating into character, had from the first seen that much stuff of no common quality and texture was to be found in the disposition and mind of the English village boy. On farther acquaintance, he perceived that, under a child's innocent simplicity, there were the workings of an acuteness that required but development and direction. He ascertained that the pattern boy's progress at the village school proceeded from something more than mechanical docility and readiness of comprehension. Lenny had a keen thirst for knowledge, and through all the disadvantages of birth and circumstance, there were the indications of that natural genius which converts disadvantages themselves into stimulants. Still, with the germs of good qualities lay the embryos of those which, difficult to separate, and hard to destroy, often mar the produce of the soil. With a remarkable and generous pride in self-repute, there was some stubbornness; with great sensibility to kindness, there was also strong reluctance to forgive affront.

This mixed nature in an uncultivated peasant's breast interested Riccabocca, who, though long secluded from the commerce of mankind, still looked upon man as the most various and entertaining volume which philosophical research can explore. He soon accustomed the boy to the tone of a conversation generally subtle and suggestive; and Lenny's language

and ideas became insensibly less rustic and more refined. Then Riccabocca selected from his library, small as it was, books that, though elementary, were of a higher cast than Lenny could have found within his reach at Hazeldean. Riccabocca knew the English language well, better in grammar, construction, and genius than many a not ill-educated Englishman; for he had studied it with the minuteness with which a scholar studies a dead language, and amidst his collection he had many of the books which had formerly served him for that purpose. These were the first works he had lent to Lenny. Meanwhile Jackeymo imparted to the boy many secrets in practical gardening and minute husbandry, for at that day farming in England (some favoured counties and estates excepted) was far below the nicety to which the art has been immemorably carried in the north of Italy—where, indeed, you may travel for miles and miles as through a series of market-gardens—so that, all these things considered, Leonard Fairfield might be said to have made a change for the better. Yet in truth, and looking below the surface, that might be fair matter of doubt. For the same reason which had induced the boy to fly his native village, he no longer repaired to the church of Hazeldean. The old intimate intercourse between him and the Parson became necessarily suspended, or bounded to an occasional kindly visit from the latter—visits which grew more rare, and less familiar, as he found his former pupil in no want of his services, and wholly deaf to his mild entreaties to forget and forgive the past, and come at

least to his old seat in the parish church. Lenny still went to church—a church a long way off in another parish—but the sermons did not do him the same good as Parson Dale's had done; and the clergyman, who had his own flock to attend to, did not condescend, as Parson Dale would have done, to explain what seemed obscure, and enforce what was profitable, in private talk, with that stray lamb from another's fold.

Now I question much if all Dr Riccabocca's sage maxims, though they were often very moral, and generally very wise, served to expand the peasant boy's native good qualities, and correct his bad, half so well as the few simple words, not at all indebted to Machiavelli, which Leonard had once reverently listened to when he stood by his father's chair, yielded up for the moment to the good Parson, worthy to sit in it; for Mr Dale had a heart in which all the fatherless of the parish found their place. Nor was this loss of tender, intimate, spiritual lore so counterbalanced by the greater facilities for purely intellectual instruction, as modern enlightenment might presume. For, without disputing the advantage of knowledge in a general way, knowledge, in itself, is not friendly to content. Its tendency, of course, is to increase the desires, to

dissatisfy us with what is, in order to urge progress to what may be; and, in that progress, what unnoticed martyrs among the many must fall, baffled and crushed by the way! To how large a number will be given desires they will never realise, dissatisfaction of the lot from which they will never rise! *Allons!* one is viewing the dark side of the question. It is all the fault of that confounded Riccabocca, who has already caused Lenny Fairfield to lean gloomily on his spade, and, after looking round and seeing no one near him, groan out querulously—

“And am I born to dig a potato ground?”

Pardieu, my friend Lenny, if you live to be seventy, and ride in your carriage;—and by the help of a dinner-pill digest a spoonful of curry, you may sigh to think what a relish there was in potatoes, roasted in ashes after you had digged them out of that ground with your own stout young hands. Dig on, Lenny Fairfield, dig on! Dr Riccabocca will tell you that there was once an illustrious personage* who made experience of two very different occupations—one was ruling men, the other was planting cabbages; he thought planting cabbages much the pleasanter of the two!

CHAPTER XVII.

Dr Riccabocca had secured Lenny Fairfield, and might therefore be considered to have ridden his hobby in the great whirligig with adroitness and success. But Miss Jemima was still driving round in her car, handling the reins, and flourishing the whip, without apparently having got an inch nearer to the flying form of Dr Riccabocca.

Indeed, that excellent and only too susceptible spinster, with all her experience of the villany of man, had never conceived the wretch to be so thoroughly beyond the reach of redemption as when Dr Riccabocca took his leave, and once more interred himself amidst the solitudes of the

Casino, without having made any formal renunciation of his criminal celibacy. For some days she shut herself up in her own chamber, and brooded with more than her usual gloomy satisfaction on the certainty of the approaching crash. Indeed, many signs of that universal calamity which, while the visit of Riccabocca lasted, she had permitted herself to consider ambiguous, now became luminously apparent. Even the newspaper, which during that credulous and happy period had given half a column to Births and Marriages, now bore an ominously long catalogue of Deaths; so that it seemed as if the whole population had lost heart, and

* The Emperor Diocletian.

had no chance of repairing its daily losses. The leading articles spoke, with the obscurity of a Pythian, of an impending crisis. Monstrous turnips sprouted out from the paragraphs devoted to General News. Cows bore calves with two heads, whales were stranded in the Humber, showers of frogs descended in the High Street of Cheltenham.

All these symptoms of the world's decrepitude and consummation, which by the side of the fascinating Riccabocca might admit of some doubt as to their origin and cause, now, conjoined with the worst of all, viz.—the frightfully progressive wickedness of man—left to Miss Jemima no ray of hope save that afforded by the reflection that she could contemplate the wreck of matter without a single sentiment of regret.

Mrs Dale, however, by no means shared the despondency of her fair friend, and, having gained access to Miss Jemima's chamber, succeeded, though not without difficulty, in her kindly attempts to cheer the drooping spirits of that female misanthropist. Nor, in her benevolent desire to speed the car of Miss Jemima to its hymeneal goal, was Mrs Dale so cruel towards her male friend, Dr Riccabocca, as she seemed to her husband. For Mrs Dale was a woman of shrewdness and penetration, as most quick-tempered women are; and she knew that Miss Jemima was one of those excellent young ladies who are likely to value a husband in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining him. In fact, my readers of both sexes must often have met, in the course of their experience, with that peculiar sort of feminine disposition, which requires the warmth of the conjugal hearth to develop all its native good qualities; nor is it to be blamed overmuch if, innocently aware of this tendency in its nature, it turns towards what is best fitted for its growth and improvement, by laws akin to those which make the sunflower turn to the sun, or the willow to the stream. Ladies of this disposition, permanently thwarted in their affectionate bias, gradually languish away into intellectual inanition, or sprout out into those abnormal eccentricities which are classed under the

general name of "oddity" or "character." But, once admitted to their proper soil, it is astonishing what healthful improvement takes place—how the poor heart, before starved and stinted of nourishment, throws out its suckers, and bursts into bloom and fruit. And thus many a belle from whom the beaux have stood aloof, only because the puppies think she could be had for the asking, they see afterwards settled down into true wife and fond mother, with amazement at their former disparagement, and a sigh at their blind hardness of heart.

In all probability, Mrs Dale took this view of the subject; and certainly, in addition to all the hitherto dormant virtues which would be awakened in Miss Jemima when fairly Mrs Riccabocca, she counted somewhat upon the mere worldly advantage which such a match would bestow upon the exile. So respectable a connection with one of the oldest, wealthiest, and most popular families in the shire, would in itself give him a position not to be despised by a poor stranger in the land; and though the interest of Miss Jemima's dowry might not be much, regarded in the light of English pounds, (not *Milanese lire*;) still it would suffice to prevent that gradual process of dematerialisation which the lengthened diet upon minnows and sticklebacks had already made apparent in the fine and slow-evanishing form of the philosopher.

Like all persons convinced of the expediency of a thing, Mrs Dale saw nothing wanting but opportunities to insure its success. And that these might be forthcoming, she not only renewed with greater frequency, and more urgent instance than ever, her friendly invitations to Riccabocca to drink tea and spend the evening, but she artfully so chafed the Squire on his sore point of hospitality, that the Doctor received weekly a pressing solicitation to dine and sleep at the Hall.

At first the Italian pished and grunted, and said *Cospetto*, and *Per Bacco*, and *Diavolo*, and tried to creep out of so much proffered courtesy. But, like all single gentlemen, he was a little under the tyrannical influence of his faithful servant; and Jackeymo, though he could bear starving as well

as his master when necessary, still, when he had the option, preferred roast beef and plum-pudding. Moreover, that vain and incautious confidence of Riccabocca, touching the vast sum at his command, and with no heavier drawback than that of so amiable a lady as Miss Jemima—who had already shown him (Jackeymo) many little delicate attentions—had greatly whetted the cupidity which was in the servant's Italian nature: a cupidity the more keen because, long debarred its legitimate exercise on his own mercenary interests, he carried it all to the account of his master's!

Thus tempted by his enemy, and betrayed by his servant, the unfortunate Riccabocca fell, though with eyes not unblinded, into the hospitable snares extended for the destruction of his—celibacy! He went often to the parsonage, often to the Hall, and by degrees the sweets of the social domestic life, long denied him, began to exercise their enervating charm upon the stoicism of our poor exile. Frank had now returned to Eton. An unexpected invitation had carried off Captain Higginbotham to pass a few

weeks at Bath with a distant relation, who had lately returned from India, and who, as rich as Cræsus, felt so estranged and solitary in his native isle that, when the Captain "claimed kindred there," to his own amaze "he had his claims allowed;" while a very protracted sitting of Parliament still delayed in London the Squire's habitual visitors in the later summer; so that—a chasm thus made in his society—Mr Hazeldean welcomed with no hollow cordiality the diversion or distraction he found in the foreigner's companionship. Thus, with pleasure to all parties, and strong hopes to the two female conspirators, the intimacy between the Casino and Hall rapidly thickened; but still not a word resembling a distinct proposal did Dr Riccabocca breathe. And still, if such an idea obtruded itself on his mind, it was chased therefrom with so determined a *Diavolo* that perhaps, if not the end of the world, at least the end of Miss Jemima's tenure in it, might have approached, and seen her still Miss Jemima, but for a certain letter with a foreign post-mark that reached the Doctor one Tuesday morning.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The servant saw that something had gone wrong, and, under pretence of syringing the orange-trees, he lingered near his master, and peered through the sunnyleaves upon Riccabocca's melancholy brows.

The Doctor sighed heavily. Nor did he, as was his wont, after some such sigh, mechanically take up that dear comforter, the pipe. But though the tobacco-pouch lay by his side on the balustrade, and the pipe stood against the wall between his knees, childlike lifting up its lips to the customary caress—he heeded neither the one nor the other, but laid the letter silently on his lap, and fixed his eyes upon the ground.

"It must be bad news indeed!" thought Jackeymo, and desisted from his work. Approaching his master, he took up the pipe and the tobacco-pouch, and filled the bowl slowly, glancing all the while to that dark musing face on which, when aban-

doned by the expression of intellectual vivacity or the exquisite smile of Italian courtesy, the deep downward lines revealed the characters of sorrow. Jackeymo did not venture to speak; but the continued silence of his master disturbed him much. He laid that peculiar tinder which your smokers use upon the steel, and struck the spark—still not a word, nor did Riccabocca stretch forth his hand.

"I never knew him in this taking before," thought Jackeymo; and delicately he insinuated the neck of the pipe into the nerveless fingers of the hand that lay supine on those quiet knees—the pipe fell to the ground.

Jackeymo crossed himself, and began praying to his sainted namesake with great fervour.

The Doctor rose slowly, and, as if with effort, he walked once or twice to and fro the terrace; and then he halted abruptly, and said—

"Friend!"

"Blessed Monsignore San Giacomo, I knew thou wouldst hear me!" cried the servant; and he raised his master's hand to his lips, then abruptly turned away and wiped his eyes.

"Friend," repeated Riccabocca, and this time with a tremulous emphasis, and in the softest tone of a voice never wholly without the music of the sweet South, "I would talk to thee of my child."—

CHAPTER XIX.

"The letter, then, relates to the Signorina. She is well?"

"Yes, she is well now. She is in our native Italy."

Jackeymo raised his eyes involuntarily towards the orange-trees, and the morning breeze swept by and bore to him the odour of their blossoms.

"Those are sweet even here, with care," said he, pointing to the trees. "I think I have said that before to the Padrone."

But Riccabocca was now looking again at the letter, and did not notice either the gesture or the remark of his servant.

"My aunt is no more!" said he, after a pause.

"We will pray for her soul!" answered Jackeymo solemnly. "But she was very old, and had been a long time ailing. Let it not grieve the Padrone too keenly: at that age, and with those infirmities, death comes as a friend."

"Peace be to her dust!" returned the Italian. "If she had her faults, be they now forgotten for ever; and in the hour of my danger and distress, she sheltered my infant! That shelter is destroyed. This letter is from the priest, her confessor. You know that she had nothing at her own disposal to bequeath my child, and her property passes to the male heir—mine enemy."

"Traitor!" muttered Jackeymo; and his right hand seemed to feel for the weapon which the Italians of lower rank often openly wear in their girdles.

"The priest," resumed Riccabocca calmly, "has rightly judged in removing my child as a guest from the house in which my enemy enters as lord."

"And where is the Signorina?"

"With that poor priest. See, Giacomo—here, here—this is her handwriting at the end of the letter—the first lines she ever yet traced to me."

Jackeymo took off his hat, and looked reverently on the large characters of a child's writing. But large as they were, they seemed indistinct, for the paper was blistered with the child's tears; and on the place where they had *not* fallen, there was a round fresh moist stain of the tear that had dropped from the lids of the father. Riccabocca renewed,—"The priest recommends a convent."

"To the devil with the priest!" cried the servant; then crossing himself rapidly, he added, "I did not mean that, Monsignore San Giacomo—forgive me! But your Excellency* does not think of making a nun of his only child!"

"And yet why not?" said Riccabocca mournfully; "what can I give her in the world? Is the land of the stranger a better refuge than the home of peace in her native clime?"

"In the land of the stranger beats her father's heart!"

"And if that beat were stilled, what then? Ill fares the life that a single death can bereave of all. In a convent at least (and the priest's influence can obtain her that asylum amongst her equals and amidst her sex) she is safe from trial and from penury—to her grave."

"Penury! Just see how rich we shall be when we take those fields at Michaelmas."

"Pazzie!" (follies) said Riccabocca listlessly. "Are these suns more serene than ours, or the soil more fertile? Yet in our own Italy, saith the proverb, 'he who sows land reaps

* The title of Excellency does not, in Italian, necessarily express any exalted rank; but is often given by servants to their masters.

more care than corn.' It were different," continued the father after a pause, and in a more irresolute tone, "if I had some independence, however small, to count on—nay, if among all my tribe of dainty relatives there were but one female who would accompany *Violante* to the exile's hearth—*Ishmael* had his *Hagar*. But how can we two rough-bearded men provide for all the nameless wants and cares of a frail female child? And she has been so delicately reared—the woman-child needs the fostering hand and tender eye of a woman."

"And with a word," said *Jackeymo* resolutely, "the *Padrone* might secure to his child all that he needs, to save her from the sepulchre of a convent; and ere the autumn leaves fall, she might be sitting on his knee. *Padrone*, do not think that you can conceal from me the truth, that you love your child better than all things in the world—now the *Patria* is as dead to you as the dust of your fathers—and your heart-strings would crack with the effort to tear her from them, and consign her to a convent. *Padrone*, never again to hear her voice—never again to see her face! Those little arms that twined round your neck that dark night, when we fled fast for life and freedom, and you said, as you felt their clasp, 'Friend, all is not yet lost!'"

"*Giacomo!*" exclaimed the father reproachfully, and his voice seemed to choke him. *Riccabocca* turned away, and walked restlessly to and fro the terrace; then, lifting his arms with a wild gesture as he still continued his long irregular strides, he muttered, "Yes, heaven is my witness that I could have borne reverse and banishment without a murmur, had I permitted myself that young

partner in exile and privation. Heaven is my witness that, if I hesitate now, it is because I would not listen to my own selfish heart. Yet never, never to see her again—my child! And it was but as the infant that I beheld her! O friend, friend—" (and, stopping short with a burst of uncontrollable emotion, he bowed his head upon his servant's shoulder;) "thou knowest what I have endured and suffered at my hearth, as in my country; the wrong, the perfidy, the—the—" His voice again failed him; he clung to his servant's breast, and his whole frame shook.

"But your child, the innocent one—think now only of her!" faltered *Giacomo*, struggling with his own sobs.

"True, only of her," replied the exile, raising his face—"only of her. Put aside thy thoughts for myself, friend—counsel me. If I were to send for *Violante*, and if, transplanted to these keen airs, she drooped and died—look, look—the priest says that she needs such tender care; or if I myself were summoned from the world, to leave her in it alone, friendless, homeless, breadless perhaps, at the age of woman's sharpest trial against temptation, would she not live to mourn the cruel egotism that closed on her infant innocence the gates of the House of God?"

Giacomo was appalled by this appeal; and indeed *Riccabocca* had never before thus reverently spoken of the cloister. In his hours of philosophy, he was wont to sneer at monks and nuns, priesthood and superstition. But now, in that hour of emotion, the Old Religion reclaimed her empire; and the sceptical world-wise man, thinking only of his child, spoke and felt with a child's simple faith.

CHAPTER XX.

"But again I say," murmured *Jackeymo* scarce audibly, and after a long silence, "if the *Padrone* would make up his mind—to marry!"

He expected that his master would start up in his customary indignation at such a suggestion—nay, he might not have been sorry so to have changed the current of feeling; but

the poor Italian only winced slightly, and mildly withdrawing himself from his servant's supporting arm, again paced the terrace, but this time quietly and in silence. A quarter of an hour thus passed. "Give me the pipe," said *Dr Riccabocca*, passing into the *Belvidere*.

Jackeymo again struck the spark,

and, wonderfully relieved at the Padrone's return to his usual adviser, mentally besought his sainted name-

sake to bestow a double portion of soothing wisdom on the benignant influences of the weed.

CHAPTER XXI.

Dr Riccabocca had been some little time in the solitude of the Belvidere, when Lenny Fairfield, not knowing that his employer was therein, entered to lay down a book which the Doctor had lent him, with injunctions to leave on a certain table when done with. Riccabocca looked up at the sound of the young peasant's step.

"I beg your honour's pardon—I did not know—"

"Never mind; lay the book there. I wish to speak with you. You look well, my child; this air agrees with you as well as that of Hazeldean?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"Yet it is higher ground, more exposed?"

"That can hardly be, sir," said Lenny; "there are many plants grow here which don't flourish at the Squire's. The hill yonder keeps off the east wind, and the place lays to the south."

"Lies, not *lays*, Lenny. What are the principal complaints in these parts?"

"Eh, sir?"

"I mean what maladies, what diseases?"

"I never heard tell of any, sir, except the rheumatism."

"No low fevers?—no consumption?"

"Never heard of them, sir."

Riccabocca drew a long breath, as if relieved.

"That seems a very kind family at the Hall."

"I have nothing to say against it," answered Lenny bluntly. "I have not been treated justly. But as that book says, sir, 'It is not every one who comes into the world with a silver spoon in his mouth.'"

Little thought the Doctor that those wise maxims may leave sore thoughts behind them. He was too occupied with the subject most at his own heart to think then of what was in Lenny Fairfield's.

"Yes; a kind, English, domestic

family. Did you see much of Miss Hazeldean?"

"Not so much as of the Lady."

"Is she liked in the village, think you?"

"Miss Jemima? Yes. She never did harm. Her little dog bit me once—she did not ask me to beg its pardon, she asked mine! She's a very nice young lady; the girls say she's very affable; and," added Lenny with a smile, "there are always more weddings going on when she's down at the Hall."

"Oh!" said Riccabocca. Then, after a long whiff, "Did you ever see her play with the little children? Is she fond of children, do you think?"

"Lord, sir, you guess everything! She's never so pleased as when she's playing with the babies."

"Humph!" grunted Riccabocca. "Babies—well, that's womanlike. I don't mean exactly babies, but when they're older—little girls."

"Indeed, sir, I daresay; but," said Lenny primly, "I never as yet kept company with the little girls."

"Quite right, Lenny; be equally discreet all your life. Mrs Dale is very intimate with Miss Hazeldean—more than with the Squire's lady. Why is that, think you?"

"Well, sir," said Leonard shrewdly, "Mrs Dale has her little tempers, though she's a very good lady; and Madam Hazeldean is rather high, and has a spirit. But Miss Jemima is so soft: any one could live with Miss Jemima, as Joe and the servants say at the Hall."

"Indeed! Get my hat out of the parlour, and—just bring a clothes-brush, Lenny. A fine sunny day for a walk."

After this most mean and dishonourable inquisition into the character and popular repute of Miss Hazeldean, Signore Riccabocca seemed as much cheered up and elated as if he had committed some very noble action; and he walked forth in the

direction of the Hall with a far lighter and livelier step than that with which he had paced the terrace.

“Monsignore San Giacomo, by

thy help and the pipe's, the Padrone shall have his child!” muttered the servant, looking up from the garden.

CHAPTER XXII.

Yet Dr Riccabocca was not rash. The man who wants his wedding-garment to fit him must allow plenty of time for the measure. But, from that day, the Italian notably changed his manner towards Miss Hazeldean. He ceased that profusion of compliment in which he had hitherto carried off in safety all serious meaning. For indeed the Doctor considered that compliments, to a single gentleman, were what the inky liquid it dispenses is to the cuttle-fish, that by obscuring the water sails away from its enemy. Neither did he, as before, avoid prolonged conversations with that young lady, and contrive to escape from all solitary rambles by her side. On the contrary, he now sought every occasion to be in her society; and, entirely dropping the language of gallantry, he assumed something of the earnest tone of friendship. He bent down his intellect to examine and plumb her own. To use a very homely simile, he blew away that froth which there is on the surface of mere acquaintanceships, especially with the oppositesex; and which, while it lasts, scarce allows you to distinguish between small beer and double X. Apparently Dr Riccabocca was satisfied with his scrutiny—at all events, under that froth there was no taste of bitter. The Italian might not find any great strength of intellect in Miss Jemima, but he found that, disentangled from many little whims and foibles—which he had himself the sense to perceive were harmless enough if they lasted, and not so absolutely constitutional but what they might be removed by a tender hand—Miss Hazeldean had quite enough sense to comprehend the plain duties of married life; and if the sense could fail, it found a substitute in good old homely English principles and the instincts of amiable kindly feelings.

I know not how it is, but your very clever man never seems to care

so much as your less gifted mortals for cleverness in his helpmate. Your scholars, and poets, and ministers of state, are more often than not found assorted with exceedingly humdrum good sort of women, and apparently like them all the better for their deficiencies. Just see how happily Racine lived with his wife, and what an angel he thought her, and yet she had never read his plays. Certainly Goethe never troubled the lady who called him “Mr Privy Councillor” with whims about ‘monads,’ and speculations on ‘colour,’ nor those stiff metaphysical problems on which one breaks one's shins in the Second Part of the Faust. Probably it may be that such great geniuses—knowing that, as compared with themselves, there is little difference between your clever woman and your humdrum woman—merge at once all minor distinctions, relinquish all attempts that could not but prove unsatisfactory, at sympathy in hard intellectual pursuits, and are quite satisfied to establish that tie which, after all, best resists wear and tear—viz. the tough household bond between one human heart and another.

At all events, this, I suspect, was the reasoning of Dr Riccabocca, when one morning, after a long walk with Miss Hazeldean, he muttered to himself—

“Duro con duro

Non fece mai buon muro.”

Which may bear the paraphrase, “Bricks without mortar would make a very bad wall.” There was quite enough in Miss Jemima's disposition to make excellent mortar: the Doctor took the bricks to himself.

When his examination was concluded, our philosopher symbolically evinced the result he had arrived at by a very simple proceeding on his part—which would have puzzled you greatly if you had not paused, and meditated thereon, till you saw all that it implied. *Dr Riccabocca took*

off his spectacles! He wiped them carefully, put them into their shagreen case, and locked them in his bureau:—that is to say, he left off wearing his spectacles.

You will observe that there was a wonderful depth of meaning in that critical symptom, whether it be regarded as a sign outward, positive and explicit; or a sign metaphysical, mystical, and esoteric. For, as to the last—it denoted that the task of the spectacles was over; that, when a philosopher has made up his mind to marry, it is better henceforth to be shortsighted—nay, even somewhat purblind—than to be always scrutinising the domestic felicity, to which he is about to resign himself, through a pair of cold unillusive barnacles. And for the things beyond the hearth, if he cannot see without spectacles, is he not about to ally to his own defective vision a good sharp pair of eyes, never at fault where his interests are concerned? On the other hand, regarded positively, categorically, and explicitly, Dr Riccabocca, by laying aside those spectacles, signified that he was about to commence that happy initiation of courtship when every man, be he ever so much a philosopher, wishes to look as young and as handsome as time and nature will allow. Vain task to speed the soft language of the eyes, through the medium of those glassy interpreters! I remember, for my own part, that

once, on a visit to Adelaide, I was in great danger of falling in love—with a young lady, too, who would have brought me a very good fortune—when she suddenly produced from her reticule a very neat pair of No. 4, set in tortoise-shell, and, fixing upon me their Gorgon gaze, froze the astonished Cupid into stone! And I hold it a great proof of the wisdom of Riccabocca, and of his vast experience in mankind, that he was not above the consideration of what your pseudo sages would have regarded as foppish and ridiculous trifles. It argued all the better for that happiness which is our being's end and aim, that, in condescending to play the lover, he put those unbecoming petrifiers under lock and key.

And certainly, now the spectacles were abandoned, it was impossible to deny that the Italian had remarkably handsome eyes. Even through the spectacles, or lifted a little above them, they were always bright and expressive; but without those adjuncts, the blaze was softer and more tempered: they had that look which the French call *velouté*, or velvety; and he appeared altogether ten years younger. If our Ulysses, thus rejuvinated by his Minerva, has not fully made up his mind to make a Penelope of Miss Jemima, all I can say is, that he is worse than Polyphemus who was only an Anthropophagos;—

He preys upon the weaker sex, and is a Gynophagite!

CHAPTER XXIII.

“And you commission me, then, to speak to our dear Jemima?” said Mrs Dale joyfully, and without any bitterness whatever in that “dear.”

DR RICCABOCCA.—“Nay, before speaking to Miss Hazeldean, it would surely be proper to know how far my addresses would be acceptable to the family.”

MRS DALE.—“Ah!”

DR RICCABOCCA.—“The Squire is of course the head of the family.”

MRS DALE (absent and *distract*).—“The Squire—yes, very true—quite proper.” (Then looking up and with *naïveté*)—“Can you believe me, I

never thought of the Squire. And he is such an odd man, and has so many English prejudices, that really—dear me, how vexatious that it should never once have occurred to me that Mr Hazeldean had a voice in the matter! Indeed, the relationship is so distant—it is not like being her father; and Jemima is of age, and can do as she pleases; and—but, as you say, it is quite proper that he should be consulted as the head of the family.”

DR RICCABOCCA.—“And you think that the Squire of Hazeldean might reject my alliance! Pshaw! that's a

grand word indeed;—I mean, that he might object very reasonably to his cousin's marriage with a foreigner, of whom he can know nothing, except that which in all countries is disreputable, and is said in this to be criminal—poverty."

MRS DALE, (kindly).—"You misjudge us poor English people, and you wrong the Squire, heaven bless him! for we were poor enough when he singled out my husband from a hundred for the minister of his parish, for his neighbour and his friend. I will speak to him fearlessly—"

DR RICCABOCCA.—"And frankly. And now I have used that word, let me go on with the confession which your kindly readiness, my fair friend, somewhat interrupted. I said that if I might presume to think my addresses would be acceptable to Miss Hazeldean and her family, I was too sensible of her amiable qualities not to—not to—"

MRS DALE (with demure archness).—"Not to be the happiest of men—that's the customary English phrase, Doctor."

RICCABOCCA (gallantly).—"There cannot be a better. But," continued he seriously, "I wish it first to be understood that I have—been married before."

MRS DALE (astonished).—"Married before!"

RICCABOCCA.—"And that I have an only child, dear to me—inexpressibly dear. That child, a daughter, has hitherto lived abroad; circumstances now render it desirable that she should make her home with me. And I own fairly that nothing has so attached me to Miss Hazeldean, nor so induced my desire for our matrimonial connection, as my belief that she has the heart and the temper to become a kind mother to my little one."

MRS DALE (with feeling and warmth).—"You judge her rightly there."

RICCABOCCA.—"Now, in pecuniary matters, as you may conjecture from my mode of life, I have nothing to offer to Miss Hazeldean correspondent with her own fortune, whatever that may be!"

MRS DALE.—"That difficulty is obviated by settling Miss Hazeldean's

fortune on herself, which is customary in such cases."

DR RICCABOCCA's face lengthened. "And my child, then?" said he feelingly. There was something in that appeal so alien from all sordid and merely personal mercenary motives, that Mrs Dale could not have had the heart to make the very rational suggestion—"But that child is not Jemima's, and you may have children by her."

She was touched, and replied hesitatingly—"But, from what you and Jemima may jointly possess, you can save something annually—you can insure your life for your child. We did so when our poor child whom we lost was born," (the tears rushed into Mrs Dale's eyes;) "and I fear that Charles still insures his life for my sake, though heaven knows that—that—"

The tears burst out. That little heart, quick and petulant though it was, had not a fibre of the elastic muscular tissues which are mercifully bestowed on the hearts of predestined widows. Dr Riccabocca could not pursue the subject of life insurances further. But the idea—which had never occurred to the foreigner before, though so familiar to us English people when only possessed of a life income—pleased him greatly. I will do him the justice to say, that he preferred it to the thought of actually appropriating to himself and to his child a portion of Miss Hazeldean's dower.

Shortly afterwards he took his leave, and Mrs Dale hastened to seek her husband in his study, inform him of the success of her matrimonial scheme, and consult him as to the chance of the Squire's acquiescence therein. "You see," said she hesitatingly, "though the Squire might be glad to see Jemima married to some Englishman, yet, if he asks who and what is this Dr Riccabocca, how am I to answer him?"

"You should have thought of that before," said Mr Dale, with unwonted asperity; "and, indeed, if I had ever believed anything serious could come out of what seemed to me so absurd, I should long since have requested you not to interfere in such matters. "Good heavens!" continued the Parson, changing colour, "if we should

have assisted, underhand as it were, to introduce into the family of a man to whom we owe so much, a connexion that he would dislike! how base we should be!—how ungrateful!"

Poor Mrs Dale was frightened by this speech, and still more by her husband's consternation and displeasure. To do Mrs Dale justice, whenever her mild partner was really either grieved or offended, her little temper vanished—she became as meek as a lamb. As soon as she recovered the first shock she experienced, she hastened to dissipate the Parson's apprehensions. She assured him that she was convinced that, if the Squire disapproved of Riccabocca's pretensions, the Italian would withdraw them at once, and Miss Hazeldean would never know of his proposals. Therefore, in that case, no harm would be done.

This assurance coinciding with Mr Dale's convictions as to Riccabocca's scruples on the point of honour, tended much to compose the good man; and if he did not, as my reader of the gentler sex would expect from him, feel

alarm lest Miss Jemima's affections should have been irretrievably engaged, and her happiness thus put in jeopardy by the Squire's refusal, it was not that the Parson wanted tenderness of heart, but experience in womankind; and he believed, very erroneously, that Miss Jemima Hazeldean was not one upon whom a disappointment of that kind would produce a lasting impression. Therefore Mr Dale, after a pause of consideration, said kindly—

"Well, don't vex yourself—and I was to blame quite as much as you. But, indeed, I should have thought it easier for the Squire to have transplanted one of his tall cedars into his kitchen-garden, than for you to inveigle Dr Riccabocca into matrimonial intentions. But a man who could voluntarily put himself into the Parish Stocks for the sake of experiment, must be capable of anything! However, I think it better that I, rather than yourself, should speak to the Squire, and I will go at once."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Parson put on the shovel hat, which—conjoined with other details in his dress peculiarly clerical, and already, even then, beginning to be out of fashion with churchmen—had served to fix upon him, emphatically, the dignified but antiquated style and cognomen of "Parson"; and took his way towards the Home Farm, at which he expected to find the Squire. But he had scarcely entered upon the village green when he beheld Mr Hazeldean, leaning both hands on his stick, and gazing intently upon the Parish Stocks. Now, sorry am I to say that, ever since the Hegira of Lenny and his mother, the Anti-Stockian and Revolutionary spirit in Hazeldean, which the memorable homily of our Parson had awhile averted or suspended, had broken forth afresh. For though, while Lenny was present to be mowed and jeered at, there had been no pity for him, yet no sooner was he removed from the scene of trial, than a universal compassion for the barbarous usage he had received produced what is called "the reaction of public

opinion." Not that those who had mowed and jeered repented them of their mockery, or considered themselves in the slightest degree the cause of his expatriation. No; they, with the rest of the villagers, laid all the blame upon the Stocks. It was not to be expected that a lad of such exemplary character could be thrust into that place of ignominy, and not be sensible of the affront. And who, in the whole village, was safe, if such goings-on and puttings-in were to be tolerated in silence, and at the expense of the very best and quietest lad the village had ever known? Thus, a few days after the widow's departure, the Stocks was again the object of midnight desecration: it was bedaubed and bescratched—it was hacked and hewed—it was scrawled all over with pithy lamentations for Lenny, and laconic execrations on tyrants. Night after night new inscriptions appeared, testifying the sarcastic wit and the vindictive sentiment of the parish. And perhaps the Stocks themselves were only spared from axe and bon-

fire by the convenience they afforded to the malice of the disaffected: they became the Pasquin of Hazeldean.

As disaffection naturally produces a correspondent vigour in authority, so affairs had been lately administered with greater severity than had been hitherto wont in the easy rule of the Squire and his predecessors. Suspected persons were naturally marked out by Mr Stirn, and reported to his employer, who, too proud or too pained to charge them openly with ingratitude, at first only passed them by in his walks with a silent and stiff inclination of his head; and afterwards gradually yielding to the baleful influence of Stirn, the Squire grumbled forth that "he did not see why he should be always putting himself out of his way to show kindness to those who made such a return. There ought to be a difference between the good and the bad." Encouraged by this admission, Stirn had conducted himself towards the suspected parties, and their whole kith and kin, with the iron-handed justice that belonged to his character. For some, habitual donations of milk from the dairy, and vegetables from the gardens, were surlily suspended; others were informed that their pigs were always trespassing on the woods in search of acorns; or that they were violating the Game Laws in keeping lurchers. A beer-house, popular in the neighbourhood, but of late resorted to over-much by the grievance-mongers, (and no wonder, since they had become the popular party,) was threatened with an application to the magistrates for the withdrawal of its license. Sundry old women, whose grandsons were notoriously ill-disposed towards the Stocks, were interdicted from gathering dead sticks under the avenues, on pretence that they broke down the live boughs; and, what was more obnoxious to the younger members of the parish than most other retaliatory measures, three chestnut trees, one walnut, and two cherry trees, standing at the bottom of the park, and which had, from time immemorial, been given up to the youth of Hazeldean, were now solemnly placed under the general defence of "private property." And the crier had announced that, henceforth, all depredators on the

fruit-trees in Copse Hollow would be punished with the utmost rigour of the law. Stirn, indeed, recommended much more stringent proceedings than all these indications of a change of policy, which, he averred, would soon bring the parish to its senses—such as discontinuing many little jobs of unprofitable work that employed the surplus labour of the village. But there the Squire, falling into the department, and under the benignant influence of his Harry, was as yet not properly hardened. When it came to a question that affected the absolute quantity of loaves to be consumed by the graceless mouths that fed upon him, the milk of human kindness—with which Providence has so bountifully supplied that class of the mammalia called the "Bucolic," and of which our Squire had an extra "yield"—burst forth, and washed away all the indignation of the harsher Adam.

Still your policy of half-measures, which irritates without crushing its victims, which flaps an exasperated wasp-nest with a silk pocket-handkerchief, instead of blowing it up with a match and train, is rarely successful; and, after three or four other and much guiltier victims than Lenny had been incarcerated in the Stocks, the parish of Hazeldean was ripe for any enormity. Pestilent jacobinical tracts, conceived and composed in the sinks of manufacturing towns—found their way into the popular beer-house—heaven knows how, though the Tinker was suspected of being the disseminator by all but Stirn, who still, in a whisper, accused the Papishers. And, finally, there appeared amongst the other graphic embellishments which the poor Stocks had received, the rude *gravure* of a gentleman in a broad-brimmed hat and top-boots, suspended from a gibbet, with the inscription beneath—"A warnin to hall tirans—mind your hi t—sighnde Captin s'Traw."

It was upon this significant and emblematic portraiture that the Squire was gazing when the Parson joined him.

"Well, Parson," said Mr Hazeldean, with a smile which he meant to be pleasant and easy, but which was exceedingly bitter and grim, "I

wish you joy of your flock—you see they have just hanged me in effigy!”

The Parson stared, and, though greatly shocked, smothered his emotions; and attempted, with the wisdom of the serpent and the mildness of the dove, to find another original for the effigy.

“It is very bad,” quoth he, “but not so bad as all that, Squire; that’s not the shape of your hat. It is evidently meant for Mr Stirn.”

“Do you think so!” said the Squire softened. “Yet the top-boots—Stirn never wears top-boots.”

“No more do you—except in hunting. If you look again, those are not tops—they are leggings—Stirn wears leggings. Besides, that flourish, which is meant for a nose, is a kind of a hook like Stirn’s; whereas your nose—though by no means a snub—rather turns up than not, as the Apollo’s does, according to the plaster cast in Riccabocca’s parlour.”

“Poor Stirn!” said the Squire, in a tone that evinced complacency, not unmingled with compassion, “that’s what a man gets in this world by being a faithful servant, and doing his duty with zeal for his employer. But you see that things have come to a strange pass, and the question now is, what course to pursue. The miscreants hitherto have defied all vigilance, and Stirn recommends the employment of a regular nightwatch with a lanthorn and bludgeon.”

“That may protect the Stocks certainly; but will it keep those detestable tracts out of the beer-house?”

“We shall shut the beer-house up at the next sessions.”

“The tracts will break out elsewhere—the humour’s in the blood!”

“I’ve half a mind to run off to Brighton or Leamington—good hunting at Leamington—for a year, just to let the rogues see how they can get on without me!”

The Squire’s lip trembled.

“My dear Mr Hazeldean,” said the Parson, taking his friend’s hand, “I don’t want to parade my superior wisdom; but if you had taken my advice, *quieta non movere*. Was there ever a parish so peaceable as this, or a country-gentleman so beloved as you were, before you undertook the

task which has dethroned kings and ruined states—that of wantonly meddling with antiquity, whether for the purpose of uncalled-for repairs or the revival of obsolete uses.”

At this rebuke, the Squire did not manifest his constitutional tendencies to cholera; but he replied almost meekly, “If it were to do again, faith, I would leave the parish to the enjoyment of the shabbiest pair of stocks that ever disgraced a village. Certainly I meant it for the best—an ornament to the green; however, now they are rebuilt, the Stocks must be supported. Will Hazeldean is not the man to give way to a set of thankless rapsallions.”

“I think,” said the Parson, “that you will allow that the House of Tudor, whatever its faults, was a determined resolute dynasty enough—high-hearted and strong-headed. A Tudor would never have fallen into the same calamities as the poor Stuart did!”

“What the plague has the House of Tudor got to do with my Stocks?”

“A great deal. Henry the VIII. found a subsidy so unpopular that he gave it up; and the people, in return, allowed him to cut off as many heads as he pleased, besides those in his own family. Good Queen Bess, who, I know, is your idol in history—”

“To be sure!—she knighted my ancestor at Tilbury Fort.”

“Good Queen Bess struggled hard to maintain a certain monopoly; she saw it would not do, and she surrendered it with that frank heartiness which becomes a sovereign, and makes surrender a grace.”

“Ha! and you would have me give up the Stocks?”

“I would much rather they had stayed as they were, before you touched them; but, as it is, if you could find a good plausible pretext—and there is an excellent one at hand;—the sternest kings open prisons, and grant favours, upon joyful occasions. Now a marriage in the royal family is of course a joyful occasion!—and so it should be in that of the King of Hazeldean.” Admire that artful turn in the Parson’s eloquence!—it was worthy of Riccabocca himself. Indeed, Mr Dale had profited much by his companionship with that Machiavelian intellect.

“A marriage—yes; but Frank has only just got into long tails!”

“I did not allude to Frank, but to your cousin Jemima!”

CHAPTER XXV.

The Squire staggered as if the breath had been knocked out of him, and, for want of a better seat, sat down on the Stocks.

All the female heads in the neighbouring cottages peered, themselves unseen, through the casements. What could the Squire be about?—what new mischief did he meditate? Did he mean to fortify the stocks? Old Gaffer Solomons, who had an indefinite idea of the lawful power of squires, and who had been for the last ten minutes at watch on his threshold, shook his head and said—“Them as a cut out the mon, a-hanging, as a put it in the Squire’s head!”

“Put what?” asked his granddaughter.

“The gallus!” answered Solomons—“he be a-go in to have it hung from the great elm-tree. And the Parson, good mon, is a-quoting Scripeter agin it—you see he’s a taking off his gloves, and a putting his two han’s together, as he do when he pray for the sick, Jeany.”

That description of the Parson’s mien and manner, which, with his usual niceness of observation, Gaffer Solomons thus sketched off, will convey to you some idea of the earnestness with which the Parson pleaded the cause he had undertaken to advocate. He dwelt much upon the sense of propriety which the foreigner had evinced in requesting that the Squire might be consulted before any formal communication to his cousin; and he repeated Mrs Dale’s assurance, that such were Riccabocca’s high standard of honour and belief in the sacred rights of hospitality, that, if the Squire withheld his consent to his proposals, the Parson was convinced that the Italian would instantly retract them. Now, considering that Miss Hazeldean was, to say the least, come to years of discretion, and the Squire had long since placed her property entirely at her own disposal, Mr Hazeldean was forced to acquiesce in the Parson’s corollary remark, “That this was a delicacy

which could not be expected from every English pretender to the lady’s hand.” Seeing that he had so far cleared ground, the Parson went on to intimate, though with great tact, that, since Miss Jemima would probably marry sooner or later, (and, indeed, that the Squire could not wish to prevent her,) it might be better for all parties concerned that it should be with some one who, though a foreigner, was settled in the neighbourhood, and of whose character what was known was certainly favourable, than run the hazard of her being married for her money by some adventurer or Irish fortune-hunter at the watering-places she yearly visited. Then he touched lightly on Riccabocca’s agreeable and companionable qualities; and concluded with a skilful peroration upon the excellent occasion the wedding would afford to reconcile Hall and parish, by making a voluntary holocaust of the Stocks.

As he concluded, the Squire’s brow, before thoughtful, though not sullen, cleared up benignly. To say truth, the Squire was dying to get rid of the Stocks, if he could but do so handsomely and with dignity; and if all the stars in the astrological horoscope had conjoined together to give Miss Jemima “assurance of a husband,” they could not so have served her with the Squire, as that conjunction between the altar and the Stocks which the Parson had effected!

Accordingly, when Mr Dale had come to an end, the Squire replied with great placidity and good sense, “That Mr Rickeybockey had behaved very much like a gentleman, and that he was very much obliged to him; that he (the Squire) had no right to interfere in the matter, farther than with his advice; that Jemima was old enough to choose for herself, and that, as the Parson had implied, after all she might go farther and fare worse—indeed, the farther she went, (that is, the longer she waited,) the worse she was likely to fare. I own for my part,” continued the Squire, “that,

though I like Rickeybockey very much, I never suspected that Jemima was caught with his long face; but there's no accounting for tastes. My Harry, indeed, was more shrewd, and gave me many a hint, for which I only laughed at her. Still I ought to have thought it looked queer when Mounseer took to disguising himself by leaving off his glasses, ha—ha! I wonder what Harry will say; let's go and talk to her."

The Parson, rejoiced at this easy way of taking the matter, hooked his arm into the Squire's, and they walked amicably towards the Hall. But on coming first into the gardens they found Mrs Hazeldean herself, clipping dead leaves or fading flowers from her rose-trees. The Squire stole slyly behind her, and startled her in her turn by putting his arm round her waist, and saluting her smooth cheek with one of his hearty kisses; which, by the way, from some association of ideas, was a conjugal freedom that he usually indulged whenever a wedding was going on in the village.

"Fie, William!" said Mrs Hazeldean coyly, and blushing as she saw the Parson. "Well, who's going to be married now?"

"Lord, was there ever such a woman?—she's guessed it!" cried the Squire in great admiration. "Tell her all about it, Parson."

The Parson obeyed.

Mrs Hazeldean, as the reader may suppose, showed much less surprise than her husband had done; but she took the news graciously, and made much the same answer as that which had occurred to the Squire, only with somewhat more qualification and reserve. "Signor Riccabocca had behaved very handsomely; and though a daughter of the Hazeldeans of Hazeldean might expect a much better marriage in a worldly point of view, yet as the lady in question had deferred finding one so long, it would be equally idle and impertinent now to quarrel with her choice—if indeed she should decide on accepting Signor Riccabocca. As for fortune, that was a consideration for the two contracting parties. Still, it ought to be pointed out to Miss Jemima that the interest of her fortune would afford but a very small income. That Dr

Riccabocca was a widower was another matter for deliberation; and it seemed rather suspicious that he should have been hitherto so close upon all matters connected with his former life. Certainly his manners were in his favour, and as long as he was merely an acquaintance, and at most a tenant, no one had a right to institute inquiries of a strictly private nature; but that, when he was about to marry a Hazeldean of Hazeldean, it became the Squire at least to know a little more about him—who and what he was. Why did he leave his own country? English people went abroad to save; no foreigner would choose England as a country in which to save money! She supposed that a foreign doctor was no very great things; probably he had been a professor in some Italian university. At all events, if the Squire interfered at all, it was on such points that he should request information."

"My dear madam," said the Parson, "what you say is extremely just. As to the causes which have induced our friend to expatriate himself, I think we need not look far for them. He is evidently one of the many Italian refugees whom political disturbances have driven to our shore, whose boast it is to receive all exiles of whatever party. For his respectability of birth and family he certainly ought to obtain some vouchers. And if that be the only objection, I trust we may soon congratulate Miss Hazeldean on a marriage with a man who, though certainly very poor, has borne privations without a murmur; has preferred all hardship to debt; has scorned to attempt betraying her into any clandestine connection; who, in short, has shown himself so upright and honest, that I hope my dear Mr Hazeldean will forgive him if he is only a doctor—probably of Laws—and not, as most foreigners pretend to be, a marquis, or a baron at least."

"As to that," cried the Squire, "'tis the best thing I know about Rickeybockey, that he don't attempt to humbug us by any such foreign trumpery. Thank heaven, the Hazeldeans of Hazeldean were never tuft-hunters and title-mongers; and if I never ran after an English lord, I

should certainly be devilishly ashamed of a brother-in-law whom I was forced to call markee or count! I should feel sure he was a courier, or runaway valley-de-sham. Turn up your nose at a doctor, indeed, Harry!—pshaw, good English style that! Doctor! my aunt married a Doctor of Divinity—excellent man—wore a wig, and was made a dean! So long as Rickeybockey is not a doctor of physic, I don't care a button. If he's *that*, indeed, it would be suspicious; because, you see, those foreign doctors of physic are quacks, and tell fortunes, and go about on a stage with a Merry-Andrew."

"Lord, Hazeldean! where on earth did you pick up that idea?" said Harry laughing.

"Pick it up!—why, I saw a fellow myself at the cattle fair last year—when I was buying short-horns—with a red waistcoat and a cocked hat, a little like the Parson's shovel. He called himself Doctor Phoscophornio—wore a white wig, and sold pills! The Merry-Andrew was the funniest creature—in salmon-coloured tights—turned head over heels, and said he came from Timbuctoo. No, no; if Rickeybockey's a physic Doctor, we shall have Jemima in a pink tinsel dress, tramping about the country in a caravan!"

At this notion, both the Squire and his wife laughed so heartily that the Parson felt the thing was settled, and slipped away, with the intention of making his report to Riccabocca.

CHAPTER XXVI.

It was with a slight disturbance of his ordinary suave and well-bred equanimity that the Italian received the information, that he need apprehend no obstacle to his suit from the insular prejudices or the worldly views of the lady's family. Not that he was mean and cowardly enough to recoil from the near and unclouded prospect of that felicity which he had left off his glasses to behold with unblinking naked eyes:—no, there his mind was made up; but he had met with very little kindness in life, and he was touched not only by the interest in his welfare testified by a heretical priest, but by the generosity with which he was admitted into a well-born and wealthy family, despite his notorious poverty and his foreign descent. He conceded the propriety of the only stipulation, which was conveyed to him by the Parson with all the delicacy that became a man professionally habituated to deal with the subtler susceptibilities of mankind—viz., that, amongst Riccabocca's friends or kindred, some one should be found whose report would confirm the persuasion of his respectability entertained by his neighbours;—he assented, I say, to the propriety of this condition; but it was not with alacrity and eagerness. His brow became clouded. The Parson hastened to assure him that the Squire was not a

man *qui stupet in titulis*, (who was besotted with titles,) that he neither expected nor desired to find an origin and rank for his brother-in-law above that decent mediocrity of condition to which it was evident, from Riccabocca's breeding and accomplishments, he could easily establish his claim. "And though," said he smiling, "the Squire is a warm politician in his own country, and would never see his sister again, I fear, if she married some convicted enemy of our happy constitution, yet for foreign politics he does not care a straw; so that if, as I suspect, your exile arises from some quarrel with your Government—which, being foreign, he takes for granted must be insupportable—he would but consider you as he would a Saxon who fled from the iron hand of William the Conqueror, or a Lancastrian expelled by the Yorkists in our Wars of the Roses."

The Italian smiled. "Mr Hazeldean shall be satisfied," said he simply. "I see, by the Squire's newspaper, that an English gentleman who knew me in my own country has just arrived in London. I will write to him for a testimonial, at least to my probity and character. Probably he may be known to you by name—nay, he must be, for he was a distinguished officer in the late war. I allude to Lord L'Estrange."

The Parson started.

"You know Lord L'Estrange?—a profligate bad man, I fear."

"Profligate!—bad!" exclaimed Riccabocca. "Well, calumnious as the world is, I should never have thought that such expressions would be applied to one who, though I knew him but little—knew him chiefly by the service he once rendered to me—first taught me to love and revere the English name!"

"He may be changed since—" The parson paused.

"Since when?" asked Riccabocca, with evident curiosity.

Mr Dale seemed embarrassed. "Excuse me," said he, "it is many years ago; and, in short, the opinion I then formed of the gentleman in question was based upon circumstances which I cannot communicate."

The punctilious Italian bowed in silence, but he still looked as if he should have liked to prosecute inquiry.

After a pause, he said, "Whatever your impressions respecting Lord L'Estrange, there is nothing, I suppose, which would lead you to doubt his honour, or reject his testimonial in my favour?"

"According to fashionable morality," said Mr Dale, rather precisely, "I know of nothing that could induce me to suppose that Lord L'Estrange would not, in this instance, speak the truth. And he has unquestionably a high reputation as a soldier, and a considerable position in the world." Therewith the Parson took his leave. A few days afterwards, Dr Riccabocca enclosed to the Squire, in a blank envelope, a letter he had received from Harley L'Estrange. It was evidently intended for the Squire's eye, and to serve as a voucher for the

Italian's respectability; but this object was fulfilled, not in the coarse form of a direct testimonial, but with a tact and delicacy which seemed to show more than the fine breeding to be expected from one in Lord L'Estrange's station. It argued that most exquisite of all politeness which comes from the heart: a certain tone of affectionate respect (which even the homely sense of the Squire felt, intuitively, proved far more in favour of Riccabocca than the most elaborate certificate of his qualities and antecedents) pervaded the whole, and would have sufficed in itself to remove all scruples from a mind much more suspicious and exacting than that of the Squire of Hazeldean. But, lo and behold! an obstacle now occurred to the Parson, of which he ought to have thought long before—viz., the Papistical religion of the Italian. Dr Riccabocca was professedly a Roman Catholic. He so little obtruded that fact—and, indeed, had assented so readily to any animadversions upon the superstition and priestcraft which, according to Protestants, are the essential characteristics of Papistical communities—that it was not till the hymeneal torch, which brings all faults to light, was fairly illumined for the altar, that the remembrance of a faith so cast into the shade burst upon the conscience of the Parson. The first idea that then occurred to him was the proper and professional one—viz., the conversion of Dr Riccabocca. He hastened to his study, took down from his shelves long neglected volumes of controversial divinity, armed himself with an arsenal of authorities, arguments, and texts; then, seizing the shovel-hat, posted off to the Casino.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Parson burst upon the philosopher like an avalanche! He was so full of his subject that he could not let it out in prudent dribbles. No, he went souse upon the astounded Riccabocca—

"Tremendo,

Jupiter ipse ruens tumultu."

The sage—shrinking deeper into his arm-chair, and drawing his dress-

ing-robe more closely round him—suffered the Parson to talk for three quarters of an hour, till indeed he had thoroughly proved his case; and, like Brutus, "paused for a reply."

Then said Riccabocca mildly, "In much of what you have urged so ably, and so suddenly, I am inclined to agree. But base is the man who formally forswears the creed he has inherited from his fathers, and pro-

fessed since the cradle up to years of maturity, when the change presents itself in the guise of a bribe;—when, for such is human nature, he can hardly distinguish or disentangle the appeal to his reason from the lure to his interests—here a text, and there a dowry!—here Protestantism, there *Jemima!* Own, my friend, that the soberest casuist would see double under the inebriating effects produced by so mixing his polemical liquors. Appeal, my good Mr Dale, from Philip drunken to Philip sober!—from Riccabocca intoxicated with the assurance of your excellent lady, that he is about to be “the happiest of men,” to Riccabocca accustomed to his happiness, and carrying it off with the seasoned equability of one grown familiar with stimulants—in a word, appeal from Riccabocca the wooer to Riccabocca the spouse. I may be convertible, but conversion is a slow process; courtship should be a quick one—ask Miss *Jemima*. *Finalmente*, marry me first, and convert me afterwards!”

“You take this too jestingly,” began the Parson; “and I don’t see why, with your excellent understanding, truths so plain and obvious should not strike you at once.”

“Truths,” interrupted Riccabocca profoundly, “are the slowest growing things in the world! It took 1500 years from the date of the Christian era to produce your own Luther, and then he flung his Bible at Satan, (I have seen the mark made by the book on the wall of his prison in Germany,) besides running off with a nun, which no Protestant clergyman would think it proper and right to do nowadays.” Then he added, with seriousness, “Look you, my dear sir,—I should lose my own esteem if I were even to listen to you now with becoming attention,—now, I say, when you hint that the creed I have professed may be in the way of my advantage. If so, I must keep the creed and resign the advantage. But if, as I trust—not only as a Christian, but a man of honour—you will defer this discussion, I will promise to listen to you hereafter; and though, to say truth, I believe that you will not convert me, I will promise you faith-

fully never to interfere with my wife’s religion.”

“And any children you may have?”

“Children!” said Dr Riccabocca, recoiling—“you are not contented with firing your pocket-pistol right in my face; you must also pepper me all over with small-shot. Children! well, if they are girls, let them follow the faith of their mother; and if boys, while in childhood, let them be contented with learning to be Christians; and when they grow into men, let them choose for themselves which is the best form for the practice of the great principles which all sects have in common.”

“But,” began Mr Dale again, pulling a large book from his pocket.

Dr Riccabocca flung open the window, and jumped out of it.

It was the rapidest and most dastardly flight you could possibly conceive; but it was a great compliment to the argumentative powers of the Parson, and he felt it as such. Nevertheless, Mr Dale thought it right to have a long conversation, both with the Squire and Miss *Jemima* herself, upon the subject which his intended convert had so ignominiously escaped.

The Squire, though a great foe to Popery, politically considered, had also quite as great a hatred to turncoats and apostates. And in his heart he would have despised Riccabocca if he could have thrown off his religion as easily as he had done his spectacles. Therefore he said simply—“Well, it is certainly a great pity that Rickeybockey is not of the Church of England, though, I take it, that would be unreasonable to expect in a man born and bred under the nose of the Inquisition,” (the Squire firmly believed that the Inquisition was in full force in all the Italian states, with whips, racks, and thumb-screws; and, indeed, his chief information of Italy was gathered from a perusal he had given in early youth to *The One-Handed Monk*;) “but I think he speaks very fairly, on the whole, as to his wife and children. And the thing’s gone too far now to retract. It is all your fault for not thinking of it before; and I’ve now just made up my mind as to the course to pursue respecting those—d—d Stocks!”

As for Miss Jemima, the Parson left her with a pious thanksgiving that Riccabocca at least was a Chris-

tian, and not a Pagan, Mahometan, or Jew!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

There is that in a wedding which appeals to a universal sympathy. No other event in the lives of their superiors in rank creates an equal sensation amongst the humbler classes.

From the moment the news had spread throughout the village that Miss Jemima was to be married, all the old affection for the Squire and his House burst forth the stronger for its temporary suspension. Who could think of the Stocks in such a season? They were swept out of fashion—hunted from remembrance as completely as the question of Repeal or the thought of Rebellion from the warm Irish heart, when the fair young face of the Royal Wife beamed on the sister isle.

Again cordial curtseys were dropped at the thresholds by which the Squire passed to his home farm; again the sun-burnt brows uncovered—no more with sullen ceremony—were smoothed into cheerful gladness at his nod. Nay, the little ones began again to assemble at their ancient rendezvous by the Stocks, as if either familiarised with the Phenomenon, or convinced that, in the general sentiment of good-will, its powers of evil were annulled.

The Squire tasted once more the sweets of the only popularity which is much worth having, and the loss of which a wise man would reasonably deplore; viz., the popularity which arises from a persuasion of our goodness, and a reluctance to recall our faults. Like all blessings, the more sensibly felt from previous interruption, the Squire enjoyed this restored popularity with an exhilarated sense of existence; his stout heart beat more vigorously; his stalwart step trod more lightly; his comely English face looked comelier and more English than ever;—you would have been a merrier man for a week to have come within hearing of his jovial laugh.

He felt grateful to Jemima and to Riccabocca as the special agents of

Providence in this general *integratio amoris*. To have looked at him, you would suppose that it was the Squire who was going to be married a second time to his Harry!

One may well conceive that such would have been an inauspicious moment for Parson Dale's theological scruples. To have stopped that marriage—chilled all the sunshine it diffused over the village—seen himself surrounded again by long sulky visages,—I verily believe, though a better friend of Church and State never stood on a hustings, that, rather than court such a revulsion, the Squire would have found jesuitical excuses for the marriage if Riccabocca had been discovered to be the Pope in disguise! As for the Stocks, their fate was now irrevocably sealed. In short, the marriage was concluded—first privately, according to the bridegroom's creed, by a Roman Catholic clergyman, who lived in a town some miles off, and next publicly in the village church of Hazeldean.

It was the heartiest rural wedding! Village girls strewed flowers on the way;—a booth was placed amidst the prettiest scenery of the Park, on the margin of the lake—for there was to be a dance later in the day;—an ox was roasted whole. Even Mr Stirn—no, Mr Stirn was *not* present, so much happiness would have been the death of him! And the Papisher too, who had conjured Lenny out of the Stocks; nay, who had himself sate in the Stocks for the very purpose of bringing them into contempt—the Papisher! he had as lief Miss Jemima had married the devil! Indeed he was persuaded that, in point of fact, it was all one and the same. Therefore Mr Stirn had asked leave to go and attend his uncle the pawnbroker, about to undergo a torturing operation for the stone! Frank was there, summoned from Eton for the occasion—having grown two inches taller since he left—for the one inch of which nature was to be thanked, for the

other a new pair of resplendent Wellingtons. But the boy's joy was less apparent than that of others. For Jemima was a special favourite with him, as she would have been with all boys—for she was always kind and gentle, and made many pretty presents whenever she came from the watering-places. And Frank knew that he should miss her sadly, and thought she had made a very queer choice.

Captain Higginbotham had been invited; but, to the astonishment of Jemima, he had replied to the invitation by a letter to herself, marked "*private and confidential*." 'She must have long known,' said the letter, 'of his devoted attachment to her; motives of delicacy, arising from the narrowness of his income, and the magnanimity of his sentiments, had alone prevented his formal proposals; but now that she was informed (he could scarcely believe his senses, or command his passions) that her relations wished to force her into a BARBAROUS marriage with a foreigner of MOST FORBIDDING APPEARANCE, and most *abject circumstances*, he lost not a moment in laying at her feet his own hand and fortune. And he did this the more confidently, inasmuch as he could not but be aware of Miss Jemima's SECRET feelings towards him, while he was *proud and happy* to say, that his dear and distinguished cousin, Mr Sharpe Currie, had honoured him with a warmth of regard, which justified the most *brilliant EXPECTATIONS*—likely to be *soon realised*—as his eminent relative had contracted a *very bad liver complaint* in the service of his country, and could not last long!'

In all the years they had known each other, Miss Jemima, strange as it may appear, had never once suspected the Captain of any other feelings to her than those of a brother. To say that she was not gratified by learning her mistake, would be to say that she was more than woman. Indeed, it must have been a source of no ignoble triumph to think that she could prove her disinterested affection to her dear Riccabocca, by a prompt rejection of this more brilliant offer. She couched the rejection, it is true, in the most soothing terms. But the Cap-

tain evidently considered himself ill used; he did not reply to the letter; and did not come to the wedding.

To let the reader into a secret, never known to Miss Jemima, Captain Higginbotham was much less influenced by Cupid than by Plutus in the offer he had made. The Captain was one of that class of gentlemen who read their accounts by those corpse-lights, or will-o'-the-wisps, called *expectations*. Ever since the Squire's grandfather had left him—then in short clothes—a legacy of £500, the Captain had peopled the future with expectations! He talked of his expectations as a man talks of shares in a Tontine; they might fluctuate a little—he now up and now down—but it was morally impossible, if he lived on, but that he should be a *millionaire* one of these days. Now, though Miss Jemima was a good fifteen years younger than himself, yet she always stood for a good round sum in the ghostly books of the Captain. She was an *expectation* to the full amount of her £4000, seeing that Frank was an only child, and it would be carrying coals to Newmarket to leave *him* anything.

Rather than see so considerable a cipher suddenly spunged out of his visionary ledger—rather than so much money should vanish clean out of the family, Captain Higginbotham had taken what he conceived, if a desperate, at least a certain, step for the preservation of his property. If the golden horn could not be had without the heifer, why, he must take the heifer into the bargain. He had never formed to himself an idea that a heifer so gentle would toss and fling him over. The blow was stunning. But no one compassionates the misfortunes of the covetous, though few perhaps are in greater need of compassion. And leaving poor Captain Higginbotham to retrieve his illusory fortunes as he best may among 'the expectations' which gathered round the form of Mr Sharpe Currie, who was the crossdest old tyrant imaginable, and never allowed at his table any dishes not compounded with rice, which played Old Nick with the Captain's constitutional functions,—I return to the wedding at Hazeldean, just in time to see the bridegroom—

who looked singularly well on the occasion—hand the bride (who, between sunshiny tears and affectionate smiles, was really a very interesting and even a pretty bride, as brides go) into a carriage which the Squire had presented to them, and depart on the orthodox nuptial excursion amidst the blessings of the assembled crowd.

It may be thought strange by the unreflective that these rural spectators should so have approved and blessed the marriage of a Hazeldean of Hazeldean with a poor, outlandish, long-haired foreigner; but, besides that Riccabocca, after all, had become one of the neighbourhood, and was proverbially “a civil-spoken gentleman,” it is generally noticeable that on wedding occasions the bride so monopolises interest, curiosity, and admiration, that the bridegroom himself goes for little or nothing. He is merely the passive agent in the affair—the unregarded cause of the general satisfaction. It was not Riccabocca himself that they approved and blessed—it was the gentleman in the white waistcoat who had made Miss Jemima—Madam Rickeybocky!

Leaning on his wife’s arm, (for it was a habit of the Squire to lean on his wife’s arm rather than she on his, when he was specially pleased; and there was something touching in the sight of that strong sturdy frame thus insensibly, in hours of happiness, seeking dependence on the frail arm of woman,)—leaning, I say, on his wife’s arm, the Squire, about the hour of sunset, walked down to the booth by the lake.

All the parish—young and old, man, woman, and child—were assembled there, and their faces seemed to bear one family likeness, in the com-

mon emotion which animated all, as they turned to his frank fatherly smile. Squire Hazeldean stood at the head of the long table: he filled a horn with ale from the brimming tankard beside him. Then he looked round, and lifted his hand to request silence; and, ascending the chair, rose in full view of all. Every one felt that the Squire was about to make a speech; and the earnestness of the attention was proportioned to the rarity of the event; for (though he was not unpractised in the oratory of the hustings) only thrice before had the Squire made what could fairly be called “a speech” to the villagers of Hazeldean—once on a kindred festive occasion, when he had presented to them his bride—once in a contested election for the shire, in which he took more than ordinary interest, and was not quite so sober as he ought to have been—once in a time of great agricultural distress, when, in spite of reduction of rents, the farmers had been compelled to discard a large number of their customary labourers; and when the Squire had said,—“I have given up keeping the honnds, because I want to make a fine piece of water, (that was the origin of the lake,) and to drain all the low lands round the park. Let every man who wants work come to me!” And that sad year the parish rates of Hazeldean were not a penny the more.

Now, for the fourth time, the Squire rose, and thus he spoke. At his right hand, Harry; at his left, Frank. At the bottom of the table, as vice-president, Parson Dale, his little wife behind him, only obscurely seen. She cried readily, and her handkerchief was already before her eyes.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE SQUIRE’S SPEECH.

“Friends and neighbours,—I thank you kindly for coming round me this day, and for showing so much interest in me and mine. My cousin was not born amongst you as I was, but you have known her from a child. It is a familiar face, and one that never

frowned, which you will miss at your cottage doors, as I and mine will miss it long in the old hall—”

Here there was a sob from some of the women, and nothing was seen of Mrs Dale but the white handkerchief. The Squire himself paused, and

brushed away a tear with the back of his hand. Then he resumed, with a sudden change of voice that was electrical—

“For we none of us prize a blessing till we have lost it! Now, friends and neighbours,—a little time ago, it seemed as if some ill-will had crept into the village—ill-will between you and me, neighbours!—why, that is not like Hazeldean!”

The audience hung their heads! You never saw people look so thoroughly ashamed of themselves. The Squire proceeded—

“I don’t say it was all your fault; perhaps it was mine.”

“Noa—noa—noa,” burst forth in a general chorus.

“Nay, friends,” continued the Squire humbly, and in one of those illustrative aphorisms which, if less subtle than Riccabocca’s, were more within reach of the popular comprehension; “nay—we are all human; and every man has his hobby: sometimes he breaks in the hobby, and sometimes the hobby, if it is very hard in the mouth, breaks in him. One man’s hobby has an ill habit of always stopping at the public house! (Laughter.) Another man’s hobby refuses to stir a peg beyond the door where some buxom lass patted its neck the week before—a hobby I rode pretty often when I went courting my good wife here! (Much laughter and applause.) Others have a lazy hobby, that there’s no getting on;—others, a runaway hobby that there’s no stopping: but to cut the matter short, my favourite hobby, as you well know, is always trotted out to any place on my property which seems to want the eye and hand of the master. I hate (cried the Squire warming) to see things neglected and decayed, and going to the dogs! This land we live in is a good mother to us, and we can’t do too much for her. It is very true, neighbours, that I owe her a good many acres, and ought to speak well of her; but what then? I live amongst you, and what I take from the rent with one hand, I divide amongst you with the other, (low, but assenting murmurs.) Now the more I improve my property, the more mouths it feeds. My great-grandfather kept a Field-Book, in

which were entered, not only the names of all the farmers and the quantity of land they held, but the average number of the labourers each employed. My grandfather and father followed his example: I have done the same. I find, neighbours, that our rents have doubled since my great-grandfather began to make the book. Ay—but there are more than four times the number of labourers employed on the estate, and at much better wages too! Well, my men, that says a great deal in favour of improving property, and not letting it go to the dogs. (Applause.) And therefore, neighbours, you will kindly excuse my hobby: it carries grist to your mill. (Reiterated applause.) Well—but you will say, ‘What’s the Squire driving at?’ Why this, my friends: There was only one worn-out, dilapidated, tumble-down thing in the Parish of Hazeldean, and it became an eyesore to me; so I saddled my hobby, and rode at it. O ho! you know what I mean now! Yes, but neighbours, you need not have taken it so to heart. That was a scurvy trick of some of you to hang me in effigy, as they call it.”

“It warn’t you,” cried a voice in the crowd, “it war Nick Stirn.”

The Squire recognised the voice of the tinker; but though he now guessed at the ringleader,—on that day of general amnesty, he had the prudence and magnanimity not to say, “Stand forth, Sprott: thou art the man.” Yet his gallant English spirit would not suffer him to come off at the expense of his servant.

“If it was Nick Stirn you meant,” said he gravely, “more shame for you. It showed some pluck to hang the master; but to hang the poor servant, who only thought to do his duty, careless of what ill-will it brought upon him, was a shabby trick—so little like the lads of Hazeldean, that I suspect the man who taught it to them was never born in the parish. But let bygones be bygones. One thing is clear, you don’t take kindly to my new Pair of Stocks! They have been a stumbling-block and a grievance, and there’s no denying that we went on very pleasantly without them. I may also say that in spite of them we have been coming

together again lately. And I can't tell you what good it did me to see your children playing again on the green, and your honest faces, in spite of the Stocks, and those diabolical tracts you've been reading lately, lighted up at the thought that something pleasant was going on at the Hall. Do you know, neighbours, you put me in mind of an old story which, besides applying to the Parish, all who are married, and all who intend to marry, will do well to recollect. A worthy couple, named John and Joan, had lived happily together many a long year, till one unlucky day they bought a new bolster. Joan said the bolster was too hard, and John that it was too soft. So, of course, they quarrelled. After sulking all day, they agreed to put the bolster between them at night." (Roars of laughter amongst the men; the women did not know which way to look, except, indeed, Mrs Hazeldean, who, though she was more than usually rosy, maintained her innocent genial smile, as much as to say, "There is no harm in the Squire's jests.") The orator resumed—"After they had thus lain apart for a little time, very silent and sullen, John sneezed. 'God bless you!' says Joan over the bolster. 'Did you say God bless me?' cries John;—'then here goes the bolster!'"

Prolonged laughter and tumultuous applause.

"Friends and neighbours," said the Squire when silence was restored, and lifting the horn of ale, "I have the pleasure to inform you that I have

ordered the Stocks to be taken down, and made into a bench for the chimney nook of our old friend Gaffer Solomons yonder. But mind me, lads, if ever you make the Parish regret the loss of the Stocks, and the overseers come to me with long faces and say, 'the Stocks must be rebuilt,' why—" Here from all the youth of the village rose so deprecating a clamour, that the Squire would have been the most bungling orator in the world if he had said a word further on the subject. He elevated the horn over his head—"Why, that's my old Hazeldean again! Health and long life to you all!"

The Tinker had sneaked out of the assembly, and did not show his face in the village for the next six months. And as to those poisonous tracts, in spite of their salubrious labels, "the Poor Man's Friend," or "the Rights of Labour," you could no more have found one of them lurking in the drawers of the kitchen-dressers in Hazeldean, than you would have found the deadly nightshade on the flower-stands in the drawing-room of the Hall. As for the revolutionary beer-house, there was no need to apply to the magistrates to shut it up; it shut itself up before the week was out.

O young head of the great House of Hapsburg, what a Hazeldean you might have made of Hungary!—What a "*Moriamur pro rege nostro*" would have rang in your infant reign, —if you had made such a speech as the Squire's!

ADDITIONAL CHAPTERS FROM THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.—PART II.

CHAPTER V.

HOW MARTIN'S SON, AUGUSTINE, BEGAN TO IMITATE HIS UNCLE PETER.

It is now my duty, in a few words, to make you acquainted with the state of Martin's family. Martin, as you know, had acted as chaplain to Squire Bull ever since Peter was sent about his business, with the exception of the short period during which red-nosed Noll the brewer held forcible possession of the Squire's house. Noll had a mortal hatred to Martin, (who, it must be allowed, reciprocated the sentiment with extreme cordiality,) and wanted to dispossess him for ever of his benefice and vicarage, in favour of any drunken serjeant who had a taste for theology and ale. However, when the Squire came back to his own estate, Martin returned with him, and has remained chaplain up to the present day without any hindrance or molestation. At times some of the household have grumbled because Martin has a place at the upper servants' table; but the complaint was never made by any except such pestilent rogues as wished in their hearts to see the Squire deprived of his lawful authority, and the whole of Bullockshatch thrown into a state of anarchy and confusion.

Martin was as excellent a man as ever stepped upon neat's leather. He did his duty to the poor honourably and conscientiously, kept his church in good repair, looked after the parish schools, and was, in short, a comfort and a credit to all who knew him. He was also a married man, a circumstance whereof Peter tried to make the most; abusing him, forsooth, because he did not follow his own example of getting the girls into a corner to tell him about their little indiscretions and secret thoughts—a pastime to which that hoary old sinner was especially addicted;—or of worming himself into some private gentleman's family, and then frightening the lady of the house into fits by threatening to put her into a brick-kiln or red-hot oven, of which Peter pretended to keep the key, if she did not divulge to him the whole of her

husband's secrets, and hand over the children in private to be stamped with Peter's mark. Many a once happy household had the old villain brought to misery by those scandalous intrigues; for the truth is, that he stuck at nothing which might tend to his own advancement, however infamous were the means. Had Martin been a reprobate like himself, he might possibly have endured him: as it was, his good character and decent habits were so many arguments for Peter to abuse him wherever he went.

Martin had a son, who in due time was appointed his curate, and had a chapel to himself. This young man, whose name was Augustine, was by no means so discreet a person as his father. He was of a moping and melancholy habit, very much addicted to the study of architecture, which he carried to such an excess that you could not be five minutes in his company without hearing him discourse about mullions, brackets, architraves, and flying buttresses, in a way that would have bewildered a stone mason. He got his chapel fitted up in such a style that it exactly resembled one of Peter's; and this he did, as he openly avowed, from a regard to the customs of antiquity. When Martin was told of this, he shook his head, caught up his walking cane, and stepped over to the chapel, where he found Augustine superintending the erection of a new oriel window, the design of which was gorgeous enough to eclipse the glories of the most brilliant butterfly of Brazil.

"What's here to do?" quoth Martin, walking up the chancel. "Mighty handsome this, son Augustine, to be sure; but—don't it strike you that the effect is a little too Peterish? Mind, I do not object in the least to your making the chapel neat and tidy. I never thought, as brother Jack used to do, (though he is now becoming more sensible on those points,) that a church ought as nearly as possible to resemble a barn. On the contrary, I

like to see everything in its proper place. But what's this?" continued he, tapping with his cane a kind of ornamented basin with a slab. "I don't remember ever having seen any thing of this kind before."

"Indeed, sir!" replied Augustine; "you surprise me very much. I thought every one must be acquainted with the *Piscina* and *Finistella*. Those, I can assure you, are accurate copies from ancient drawings of the church of Saint Ethelred, which was burned by the Danes about the beginning of the tenth century."

"That may be," quoth Martin, "but I can't for the life of me see the use of them now. And what may you call this?"

"That, sir? Why, that's the credence table. There is a splendid specimen of that style of architecture in the cathedral remains of St Ninian."

"And that carved wood-work up there near the gallery?"

"That, sir, is the rood-loft, constructed on mediæval principles, after the designs of Hubert the Confessor."

"I'll tell you what it is, son Augustine," said Martin, "all this is very pretty; and if you and your people wish to have it, there may be no positive reason why I should interfere. Thank heaven, sound doctrine does not depend upon stone and lime; and so long as your principles are firm, it may not matter much that you are a little absurd or so about this architectural hobby of yours. But, mark me well, my dear boy," continued the good gentleman, with tears in his eyes; "no trafficking or colleaguings with Peter! That old miscreant has ever been a bitter enemy of me and mine, and of the Squire to boot; and if it should come to pass that my own flesh and blood were to desert me for that impious rascal, I would be fain to carry my grey hairs in sorrow to the grave! Think well of this, I beseech you, and on no account whatever have anything to say to that arch-deceiver!"

You might reasonably suppose that Augustine was much moved by this remonstrance. Not a whit of it. He was much too conceited to take counsel from any one; and in his secret heart began to look upon his father as no better than an uncharitable bigot.

"Holy Saint Pancras!" he would say, for he had a queer habit of invoking the names of dead people, "what can it matter to any one whether I bow to my uncle Peter or not? People tell me I am rather like him in complexion; and I daresay, after all, there is a strong family resemblance. What have I to do with old family feuds, which had far better be forgotten? As to the nine-and-thirty points of doctrine to which I have set my name, some of them may be good, and others heterodox; but I presume I am not compelled to accept them in the literal sense. Why should they be made a stumbling-block in the way of a proper reconciliation between myself and my uncle, who no doubt has fallen into questionable practices, though in the main he is quite as like to be right as my father Martin?"

Augustine, however, did not venture to hold this kind of talk openly for some time, knowing that, if it came to the ears of Martin, he would inevitably be disinherited on the spot, and turned out of his cure. In the discourses which he delivered from the pulpit, he was wont to express great sorrow and anxiety for the backslidings of his "venerable relative," as he now termed Peter, "towards whom his bowels yearned with an almost unspeakable affection. It would ill become him to forget what Peter had done for the family long ago, and indeed for the whole of Bullocks-hatch; and although he was now, no doubt, cast out for his sins, he, Augustine, could not prevail upon himself to speak harshly of a gentleman who had such excellent grounds for styling himself the head of the whole house." Then he would go on to insinuate that there were two sides to every question—that his own father Martin might possibly have behaved more roughly to Peter than there was any occasion for—and that Peter had many good points about him for which he did not receive sufficient credit. Having thus talked over his congregation, who were willing enough to go along with him a certain length, he began in public to wear a dress as nearly approaching to that of Peter's retainers as he durst. He turned his back upon people, just as the others did, and dressed up the charity-boys in white

gowns, to look, as he said, like acolytes. One winter's morning, when the parishioners arrived at church, they were petrified at seeing two huge candlesticks placed upon the table, such articles of furniture having been for a long time disused in the churches throughout Bullocks-hatch. Augustine, however, had discovered from some old musty pamphlet that they were not strictly forbidden; so he got a pair of new ones made, (after the mediæval fashion, of course,) and preached a long sermon for the purpose of demonstrating their advantages and mystical meaning. Three Sundays afterwards, the weather being rather dark and hazy, they were fitted with lighted wax-candles; and Augustine, having once got so far, took care that this pious practice should not be discontinued even in the height of summer. Another Sunday he would put himself at the head of the charity-boys, and walk through the church in procession, bowing and making genuflexions in evident imitation of Peter; and at last the poor young man was so far left to himself, that he would not read the service properly, but twanged it through his nose in a kind of sing-song fashion, which he called intoning, but which had simply this effect, that nobody was able to follow the meaning of the words.

These things were, as you may suppose, very annoying to Martin, who, over and over again, entreated him to take care what he was doing. But, in answer to every remonstrance, Augustine would whip out the musty pamphlet aforesaid, lay it open before his father, and request him to point out any special clause condemnatory of the practices which he followed. "If such a clause exists," quoth he, "I knock under, as in duty bound. If not, I apprehend that I am merely pursuing a course which has been sanctioned from all antiquity." Martin tried to convince him that a great many things might be wrong, or at all events injudicious, which were not actually expressly set down as forbidden; but no argument would avail with Augustine, who said he was determined to stand by the rubric, and, moreover, to interpret that rubric according to his own lights and inspiration.

This was bad enough. However, had it been all, no great mischief might have ensued. But curious stories became current presently regarding Augustine's walk and conversation. It was said that he was in the habit of holding secret colloquies for hours with the Bishop of Timbuctoo and others, notorious emissaries of Peter; that he wore hair cloth under his shirt, kept vigils and fasts, and had an oratory fitted up in his bedroom with crucifixes and I wot not what, clean contrary to the commands of Martin. This much is certain, that he framed a callendar of his own out of some of the books from Peter's discarded library, and never wrote to his broker to buy him some shares in a railway, or to his grocer for a fresh supply of split-peas, without dating his note "Festival of Saint Balderdash," or "Eve of Saint Rowena, V. and M.," instead of specifying the day of the month, like an ordinary orthodox Christian. Then there were rumours current about private confessions, to which the young ladies, among whom Augustine (being unmarried) was always a favourite, were invited; of pilgrimages to holy wells; and of other similar junketings—which made many people look upon Augustine as no better than an innocent Peter. And they were perfectly right. He was innocent of any bad design, and I really believe as virtuous a creature as ever breathed. He was kind to the poor, and would any day have given half his stipend for their assistance and relief. But he was weak in intellect, puffed up with vanity, obstinate as a team of mules, and credulous to the last degree.

Novelties, as we all know, have a prodigious attraction for many people. In point of plain sense and doctrine, there was no manner of comparison between Martin and his son. If you wished for nothing more than devotional exercise, and an excellent sermon, you might search the world over without finding the equal of Martin. But if your tastes led you to indulge in qualified Peterisms, or to listen to revivals of antiquated notions, Augustine was your man. A great many people, and among others the Juggler, were vastly tickled

by Augustine's newfangled methods. They could not enough admire his ingenuity in volunteering to fight Peter with his own weapons; and they were ready, whenever he wished it, to contribute their money towards the expenses of festivals, or anything else which Augustine might choose to recommend. Even the Juggler, though fond of his cash, gave something towards the continuance of these ceremonies—a fact which you will do well to bear in mind when you come to read some of the later passages of this history.

I am sorry, however, to say, that many of Augustine's original congregation pursued a different course. The inuendoes against Martin, and the hints which they had received as to the possible comparative innocence of Peter, had taken deep root in their minds. They became, moreover, so used to a ceremonial, which differed little from that patronised by Peter, except in being less gorgeous, that they acquired a secret hankering for the entire undiluted ritual; and their nostrils thirsted for a whiff of frankincense, which even Augustine refused to allow them. The consequence was that they began, in imitation of their pastor, to hold interviews with Peter's emissaries, who, you may suppose, were ready to meet them half-way; and from little to more, matters grew to such a head, that many of Augustine's most sincere disciples turned their back upon him, and went over bodily to Peter! This was an awful blow and discomfiture to Augustine, who certainly had meditated nothing of the sort; but it had not the effect of curing him. He still went on maundering about his Uncle Peter, as if that venerable individual had been as much sinned against as sinning; and, in spite of all that Martin could say, he would not abate one jot of his observances.

Peter's emissaries, in the mean time, were as active as ferrets in a rabbit warren. They never emerged from their holes without fetching out a new victim, whom they paraded to the whole world as a pattern of docility and virtue. They wrote long letters to Peter, glorifying themselves on their success; and stating that the time had now arrived when all Bullockshatch was prepared to throw itself at his feet. But in this they reckoned entirely without their host. They took it for granted that the proceedings in Augustine's chapel were approved of by the whole tenantry on the estate; whereas the fact was, that nine out of ten of them looked to Martin as their spiritual guide and counsellor, and entertained an intense contempt for Augustine, which they only refrained from expressing in broad set terms, by reason of his relationship to their pastor. Peter, however, was very glad to receive news of this kind; and swallowed it, without making too minute an inquiry. Long experience had taught him that it was always best to assume a victory, without being particular as to the details; and, as those who were intrusted with the superintendence of Squire Bull's estate, had latterly shown themselves exceedingly amenable to his jurisdiction, and quite hostile to the pretensions of Martin, and of poor Patrick, whom he longed in the first instance to subjugate, he had some grounds for supposing that the present was by no means a bad opportunity for reviving his old claim of dominion over the whole territory of Bullockshatch. These letters from his emissaries had reached him before his interview with Mat-o'-the-Mint—a circumstance which perhaps may afford a clue to the nature of his conversation with that singularly acute individual.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW PROTOCOL FELL FOUL OF SQUIRE OTHO; AND HOW HE WAS CALLED TO A RECKONING IN CONSEQUENCE.

After Mat-o'-the-Mint's return to Bullockshatch, Protocol found himself very much like a fish out of water.

That honest gentleman laboured under a constitutional infirmity, being subject to fits of hypochondria when-

ever Squire Bull happened to be at peace and amity with his neighbours. At such times it was not very safe to approach him. He was sulky, petulant, and irritable; and in default of any more legitimate occupation, usually took an opportunity of picking a quarrel with some of his fellow-servants. You may therefore easily believe that he was no great favourite in the household. Gray and others would willingly have got rid of him if they durst, but Protocol had been long in the service, and knew so many of their secret ways and doings, that he had them completely in his power. Therefore, whenever he began to exhibit any of his pestilent humours, the household would gather round him, protesting that he was the cleverest and most adroit fellow in the universe, and indeed the only man alive who could properly manage a lawsuit.

“I have said it a thousand times on my knees,” quoth the Juggler on such occasions, “that our revered master, Squire Bull, never had so acute a servant as the excellent Mr Protocol. Show me the man like him for finding out points in which the honour of Bullockshatch is concerned! I declare I am as proud of him as if he were my own father.”

And then they would all join in a general chorus of flattery and adulation, and request their esteemed friend and colleague, Protocol, just to step into his closet and look over the county map, lest there should be any case of a doubtful boundary which might be disputed, or at all events to write a few letters to the neighbouring squires, telling them what he, Protocol, thought of their general management. At this, Protocol would begin to look less grim, and finally retire with a wink, as much as to say—“Aha! my masters—wait here for a little, and you shall see somewhat.” And in half-an-hour he would return, carrying a map all ruled over with red and blue lines, and a bundle of old surveys, from which he would pledge his credit to establish the fact in any court of Christendom, that Squire Bull had been swindled out of at least three perches of unproductive land, in a division of common lands which was made a hundred

years before. The other members of the household were but too happy to see him occupied again, without caring whether he was right or wrong; and to work went Protocol, as merry as a cricket, writing letters without end, docketing notes, and making-believe as though he had the weight of the whole world on his shoulders.

You may easily conceive that this kind of conduct, though it suited the convenience of the Juggler and his friends, was exceedingly odious to the neighbouring squires, who were not allowed to eat their meals in comfort without being disturbed by Protocol. One day he sent a messenger to Esquire Strutt, as if from Squire Bull, calling his attention to certain arrangements in his household, which, he said, ought to be modified; whereupon Strutt, who was proverbially as proud as a peacock, flew into a violent passion, warned the messenger off his estate, and sent back such an answer to Protocol as made his ears tingle for a fortnight. Then, whenever any of the squires happened to have a dispute among themselves, originating from a drinking-bout or a cock-fight, Protocol would instantly write to them, tendering his good offices and mediation, which offer they, warned by experience, were usually wise enough to decline. In fact, these absurd doings of Protocol brought Squire Bull at length into such discredit with his neighbours, that there was nothing on earth which they dreaded so much as his interference.

Protocol was in one of his worst humours when Mat-o'-the-Mint returned. Everything had gone wrong with him in the south. Don Vesuvius had settled his affairs, clean contrary to the wish of Protocol. Don Ferdinando had got all he wanted, simply by acting in a manner directly opposite to his advice. Signor Tureen, whom he favoured, had been worsted in a law-suit which he recommended, and was saddled with enormous costs. Peter, with whom he was bent on currying favour, had been kicked out of his patrimony, and Protocol had not even the dubious credit of fetching him back, that having been accomplished by young Nap. Altogether he had made a precious mess of it;

and many people, both in the upper and under-servants' hall at Bullocks-hatch, began to insinuate that, after all, Master Protocol was no better than a bungler. All this tended to exasperate him to the utmost.

"It is a devilish hard thing," he remarked to himself one day, as he sat in the midst of his maps and correspondence—"It is a devilish hard thing that I can't find any men of talent to carry my designs into execution! There is scarcely a messenger in my whole department who can bamboozle a toll-keeper, much less throw dust in the eyes of a ground-steward. The Squire will no doubt make an hideous outcry about this unconscionable bill of expenses which Mat-o'-the-Mint has run up; and heaven only knows how far he may have compromised my credit. Catch me allowing him to go out again on any errand of the kind! Never, since I first nibbed a pen, were matters in such a mess! I really must do something for the sake of my own character. But then the puzzle is with whom to begin. I won't have anything more to do with Jonathan, that's flat. I dare not meddle further in anything which concerns Esquire North, for he is beginning to growl already, like a bear as he is, and Copenhagen is under his protection. It would be a dangerous game to have anything to say at present either to Colonel Martinet or Don Ferdinando; and, as for the South, why, I have been already checkmated there. Ha! an idea strikes me! Didn't I get several letters lately from a relation of Moses, complaining that he had suffered some damage in a street-row after dining with young Squire Otho? And, now I think of it, Squire Otho owes us some five or six pounds of interest on a bond which he granted to Bull, and he is behindhand with the arrears. And, as I live, here's another letter, which I threw aside at the time, telling me that Cheeks the marine, who is in John's pay, was taken up one night to the watch-house by a constable of Otho's, on a charge of being drunk and disorderly! Altogether, it is a capital case; and as those barges which I sent along the canal to frighten Don Vesuvius are still lying thereabouts, I'll even

desire them to stop in front of Otho's house, and demand immediate satisfaction."

This Otho was a young lad, who had been put in possession of his property with the full consent and assistance of Squire Bull. It was a little, rocky, dilapidated place, with more ruins upon it than cottages, and for many years had been entirely overrun by gipsies. Long ago, before the other estates in the country were brought into proper cultivation, it was reckoned of some importance; and its proprietors were said to have held their heads as high as O'Donoghue of the Lakes, or Malachi of the golden collar. But all that was matter of tradition. It was difficult to understand why Squire Bull should have troubled himself about it, except it was for this reason, that he had taken possession of one or two small islands in a lake adjoining the property, which were well adapted for the culture of currants; and which, when he broke them up, were understood to belong to nobody. However, wishing to see the gipsies, who were a troublesome race, expelled, he agreed to settle Otho in this unprofitable estate, and lent the poor lad a trifle, just by way of keeping his head above water at starting.

The villagers—for tenantry Otho had almost none—were, on the whole, an inoffensive race. They were said to be infernal cheats and liars; but as they only lied and cheated amongst themselves, that did not much signify. They had a great respect for Bull, were very civil and obsequious to any of his people who passed that way, and would as soon have encountered a goblin in the churchyard, as have picked a quarrel with any of them. Otho was, I suppose, by much the poorest squire in all the country round. His rental, nominally small, was in reality next to nothing; and it was supposed that he had a hard struggle to make ends meet. Such was the victim whom Protocol selected, in order to enhance his individual glory and renown.

Down came the barges across the lake in front of Otho's house, each of them crammed full of watchmen, marines, and bargees, wearing Squire Bull's livery. Upon this, Otho, sup-

posing that the visit was made in compliment to himself, and little dreaming that he had provoked the enmity of so powerful a personage as Protocol, put on his best coat and hat, and was just stepping down to the quay, when, to his amazement, a writ was served upon him at the instance of Squire Bull.

“What’s this?” he said, unfolding the document.—“Account of loss sustained by Mr Shylock, naturalised servant of Squire Bull.—Magnificent furniture, L.90, 6s. 8d. Do. China, L.49, 3s. 8½d. Inestimable jewellery, L.505. Disturbance of mind, L.70, 10s. Medical attendance for subsequent dysentery, L.13, 13s.’ Good heavens! is Esquire Bull mad? Shylock? Why, that’s the fellow who has been bothering me for a year past about some broken crockery, and a fractured camp-stool! And what may this other paper be? ‘Compensation to Mr William Cheeks, marine, for unlawful detention of his person, and injury to his character, he having been apprehended as drunk and disorderly, L.300! Why, the man was discharged next morning with a simple reprimand from the magistrate! But here’s a third—‘Amercement for injury done to Dimitri Palikaros, and Odysseus Cosmokapeleion, inhabitants of the currant islands, under the protection of John Bull, Esquire, they having been disturbed in their indefeasible right of sleeping in the open air, and forcibly conducted to the watch-house, L.50.’ Oh, it must be a joke! Squire Bull cannot be in earnest!”

But poor Otho was very soon made to understand that it was no joke at all, but a devilish serious matter. He received a peremptory intimation from Protocol’s messenger, who was on board one of the barges, that he must pay the whole of the demands made without demurring, within four-and-twenty hours, otherwise he should be under the disagreeable necessity of laying an execution on his house; and moreover, that, until this was done, all the boats at the quay would be laid under embargo. In vain did Otho remonstrate against this flagrant injustice, and offer to submit the case to any squire in Christendom. Protocol’s man had special

orders, and would not abate a jot. Not a soul was allowed to go out and fish on the lake, though the livelihood of many depended on it. Nay, he had the inhumanity to seize some cargoes of fresh beef, vegetables, and other perishable articles which were intended for the supply of the villagers, and to keep them rotting in the sun, until Otho should pay the whole amount of the demand.

A more flagrant case was probably never known. In all human probability, twenty shillings would have covered the whole extent of the losses sustained by Shylock; and as for Bill Cheeks, and the two other fellows with unpronounceable names, it was clear that the police magistrate had only let them off too cheap. But there was more than this. Otho was also told that the time had come for the settlement of his arrears, and that he must, moreover, cede to Squire Bull two islets, or rather rocks, in the lake, on which his fishermen were used to dry their nets, these not being expressly marked as his in a map in the possession of Protocol! You may easily conceive that the poor lad was driven to his wit’s end by these tyrannical proceedings.

“I never would have believed this of Squire Bull!” cried he. “I always thought him to be a generous, frank, open-minded gentleman, with a soul above pettifoggery; and one who would not be hard upon a debtor. Esquire North would not have behaved to me in this way—no, nor would any other of my neighbours. And I won’t believe, even yet, that it is the wish of the Squire to deal so hardly with a poor lad, who has not had time to set himself right with the world. It must be Protocol’s doing; though why he should use me so, since I never gave him any offence that I know of, passes my understanding. However, I’ll write to the Baboonery, and learn what young Nap thinks of the matter.”

He could not have done a wiser thing. Nap thought, as every one else did, that the proceedings of Protocol were not only shabby and unneighbour-like, but clearly Jewish and unprincipled. Accordingly, he took up the cudgels for Otho, declaring that he could not see a poor

young fellow, who was rather out at the elbows, though from no fault of his, treated in this abominable fashion; and the clerk to whom he gave the charge of the correspondence, being a plain, straightforward, knock-me-down sort of character, who had no patience for diplomatic palaver, very soon convinced Protocol that he was like to have the worst of it. After a good deal of correspondence, conducted in a way which was the reverse of creditable to Squire Bull's establishment, a compromise was effected; and Protocol seemed to think that he had at last achieved a triumph. But the contrary was the case: for the people of Bullockshatch, and the Squire himself, were mightily ashamed of the use which had been made of his name in this disreputable transaction. The upper servants, at a general meeting, voted it a dirty and undignified transaction, and declared that they washed their hands, henceforward, of all participation in the tricks and pantalooneries of Protocol. This necessitated a call of the underservants; when the Juggler arose, and with real tears in his eyes, (for his wages depended upon the issue of the vote,) declared that he believed from the bottom of his heart, that a nobler or more disinterested individual than his honourable friend Protocol never broke bread, &c. &c., and that he, the Juggler, was ready to lay down the last drop of his blood for the honour of Esquire Bull, &c.;—a sacrifice which was the more creditable, as nobody thought of demanding it. By dint of promise of advancement in the household, he persuaded divers of the servants, especially one Caustic, to speak strongly in favour of Protocol; but the odds are, that he never would have carried the vote but for the dexterity of Protocol himself. That veteran sinner was worth, in point of ability, the whole of his colleagues put together. He had a tongue that could wile a bird off a tree; and the most extraordinary thing about him, next to his fondness for getting into scrapes, was the facility with which he got out of them. He favoured his audience with a sketch of the services which he had rendered to Squire Bull, showing that in everything he

had done, he had the honour of Bullockshatch at heart; and by cantering over some portions of his story where the ground was rather dubious, sliding over others, and making a prodigious prancing where his footing was tolerably firm, he managed to persuade the majority of the servants that he really was a well-meaning individual, and that they were bound at all events to overlook this last escapade about Otho, which no one who had an atom of conscience could pretend absolutely to justify.

Protocol was in high feather in consequence of this whitewashing; the more so, that at one time it appeared very doubtful if even the under servants could be induced to support him. He and some of his chums had a dinner and drink afterwards at a servants' club to which they belonged, where Proto. made another speech, boasting that so long as he lived, no man born on Squire Bull's estate should be insulted by any neighbouring proprietor, or be laid in the stocks, or be hustled in a village, without receiving ample damages. All this sounded very well, though it certainly looked like holding out a premium to poaching; but it so happened, that a short time afterwards an old gentleman of the name of Marshall, who was in Don Ferdinando's service, and who had been mainly instrumental in reinstating him in his house, after it was broken into by the rabble as I have already told you, came over to Bullockshatch on a holiday jaunt. Marshall's policy through life had always been to return a buffet for a blow; and, as the fellows who created the uproar on Ferdinando's estate were no more to be reasoned with than so many wild Indians, whom indeed they resembled in their devilish practices of stabbing, tomahawking, ravishing, and roasting alive, he was by no means scrupulous in his method of putting them down. Some of the insurgents, who had fled to Bullockshatch, had succeeded, by dint of unmitigated lying, in getting up a strong feeling among the villagers against Marshall, whom they represented as a man-eating tiger, with so debauched a digestion, that he could not sleep at night unless he had previously supped upon a

child. The people of Bullockshatch were exceedingly credulous upon such points, for it is on record that about a hundred years before, when poor Donald, as kindly a creature as ever fasted on oatmeal, came down from the hills, the children were sent into the coal-cellar, lest haply the sight of a plump one might whet his uncivilised appetite. Be that as it may, a general impression had gone abroad that Marshall was no better than a cannibal; and during the short while he remained in Bullockshatch, not a nursery-maid was allowed to take the usual airing in the streets.

But he did not remain long. Spies were set upon him; and one day when he took a fancy to look into a brewery, just by way of seeing how the beer was made, he was assailed by a whole gang of ragamuffins, who cursed, kicked, cuffed, and spat upon him, tore off his moustaches, damned him for a persecuting foreigneering scoundrel, and would probably have murdered him, had he not, by great good luck, escaped into a pot-house hard by. Even then he was hardly safe, for the mob tried to gut the premises. You may be sure that, after experiencing this treatment, Marshall did not remain long in Bullockshatch; in fact, he took himself off next morning, protesting that he would rather sojourn among the Hottentots, than be exposed to such treatment at the hands of a

civilised community. So far as he was concerned, he wished to take no farther notice of the matter; but the household of Don Ferdinando, considering this a direct insult to themselves and their master, desired the head-steward to write to Protocol, demanding immediate satisfaction. This was an awkward thrust; for, if Protocol was entitled to insist on compensation from Otho, for the injuries done by his people to Bill Cheeks, Shylock, and Cosmokapeleion, it was evident that, on the same principle, Ferdinando's steward had a right to sue Squire Bull for the injury and damages inflicted upon Marshall. Proto., however, refused pointblank to give any satisfaction, or to do anything at all in the matter; whereupon Ferdinando's steward gave him due notice, that in all time coming he should consider himself and his master relieved from all responsibility, if any of Squire Bull's people should happen to be tarred and feathered when straying beyond bounds. What was even more unpleasant, Esquire North sent him notice to the same effect; and North was not a man likely to be worse than his word.

I have thought it right to tell ye these things just now, in order that you may understand Protocol's usual method of doing business. I must now relate to you a circumstance which threw the whole of Bullockshatch into a most awful quandary.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW PETER CLAIMED SUPREMACY IN BULLOCKSHATCH—AND HOW THE JUGGLER THREW THE BLAME UPON AUGUSTINE.

One morning after breakfast, Squire Bull, who was then mightily taken up with a glass warehouse, which some people had persuaded him to erect in his park, for the purpose of showing off his neighbours' wares in opposition to his own, called as usual for his newspaper.

"I half begin to think," quoth he, settling himself in his easy chair, and airing the broadsheet at the fire, "that I have been bubbled in this matter. What good this puffing and vaunting of other folk's commodities

is to do to my villagers, I do not exactly see; and, as for the tenantry, they appear to be against it to a man. Besides, I have a strong suspicion that in the long run I shall have to pay the piper. However, let us see if anything is stirring abroad.—Eh! what's this? A letter from that miscreant Peter! Am I in my right senses?"

And, sure enough, in the most conspicuous part of the newspaper there appeared the following document:—

“WE, PETER, Lord Paramount of the whole world, and Supreme Suzerain of the Squirearchy thereof, to all to whom these presents may come, Greeting. KNOW YE, that We, out of Our infinite condescension and mercy, and moved thereto by the love which We bear to Our subjects of Bullockshatch, have determined from henceforth, and in all time coming, to grant unto them such spiritual rights and privileges as We have accorded to others of Our subjects elsewhere. Also, for the end that Our loving subjects of Bullockshatch may the better accommodate themselves to Our Will in this matter, and render to us, through Our delegates, the homage which is justly Our due, We have resolved to divide and erect, as We do hereby divide and erect, the whole of Our territory of Bullockshatch into thirteen separate parishes, appointing thereunto for each a Superintendent, who shall henceforth, and in all time coming, derive his style and title from the parish to which he is appointed by Us; and We command, require, and enjoin Our said loving subjects to render to Our said Superintendents all obedience and fealty, as they shall answer to Us thereupon. And in order that all things may be properly administered, We have appointed Our dearly beloved Nicholas, formerly Superintendent of Hippopotamus, to be our Arch-Superintendent on Our estate of Bullockshatch, with the title and designation of Lord Arch-Superintendent of Smithfield, granting to him all the rights of coal, fuel, faggot, turf, twig, and combustibles which were formerly enjoyed by any of his predecessors in office. And as a token of their gratitude for this Our unparalleled condescension and mercy, We ordain and require that Our loving subjects of Bullockshatch shall each and all of them attend and assist at three solemn masses, to be performed for the soul of the late Guido Fawkes, Esquire, of happy memory. And We declare this to be a public and irrevocable decree.

(Signed) PETER.”

Language is inadequate to express the proxym of wrath into which

Squire Bull was thrown by the perusal of this insolent document! He foamed at the mouth, kicked over the breakfast table, dashed the newspaper on the carpet, and tore down the bell-rope.

“He the Lord Paramount of Bullockshatch, the lying old villain that he is! He pretend to jurisdiction within my estate! But I’ll trounce him! Ho, there! Who’s without? Fetch me here the Juggler instantly! Body of me, that it should ever have come to this! These are the thanks I get from the ungrateful old he-goat for having taken some of his people into my service, and persuaded my tenantry, sorely against their will, to make an annnal allowance for that school of his, which is no better than a nest of Jesuits! If I don’t make the viper feel—So, so! Master Juggler, you are there, are you? Things have come to a pretty pass, when I can’t take up a newspaper, without finding myself openly insulted, and my rights of property denied!”

Now, be it known to you that the Juggler was anything but comfortable in his mind. He was fully conscious that he had been imposed on by Peter; and, further, that he and his associates had done everything in their power to back up Peter’s pretensions. This they did less out of hatred to Martin (though they bore him no great love) than from a desire to ingratiate themselves with some of the under servants who came from the farm over the pond, and were known adherents of Peter. But from one thing to another, they had gone so far, as we have already seen, relaxing and abolishing all the old regulations of the estate against the interference of Peter, that it really seemed as though he had only to step in and take possession. Further, the Juggler was somewhat at a loss to know how he could satisfactorily explain the nature of the mission upon which his relative, Mat-o’-the-Mint, had been despatched; besides some other little circumstances which looked confoundedly suspicious. For example, about a year before, one Dicky Squal, a notorious Peterite, had been detected tampering with the dies from which Squire Bull’s tokens were struck, and cutting out certain letters

which were understood to signify that Mr Bull held possession of his estate altogether independent of Peter. Instead of punishing him for this, the Juggler had just announced his intention of sending Dicky Squeal on a second mission to Signor Macaroni's estate, where he might be within earshot of Peter. Altogether, it is no wonder if the Juggler felt the reverse of happy when summoned to appear before his master. However, he was resolved to brazen it out as he best could.

"Insulted, did you say, sir; and your rights of property denied? The thing is clean impossible! Nobody dares insult my noble master—the most excellent, kind, hospitable, beneficent landlord that ever kept open house! O sir, if you but knew the depth of my affection—the almost overwhelming load, as I may say, of love and regard—"

"Come, come, Master Juggler!" quoth the Squire sharply, "I've heard all that palaver before, and mayhap once too often. You ask who has insulted me—I'll tell you in four words—that unmitigated rascal, Peter!"

"Peter! alackaday!" replied the Juggler, with an affected whine of consternation. "Is it possible that he can have been left so far to his own devices! Surely, surely, my dear master, there must be some mistake in this."

"No mistake at all!" roared the Squire; "and, what is more, there shall be no mistake about it. Look here—" continued he, pointing out the paragraph. "Have you read that?"

The Juggler had done so, every word of it, that blessed morning; but as he wished to gain time, he adjusted his glasses, and began to con it over with an appearance of intense interest. Meanwhile the Squire occupied himself in tying knots on a new lash for his hunting-whip.

"Well, what do you say to that now?" quoth he, when the Juggler had concluded the perusal.

"I think—that is—I am strongly of opinion," faltered the other, "that the whole thing is a mere misconception."

"A what?" roared the Squire.

"A misconception," quavered the Juggler. "As I read this document, which I confess is not so well worded as it might have been, I conclude that Peter merely wishes to provide for the spiritual wants of his own people, not that he in the least degree intends to question your lawful authority. And further—"

"Harkye!" interrupted the Squire, his eye kindling like a coal, "I am not going to stand any of your nonsense. I, John Bull, stand here as the sole proprietor of Bullockshatch, and no man alive shall presume to question my title with impunity. Look to it, Master Juggler, for I know you better than you think. I may be at times too easy and careless, but I have an eye in my head notwithstanding, and I know what your friends Gray and Claretson have been doing. Mind this—yon as head-steward are responsible to me, and if I find you playing false in this matter, by the Lord Harry you shall answer for it!"

"Me!" cried the Juggler, in the shrill tones of injured innocence. "How could such an idea enter into your blessed brain? I protest that never man served master with more entire devotion. May my next tragedy be worse than my first, if it does not bring tears into my eyes, to hear you talking in this way of your affectionate Juggling Johnny!" Here he went through a little bit of pantomime similar to that performed by Mr T. P. Cooke when bidding farewell to Shewsan, immediately before his execution. "As for Gray and Claretson, or any other of them, if they have been doing anything contrary to the rules of the household, it is wholly unbeknownst to me. O! if your honour only knew the trouble they give me sometimes, and the watch I am obliged to keep over them to see that they do their duty! I really think that the labour is telling upon my precious health. If it be your pleasure that they should be packed about their business, I'll do it—only don't break my heart by doubting my devotion in your service."

"Well, well!" quoth the Squire, who was always easily mollified, "let's say no more about that at

present. The main thing is to put down that insolent varlet, Peter. And, as you say you are determined to uphold my authority, it will be just as well that you should tell that to the household. So just step into my closet—you will find paper and ink on the table—and write me a handsome letter to Martin, expressive of your indignation at Peter, and your determination to give him a ribroasting at the earliest opportunity."

At this the Juggler hemmed and coughed, said something about a whitlow in his finger, and would fain have postponed writing for the present. But the Squire was peremptory, and would listen to no excuse; so *nolens volens*, Johnny was obliged to walk into the closet and do his master's bidding.

Having secured the door, he first of all took out of his waistcoat pocket a thimble and peas, and began trying to cheat himself, as was his wont whenever he found himself in a scrape. After his ideas were clarified by that ingenious process, he broke out into the following soliloquy:—

"Am I done for, or am I not? Gadzooks! I must say that it looks extremely like it. That old block-head Bull is in a thorough passion, and I need never expect to talk him round. What an ass that fellow Peter is! If he had only waited a little, we could have managed the whole matter quite easily, but now he has put his foot in it, and must even take the consequences. But how am I to manage with Gray and Claretson? They are both committed as deeply as can be to Peter, and I suspect that he can prove it by their own letters. I wonder if I could persuade them to quit the Squire's service without making any noise about it! No—that they won't do; and the mischief is that they know a thing or two more than is convenient. Then what am I to write to that old pantaloon Martin, whom I have not spoken to for many a day? If I commit myself against Peter, Gray and Claretson will be down upon me to a dead certainty, and I shall have to account for all Mat-o'-the Mint's blunders, which would puzzle any conjurer living. If I don't, the whole

household will suppose that I have been in regular league with Peter, and then I lose my place. They suspect me already; for no later than yesterday that stupid errand-boy of mine, Hips, came down with a tester towards buying a new hat for Hippopotamus; and, to say the truth, I have a letter from that same individual at this moment in my pocket. Couldn't I manage to temporise about Peter, and throw the blame on somebody else? Not a bad idea! There's that noodle Augustine with a back providentially fitted for the burden! If I can make him the scapegoat, I may still contrive to throw dust in the eyes of the Squire!"

So saying, Johnny pocketed his thimble and peas, and straightway indited this doughty epistle to Martin.

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—I have this moment learned with great astonishment and surprise, the insidious attempt which has been made by Peter to extend his authority in Bullockshatch. This gives me the greater surprise, because I consider myself used by Peter, having on previous occasions behaved with marked civility to his people, and having moreover shown myself anything but hostile to his exercising his functions here, moderately and discreetly, and within due limits. However, you may rely upon it, that the matter shall be thoroughly sifted, and such steps adopted as may vindicate the proper position of my honoured master, not forgetting your own. What these steps may be, I cannot yet say, because it will be necessary in a matter of this importance to consult an attorney. However, you may keep your mind at ease. What Peter shall or shall not have, will be determined in proper time; till when, it would be premature to enter into further explanations.

"Having thus explicitly stated my sentiments with regard to this unusual matter, it would be wrong in me to conceal from you that I regard your son Augustine as a dangerous enemy to the tranquillity of Bullockshatch. I write this with unfeigned sorrow, but my natural candour renders it impossible for me to maintain any dis-

guise. The Peterizing tendency of the practices adopted by Mr Augustine have long been the subject of serious remark in the household, and have doubtless contributed very much to the difficulties which have now arisen. To be plain with you, I regard your son as being actually more culpable than Peter.

"You will further pardon me, Reverend Sir, for remarking that your own conduct is not altogether without reproach, seeing that you might have used your authority more decidedly in cautioning your son against imitating

the mummeries of Peter.—I am, Reverend and Dear Sir, your best adviser and friend,

(Signed) "J. JUGGLER."

"For Dr Martin, These."

"If that letter does not succeed," quoth the Juggler, after he had read it over for the second time, "I surrender all faith in human gullibility. It shall appear to-morrow morning in the newspapers; and as to what may follow after, why—we shall just leave that to the chapter of accidents."

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW AUGUSTINE RETORTED ON THE JUGGLER; AND HOW HIPPOPOTAMUS CAME OVER TO BULLOCKSHATCH.

Next morning, the letter appeared in print, and was circulated all over Bullockshatch. You have no idea what a commotion it created. Some people who knew the Juggler well from old experience, pronounced it at once to be a mere tub thrown out to catch a whale, and argued that in reality it meant nothing. But others, who detested Peter from the bottom of their hearts, and yet felt a sort of sneaking kindness for the Juggler, were loud in their commendation and praise of his spirited, straightforward conduct; and declared their firm conviction that he would go on, and give Peter such a trouncing for his insolence, as he had not received for many a day. Those who were of the Gray and Claretson faction, looked exceedingly glum; swore that they had always considered the Juggler as little better than a time-serving fellow; and that, notwithstanding his braggadocio, he durst not take a single step against Peter. "If we are in for it," said they, "so is he. Let him clear up those doings of Mat-o'-the-Mint as he best can." Peter's friends, of course, were furious; at least the majority of them, who did not comprehend the truth of the axiom, that the main use of language is to conceal ideas. Others, who were more learned in Jesuitry, winked and hinted at a dispensation.

But the man, of all others, who was the most astounded—and no

wonder—was poor Augustine. You must know that, for several years, the Juggler had been on extremely cool terms with Dr Martin, and seldom, if ever, set foot within his church. But, as it had always been considered a point of etiquette that the Squire's head-steward should attend some place of worship, the Juggler, who could do nothing like other people, compromised the matter by joining two congregations at once. Of a Sunday forenoon he was a regular attendant on the ministrations of Augustine; in the afternoon, he went to a meeting-house where the minister was a relative of Jack's. He had helped Augustine to set up his nick-nackeries; assisted at the most suspicious of his ceremonies; and never made the slightest objection to the practices, which he now thought fit to denounce to Martin! Augustine, at the first sight of the letter, doubted the evidence of his eyesight.

"Bones of Saint Thomas-à-Beckett!" said he, "is it possible that he can have written this? Supposing that I was to blame—which I am not—is it for him to turn against me at the last hour, after all that he has said and done, and throw the whole blame of Peter's delinquencies at my door? But I won't stand it—that's flat. I'll write him a tickler that shall touch him to the quick, if he has any spark of conscience remain-

ing; and, now that I think on't, I'll just step over to the vestry, where I shall be less disturbed."

I don't know what kind of disturbance Augustine contemplated at home, but it must have been slight indeed compared with that which he was doomed to meet at the chapel. All the ragamuffins in the neighbourhood, who took their cue from the Juggler, were congregated around the door; and no sooner did Augustine appear, than he was saluted with yells of "No candles! no sham Peters! down with the humbug!" and so forth; so that the poor gentleman had much difficulty in elbowing his way to the vestry, where he locked himself in, not altogether, as you may easily believe, in a comfortable frame of mind. When he attempted to perform service, matters grew worse and worse. There was shouting, braying, and hissing, both inside and outside the door, so that a large posse of constables was required to keep the mob in order; and, at last, the chapel was shut up.

Augustine, however, wrote his letter, which was a stinger, though rather too long, and published it. It is just possible that he may have received an answer; but if so, I have not seen it, nor can I therefore undertake to clear up the mystery which envelopes this remarkable episode. This much is certain, that if Augustine's statement was true, the Juggler gave ample proof, if proof was necessary, that he was still eminently qualified to exhibit feats of dexterity at any booth in Bartholomew Fair, and could turn his back upon himself with any man in the kingdom.

It is my opinion that the Juggler, after having written his famous letter to Martin, would very willingly have held his tongue, until he was compelled to address the household. But it is not easy, when a fire is once kindled, to put it out. Not that the kindling was the work of Johnny, for Peter's insolent proclamation was of itself enough to raise a conflagration in Bullockshatch; but now that the head-steward had declared himself—or was supposed to have done so—it was necessary that he should go through with it. It so happened, that a day or two afterwards he was

engaged, along with others of the Squire's servants, to eat custard with one of the village magistrates; and the good man, in proposing his health, could not help alluding to the very noble, magnificent, and satisfactory letter which had been written by the honourable head-steward on the subject of Peter's unwarrantable attack on the liberties of the Squire. At this the whole company rose and cheered, so that the Juggler could not very well forbear touching on the topic, though he handled it with as much caution as he would have used towards a heated poker. He talked about his determination to uphold the just rights of Esquire Bull, and so forth; but what those rights were, he did not specify, neither did he drop any hint as to the nature of the steps which he proposed to adopt. But you may conceive his disgust, when he heard two of the servants whom he had brought along with him, fall foul of Peter in the most unqualified terms! The first of these, one Kewpaw, so named after his habitual pronunciation of his birth-place in the North farm, had the exquisite taste to say that he, being a Justice of the Peace, would be but too happy and proud to preside at the trial either of Peter, or of his delegate Hippopotamus, for the insult offered to Squire Bull, and would give them a practical insight into the nature of a *mittimus*; while the other, who had been wild in his youth, but now sat at the head of the upper servants' table, declared his intention of dancing a fandango on the hat of Hippopotamus on the first convenient opportunity. These dignified speeches were of course enthusiastically cheered, though they were as bitter as wormwood to the Juggler, who felt himself every hour more and more compromised before he had made up his mind to any definite course of action.

Meanwhile Martin, who knew from old experience how little dependence could be placed in the Juggler at any time, bestirred himself to take the sense of the people of Bullockshatch as to Peter's arrogant pretensions. He was fully conscious that a general demonstration on their part would not only be highly gratifying to the Squire, but extremely useful in influ-

encing the views of the servants. Meetings were accordingly held in every corner of the estate, at which both tenantry and villagers signified their readiness to stand by Squire Bull to the last, and voted him addresses to that effect. It was true that Obadiah, though he durst not declare openly for Peter, took every occasion of carping at the proceedings of Martin—insinuating, in his sneaking way, that this access of zeal might be traced to a wholesome regard to the maintenance of his tithes, “wherein,” quoth Obadiah, “I, though a humble labourer in the vineyard, have neither part nor portion.” But Martin, who knew the man, and valued his remarks accordingly, proceeded in the performance of his duty; being well aware that even an angel of light would have been subjected to the malignant criticisms of Obadiah.

A day was presently fixed when Squire Bull was to receive the addresses of the tenantry at the manor-house. Nobody doubted that the answers would have been bluff, hearty, and decided, as was the Squire’s usual manner; and that Peter would receive more than a hint of the probable reward of his impertinence. And, most assuredly, had the matter depended alone upon the disposition of the Squire, they would have been abundantly gratified. But there was an old rule of the estate, that, on such occasions, the answer to the addresses should be written by the head-steward, not by the Squire, who was seldom allowed to look at the paper before he was required to read it. When the day came, there was an immense concourse of deputations, from all parts of the estate, gathered in the lobbies, and each was successively ushered into the drawing-room, where the Squire was seated, with the Juggler standing at his elbow. When the first address was finished, the Juggler slipped a sheet of paper into the hand of the Squire, who forthwith began to read it as follows:—

“Gentlemen, I feel very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken in this matter, which, let me observe, is personal to myself. You may rely upon it, I can maintain

my own position, and will try to do so, provided that position is tenable. I am resolved to maintain Martin in his rights whenever these rights are ascertained; and to do to Peter exactly what shall seem most proper under the present perplexing circumstances. In the mean time, you had better return to your families, and look after their education; and I have the honour to wish you a good morning.”

This, with a little variation, was the answer given to all the addresses; and I wish you had seen the faces of the deputations when they found themselves thus soused over, as it were, with a bucket of cold water! The most extraordinary circumstance of all was, that the Juggler seemed to think that he had done a very clever thing, and produced a masterpiece; for he stood the whole while the answer was being read with his finger at his mouth, and a leer upon his face, prying into the countenances of the honest people, like a magpie scrutinising a marrow-bone. This was all the satisfaction which the men of Bullockshatch received at that time in return for their trouble; and had they not known perfectly well who was at the bottom of the answers, it is highly probable that few more addresses would have found their way to the mansion-house. Indeed, many folks are of opinion that the Juggler would have liked nothing better than a total stoppage of these addresses, and that the answers were purposely framed to put an end to them. In the midst of all this commotion, who should appear in Bullockshatch but our old friend Hippopotamus, whom Peter had appointed arch-superintendent of Smithfield. Little he cared for the Squire, or for any one else in the world, except his master Peter; and as to the Juggler, he considered that he had him entirely under his thumb, on account of certain transactions which had previously taken place between them. So he too set himself down to write and publish a letter, which was exceedingly humble and vain-glorious, (the two qualities being more nearly allied than many people suppose,) but withal sarcastical; and you may be sure that he

did not spare either the Juggler or Mat-o'-the-Mint, whom he flatly accused of being privy to the designs of Peter. By this time a perfect mania for writing letters had seized the whole population of Bullockshatch. The newspapers contained nothing else but long columns of epistles; and even Mat-o'-the-Mint could not resist trying his hand at composition. It seems that some gentleman had thought it worth his while to inquire whether there was really any truth in the reports which were currently circulated, and Matthew replied as follows:—

“SIR,—If I were at liberty to tell you what I could tell you, you would know more than you do at present. But it is unnecessary to remark that confidential communications are to be considered as things strictly private until they are divulged; and in a matter connected with the interests of Esquire Bull, I must be permitted to maintain that reserve which is not incongruous with an explicit declaration of the truth. Further, I would suggest that the fallibility of Peter having been impugned, renders the point at issue still more dubious. Hoping that this explanation will prove satisfactory, I remain, &c.

(Signed) “MAT-O'-THE-MINT.”

And this was absolutely published in the papers as an entire vindication of Matthew!

Hippopotamus, however, did not care a rush either for addresses or epistles. He was perfectly convinced in his mind that so long as the Squire's household remained without change, he had nothing earthly to fear; and, accordingly, he snapped his fingers and laughed at the whole opposition. He had brought over with him from foreign parts such a collection of tapestry, brocades, images, pyxes, censers, and gilded sheep-hooks, as utterly eclipsed the glory of poor Augustine's paraphernalia, and these he took occasion to display with all the pride and satisfaction possible. Then he issued addresses to the people

of Bullockshatch, congratulating them on their emancipation from the thralldom of Martin, and comparing them to a brood of goslings shadowed by the infallible pinions of Peter. He kept altogether out of sight hair-shirts, flagellations, incremations, holocausts, and such other spiritual stimulants; but promised them any amount of pardons, indulgences, and whitewashing. Some of his friends and followers went even further. Among these was a certain Father Ignition, who had taken a fancy to dress himself in serge with a rope round his waist, and to walk bare-footed about the streets. This cleanly creature devised and promulgated a plan, by means of which he engaged, under the penalty of washing himself in the case of failure, to bring round every mother's son in Bullockshatch to Peter's fold and obedience. He proposed that a stout strapping country wench, of approved principles, from the farm on the other side of the pond, should be smuggled into each family on the Squire's estate, as laundry maid, scullion, or to take charge of the nursery. These hussies were to act as general spies, reporting all that passed in the household to him, Father Ignition; and were, moreover, to pervert the children, conveying them secretly to Peter's schools, and stuffing them with Roman toffy; and to get as intimate as possible with the young gentlemen, especially such as might have been inclined to Augustine's persuasion. In this way, the morality of which he held to be unquestionable, Father Ignition volunteered to raise a large crop of converts, to be ready, like asparagus, in the spring.

In this position stood matters in Bullockshatch towards the expiry of the holidays, during which no business was ever transacted in the household. You shall learn anon what took place after the servants were re-assembled; and I promise you, that you will hear something fit to make your hair stand on end. But these things are too important to be narrated at the end of a chapter.

HARRY BOLTON'S CURACY.

ONE of the greatest enjoyments which are likely to fall to the lot of a man in middle life, is to spend a week or so with the old school-and-college companion whom he has not seen since the graver page of life has been turned over for both parties. It is as unlike any ordinary visit-making as possible. It is one of the very few instances in which the complimentary dialogue between the guest and his entertainer comes to have a real force and meaning. One has to unlearn, for this special occasion, the art so necessary in ordinary society, of interpreting terms by their contraries. And in fact it is difficult, at first, for one who has been used for some years to a social atmosphere, whose warmth is mainly artificial, to breathe freely in the natural sunshine of an old friend's company; just as a native Londoner is said sometimes to pine away, when removed into the fresh air of the country. We are so used to consider the shake of the hand, and the "Very glad to see you," of the hundred and one people who ask us to dinner, as merely a polite and poetical form of expressing, "You certainly are a bore; but as you are here, I must make the best of you"—that it costs us an effort to comprehend that "How are you, old fellow?" does, in the present case, imply a *bonâ fide* hope that we are as sound in health and heart, if not as young, as formerly. And especially when a man's pursuits have led him a good deal into the world, and many of his warmer feelings have been, insensibly perhaps, chilled by the contact, the heartiness of his reception by some old college friend who has led a simple life, the squire of his paternal acres, or the occupant of a country parsonage, and has gained and lost less by the polishing process of society, will come upon him with a strangeness almost reproachful. But once fairly fixed within the hospitable walls, the natural tone is recognised, and proves contagious; the formal incrustations of years melt in the first hour of after-dinner chat, and the heart is opened to feelings and lan-

guage which it had persuaded itself were long forgotten. And when the end of your three weeks' holiday arrives at last, which you cannot persuade yourself has been more than three days, (though you seem to have lived over again the best half of your life in the time,) you have so far forgotten the conventional rules of good-breeding, that when your friend says to you on the last evening, "Must you really go? Can't you stay till Monday?" you actually take him at his word, and begin to cast about in your mind for some possible excuse for stealing another couple of days or so, though you have heard the same expression from the master of every house where you have happened to visit, and never dreamt of understanding it in any other than its civilised (*i. e., non-natural*) sense—as a hint to fix a day for going, and stick to it, that your entertainer may "know the worst."

I was heartily glad, therefore, when at last I found that there was nothing to prevent me from paying a visit (long promised, and long looked forward to, but against which, I began to think, gods and men had conspired) to my old and true friend Lumley. I dare say he has a Christian name; indeed, I have no reason to doubt it, and, on the strength of an initial not very decipherable, prefixed to the L in his signature, I have never hesitated to address him, "J. Lumley, Esq.;" but I know him as Long Lumley, and so does every man who, like myself, remembers him at Oxford; and as Long Lumley do all his cotemporaries know him best, and esteem him accordingly; and he must excuse me if I immortalise him to the public, in spite of godfathers and godmothers, by that more familiar appellation. A cousin was with him at college, a miserable, sneaking fellow, who was known as "Little Lumley;" and if, as I suspect, they were both Johns or Jameses, it is quite desirable to distinguish them unmistakably; for though the other *has* the best shooting in the country, I would not be suspected of spending even the

first week of September inside such a fellow's gates.

But Long Lumley was and is of a very different stamp; six feet three, and every inch a gentleman. I wish he was not, of late years, quite so fond of farming: a man who can shoot, ride, and translate an ode of Horace as he can, ought to have a soul above turnips. It is almost the only point on which we are diametrically opposed in tastes and habits. We nearly fell out about it the very first morning after my arrival.

Breakfast was over—a somewhat late one in honour of the supposed fatigues of yesterday's journey, and it became necessary to arrange proceedings for the day. What a false politeness it is, which makes a host responsible for his guests' amusement! and how often, in consequence, are they compelled to do, with grimaces of forced satisfaction, the very thing they would not! However, Lumley and myself were too old friends to have any scruples of delicacy on that point. I had been eyeing him for some minutes while he was fastening on a pair of formidable high-lows, and was not taken by surprise when the proposal came out, "Now, old fellow, will you come and have a look at my farm?"

"Can't I see it from the window?"

"Stuff! come, I must show you my sheep: I assure you they are considered about the best in this neighbourhood."

"Well, then, I'll taste the mutton any day you like, and give you my honest opinion."

"Don't be an ass now, but get your hat and come along; it's going to be a lovely day; and we'll just take a turn over the farm—there's a new thrashing machine I want to show you, too, and then back here to lunch."

"Seriously then, Lumley, I won't do anything of the kind. I do you the justice to believe, that you asked me here to enjoy myself; and that I am quite ready to do in any fairly rational manner; and I flatter myself I am in nowise particular; but as to going bogging myself among turnips, or staring into the faces and poking the ribs of short-horns and south-downs—why, as an old friend, you'll excuse me."

"Hem! there's no accounting for tastes," said Lumley, in a half-disappointed tone.

"No," said I, "there certainly is not."

"Well, then," said he—he never lost his good humour—"what shall we do? I'll tell you—you remember Harry Bolton? rather your junior, but you must have known him well, because he was quite in our set from the first—to be sure, didn't you spill him out of a tandem at Abingdon corner? Well, he is living now about nine miles from here, and we'll drive over and see him. I meant to write to ask him to dine here, and this will save the trouble."

"With all my heart," said I; "I never saw him since I left Oxford. I fancied I heard of his getting into some mess—involved in some way, was he not?"

"Not involved exactly; but he certainly did make himself scarce from a very nice house and curacy which he had when he first left Oxford, and buried himself alive for I don't know how long, and all for the very queerest reason, or rather without any reason at all. Did you never hear of it?"

"No; only some vague rumour, as I said just now."

"You never heard, then, how he came into this neighbourhood? Have the dog-cart round in ten minutes, Sam, and we dine at seven. Now, get yourself in marching order, and I'll tell you the whole story as we go along."

He did so, but it was so interrupted by continual expostulations with his horse, and remarks upon the country through which we were driving, that it will be at least as intelligible if I tell it in my own words; especially as I had many of the most graphic passages from Bolton's own lips afterwards.

It was before he left Oxford, I think, that Bolton lost his father, and was thrown pretty much upon his own resources. A physician with a large family, however good his practice, seldom leaves much behind him; and poor Harry found himself, after spending a handsome allowance and something more, left to begin life on his own account, with a degree, a good many bills, and a few hundreds, quite

insufficient to pay them. However, he was not the sort of man to look upon the dark side of things; and no heir, long expectant, and just stepping into his thousands per annum, carried away from the university a lighter heart and a merrier face than Harry Bolton. He got ordained in due course; and though not exactly the material out of which one would prefer to cut a country curate, still he threw off, with his sporting coats and many-coloured waistcoats, most of the habits thereto belonging, and less suited to his profession. To live upon a curate's stipend he found more difficult; and being a fair scholar, and having plenty of friends and connections, he announced his intention of "driving," as he called it, a pair of pupils, whom he might train up in so much Latin and Greek, and other elements of general knowledge, (including, perhaps, a little shooting and gig-driving,) as they might require for their matriculations. The desired youths were soon found; and Harry entered upon this new employment with considerable ardour, and a very honest intention of doing his best. How the Latin and Greek prospered is a point in some degree obscure to present historians; but all the pupils were unanimous in declaring the wine to be unexceptionable, and their preceptor's dogs and shooting first-rate; in fact, he sustained, with them, as with the public generally, the reputation of being one of the heartiest and best fellows in the world. From the poorest among his parishioners, to whom he was charitable above his means, but who felt almost more than his gifts the manner of his giving, to the squire ten miles off, who met his pleasant face and smile once a-year at a dinner party, all spoke well of Harry Bolton. No wonder that his pupils looked upon him as the very paragon of tutors, and found their path of learning strewed with unexpected flowers. How many scholars he made is still unknown; but he made many friends: with the uncalculating gratitude of youth, all remembered the pleasant companion when they might have forgotten the hard-working instructor: and frequent were the tokens of such remembrance, varying with the tastes

of the senders, which reached the little parsonage by the Oxford coach, from those who successively assumed the *toga virilis*, and became (university) *men*. Collars of brawn and cases of claret were indeed but perishable memorials; but there came also whips extravagantly mounted, and tomes of orthodox divinity in the soberest bindings, all bearing inscriptions more or less classical, from his "*quondam alumni*." The first named delicacies were duly passed on, with Harry's compliments, to grace more fittingly the tables of some of his hospitable entertainers; and, in an equally unselfish spirit, he seldom sat down alone to any of his literary dainties, but kept them in honourable state on his most conspicuous bookshelf, for the use and behoof of any friend who might wish to enjoy them.

But here I am anticipating. For some time the pupilising went on pretty smoothly. Two or three couple of youths were fairly launched upon the university, and nothing particularly untoward had occurred to ruffle the curate's good-humour or injure his reputation. There had been no attempt at elopement with the cook or housemaid—(Bolton's precaution had secured ugly ones;) no poaching on Sir Thomas's favourite preserve, though close at hand, and sportsmen of eighteen are not over-nice in their distinctions: a tall Irishman had been with him, summer vacations and all, for nearly two years, and had *not* made love to either of the squire's undeniably pretty daughters. In short, the pupils were less of a bore than Harry had supposed it possible, and, in some cases, very agreeable companions to enliven the occasional dullness of a country parish.

But somehow or other, in one chief point which he had aimed at, he found himself disappointed. In counting so many additional hundreds to his scanty income, Harry Bolton had fancied he was going to make himself a rich man. He was not avaricious, or even selfish—far from it; but he wanted to be independent; there were visions, perhaps, flitting indistinctly before him, of a time when he might tire of a solitary home, and resign into some fair and gentle hand the reins of the liberty he was so fond of boasting as a

bachelor. He did not grudge his time or labour; he had cast off much of his old habit of idleness, and took a real interest in his pupils; still he had expected some of the results to himself would take the tangible shape of pounds shillings and pence. But though the cheques came duly in at midsummer and Christmas, the balance at his banker's increased but very slowly; in short, he found that the additional expenses, necessary and unnecessary, entailed upon him by the change in his establishment, nearly counterbalanced the additional income. Not to speak of such ordinary matters as butchers' and bakers' and wine-merchants' bills—for his table was always most liberal, now that he had to entertain others, as it had been simple and economical while alone—indeed the hospitality of the neighbourhood had then made his housekeeping almost a sinecure; but independently of this, Harry had been led to extend his expenses—he said unavoidably—in other directions. A rough pony had hitherto contented him to gallop into the neighbouring town for letters, and to carry him and his valise to the dinner-parties even of his most aristocratic entertainers. But now, inasmuch as sometimes an hospitable invitation extended itself to “the young men,” he had felt in duty bound, for his and their joint accommodation, to replace the pony by a showy-looking mare, and to invest the legal sum of nineteen pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence in the purchase of a dog-cart. As an almost necessary consequence, the boy “Jim” gave way to a grown-up groom, who did rather less work for considerably more wages, hissing and whistling over the said mare and dog-cart in the most knowing manner, and condescending, though with some scruples of conscience, to clean boots and knives. Harry's reminiscences of his more sporting days were yet fresh enough for him to make a point of seeing his turn-out “look as it ought to do.” Jim and the pony, and all their accoutrements, were rough, and useful, and cheap, and made no pretensions to be otherwise. Now, things were changed, and saddlery and harness of the best (there was no economy, as Harry observed, in buying a poor

article) found their place among the bills at Christmas. In short, he was led into a maze of new wants, individually trifling, but collectively sufficient to tell upon his yearly expenditure; and he was beginning gravely to attempt to solve that universal problem—the asses' bridge, which the wisest domestic economists stick fast at year after year—“where the deuce all the money goes to?”—when circumstances occurred which put all such useless inquiries out of his head, and indeed put his debtor and creditor transactions on a much more primitive footing.

In the final settlement of the accounts of one of his pupils, who was leaving him for the university, some misunderstanding arose between himself and the father. The sum in question was but a few pounds; but the objection was put forward in a manner which Bolton considered as reflecting upon his own straightforward and liberal dealing; and it so happened that the young man had, from circumstances, been indebted in an unusual degree to his kindness. He therefore, I have no doubt, took the matter up warmly; for those who remember him as I do, can well imagine how his blood would boil at anything he considered mean or unhandsome. It ended in his insisting on the whole amount—a hundred or so—respecting which the difference had arisen, being paid in to the treasurer of the county hospital instead of to himself; and he vowed silently, but determinedly, to renounce pupilising thenceforth for ever. In vain did some of his best friends persuade him to change his resolution; he kept two who were with him at the time for a few months, when they also were to enter college; but he steadily refused any other offers: he sold off at once all his superfluous luxuries, and, as soon as practicable, gave up his curacy, and quitted the neighbourhood, to the general regret of all who knew him, and to the astonishment of all but the very few who were in the secret.

When Bolton's friends next heard of him, he was living in a remote district of H——shire, on an income necessarily very small; for it could have been scarcely more than the proceeds

of his curacy; and curacies in that part of the country were then but a wretched provision for any man—especially for one accustomed as he had been to good living and good society. However, he was not much troubled with the latter in his present position; not to speak of the fact that his nearest conversable neighbour lived seven miles off. Wherever parsons are mostly poor, and many of them ill-educated, they are not thought much of, either by farmers or gentlemen. And as it did not suit Harry's tastes to enjoy his pipe and pot in the society of the first, as his predecessor had done with much contentment, nor yet to wait for the arrival of the one landed proprietor in the parish before he commenced the morning service, he was voted by the overseers and churchwardens to be "mighty set up," and by the squire to be "a d—d unmannerly fellow." Both indeed soon found out that they were wrong; and the farmers had the grace to confess it, and came, in course of time, to believe it possible for a curate to be a gentleman without being proud, and that it was at least as well for him to be visiting the sick and poor, and overlooking the parish school, and able to give a little good advice to themselves in matters of difficulty, as to be boosing in their company at the Crown and Thistle. And, in course of time, those rough but honest people came to respect him almost as much perhaps, in their way, as his more enlightened neighbours had done in his former position. It must have been a great change, however, to a man like Bolton, used to good society, fond of it, and readily welcomed in it, as he had always been. No doubt he felt it; yet he declared that, after the first few weeks, he never was happier in his life. His gun was given up, as an indulgence too expensive, but there was excellent trout fishing for miles on both sides of his cottage; and, though a sport to which he had no great liking in his earlier days, he now took to it vigorously as the only amusement at hand, and became no unworthy disciple of honest Isaac. The worst effect of this new life of isolation was, that he became somewhat negligent in his habits; took to smoking a great

deal, and made his tobacconist's account a good deal longer than his tailor's. He had still many old friends and connections at a distance, with whom he might have spent half the year if he had pleased; but, in his first pique with the world in general, he had fixed himself purposely as far out of their reach as possible; travelling was expensive (railways as yet were not); assistance in his clerical duties was not easily obtained; and so, partly from choice, and partly from necessity, his new life became one of almost utter isolation.

Of course there were occasions when he found it necessary to visit the neighbouring market-town—if it could be called neighbouring when it was twelve miles off. The main road lay about a mile from Harry's little cottage, and a coach, passing daily, would usually deposit him safely in the High Street in the course of the forenoon—allowing an hour for waiting for it at the crossing, (it was always after its time,) and about two more, if the roads were not unusually heavy, for getting over the distance. It was not a very luxurious style of travelling; and Harry often preferred to walk in one day, and return the next. It was on one of these rare visits that a soaking rain discouraged him from setting out for home on foot, and gave the Regulator the unusually full complement of one inside and one outside passenger. On the box was our friend Harry, inside a rather precise-looking personage, whose costume, as far as a large cloak allowed it to be seen, looked somewhat more clerical than the Curate's, the latter being clad in a smart upper benjamin of the landlord's of the Swan, finished round the throat with a very gay shawl of his daughter's, both forced upon him in consideration of the weather; for Harry, though by no means a frequent, was a highly favoured guest, and they would sooner have kept him in No. 1 for a week gratis, than have allowed him to turn out in the rain without due protection.

Slower than usual that day was the Regulator's progress through the mud and against the wind, and briefer than usual its driver's replies to Harry's good-humoured attempts at conversation.

"Who have we inside, do you know, Haines?"

"Well, I reckon it's what you'd call a hopposition coach like," grunted out Joe Haines.

"Eh? I don't exactly understand."

"Why, I mean a Methodist bishop, or summat o' that sort. You see there was a great opening of the Independent College here o' Tuesday, and there was a lot o' them gentry about the town, looking too good to live. I druv' five on 'em down yesterday, and they gev' me a shilling and a fourpenny amongst the whole lot. Oh! I loves them sort, don't I just?" and Joe gave his near wheeler a cut, illustrative of his affection. It was a longer speech than he had made all the way, and he relapsed into a gloomy silence.

The wind was driving right into their teeth, and the evening closing fast, and they were passing the last mile-stone to the turning without any farther attempt at conversation, when there came first an ominous crack from under their feet, then a jolt, an unsteady wavering motion for a few seconds, when, with scarcely time for an exclamation, the coach toppled over on one side, and Bolton found himself reclining on the portly person of Mr Joseph Haines, who, in his turn, was saved from contusions by a friendly heap of mud by the road-side. Beyond a broken axle, however, no damage was done. The horses were glad of any opportunity to stand still. Bolton got up, shook himself, and laughed. Joe Haines was proceeding to philosophise rather strongly on the accident, not exactly after the manner of Job or Seneca, when the inside passenger, putting his head out of the only practicable window, begged him to spare his oaths, and help him out of his prison.

The stranger was soon extricated, and the horses taken out; and the driver, requesting his passengers to await his return, set off to seek assistance at the nearest cottage. As to the coach itself proceeding farther until partially repaired, that was evidently out of the question; and so Harry observed to his companion, who did not appear very knowing in such matters.

"And how far may we be from

S——, sir?" inquired he, upon receiving this not very agreeable intelligence.

"Fifteen miles at least," replied Bolton.

"Indeed, so far! and is there no place near where I could procure a conveyance of any kind? I have an engagement there I particularly wished to keep to-morrow."

"Really, I fear not; this is quite an out-of-the-way place: the driver can tell you better than I can, but I know the neighbourhood pretty well, and think you would have to send back to the Swan at B—— for horses."

"It is very unfortunate, and it is past nine already; what is the nearest place, sir, where I could get decent accommodation for the night?"

"Why, the nearest place," said Harry, hesitatingly, "is the 'Crown and Thistle,' about three miles off, but I can't say much for the accommodation. Wo-ho,"—one of the horses, tired at last of standing in the drizzling rain, was showing symptoms of an immediate return to his stable. The stranger merely gave vent to a dissatisfied "Humph!" and they stood silently awaiting the approach of a light along the road, which betokened Joe's return with assistance. The coach was soon righted, and set up against the side of a bank; and Mr Haines, having given charge to one of his aids-extraordinary to keep watch by it till dawn with a light, both to prevent accidents and abstraction of the luggage, announced his intention of returning with the horses to B——, offering to his inside passenger the choice of a ride back, or taking a nap in the coach till morning. "You won't be long getting home, Mr Bolton, anyhow,"—and the pronoun was emphasised, to show that even this sympathy was little extended to his fellow-traveller.

"No, Joe, I must say you have been pretty considerate: as you *were* to break down, you could hardly have arranged it more handily for me. Just look me out my little carpet-bag, and I suppose you'll expect an extra shilling for your performance to-night, eh?"

Joe gave a hoarse laugh, and proceeded to rummage the boot; and

Harry took advantage of the opportunity to whisper a few inquiries about his fellow-passenger.

"Well, I be pretty sure, sir, it's a Dr Bates, as preached at the opening on Tuesday. There was two or three black coats came with him to the yard afore we started; he's quite a top-sawyer among 'em, and can hold on for two hours good, best pace, they tell me. He's giv' out to preach over at S—— to-morrow morning. I see'd the printed bills stuck all over town to-day."

To-morrow was Sunday; and Bolton thought of a certain manuscript, not quite finished, lying on his desk at home. He glanced again at the stranger, and possibly, in the orthodoxy of his heart, did not feel particularly grieved at the disappointment probably in store for the itching ears of the S—— non-conformists.

"Well, good night, Haines," said he. But seeing his late companion still standing in the road, looking rather helpless, and hesitating to leave him altogether to the tender mercies of the coachmen, "I am walking in the direction of the village inn," he continued, "and if I can show you the way, I shall be very glad to do so. I dare say I can also find some one to fetch your luggage."

"Thank you, sir," said the other, "I cannot do better than follow your example;" and he at once selected and shouldered, with some activity for a man obviously on the wrong side of forty, a carpet-bag of more cumbersome dimensions than Bolton's; and they strode down the road together, nearly in darkness, and with the rain still falling.

They had nearly reached the curate's humble cottage, without much further conversation, when the stranger repeated his inquiries as to the distance to the inn, and the probability of his obtaining there any tolerable accommodation. "A *clean* bed," he said, "would content him; was he likely to find one?"

A struggle had been going on, from the time they left the coach, between Harry Bolton's good-nature, and what he thought his due dignity. Every word his fellow-passenger had uttered had convinced him, more and more, that he was a man of education and

good sense, to say the least; a totally different being from the class of whom Jabez Green, who expounded at Mount Pisgah in his own parish on Sundays, and did a little shoemaking and poaching on week-days, formed a specimen ever before his eyes; and if it had not seemed a ludicrous misapplication of hospitality to have entertained the great gun of schism within the lares of the "*persona ecclesia*," he would long ago have offered the very respectable and mild-mannered gentleman, dropped by an unlucky accident almost at his door, at least a good fire, and a pair of clean sheets for the night. Sleep at the Crown and Thistle! why, on consideration, it was scarcely creditable to himself to send him there. The landlord was one of the most disreputable fellows in the parish, and, by ten o'clock on a Saturday night, was usually so drunk as to be more likely to refuse a guest any accommodation at all, than to take any extra pains for him. And the dirt, and the noise, and the etceteras! No, Dr Bates had better have stuck to the inside of the coach than have tried the Crown and Thistle. But where else was he to go? There was a good spare bed-room, no doubt, at Barby farm, within half-a-mile; but it had not been occupied since Harry had slept in it himself on his first arrival in the parish, and then it took a week's notice to move the piles of wool and cheese, and have it duly aired. The stranger coughed. Harry grew desperate, and spoke out.

"We are close to my little place now, sir. I think I can offer you what you will hardly find at the inn—a clean room and a well-aired bed; and it seems a mere act of common civility to beg you to accept it."

With many thanks, but with the natural politeness and ease with which a gentleman receives from another the courtesy which he is always ready to offer himself, the hospitable invitation was at once freely accepted; and in five minutes they had passed the little gate, and were awaiting the opening of the door.

This service was performed by the whole available force of Harry's establishment. One active little elderly woman, who was there on resident and permanent duty, in all capacities,

assisted on this occasion by Samuel Shears, parish clerk, sexton, barber, bird-fancier, fishing-tackle maker, &c. &c. &c.; and acting gardener, valet, butler, and footman, when required, to the reverend the curate. Loud was the welcome he received from both. "Had he walked through all the rain, surely! The coach was very late then; they'd 'most given him up: no, Sam hadn't, 'cause of service to-morrow;" when their volubility was somewhat checked by the sight of his companion; and the old lady's face underwent no very favourable change when informed she must prepare a second bed.

"Walk in, pray, and warm yourself—that room—Sam, take these bags;" and Harry stepped aside into the kitchen, to negotiate with his housekeeper for the stranger's accommodation; a matter not to be effected but by some little tact: for Molly, like servants of higher pretensions, did not like being put out of her way, by people "coming tramping in," as she said, at all hours of the night; and if Bolton had replied to her close inquiries, as to who and whence the new guest was, with the statement that he was a stray Methodist preacher, it is probable that Molly, who had lived with clergymen since she was a child, and would sooner have missed her dinner than "her church," would have resigned her keys of office at once in high disgust.

"The gentleman will sleep in my room, of course, Molly, and I shall have my things put into the other;—anything will do for supper—bread and cheese, Molly, quite well—toast a little, will you? Poor man, he seems to have a cough."

"Toasted cheese a'n't good for a cough."

"No; to be sure not. Well, you can fry a little bacon, and a few eggs, you know."

"There a'n't no eggs. I don't know what's come to the 'ens: they be-haves 'orrid, they does."

"Well, anything, anything, Molly. I'm very tired, and I don't care what it is: we shall both be very glad to get to bed."

"Lor, I dare say you be tired, sir," said Molly, somewhat pacified. "You've had a very wet ride, to be sure;

lawk-a-me, why this coat might be a-wringed out." And she hastened to relieve her master of some of his outer wrappings, and supply him with a warm dressing-gown and slippers, in which he soon joined his guest in the little parlour; and having introduced him to the room he was to occupy for the night, left him also to make himself comfortable.

If Harry Bolton did not repent of his hospitality, which would have been very unlike him, yet, upon consideration, he certainly felt he was acting the good Samaritan somewhat more literally than he had ever expected to do.

"What on earth shall I do with him to-morrow, I should like to know?" was the first question that suggested itself—much more readily than did the answer. He could not be expected to go to church, perhaps; but would he stay quietly at home? or walk off to assist the very reverend Jabez at Mount Pisgah? As to his keeping his appointment at S—, that at least was out of the question; and, after all, there seemed so much good sense and feeling of propriety about the traveller, that it was most probable—at least Harry thought so—that he would not in any way offend against the rules of the household which he had entered under such circumstances.

So the curate brushed the clinging rain from his hair, and the cloud from his brow, with one and the same motion, and relapsed into his usual state of good-humour. Supper came in, and he and his guest sat down opposite to each other, and prepared to discuss old Molly's simple cookery. Really, now that one could look at him well, the man was very presentable in person as well as in manner. Harry said grace in a very few words, and the other's "Amen" was audible and unexceptionable; reverent, and not nasal. He had a capital appetite: it was said to be characteristic of his calling, but in that point Harry fully kept pace with him; and the conversation was not, for the present, a very lively one. Sam came in at last to take away.

"Sam," said the curate in a half-aside, "is there a bottle of port?—here's the key."

"La! sir, you bid me take it down

to old Nan, you know; and it wor the last bottle, I tell'd you then."

"Ha! so I did, so I did. Did she like it, Sam?"

"Like it?" said Sam, opening his eyes, "I warrant her!"

"Well, Sam, I hope it did her good;—never mind. You must fare as I do, I am afraid," said he to the other. "Bring out the whisky-jar, Sam."

Bolton mixed himself a glass without further preface or apology; and his neighbour, with the remark that it could not be much amiss after a wetting, very moderately followed his example.

"And now," said Bolton, rummaging in a little cupboard behind him, "I hope you don't dislike the smell of tobacco. I'm rather too fond of it myself. My weakness is a pipe: I could find you a cigar, perhaps, if you are ever—"

"Thank you, I never do smoke; but pray do not mind me: I was at a German university for a year and a half, and that is a pretty fair apprenticeship to cloud-raising."

Took a doctor's degree there, no doubt, thought Harry; but it served excellently as an opening for general conversation; and two pipes had been consumed, and Molly had twice informed the gentlemen that the beds were all ready, and that Sam was waiting to know if there were any orders for to-morrow, before Harry remembered that he had a sermon still to finish, and that it was verging upon Sunday morning—so intelligent and agreeable had been the discourse of the stranger.

"If you please, sir," said the clerk, putting his head in at the door, "the rain is a-coming down like nothing, and that great hole over the pulpit ben't mended yet. Master Brooks promised me it should be done afore to-night; but he's never seen to it."

"That Brooks is the very—but, there, it can't be helped to-night, Sam, at all events," said Bolton, rather ashamed that the defects of his parochial administration should be exposed, as it were, to the enemy. "I must speak to him about it myself."

"I clapped a couple of sods over it as well as I could, sir," said the persevering Sam; "and I don't think much

wet can come in to hurt, like. Will this gentleman 'ficiate to-morrow?—(this was in a loud confidential whisper)—'cause the t'other surplice a'n't"—

"Don't bother now—there's a good fellow," said Harry, considerably annoyed, as he shut the door in the face of his astonished subordinate, who was generally privileged to gossip as much as he pleased. He covered his embarrassment by showing his visitor at once to his room, and then sat down to complete his own preparations for the next day's duties.

The rain was as busily falling in the morning as if it had only just begun, instead of having been at it all night. Harry had been more than usually scrupulous in his dress; but when they met at the breakfast table, his guest's clerical *tout-ensemble* beat him hollow. After a rather silent meal, in which both, as if by tacit consent, avoided all allusion to subjects connected with the day and its duties, Bolton mustered his courage, as they rose from table, to say—"My service is at eleven, and I shall have rather a wet walk; you, perhaps, are not disposed to accompany me?"

"By all means," said the stranger, bowing; "I am quite ready;—is it time to set out?" And in a few minutes they were picking their way, side by side, down the little miry lane.

The church, it must be confessed, was not a comely edifice. Its architectural pretensions must originally have been of the humblest order; and now, damp and dilapidated, it was one of the mauy which, in those days, were a disgrace to any Christian community. There was the hole in the roof, immediately over the curate's head, imperfectly stopped by Sam's extempore repairs; and very wretched and comfortless did the few who composed the congregation look, as they came dripping in, and dispersed themselves among the crumbling pews. The service proceeded, and none showed such reverent attention as the stranger; and being placed in the rectorial pew, immediately opposite the clerk, the distinct though subdued tone of his responses was so audible, and so disturbed that functionary, (who had that part of the service

usually pretty much to himself, and had come to consider it as in some sort his exclusive privilege,) that he made some terrible blunders in the hard verses in the Psalms, and occasionally looked round upon his rival, on these latter occasions especially, with unmistakeable indignation.

The service concluded, Bolton found his guest awaiting him in the porch; and some ten minutes' sharp walking, with few remarks, except in admiration of the pertinacity of the rain, brought them home again to the cottage. A plain early dinner was discussed: there was no afternoon service; and the curate had just stepped into his kitchen to listen to some petition from a parishioner, when the stranger took the opportunity of retiring to his own apartment, and did not reappear until summoned to tea.

Bolton's visit to the kitchen had interrupted a most animated debate. In that lower house of his little commonwealth, the new arrival had been a fruitful topic of discussion. The speakers were three; Molly, Sam, and Binns the wheelwright, who had looked in, as he said, on a little business with the parson. Molly, as has been said, was a rigid churchwoman. Her notions of her duty in that capacity might not have been unexceptionable, but they were, so far as the Sunday went, as follows:—Church in the morning and afternoon, if practicable; as much reading as her eyes—not quite what they used to be—could comfortably manage; pudding for dinner, and tea and gossip in the evening. If fine, a walk would have come among the day's arrangements; but with the rain coming down as it did, and after having rather puzzled herself with a sermon upon the origin of evil, the sudden, and in a degree mysterious, visit of a strange gentleman—where visitors of any kind were so rare—became invaluable as a topic of interesting—for aught we know, of profitable—discourse. Sam Shears dined with her always on this day; and was allowed, not without scruples, to have his pipe in the chimney-corner; in consideration of which indulgence, he felt it his duty to make himself as agreeable as possible; and inasmuch as his stock-stories respecting enormous perch caught, or gifted

starlings educated by him, Samuel Shears, had long ceased to interest—indeed had never much interested—his fair listener here, though they still went down, with variations, at the Crown and Thistle, he was reduced very often, in the absence of anything of modern interest stirring in the neighbouring town of S——, to keep up his credit as a “rare good companion,” by entering into politics—for which study, next to divinity, Molly had a decided taste—talking about reforms and revolutions in a manner that Molly declared made her “creep,” and varying this pleasurable excitement by gloomy forebodings with regard to “Rooshia and Prooshia.”

On this particular evening, however, the subject of debate was of a domestic nature, and Molly and the clerk had taken opposite sides: Binns arriving opportunely to be appealed to by both, and being a man of few words, who shook his head with great gravity, and usually gave a nod of encouragement to the last speaker. Molly, after her first indignation at the intrusion of a wet stranger, without notice, at ten o'clock of a Saturday night, had been so softened by the courteous address and bearing of the enemy, that she had gradually admitted him at least to a neutrality; and when Sam Shears had in confidence hinted that he “hadn't quite made up his mind about 'un”—her woman's kindness of heart, or her spirit of contradiction, rushed forth as to the rescue of a friend.

“I wonder at you, Sam,” said she; “you've had heddication enough to know a gentleman when you see's him; and you'd ought to have more respect for the cloth.”

“Cloth! There now,” replied Sam, “that's just it; I an't so sure about his cloth, as you call it.”

“Why, what ever do you mean, Sam Shears?”

“I mean,” rejoined Sam boldly, though he felt that Molly's fiercest glance was upon him, and almost choked himself in the endeavour to hide himself in a cloud of his own creating—“I mean, I don't think as he's a regular parson. If he had been, you see, he'd have took some of the duty. Besides,” continued the official, reassured by Binns' respectful atten-

tion, "we had a little talk while we was a-waiting for master after church—I offered him a humbereller, you see—and I just asked whereabouts his church was, and he looked queerish at me, and said he hadn't no church, not exactly; and then I begged his pardon, and said I thought he was a clergyman; and he said, so he was, but somehow he seemed to put me off, as it might be." Binns nodded.

"To be sure," said Molly, "and 'twas like your manners, Sam, to go questioning of him in that way."

"Bless you, I was as civil as could be; however, I say again, I 'as my doubts: he'd a quakerish-looking coat too, such as I never see'd on a regular college parson. He's the very moral of a new Irvingite preacher."

"And what's their doctrines, Sam?" asked Molly, whose theological curiosity was irresistibly excited.

"Why," said the clerk after a puff or two to collect his thoughts, "they believes in transmigration."

Binns made a gesture of awe and abjuration.

"Stuff!" said Molly, "that's popery: nor you don't suppose, Sam, that master would have anybody of that sort in his house—eh, Mr Binns?"

The benefit of that gentleman's opinion was lost to both parties, for it was at that juncture "master" himself entered, and having discussed his communication, which related to a sick wife, bid him call again in the morning, and the wheelwright took his leave.

"And now Shears," said the curate, "(don't put your pipe behind you, man; do you suppose I have not smelt it this half hour—I wish you would buy better tobacco)—you must be off to S—to-morrow at daylight, and order a chaise to be here, for this gentleman, by nine o'clock at the latest. Do you understand, now?"

"Yes, sir, yes. I'll be sure to go. And what name shall I say, sir?"

"Name, eh! oh, it doesn't matter. Say for me, of course. And look here: there will be five shillings for you if the chaise is here in time. Ay, you may well make a bow; I told the gentleman it was too much for you."

"I'm very much obliged to you

both," said Sam slyly, "I'm sure, sir; I'll be off at cock-crow."

"There, Sam Shears," said Molly, as soon as they had the kitchen to themselves again, "did you ever hear of one of your new what-d'ye-call-ums ordering a chaise to go ranting about in, I should like to know? What have you got to say now?"

"I say," said Sam, "as he 's a gentleman, and no mistake."

The evening passed away very quietly in the little parlour. The favourable impression made upon Bolton by his guest's manners and conversation was certainly deepened by their further intercourse: but the position seemed felt by both parties to be an awkward one; and when his departure early on the following morning was proposed, Bolton of course made no effort to detain him. Both employed most of the evening in reading; and one or two remarks made by the stranger, as he made his selection from the curate's library, proved at least his acquaintance with the works which it contained, though nothing escaped him, as he wiped the dust from some of Harry's presentation volumes, which could indicate either his agreement or disagreement with the sound divines he was handling, and his clever criticisms were rather those of the bibliographer than the theologian. At last he seemed to bury himself in a volume of old South, and carried it off with him early to his chamber.

The morning came, and eight o'clock brought breakfast, and half-past eight the chaise, with Sam Shears fast asleep inside of it. The curate and his guest parted with mutual goodwill, and with a short but warm acknowledgment, on the part of the latter, of the hospitality he had received. Sam was not forgotten; he received the promised gratuity with many bows, and did not put his hat on again until the chaise had fairly turned the corner.

"Uncommon nice gentleman that, sir, to be sure," said he to his master, with whom he seldom missed the chance of a little conversation, if he could help it—and Bolton was generally goodnatured enough to indulge him—"uncommon nice gentleman; what a thousand pities it is he should be a Methody!"

"A *what?*" inquired the curate, turning round upon him in ludicrous dismay.

"A Methody preacher, sir," said Sam boldly; for Harry's countenance quite confirmed his suspicions. "Oh! I know all about it, sir; but it ain't of no account with me, sir, you know, not none whatever,"—and he redoubled his negatives with a confidential mysteriousness which made Harry inclined to kick him. "I met Joe Haines, as drives the Regulator, this morning, and he asked me very particular about you, you see, sir, and how you got home o' Saturday night; and then I told him as how this gentleman came with you; and when he heard as he'd been staying here all day yesterday, how he did laugh, to be sure; and then he told me"—

"I'll tell you something, Sam, too. You had much better mind your own business, and not trouble yourself to talk to Joe Haines, or anybody else, about what goes on in my house."

There was no mistaking the fact that his master was angry: and as such a thing had very seldom happened within Sam's experience, it was a result of which he stood considerably in awe; and he hastened, with some confusion, to apologise, and to resume his praises of the "very nice gentleman, whatever he was,"—"And as you say, sir, that's no business of mine: I'm sure I should be most happy to wait upon him at any time, sir"—

But Bolton had retired, and shut the door of his little sitting-room in an un mistakeable manner. So Sam was obliged to soliloquise the rest of his apologies, which began to be very sincere, as he consoled himself by gazing at the two half-crowns which had come into his possession so easily. "Of course; if so be as he's a gentleman, what matters? That's what I say: that's what I said to master: that's what I said to Molly:—hallo! hey?—if this here half-crown ain't a smasher!"

'Twas too true: it rung upon the flag-stone like an unadulterated piece of lead.

"What's the matter now, Sam?" said Mrs Molly, who heard the sound, and met his blank face in the passage.

"I told you what he was," said Sam—"look here!" Molly examined the unfortunate coin with every wish

to give it the benefit of a doubt, but was obliged finally to pronounce against it. She had to listen, also, to the story which Sam had heard from Joe Haines; and though she clung pertinaciously to her previously-formed conclusions in the stranger's favour, Sam had now decidedly the best of the argument, which he clinched at last with what he considered an unanswerable proposition—"If you says as he 's a parson and a gentleman, will you give me two-and-sixpence for this here half-crown?"

Weeks passed on, and other events wore out the interest of the stranger's visit, even in those dull localities. Binns' wife had a baby; and another piece of the church roof fell in, and nearly carried Brooks the churchwarden with it, as he was mounted on a ladder estimating its repairs—for there was an archdeacon's visitation coming on, and not even the vulcanised conscience of a parish functionary could be brought to pronounce, on oath, its present state of repair to be good and sufficient. And Harry received an invitation to dine with the said archdeacon, who was a good kind of man on the whole—that is, his good qualities would not very well bear taking to pieces—but he rather patronised the younger clergy in his neighbourhood, provided that they were young men of tolerable family, and good address, and not, as he expressed it, *ultra* in any way. It so happened, that he was almost the only acquaintance that Harry had made in the neighbourhood. He had written to request his interference in enforcing the repair of the church; and as that was a compliment seldom paid to his official dignity, the archdeacon had actually driven over thirteen miles to inspect the place personally: and, arriving quite unexpectedly, had caught the curate just sallying forth equipped for fishing—an art to which he himself occasionally condescended—for even archdeacons do unbend. And very soon ascertaining that there was no tendency to an objectionable *ultra*, of any kind, in our hero, and that he was in fact rather an eligible rear-rank man for a dinner-table, had made a mental memorandum of the fact, and, in consequence, had twice favoured him with an invitation, which Harry,

according to his present humour, had declined. On this occasion, however—as a third refusal would have seemed ungracious—he had determined to go; and, with some compunction at the expense (he had thought nothing at Oxford of a hunter, and a “team” to cover, at about five guineas for the day,) he found himself in a hired gig at the archdeacon’s door, a little before the dinner hour on the day appointed. None of the guests were as yet assembled. His host, however, met him in the drawing-room, and presented him, with considerable cordiality, to his lady and her daughters.

“It was very good indeed of Mr Bolton to come so far to see us,” said the archdeacon. “Indeed, I am particularly glad you came to-day,” continued he with a sort of pompous kindness, “for I have the bishop staying here, and I wished you to meet him.”

Harry was interrupted in his acknowledgments by the entrance of two men of the expected party: the Honourable and Reverend Mr Luttridge, a young man, who eyed his brother curate, on his introduction, with what he intended for a critical and interrogative glance, but which had by no means the effect upon that party which he intended; and another archdeacon, or dean, or some such dignitary, who made Bolton a very low bow indeed; and, turning his back upon him forthwith, began to discourse with the other two upon the business of the last Petit Sessions. A discussion upon some point of magisterial law was interrupted by a burst of shrill and hearty laughter from the younger of the Misses Archdeacons—a fat merry girl, with whom Harry had struck up an acquaintance instantly—that was a point he never failed in; and although the other two gentlemen looked rather astonished, and turned round again to resume their argument, the father—she was his favourite daughter, and ludicrously like him—was delighted to see her amused, and insisted upon knowing what the fun was between them. Some absurd remark of Harry’s was repeated, as well as her continued merriment would allow her; and the archdeacon, after a preparatory shaking of his sides, had just burst into a

stentorian “ha-ha,” when the drawing-room door again opened, and the Bishop of F—— was most audibly announced.

Every one tried to look deferential, of course; and the two gentlemen in front of Harry separated, and took open order to receive his lordship. Everybody recovered their propriety, in fact, in an instant, except Miss Harriet, to whom a bishop was no treat at all—not to be compared with an amusing young curate. She kept her eyes fixed upon Harry Bolton—she thought he was going to faint. Could it be possible?—oh! there was no doubt about it. Schismatic Doctor Bates, or Bishop of F——, there he was!—there was the man he had walked home in the rain with!

Harry’s quondam guest walked forward with an easy grace, which contrasted strikingly with the stiff dignity of his subordinates. He shook hands politely with Mr Luttridge, and returned the greeting of his companion somewhat more warmly. The archdeacon was preparing to introduce Bolton, without noticing his embarrassment, when the bishop anticipated the introductory speech by saying, as he held out his hand, “Mr Bolton and I are old friends—may I not say so?”

A man of less self-possession than our friend the curate might have been put quite at his ease by the kind tone and manner, and warm grasp of the hand. “Certainly,” was his reply, “your lordship and myself *have* met, under rather different circumstances.”

The archdeacon’s respectable face expressed considerable astonishment, as well it might; and the other two gentlemen began to eye his lordship’s “old friend” with interested and inquisitive glances.

“My dear archdeacon,” said the bishop, laughing, “pardon my mystification; this is the friend with whom I spent a day or two on my last visit to this neighbourhood, when you really thought you had lost me altogether; though, if you had told me I was to have the pleasure of meeting him at your table to-day, I might, perhaps, have let you into the secret.”

“But, my dear Bolton,” said the host—he had dropped the Mr at once,

and for ever—"why did you not tell me that you knew his lordship?—eh?"

Harry laughed, and got a little confused again; but the bishop answered the question for him, before he had time to frame an intelligible reply.

"Oh, that's a long story; but it was no mystery of Mr Bolton's, be assured. I am afraid, indeed, it will tell rather better for him than for me; but I promise you the explanation, some day," continued the bishop, good-humouredly, "when we have nothing better to talk about." The archdeacon took the hint, and turned the conversation. Another guest or two joined the party; dinner succeeded, and passed off much as such affairs usually do. The bishop, although he did not address much of his conversation directly to Bolton, took care to make him feel at his ease; and Mr Luttridge, who sat next to him, became remarkably friendly—was quite surprised that he had not heard of him before, being, in fact, quite a near neighbour—only nine miles—nothing at all in that part of the country—should ride over to call on him one of the first days he could spare—and, in fact, said what became him to say to the bishop's friend and *protégé*.

Whatever curiosity might have been felt on the subject by the rest of the company, it was not until they had taken their departure that the bishop thought proper to explain to Bolton and the archdeacon the circumstances which had led to his paying an incognito visit to the former. He had only lately been appointed to the diocese, and was therefore personally known to but few of his clergy. The archdeacon and himself, however, were old college acquaintances, and he had accepted an invitation to spend a few days with him, at the time of his casual meeting with Harry Bolton. Being averse at all times to any kind of ceremony or etiquette, which he could reasonably dispense with, it had been arranged that the archdeacon's carriage should meet him at B—, to which place his own had conveyed him. Upon his arrival in the town somewhat before the hour appointed, he had, according to his custom, walked out quietly to make himself acquainted with the localities, and had unconsciously passed some hours

in exploring some ruins at a little distance. Meanwhile, the archdeacon, not so punctual as his diocesan, drove up to the hotel door in hot haste, considerably too late for his appointment, and was saluted with the unpleasant information that his lordship had been there, and was gone on these two hours,—for his previous orders had been duly obeyed, and the episcopal equipage, with a portly gentleman inside, who sustained the dignity of his position as chaplain very carefully, had really rolled away on its road homeward. The archdeacon doubted, but mine host was positive; and strengthened his position by the assertion that his lordship had said he was going to Bircham rectory, a piece of intelligence picked up from the servants, with exactly enough truth in it to do mischief. Off went the archdeacon again, annoyed at his own dilatoriness; and great was his consternation on reaching home to find no bishop; and great was the bishop's surprise, on returning at last to the hotel, to find no archdeacon; and great the confusion throughout the Kings Arms; the landlord throwing the blame upon the waiters, and the waiters upon each other. Post-horses to S—, which was within a short three miles of the archdeacon's rectory, were ordered at once. But, alas! after many delays and apologies, none were to be had; almost every quadruped in the town was engaged in taking parties home from the opening of the Independent College. The bishop was not a man to make difficulties; so, leaving his only remaining servant to await any remedial measures which the archdeacon might take when he discovered his error, and to give an intelligible account of his movements, he himself, without mentioning his intention to any other person, walked down to the coach-office at the Swan, paid his fare, and became an inside passenger by the Regulator.

Of course, when the archdeacon discovered his mistake, no time was lost in procuring fresh horses, and sending back the carriage to B—, in the hope that his lordship might still be forthcoming; but it brought back to the anxious expectants at the rectory only a servant and a portman-

teau; and as they did not pass the spot where the accident occurred, and all inquiries made at S— only resulted in the intelligence that "there had been an upset, that no one was hurt, and that the passengers had walked home," they made up their minds to await some accurate information as to his lordship's whereabouts from himself, when he relieved his friends from their uncomfortable suspense by making his appearance personally at breakfast on the Monday morning; though, to punish, as he jokingly said, the archdeacon, for leaving him in such a predicament, he would tell them nothing more than that he had spent the Sunday very pleasantly with a friend.

Much amusement ensued at the bishop's details of his visit, though he good-naturedly avoided any allusions that could possibly be embarrassing to his late host. Bolton had accepted the offer of a bed, and it was late before they separated for the night. Before he took his leave on the following morning, the bishop, to his surprise, announced his intention of paying him a second visit. "I think, Mr Bolton," said he, "that, having intruded upon you once in disguise, as I may say, I am bound to come and preach for you some Sunday, if it be only to clear my own character in the eyes of your parishioners," (for Harry had confessed, to the exceeding amusement of all parties, his own and his clerk's suspicions.) "So, if you please, and if my good friend here will accompany me, we will drive over to you next Sunday morning; and I'll try," continued the bishop slyly, "if I cannot get Mr Churchwarden Brooks to put your church a little to rights for you."

The morning arrived, and the archdeacon and the bishop. A proud woman had Molly been from the moment the announcement was made to her of the intended honour; and the luncheon which she had prepared was, considering her limited resources, something extraordinary. But when his lordship alighted, and, catching a sight of her eager face in the passage, called to her by name, and addressed her kindly—and she recognised the features of the unknown guest, whom Sam had so

irreverently slandered—the good old woman, between shame and gratification, was quite overcome, and was wholly unable to recover her self-possession throughout the day. During the whole of the service, she looked at the bishop instead of the prayer-book, made responses at random, and was only saved by the good-natured interference of his lordship's own man from totally ruining the luncheon. Of course, the church was crowded; the sermon was plain and impressive: and when, after service, the whole of the rustic congregation, collected in the churchyard to see as much as they could of a personage few of them had ever seen before, formed a lane respectfully, with their hats off, for him to pass to the gate, the bishop, taking off his hat and claiming their attention for a few moments, spoke a few words, homely and audible, approving their behaviour during the service, and representing to them the advantages they might derive from the residence among them of an exemplary minister, such as he believed they had at present, and such as he would endeavour to provide them with in the possible event of his removal. And when afterwards he begged to be introduced to the churchwarden, and, taking him familiarly by the arm, walked with him round the building, pointed out indispensable repairs, and, without any word of reproof, explained to him the harm done by injudicious patching, and put into his hands a liberal contribution towards the expenses—it might have seemed quite wonderful to those who either overrate or underrate poor human nature, how much more popular a notion, and how much better understood a bishop was in that remote village from that time forth. The landlord of the Crown and Thistle was quite surprised at the change that had come over Mr Brooks. He used to be rather a popular orator on club nights and other convivial occasions, taking that economical view of church dignitaries and their salaries which, by an amusing euphemism, is called "liberal" in politics; but subsequently to this occasion he seldom joined in these discussions, was seen less frequently by degrees in the taproom of the Crown and Thistle, and more

regularly at church; and once, when hard pressed for an opinion by some of his former supporters, was asserted to have told them that the Crown and Thistle took more money out of people's pockets than ever the bishops did.

Harry had anticipated much amusement from Sam Shears' confusion, when he should encounter, in his full canonicals, the bishop of the diocese in the person of the apocryphal Dr Bates; but whatever that worthy's secret discomfiture might have been, he carried it off wonderfully well, and met his lordship in the vestry with a lurking smile in his humble obeisance, as if he had all along penetrated the mystery of his incognito. With Molly in the kitchen, indeed, he had for some evenings a hard time of it; but a threat of absenting himself altogether, which he ventured in some fear of being taken at his word, had the effect of moderating her tone of triumph. Before the bishop left, he called Sam aside, and presented him with a substantial token of remembrance; when Sam took the opportunity of producing, with many prefaces of apology, the condemned half-crown, which had fretted in his pocket ever since.

"Please your lordship's worship and reverence," said Sam, "this here ain't a *very* good half-crown; at least, I can't pass it nowadays down here. I dare say as your lordship's worship might pass it away easy enough among your friends, but—"

"Here, here," said the bishop, laughing heartily, "here's another for

you, by all means, my man; but pray excuse my having anything more to do with the bad one."

Again the bishop parted from his entertainer with many expressions of regard, and an invitation to spend some time with him at his palace, which Bolton did much to his satisfaction; and received from him so much valuable advice and paternal kindness, that he always considered the snug living with which, some months afterwards, he was presented, one of the least of his obligations.

"And that's how Harry Bolton came to be a neighbour of mine," concluded Long Lumley; "and a nice placé he has here, and a capital neighbour he is."

We discussed the whole story over Lumley's wine after dinner the next day, when the Hon. and Rev. Mr Luttridge, who had since married the bishop's niece, and was said to have been a disappointed expectant of the living given to Bolton, made one of our party.

"A very odd man, certainly, the bishop is," was that gentleman's remark; "very strange, you know, to go poking about the country in that kind of way. Scarcely the thing, in fact, I must say."

"Upon my honour," said Lumley, "you parsons ought to be better judges of what is or is not 'the thing' for a bishop, than I can be; but if the Bishop of F—— is an odd man, I know, if I had the making of bishops, I'd look out for a match for him."

THE DANGERS OF THE COUNTRY.

NO. I.—OUR EXTERNAL DANGERS.

AMONG the many remarkable circumstances which a comparison of former with present times never fails to present to an attentive observer, it is perhaps the most remarkable with how much accuracy the effects of great changes in public policy are predicted by one portion of the community, and with what entire insensibility they are regarded by another. The results of all the chief alterations in the system of government which has taken place in our times—the Contraction of the Currency, Roman Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill, Negro Emancipation, Free Trade, the Repeal of the Navigation Laws—were all foretold by their opponents at the time they were under discussion, with such accuracy that their predictions might pass, after the events had taken place, for a concise history of their effects. And yet the whole body of their supporters, embracing at each period the numerical majority at least of the most influential part of the nation, were absolutely deaf to these warnings; they ridiculed the authors of them, disputed their reasonings, impugned their motives, and were only the more confirmed in the headlong course they were pursuing, by the demonstration which daily experience was affording of the enormity of their own error on previous occasions. It is evident, from these examples, that Plato's observation is well founded, and that general ignorance is neither the greatest social evil, nor the one most to be dreaded. Prejudice, passion, a thirst for selfish aggrandisement, are the real evils which affect society; and their sway, unhappily, is only rendered the more powerful with the extension of knowledge and the progress of civilisation. They do worse than conceal the truth: they render men insensible to it. So obstinately do the majority of men, when their interests are supposed to be at stake, or their passions are inflamed, resist the light of truth; so resolutely do they disregard the clearest procession of demonstra-

tion; so prone are they to be led away by the arts of ambitious men or the efforts of class interest,—that it may be safely concluded that the greatest national disasters cannot long be averted when affairs are under the immediate direction of a numerical majority; and that their own folly or infatuation become the instruments of the Divine judgments upon mankind.

A memorable example of the truth of these observations, and of their vast importance to a society constructed as it now is in this country, is to be found in the recent instance of the Papal Aggression. For above half a century past, the whole efforts of the Liberal party in England were directed to the abolition of religious distinctions, and, in particular, to the introduction of the Roman Catholics into an entire and equal participation in the power, privileges, and influence of Protestants. In vain was it urged by a small but determined band, headed by Lord Eldon in one house of Parliament, and Mr Perceval in another, that however well-founded the principles of toleration were in the general case, and however desirable it might be, if consistent with security, to abolish all distinctions founded on differences of religious belief, yet the opinion of the great apostle of toleration, Mr Locke, was well founded, that these principles could not be safely applied to the Roman Catholics, because they formed part of a great foreign religious power, which formerly boasted of Great Britain as the brightest jewel in its crown, which openly aspired to universal dominion, and would never cease striving to reunite that splendid appanage to the Papal dominions.

These observations were generally disregarded: the names of bigots, tyrants, illiberals, were constantly applied to the resolute patriots who still continued to utter them; concession after concession to the Roman Catholics went on; they were admitted without reserve into the

British Parliament; the titles of their Bishops were recognised by Ministers in Ireland and the colonies; the entire government and patronage of Ireland were surrendered into their hands; until at length, in return for so many acts of condescension, the Pope deemed it safe to throw off the mask, and send, for the first time during three hundred years, a Cardinal to London, in order to superintend the partition of England into ecclesiastical divisions, and the re-establishment of the Romish worship in every parish of the realm! *Then*, and not till then, the eyes of the nation were opened: the bubble, which the Liberals had kept up for half a century, suddenly burst, and the dormant strength of the Protestant principle was awakened to an extent which outstripped all calculation, and almost alarmed the most decided opponents throughout of Papal ambition! Then, and not till then, the warning voice of the bigots and illiberals of former days was recollected: their oft-derided predictions were searched out: the streets were placarded with Lord Eldon's vaticinations; and the journals which most openly shaped their course according to popular feeling, were the first to insert in capital letters the now ful-

filled prophecies of former Illiberalism.*

Another, and not less memorable, instance of the way in which public delusions, all but universal, which have withstood the utmost force of reason, argument, and experience for a long course of years, have been suddenly dispelled by some great fact which struck the senses of all, and could no longer be denied, has occurred in the recent vast and important change which the discovery of the gold in California has made on the currency of this country, and of the world. For thirty years past it has been the uniform policy of the British Government, directed by the pressure of the money power, and the influence of realised capital, to augment the value of realised wealth, by enhancing its price and cheapening everything else. To effect this, gold was first selected as the standard, because it was the most valuable of the precious metals; and as its price had for a long course of years been slowly but steadily advancing, it was thought, with reason, that the assumption of it as the standard could not fail to enhance the value of realised capital of every kind, by cheapening the money-price of all the articles in which every one else dealt. Next,

* "We have now lying before us both the printed and manuscript copy of the petition of a valued friend (the late Rev. W. Howells, of Long Acre) against the bill for granting to Roman Catholics the privilege of paralysing the hands and obstructing the labour of Protestant statesmen. At page 92, in the Memoirs of that eminent man, published by his friend and executor, Mr Bowdler, our readers will find that petition speaking with little less than prophetic voice of the confusion and misery certain to follow a measure which every Protestant, in proportion to the clearness of his views of Divine truth, must consider a downright infraction of his allegiance to his God.

"We quote three of the clauses in the petition alluded to, and we ask whether the fears therein expressed have not been fulfilled to the very letter:—

"That the concession of the elective franchise has not only multiplied the crimes and aggravated the miseries of Ireland, but shaken likewise the very foundation of the glorious British constitution, the majority of Irish votes being virtually at the disposal of a demoralising, disloyal, turbulent, and traitorous priesthood.

"That the concession of the representative franchise would be productive of further and progressive evils, and enable Romanists either to prosecute a successful crusade for supremacy, or involve the country in all the horrors of a civil war.

"That the grant of the representative franchise would soon introduce into the British Senate such an influx of members from each side the Channel, as would, by voting together on all occasions of emergency, control your honourable house and the other estates of the realm, DICTATE TO THE MINISTERS OF THE CROWN, AND FORCE THEM INTO ANY MEASURES they pleased."

"LORD ELDON'S PREDICTIONS IN 1829, ON THE THIRD READING OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC RELIEF BILL.

"The following predictions of this venerable nobleman were at the time sneered

small notes were extinguished, because they formed a currency commensurate to the wants of the nation; and consequently their abundance tended to raise prices. Then the issue of notes beyond £32,000,000 in the whole empire was made to depend on an amount of gold coin corresponding to the notes issued being in the coffers of the banks issuing: in other words, the currency beyond that limited amount, not half of what the nation required, was made entirely metallic. Free Trade was next introduced, in order still further to augment the value of realised wealth, by taking a fourth from the price of every commodity which it might purchase, and consequently depressing to a similar extent the remuneration of productive industry. All this was rested on the plausible plea of maintaining a fixed and unchangeable standard of value, and preventing monetary crises, by having no circulation except what was based on the most precious of the precious metals.

This system was adhered to through a series of disasters directly owing to its adoption, which would have destroyed any other nation, and levelled with the dust any other people. In vain was it represented that gold itself was a commodity, liable to change in price like any other article of commerce, according as the

supply was or was not equal to the demand; that to fix a standard price for it was to cast anchor in the clouds, and that to make the circulation of the country depend entirely on the retention of an article of commerce, which could not always be retained, was necessarily to expose it to the recurrence of the most disastrous shock to credit. These warnings were systematically disregarded; the bullion system was adhered to amidst the most frightful calamities; and the nation, as the price of its adoption, underwent a series of monetary convulsions beyond anything recorded in history, and which entailed losses greatly exceeding in amount the confiscation and destruction of property which resulted from the French Revolution.

Where are these dogmas about the immutability and indestructible value of the gold standard *now*? "Efflavit Deus, et dissipantur." The beneficence of Providence has come to the aid of a benighted and suffering world. As reason had proved inadequate to withstand the pressure of interest, the reserves of nature were let in: the floodgates were opened: the beneficent stream overspread the world. A few grains of gold are discovered in digging a mill-course in California, and the whole bullion system is blown into the air. The

at as the senile and effete expressions of a bigoted octogenarian. What a lesson has he left to those who now hold the rudder of the state in their hands!—

"I know that, sooner or later, this bill will overturn the aristocracy and the monarchy. What I have stated is my notion of the danger to the Establishment. Have they not Roman Catholic archbishops for every Protestant archbishop—Roman Catholic deans for every Protestant dean? Did not the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics dispute against Henry VIII. in defence of the power of the Pope? and in Mary's time were not the laws affecting the Roman Catholics repealed, not by the authority of Parliament, but through the influence of the Pope's legate? And even though you suppress these Roman Catholics who utter these seditious, treasonable, abominable, and detestable speeches, others will arise who will utter speeches more treasonable, more abominable, and more detestable. No sincere Roman Catholic could or did look for less than a Roman Catholic king and a Roman Catholic parliament. Their lordships might flatter themselves that the dangers he had anticipated were visionary, and God forbid that he should say, that those who voted for the third reading of the bill will not have done so conscientiously, believing that no danger exists or can be apprehended from it. But in so voting, they had not that knowledge of the danger in which they were placing the great, the paramount interests of this Protestant state,—they had not that knowledge of its true interests and situation, which they ought to have. Those with whom we are dealing are too wary to apprise you by any indiscreet conduct of the danger to which you are exposed. When those dangers shall have arrived, I shall have been consigned to the urn, the sepulchre, and mortality; but that they will arrive, I have no more doubt than that I yet continue to exist."—*Bell's Life in London*, Dec. 21, 1850.

labour of a lifetime is undone in a moment: the citadel of the money power is blown up by a spark falling in its own magazine: the island on which the Bullionists had cast anchor itself begins to drift along. Farewell to all their dreams of cheapening everything: farewell to the boast of their able and principal organ, that they had made the sovereign worth two sovereigns! The sovereign is in process of becoming only worth half a sovereign. The ominous intelligence has been received from Paris that the English sovereign had declined fourteen sous in value; Holland has openly abandoned the gold standard; France is preparing measures to meet the altered value of the precious metals. The Bullionists are struck in the very heart of their power. True to their motives, though not to their principles, they are already in their journals decrying gold as a standard, and proposing silver in its stead. Everything has for a year past been rising in price in England except agricultural produce and sugar, still kept down by the unrestrained importation of foreign states. For long it was tried to write down California; but the gold-dust at length became too strong for them. The fatal truth could no longer be concealed, that the value of money had declined, was declining, and, as they thought, ought to be enhanced. But how to do that was the difficulty, amidst ceaseless arrivals of gold from California, and an overflowing treasure in the Bank of England. They discovered that some other idea could be formed of a pound sterling "than a certain determinate weight of gold metal." They would fain have it something of less fleeting value. The truth is at length apparent to the nation—which had been so long denied and so studiously concealed by those who were profiting by the opposite delusion—that gold, like every other metal, is a commodity liable to change in value according to its plenty or scarcity, and that it is hopeless to make a fixed standard of an article which is itself liable to greater vicissitudes of price than perhaps any other.

It is hard to say whether examples of this sort are most fitted to inspire confidence in the final triumph of the

cause of truth, or despondency as to the fate of a nation in which error has been widespread and long continued, and powerful classes of society are interested in its being perpetuated. It is evident that the enormity of error, the clearness of the demonstration of its falsehood, the perilous and even fatal consequences which may be anticipated from its continuance, afford no sort of security against its sway being continued, if an influential class is interested in its duration. It is equally clear that the extension of education, the boasted march of intellect, the spread of journals, the number of persons interested in the termination of a pernicious policy, the awful consequences which may be anticipated from its continuance, are often wholly impotent to rescue a nation from disaster, it may be ruin, if the effects of the disastrous system are not so plain and palpable as to be obvious to the senses of the whole of mankind. But while all this is perfectly clear on the one hand—and there is obviously no limit to this long continuance of the most ruinous error in the opinions and policy of a particular nation—it is equally evident, on the other, that there is a bar imposed by Providence to the *eternity* of error in the world in general. The laws of nature *at length come to the aid of truth*: some great and decisive event occurs which renders its effects palpable to all the people; the whole fabric of error so studiously upheld, so anxiously defended, is overturned in an instant; and mankind, awakening from the slumbers of half a century, are astonished only how a thing so very evident had never before struck them. They then find, to their infinite surprise, that all which has occurred had been clearly foreseen and distinctly predicted by the few among them who judged of the future by the past, and cast their eyes beyond the interests or passions of the moment; and that it was not because truth had not been told to them, but because *they would not listen to it*, that all the calamities they deplore had been brought upon them.

The circumstances which mainly contribute to produce this extraordinary tenacity of error and insensibility to truth, in the majority of mankind

at all times and under all circumstances, are their general indifference to *distant* effects, and their acute sense of *present* burdens. If the danger is obvious and visible to the senses of all, and, above all, if it threatens immediate evil to all, the mass of men will often make incredible, almost superhuman efforts to avert it. But if it is distant and contingent only, and the remedies proposed to guard against it are attended with present burdens, however slight, it will in general be found that it is wholly impossible to make them do anything to guard against the impending evils. In the words of one who knew them well,* "they prefer any load of infamy, however great, to any burden of taxation, however light." They never will incur present expense to guard against future danger. It is for this reason that states in which the popular voice is all-powerful so often rush into foreign wars with scarcely any preparations, and are so often defeated by nations possessing far less vigour and fewer resources, but in whom the wisdom of a monarchical or aristocratic government has made an adequate provision in peace for the contingency of future hostilities. All the eloquence of Demosthenes, we know, failed to make the Athenian people take any steps to augment the national armaments, and they got the battle of Charonea and subjugation by Philip in consequence. The English, in 1778, commenced the contest with their revolted American colonies with a regular army of 20,000 men, and they lost the colonies in consequence: they began the war with France in 1793 with 40,000 regular soldiers in the British empire, when their enemy had 1,200,000 men under arms; and it cost them a struggle of twenty years, and six hundred millions of debt incurred, to get the better of the necessary consequences of their infatuation. They starved down the establishment in India, and forbade all hostile preparations, even though it was a dominion won, and which could only be upheld, by the sword, till it was brought to the verge of destruction on the banks of the Sutlej;

and the empire which disposed of the resources of 80,000,000 of subjects, owed its extrication from what seemed unavoidable ruin, only to a strange and unaccountable retreat of the enemy, resting on a population of 6,000,000 only, when victory was within their grasp. The Americans rushed into a contest with England in 1812 with a fleet of six frigates and an army of 8000 men; and the consequence was, that in two years their commerce was totally destroyed, their capital taken by a British division of 3500 men, and the general suffering would in six months have made the Northern States break off from the Union, had not England, weary of fighting and satiated with glory, sheathed her sword when the dissolution of the Union was within her power.

But in addition to this general cause of delusion and error, which pervades all states really regulated by the popular voice, there is another and a still more powerful one which occasions and perpetuates the most ruinous public delusions in an advanced and complicated state of society. This arises from the strength and influence of the classes who become interested in the perpetuating of error because they profit by it, and the impossibility of getting the great bulk of men to see, among the numerous causes which are then acting upon their fortunes, the *real ones* to which their sufferings are owing. They know perfectly when they are prosperous, and when unfortunate; but they do not know, and cannot be brought to see, to what either the prosperity or adversity is to be ascribed. If the consequences of a particular line of policy could be brought before them by a *clear and short* process of demonstration — if they could see from whence their suffering in truth comes, and the arrow, known to have been discharged from the quivers of Free Trade and a metallic currency, could be seen festering in the breast of every industrious man in the country, one universal burst of indignation would arise from one end of the kingdom to the other. This system, so profitable to the moneyed rich, so ruinous to the industrious poor, would be

* Sidney Smith.

abolished, amidst shouts of congratulation from one end of the country to the other, in a month. But they cannot be brought to see this; and the vast riches which the continuance of this system is daily bringing to the moneyed classes, enables them to perpetuate the darkness.

The press in such circumstances becomes—what it was in Napoleon's time in France, from the overwhelming weight of military power—what Madame de Stael feared it would one day become in all aged communities—the most powerful engine for the diffusion and continuance of error. The most ruinous systems of public policy are then pursued with the cordial support of the *millionnaires* who profit by them, with the loud applause and able assistance of the public press, who are guided by the requirements of their subscribers, or directed by the dictates of their shareholders, and amidst the supine indifference or sullen despair of the industrious classes, who are steeped in misery by their effects. They see they are ruined, but they know not how or by whom; and a large part of the public press are careful to direct their attention to any but the right quarter for redress. In despair at such an accumulation of distresses, the great bulk of mankind follow the usual instinct of the multitude in such cases—they fasten upon the seen in preference to searching for the unseen, and lend a willing ear to any demagogue of the day who lays before them plans for a great reduction of public burdens, by abandoning nearly the whole means of the public defence. Thus a perpetual reduction of our military and naval armaments, and means of maintaining our independence or even existence as a nation, is forced upon successive Governments, without the slightest regard to the obvious peril with which such reductions, with increasing armaments on the part of our neighbours, and increasing points of attack upon the part of ourselves, *must* be attended; and the policy which has impoverished the greater part of the nation terminates in its natural result, the destruction of the nation itself. Such is the most common process of national ruin.

There can be no doubt that the day

will one day come when all these illusions will be dispelled. If a Russian fleet of twenty-five ships of the line anchors off the Nore, and demands the surrender of the arsenal of Woolwich, and of our ships of war at Portsmouth and Plymouth, as the condition of their raising the blockade of the capital or saving it from pillage—or if a French squadron of fifteen ships of the line takes a *second* look into Torbay, and we have only three or four half-manned seventy-fours to oppose to them—or if an invading army of 80,000 men lands on the coast of Sussex, and we can only muster 30,000 regular troops to stop their progress—if Woolwich is taken, and Hyde Park is the scene of an enemy's camp, and London, like Paris, capitulates to the conqueror—or if Russia and America unite together and demand the surrender of the half of our fleet and the whole of our arsenals as the price at which they will allow their grain-laden vessels to come to Great Britain and restore bread to the 7,000,000 of our population whom we have in four years rendered dependent on supplies from those countries for their daily food, or if wheat rises to 150s. the quarter, and the quarter loaf to 2s. in consequence of our refusal—if the Thames, the Mersey, and the Clyde are blockaded by hostile fleets, and 700,000 or 800,000 manufacturers with their families, for the sake of the riches produced by whom we have sacrificed everything, are suddenly thrown out of employment—or if the seamen of the Baltic and other maritime powers of Europe have come to outnumber our own in the carrying on of our trade, and threaten to disable our commerce, and bring us to death's door, by simply recalling their crews—or if the Bank stops payment in the midst of these calamities, and public and private credit are at once destroyed at the very time when their assistance is most needed—*then, and not till then*, will England speak out in a voice of thunder.

How rapidly will the scales then fall from the eyes which have so long been blinded; how bitter will be the regret at the inexplicable insensibility now to solemn warnings; how intense the indignation at the delusions which, for the sake of present

profit to the deluders, has so long been practised upon them! The burst of indignation with which the appointment of the Lord Cardinal was received throughout England, the more suppressed apprehensions with which the opening of the Californian treasures was viewed by our moneyed oligarchy, can afford but a faint image of the feelings of agony which will then wring the British heart—the frightful cry of distress which will then rise up from famishing millions, the universal horror at past neglect which will send the iron into the soul of our whole people. Their efforts to redeem the past will probably be great; their struggles will be those of a giant. But it may be too late. They will be in the condition of the Athenian people when Lysander cast anchor off the Piræus, after the burning of their fleet at Aigos Potamos; or of the Carthaginians, when the legions of Scipio, in the last Punic war, drew round their walls; or of the Parisians, when “Europe in arms before their gates” demanded the surrender of all their conquests. They will be profoundly mortified—they will be cut to the heart; they would give half they possess for a deliverance, but they will be *forced to submit*; and to the annalist of these mournful times will only remain the task of drawing the appropriate moral from the melancholy tale, and recording the fall and ruin of England for the instruction of, and as a beacon to be avoided by, future times.

The Free Trade and Bullionist orators will exclaim that this statement is overcharged—that these apprehensions are entirely chimerical—that neither France nor Russia have the slightest intention of going to war with us—that the days of hostility between nations are at an end—that, even if we were attacked, our resources are greater than ever—and that the insular situation of Great Britain gives her a security which renders the maintenance of costly armaments for the national defence wholly unnecessary. This is what *they will say*; and we tell them what *they will not say*.—They will never allude to the arguments which follow, which will demonstrate the reality of

all this peril as clearly as any proposition in Euclid; if they do allude to them, it will only be to ridicule and misrepresent—the usual resource of detected error in presence of irresistible arguments. They will never allude to the facts or arguments adduced on the other side; but, treating the whole persons who adduce them—and ourselves among the rest—as utter fanatics and monomaniacs, continue to inculcate on their numerous readers—who never look at any papers on the other side—the entire security of the nation, the evident advent of a time when all wars are to cease, our secure and unassailable position, and the utter folly of incurring the certain evil of present expense for the purpose of warding off such contingent, remote, and chimerical dangers. We are well aware of the ability with which this method of upholding delusions is carried on, and of the readiness with which it is listened to both by the opulent and powerful class whose means of amassing fortunes would be diminished, and the numerous class whose burdens would in a slight degree be increased by a change of system.

The argument, that the era of wars has ceased, that Peace Congresses are henceforth to supersede the logic of cannon, and that the sooner we disband our troops, and sell our ships of the line, as a costly relic of a preadamite age, the better—would be an extremely strong one, and deserving of the most serious consideration, if it had any foundation in fact. But if this is not the case—if, on the contrary, the facts are all of an opposite character—then the argument, based on such a fallacious foundation, becomes the strongest which can be urged on the other side. Now, without going back to former times and the annals of history, let us attend only to our own days, and what we see around us, to ascertain whether there is any likelihood of war becoming unknown among men, and a real millennium causing all swords to be turned into pruning-hooks.

Everybody knows that the tendency of the present times is to become democratic; and it is chiefly in the increased weight of the people—the

greatest sufferers from the ravages of war—in the direction of public affairs, that the advocates of universal peace rest their predictions of the immediate advent of a pacific millennium. What countenance do the facts of recent times—even if all previous history were set aside—afford to the assertion that democratic influence is essentially of a pacific character, and that with the increase in all civilised states of popular power, the disuse and, at length, extinction of war may be anticipated?

So far from affording any countenance to such an idea, all recent, as well as former experience, leads to conclusions directly the reverse, and induces the melancholy prognostication that, with the general increase of democratic influence, not only will the sphere of future hostility be augmented, but its fierceness and devastations will be fearfully enhanced. Who commenced the dreadful wars of the French Revolution, which for twenty long years deluged Europe with blood, and brought the tricolor standards—the emblem of Republicanism—into every capital of continental Europe?—Democratic ascendancy in Paris; the crimes and ambition of the Girondists; the bloodthirsty passions of the Jacobins, which, not content with ravaging and drenching with gore their own country, could not find vent but in the sacking and plundering of all Europe. What afterwards gave rise to the terrible struggle in Poland in 1831, and induced the multiplied sufferings of that gallant but inconsiderate and infatuated democracy?—The French Revolution of 1830, which, but for the firmness of Louis Philippe, and his determination to risk all rather than gratify the passion for war in the Republicans who had elevated him to power, would have involved Europe in universal conflagration. What brought on the horrid civil war in Spain, which for five years overwhelmed the Peninsula with horrors and cold-blooded atrocities, which throw even those consequent on the invasion of Napoleon into the shade?—A democratic triumph in Madrid; the placing of a revolutionary queen on the throne of Spain; the determination and armed

intervention of England and France to uphold the cause of popular aggression in both kingdoms of the Peninsula.

What overturned the throne and pacific policy of Louis Philippe?—His determination to keep at peace; his resolution to coerce, at any hazard, the ambitious designs of the Parisian democrats. He tried to be a “Napoleon of Peace,” and he lost his throne and died in exile in consequence. What immediately followed the triumph of the Republicans in Paris in February 1848? Was it the reign of universal tranquillity—the advent of peace and good-will among men? Was it not, on the contrary, an outbreak of general hostility—the universal arming of nation against nation, of people against people, of race against race? Did not Republican Piedmont invade Lombardy; and Republican Prussia, Holstein; and Republican France besiege Rome? Did not the Magyar rise up against the Slave, and the Bohemian against the Austrian, and the Lombard against both; and was not the frightful scene of almost universal hostility appeased—and that for the time only—by the appalling appearance of a hundred thousand Muscovites on the Hungarian plains? Have not Austria and Prussia for the last six months been on the verge of a dreadful contest? Have not the burghers and ploughmen of all Germany been called from their peaceful avocations, to man the ranks of the landwehr? Have not eight hundred thousand men been arrayed on the opposite sides, and the banks of the Saale crowded with armies paralleled only by those which in 1813 stood on those of the Elbe? And what stopped this dreadful war, and sent back those multitudes of armed citizens unscathed to their peaceful homes? Was it republican France, or popular England? No; it was despotic Russia. It was the presence of a hundred and fifty thousand armed and disciplined Muscovites on the banks of the Vistula, which like a thundercloud overcast the east of Europe, and at last cooled down the ardent ambition of democratic Prussia into something like a just estimate of the chances of the conflict, and a tem-

porary respect for the rights of other nations.

Turn to distant parts of the world, and is the prospect more indicative of the advent of a pacific millennium? Is it to be found among the English colonists in India, or the energetic republicans of America? Have not the English, for the last twenty years, been engaged in almost ceaseless hostilities in Hindostan or China, during which ultimately our victorious standards have been advanced to Cabul and Nankin; and we have seen our empire shaken to its very foundation by the disasters of the Coord Cabul Pass, and the frightful contest on the banks of the Sutlej? Is America more peaceful, and is the advent of the reign of peace foreshadowed by the entire abstinence from ambitious and angry passions in the republicans of its southern or northern hemisphere? Has not the former, since the disastrous era when its revolution began, been the theatre of convulsions so frequent, and bloodshed so incessant, that history, in despair, has ceased to record the names of these conflicts, and points with horror only to their woeful consequences? And has not Northern America, during the last twenty years, exhibited the most unequivocal evidence of the lust of conquest having gained possession of the most influential portions of her inhabitants? Were they not actually at war with us in 1837 to support the Canadian revolutionists; did they not cheat us out of three-fourths of Maine, and bully us out of half of Oregon; and have they not squatted down, without the vestige of a title, on Texas; and when the Mexicans resented the aggression, invaded their territory and wrested from them the half of it, including the whole anriferous region of California? In short, war surrounds us on all sides; its passions are raging throughout the world; an era of such hostile prognostications is scarcely to be found in the annals of mankind. And yet Mr Cobden and Mr Bright declare, to admiring and assenting audiences in Manchester, that the era of war is past, and that we should disband our troops and sell our ships of the line! They are like an insane patient in a distant wing of a building which is wrapped

in flames, who positively refuses to do anything to save himself, saying, "They will never reach me."

Has the conduct of the English Government for twenty years past evinced the reality of the alleged disinclination to hostilities which is said to be creeping over all established governments, and to which popular ones in particular are in so remarkable a manner averse? Has not our conduct, on the contrary, even in Europe, been aggressive and provocative to war in the very highest degree? Did we not unite with France to force a revolutionary government on Spain and Portugal, and to prevent a legitimate one in Belgium from recovering its lawful possessions? Did we not, along with Russia, Prussia, and Austria, throw down the gauntlet, at the time of the bombardment of Beyrout and the siege of Acre, to France; and did not the firmness of Louis Philippe and the accession of Guizot, whom he called to his councils at the critical moment, alone prevent a general and frightful war in Europe? It is well known, to all persons acquainted with the subject, that we were still nearer a war with France some years afterwards, when the affair of Otaheite and Queen Pomare revived the ancient and undying jealousy of the two countries. We know it for a fact, that at that period the French were prepared for, and *fully expected* instant hostilities; and that for several nights six thousand choice light troops slept armed and accoutred on board the huge war-steamers at Cherbourg, ready to start at daybreak for a descent on the southern shores of Britain, and on some of its undefended dockyards, where not a vestige of preparation had been made to repel them.

But why recur to periods comparatively remote for proofs of a state of things which recur under our present foreign administration as periodically as commercial catastrophes do under our monetary system? In November 1849 we sent Admiral Parker, with the whole Mediterranean fleet, to the mouth of the Dardanelles, and took the Czar by the beard to rescue from his grasp some thousand Hungarian insurgents; and not content with this demonstration—which was as hostile

as the anchoring of a Russian fleet off the Nore would have been to this country—he was directed to cast anchor, on his return, off the Piræus, and bid defiance to France and Russia, the guaranties with ourselves of the independence of Greece. On this occasion we were so near a rupture that the *French ambassador actually left London*, and the Russian one was preparing to follow his example, when an immediate war with the two largest powers of Europe—thus, by unparalleled rashness on our part, brought, for the first time for half a century, to act cordially together—was only prevented by our succumbing and referring the matter to arbitration, as they had all along proposed, instead of exacting it at the cannon's mouth, as we had at first endeavoured to do. And for what mighty national interest was this enormous peril incurred, when, as usual, we were wholly unprepared to meet it? Was it to save Hindostan from invasion, or raise the blockade of the Nore, or extricate our fleet from the grasp of the Czar? No! It was to enforce *private* claims of M. Pacifico and Mr Finlay on the Greek Government, to the amount of a few thousand pounds—a proceeding which afforded the Continental powers, if they had been as hostilely disposed as our Government, a fair precedent for sending a Russian fleet of thirty ships of the line to the Nore, to demand satisfaction from our Government for the brutal attack on Marshal Haynau! And yet, such is the infatuation produced by party spirit, that not only was this aggressive act approved by a majority of the House of Commons, even after we had been obliged to recede from it, but it was approved by the very men who are constantly preaching up the immediate advent of a pacific millennium, and the necessity of disbanding our troops and selling our ships of the line.

Surrounded then, as we undeniably are, with the flames and the passions of war on every side; slumbering on the edge of a volcano, the fires of which are smouldering under our feet and gathering strength for a fresh and still more terrific explosion; actuated as we are by unbounded national haughtiness, and a most

aggressive system of foreign policy, have we done anything to support our pretensions, or avert those ravages from our own shores which we have so liberally scattered on all the adjacent coasts? Have we 100,000 regular troops and 200,000 landwehr, in the British Islands, ready to repel insult; and a fleet of 30 ships of the line and 20 armed steamers, ready afloat and *manned*, on the German Ocean and in the Channel, to secure our harbours from attack, and raise a blockade of our coasts? Have we—since we are so set upon a foreign war, and have done so much to spread the passions which necessarily lead to it, and made so many hostile demonstrations *calculated instantly to induce it*—made preparations in our Exchequer and our granaries for its expenses and its privations? Have we, like Frederick the Great when he invaded Silesia, a fund of £7,000,000 in the Treasury, to meet his war expenses; or Napoleon, when he plunged into Russia, a reserve of £14,000,000 in the vaults of the Tuileries? Have we fortified Woolwich, the general arsenal of the empire, and Chatham, and our other naval depots, hitherto undefended? Have we cleared out the glacis of Portsmouth and Plymouth, so as to give free range to the guns of the works, and established a great central fortification at Weedon, or some other central point in England, whither our troops might retire, if obliged to evacuate London, and where the new levies, raised in haste, might receive the elements of discipline, without the risk of being assailed, while yet in the awkward squad state, by the enemies' cuirassiers?

Alas! we have done none of these things. Woolwich is still an open depot, liable to be taken by a single regiment; there is not a bastion at Weedon; there is not a defensible post in the environs of London; Chatham, Sheerness, and Deptford are entirely open on the land side; and although Portsmouth and Plymouth are fortified, and may be pronounced impregnable against a naval assault, they are far from being so against a land force. The enemy would not require to run a sap up to the counter-

scarp: we have saved him the trouble, by allowing houses to be built almost everywhere so near the ditch, that the besiegers would effect a lodgment there the first day, and be able to batter in the breach in two days more. Landwehr we have none, unless 30,000 pensioners—most valuable veterans, of great use against mobs, or for garrison service, but little qualified for the field—deserve the name: our yeomanry, though admirably mounted and full of spirit, are wholly unacquainted with the duties, and unaccustomed to the fatigues, of actual warfare. We have not more than seven or eight ships of the line, and these but *imperfectly manned*, ready for sea in our harbours; and the regular troops in Great Britain, though second to none in the world in discipline and courage, can only muster 37,000 sabres and bayonets, and in the two islands amount only to 61,000!! In proportion to the eagerness with which we have spread abroad the passions and lighted the flames of war in all the adjoining states, is the assiduity with which we have neglected or abandoned our own defences; and the promptitude we have evinced, on every possible occasion, to provoke the hostility or rouse the jealousy of the most powerful states in our neighbourhood can be paralleled only by the simultaneous reductions we have effected in our own armaments, and the utterly defenceless state in which we have exposed ourselves to their attacks. Judging from our internal reductions, one would suppose we were never again to go to war: judging from our foreign policy, one would suppose we were never again to be at peace.

To illustrate these remarks, and demonstrate the utter insanity of our simultaneous adoption of the most aggressive foreign policy and the most pacific internal preparation, we subjoin from Sir Francis Head's late most admirable and interesting work a *vidimus* of the military force of the principal European powers, as compared with that of Great Britain, and subjoin to it a statement of our naval force, accompanied with that of France, Russia, and the United States—the principal maritime powers of the Continent and America:—

I. FRANCE.	
<i>Regular troops—</i>	
Infantry,	301,224
Cavalry,	58,932
Artillery,	30,166
Engineers, &c., . . .	18,298
	<hr/>
National Guards, . .	408,630
	<hr/>
	2,630,800
II. RUSSIA.	
<i>Regular troops—</i>	
Infantry,	468,000
Cavalry,	85,000
Cossacks,	20,000
	<hr/>
Regulars,	573,000
Guns,	1,020
	<hr/>
Garrisons and reserves,	150,000
Cossacks,	10,000
	<hr/>
	160,000
III. AUSTRIA (IN WAR.)	
Infantry,	484,240
Cavalry,	54,560
Artillery,	26,104
Engineers, &c., . . .	56,549
	<hr/>
	626,453
In peace reduced to, .	378,552
Landwehr,	200,000
	<hr/>
IV. PRUSSIA.	
<i>Regulars and Landwehr—</i>	
Infantry,	265,530
Cavalry,	49,662
Artillery,	23,400
Engineers, &c., . . .	40,800
	<hr/>
	379,392
Guns,	1,163
Landsturm,	222,416
	<hr/>
V. GREAT BRITAIN.	
<i>Regulars, infantry, cavalry, and artillery—</i>	
In Great Britain, . .	37,845
.. Ireland,	24,005
.. European colonies, .	7,915
.. Asia, (English,) . .	30,467
.. America, &c., . . .	19,835
.. Africa,	3,703
	<hr/>
	123,768
Pensioners,	30,000
Dockyards-men, . . .	8,000
Yeomanry,	13,441
Militia in Channel Islands,	4,700
	<hr/>
	56,141
	<hr/>
	179,909
	<hr/>

This is the *entire force*, so far as European troops are concerned, which is on foot to protect the immense British dominions in the four quarters of the globe! And as the entire regular force in Great Britain and Ireland is only 61,848 men, with 40 guns equipped for the field—and at least a fifth of every military force must always be deducted for sick, absent, and deserters—it follows that 50,000 men, with 40 guns, is the very utmost of regular troops that could be relied on in both islands to meet an enemy. Of this at least 20,000 would require to be left in Ireland; so that 30,000 men alone could be assembled in the last extremity for the defence of Great Britain! As to the pensioners and yeomanry, they would be entirely absorbed in forming garrisons, keeping up the communications, and preserving tranquillity in the manufacturing towns in the interior.

Formidable as this state of matters is, it becomes doubly serious when the state of our naval force is considered.

In 1792, before the war broke out, and when our population was not a half, nor our commerce and colonial dominions a fourth of what they now are, the naval force of Great Britain was—

Ships of the line, of which 115 } were effective,	156
Frigates,	97*

At this moment our naval force stands as follows:—

Ships of the line, and building, } of which 65 are serviceable, }	93
50 to 70 gun ships,	39
Frigates,	110
War-steamers,	56

The forces of the principal maritime powers of the globe, Spain being effete, stand thus:—

FRANCE.

Line,	46
Frigates,	50
Steamers of war,	102

RUSSIA.

Line,	45
Frigates,	30

AMERICA.

Line,	11
Frigates,	14
War-steamers,	14 †

Thus Russia and France could produce 85 ships of the line, 80 frigates, and 102 war-steamers, against our 65 or 70 of the line, 147 frigates, and 56 war-steamers. A disproportion sufficiently great for a country which boasts of being mistress of the waves: the more especially when it is recollected that both these hostile nations are actuated by the greatest jealousy of our naval power, and envy of our commercial greatness, and that we have so managed our foreign policy that, not six months ago, we were within a hairsbreadth of a war with *both united*. We are aware of the resources which, if the contest were prolonged for any considerable period, would arise to this country from the steam-packets to America and the West Indies, which their owners are taken bound, on an emergency, to place at the disposal of the Admiralty. But this provision, though a most wise and judicious one, and of very great moment in a lengthened conflict, would obviously be of little or no avail if war surprised us, as to all appearance it will do, in our usual state of fancied security and entire want of preparation, and a Russian fleet of twenty-five ships of the line from the Baltic anchors off the Nore, simultaneously with a French one of ten off Portsmouth, with as little warning or intimation as Admiral Parker gave to the Russians when he appeared at the mouth of the Dardanelles, or to the Greek Government when he cast anchor off the harbour of the Piræus.

But the danger becomes incomparably greater, and assumes the most portentous aspect, when two other circumstances connected with our naval situation are taken into consideration, of vital importance in

* JAMES'S *Naval History*, vol. i., Appendix.

† See *Saxe Gotha Almanac*, 1851, p. 415, 461.

this question, but which the advocates for reduction studiously keep out of view in its discussion.

The first is, the immense extent of the colonial empire we have to defend, and the consequent unavoidable dispersion of our naval force, such as it

is, over the whole globe. This appears in the most decisive manner from the table quoted below, taken from the *United Service Gazette* for December 1850, showing the distribution of our ships of the line in commission up to 25th November last.

GREAT BRITAIN : ON COMMISSION, AND GUARDSHIPS.		MEDITERRANEAN.	COLONIES, AND EXPERIMENTAL SQUADRON.		
	Guns.	Guns.	Guns.		
Bellerophon, . . .	78	Albion,	90	Asia,	84
Britannia,	120	Caledonia,	120	Hastings,	72
Cumberland, . . .	72	Ganges,	84	Imaum,	72
Hogue,	60	Powerful,	84	Indefatigable, . .	50
Impregnable, . . .	104	Superb,	80	Leander,	50
Monarch,	84	Queen,	110	Phæton,	50
Ocean,	80			Portland,	50
Saturn,	72			Prince Regent, . .	92
St George,	120			Southampton, . .	50
Trafalgar,	120			Wellesley,	72
Vengeance,	84				
Victory,	101				
Blenheim,	56				
Line and Guard- ships, }	13		6		10

This shows that out of twenty-eight line-of-battle ships and fifties in commission at that period, only thirteen were in the British harbours, and even including the Experimental Squadron, only fifteen. Of these, at least a half are mere guardships—such as the *Victory* at Portsmouth—of little real use but to furnish a mast for the Admiral on the station to hoist his flag. Of the six or seven that really are fit for sea, not more than one half are fully manned. Accordingly, it is universally known among naval men, that there are not more than three or four ships of the line that could on a sudden emergency be got ready for sea in the British harbours: being not *half* the force which the Danes had when they were suddenly attacked by Nelson in 1801, and by Lord Cathcart in 1807. On the first occasion, they had nine ships of the line and floating batteries moored off Copenhagen: on the last, *eighteen* ships of the line were taken by the victors, and brought to the British shores.

We are often told of the immense force which England now has in her steam-vessels—more numerous, it is said, and unquestionably better manned and navigated than any in Europe; and the "*Excellent*," at Portsmouth, is referred to as able at a moment's warning to furnish the requisite amount of experienced gunners. Fully admitting the high discipline and training of the gunners on board the *Excellent*, of whose merits we are well aware, they cannot do impossibilities. They amount only to five hundred *men*; and what are they to the forces requisite to defend the British shores against a combined French and Russian fleet, such as we *all but brought upon us* last April, when the French ambassador left London? What could four or five hundred trained gunners do when scattered over fifteen or twenty sail of the line, and as many steamers, the crews of which were suddenly huddled together—supposing them got at all—from the merchant service, where they had received no sort of

training in naval warfare? What could the peace steam-boats, not pierced for a single gun, do against the broadsides of the Russian line-of-battle ships, or the huge war-steamers which excited such astonishment among our naval men, when exhibited at the late review at Cherbourg? The thing is quite ridiculous. They would furnish, in Napoleon's words, ample *chair au cannon*, and nothing more.

Contrast this now with the state of preparation in which the French and Russian navies are kept, in consequence of their having both a regular force raised by conscription, and constantly paid and under arms like their land forces, wherewith to commence the conflict. The Czar has always *twenty ships* of the line and ten frigates in the Baltic, completely equipped and ready for sea, with 30,000 soldiers ready to step on board of them; and it would be surprising if, in passing the Sound, they were not reinforced by the six ships of the line and steam-frigates at the disposal of Denmark,* who would desire nothing better than to return, in a manner equally unexpected, the sudden visits we paid her in 1801 and 1807. France, in addition to sixteen ships of the line in commission, and double that number of war-steamers, has no less than 55,000 seamen ready to be called on, like the national guard, at a moment's warning, perfectly trained to gunnery and warlike duties, who could man double that number of line-of-battle ships and war-steamers.

"The French nation, however, deeming it unsafe to rest on any such frail contingency as voluntary enlistment, has wisely, as well as justly, decreed that her maritime districts and commercial marine shall be subject to the *same obligation* to serve their country as the other classes of the community; and, accordingly, by the laws of France, every boy who goes to sea is required to register his name on the 'Inscription Marine.' After one year's probation, he enters into the class of 'Mousses' until he is sixteen, when he becomes a 'novice' or apprentice till eighteen, when he is classed as a marine or seaman, and *he is thenceforward at the service of the state till he is fifty years of age*. Besides this, about $\frac{1}{10}$ of the gene-

ral conscription throughout the inland provinces are by law liable to serve in the navy. By the above arrangements, it appears that between the year 1835 and 1844, both inclusive, 55,517 seamen answered the calls of the annual *Levée permanente*, and, moreover, that very nearly *the whole* of the French merchant seamen, amounting altogether to upwards of 100,000 men, must have passed successively through the royal navy.

"Under this admirable system—which, while it flatters the passions, cultivates the mind, and comfortably provides for the sailor,—the French nation are prepared, by beat of drum, to march from their various quarters to their respective ships, *compagnies permanentes* of well-trained gunner seamen; and thus, at a moment's warning, even in time of peace, to complete the manning of *sixteen sail of the line*."—SIR FRANCIS HEAD, 184, 185.

It is no exaggeration, therefore, but the simple truth, to say that France and Russia could, in ten days from the time that their respective ambassadors left London, appear with a fleet of *thirty ships of the line and forty frigates or war-steamers in the Channel*, with which they could with ease blockade the Thames, Portsmouth, and Plymouth, where not more, at the very utmost, than eight or ten line-of-battle ships, and ten or twelve war-steamers, most of them only half manned, could be collected to oppose them. We have no doubt the crews of this diminutive fleet would do their duty as nobly as they did at the Nile and Trafalgar; but we shudder at the thought of the national blindness and infatuation which would expose them, and with them the existence of England as an independent nation, to such fearful odds.

In any such conflict, it is by the forces which can *suddenly be rendered available* that everything will be determined. It may be quite true that England possesses resources in the vast extent of her mercantile navy and steam-vessels, and the undaunted character of her seamen, which, in any *prolonged* contest, would give her the same superiority which she maintained throughout the last war; but it is not the less true, that this contingent ultimate superiority would be of no avail to avert disaster—it may

* *Almanach de Gotha*, 1851, 466.

be conquest—if the enemy, by having their forces better in hand, and available in the *ouset*, were in a situation to gain an advantage which could never be recovered from in the commencement. It is impossible to over-estimate the shock to credit, and ruin to the best interests of the empire, which would arise from a blockade of our harbours even for a single fortnight. Of what would it avail us that we had six noble sail of the line, and double that number of war-steamers in the Mediterranean, and as many scattered through the world, from China to California, if the Thames, the Mersey, and the Clyde, were blockaded by hostile fleets, and Portsmouth and Plymouth could only furnish five or six half-manned line-of-battle ships to raise the blockade? Russia has *no colonies*; France, next to none: thus the whole naval forces of both these Powers could be brought to bear, without deduction or defalcation of any sort, on Great Britain, more than half of whose navy is necessarily scattered over the globe. Our distant fleets would, in such a crisis, avail us as little as an army of pawns, with bishops and knights, would a chess-player who had received checkmate.

In the next place, these considerations become doubly powerful when it is recollected how very peculiar and tardy is the mode of *collecting men*, which alone is now thought of in the British navy. It is not generally known by landmen—though hereafter they may come to know it to their cost—that in England at present there is *neither any standing royal naval force, nor any compulsory means of levying it*. By our great naval establishment and right of impressing seamen, we had, practically speaking, both during the war: but these days are past. The navy sailors are changed as ships come into harbour, and the right of impressment has virtually become obsolete. When a ship, after two or three years' service, comes into port, she is immediately *paid off*, and a new set of sailors, wholly ignorant of war, are slowly got together by the next captain who

gets that or a corresponding ship; who in their turn, when they begin to become expert at their new duties, are displaced to make way for a third body of untrained men! What should we say to a manufacturer, a merchant, or a general, who should conduct things in this manner? Yet, such as it is, it is the system of the British navy. This subject, of vital importance, has been so well illustrated by two gallant naval officers, that we cannot do better than quote their admirable observations on it.

“A ship,” says Admiral Bowles, “is required to relieve another for foreign service. She is selected, reported ready for commission, the captain and officers are appointed, and then volunteers are advertised for. They come in slowly and uncertainly. If the ship is a large one, the men will not enter until the heaviest part of the work of fitting is completed: the equipment proceeds slowly and carelessly, because energy and rapidity are impracticable; but even then, those who enter first feel they are unfairly worked, and the seeds of discontent and desertion are sown at the very commencement of their service.

“Three, or sometimes four, months thus pass away, before the ship's complement is complete; and, in the meanwhile, little progress is made in discipline or instruction. She at last sails for her destination, and relieves a ship which, having been three or four years on active service, is, or ought to be, in a high state of efficiency; but on its arrival in England it is dismantled, the officers and crew are paid off and discharged, and we thus proceed, on the plan of perpetually creating, and as perpetually destroying, what we have with so much labour and expense endeavoured to obtain—an effective ship of war.”*

Captain Plunkett adds his valuable testimony to the same effect:—

“Voluntary enlistment may be considered entirely inapplicable to cases of emergency. There are no means of calculating how long ships would be manning, if, as would necessarily happen in cases of emergency, their crews were not increased by men recently paid off from other ships. In peace, there are usually *as many ships* paid off as commissioned in a year; and thus the men who leave one ship join another. But, even with this aid,

* ADMIRAL BOWLES' Pamphlet, 1840—*Suggestions for the more speedy Equipment and better Manning of her Majesty's Navy.*

the average time occupied by general line-of-battle ships in completing their crews, we find to have been above five months. In 1835-6, when we commissioned several ships of line at once, they were *six months waiting for seamen, and were then very ill manned*. We may safely suppose that, were ten sail of the line commissioned at this moment, and did circumstances not admit of paying others off, we should not see them manned in less than *eight months*. We may therefore say that, for any case of emergency, simple volunteering will fail, *as it always has failed*. We may expedite the material fitting of a fleet; we may move ships about our harbours, put their masts in, and call them 'demonstration' or 'advance ships!' we may even fit them for sea—for the dockyard men can do all that—but, when fitted, *there they must remain* for months waiting for seamen. Foreign powers are quite aware of this, for it is the duty of their consuls at our ports to inform their governments, and they must laugh at the demonstration by which John Bull plays a trick upon—HIMSELF!

"It is a matter of official avowal, and, we may add, of personal and painful recollection, that, in 1840, we were unable to collect a few hundred seamen to make a show of preparation. . . . When England was vainly trying to scrape together a few hundred seamen, France had (in *compagnies permanentes*) upwards of 3000 ready in the Atlantic ports, and probably not less at Toulon.

"It is a fact as surprising as it is discreditable to England, that *Russia could send thirty sail of the line to sea before England could send three*.

"It is scarcely an exaggeration to say, we might *build a ship* in the time required to *man one*."

We add not a word of comment on these admirable passages. Further illustration were worse than useless, after such words coming from such quarters.

It is often said that all fears of invasion are ridiculous, after the failure of Napoleon, who had 130,000 of the finest troops in the world to effect it. The *Times*, with its usual ability, makes the most of this argument. We accept the challenge: and, if we are not much mistaken, that able journal will have no reason to congratulate itself on having referred to that period for support of its argument:—

1. The regular land forces of France at that period were 450,000 men:

about the same as they are now. But now that Power has, in addition, 2,000,000 well-trained National Guards in arms, which, by rendering her territory wellnigh unassailable, leaves her whole regular force available for foreign expedition.

2. England had then 160,000 regular troops on foot, including 30,000 of the army of reserve, raised in the preceding years, of whom about 100,000 were in the British Islands. In 1808, the Duke of York reported to Government that, without detriment to any necessary home service, 60,000 regulars could be spared for the Peninsula; and in 1809 she had 80,000 in active warfare—viz., 40,000 at Walcheren, 30,000 in Spain, and 10,000 in Sicily.

3. In addition to this, she had 80,000 militia, quite equal to troops of the line, in Great Britain and Ireland, besides 300,000 volunteers in arms, tolerably drilled and full of spirit.

4. She had 83 ships of the line in commission, and 230 in all the royal dockyards, and 508 vessels of war bore the royal flag.

5. She had a system of impressment in active operation, which in effect gave the Admiralty the command, on an emergency, of the whole sailors in the mercantile navy of Great Britain, as they successively came into harbour: and the magnitude of the royal navy was such, and its attractions—especially the hopes of prize-money and glory—so powerful, that the sailors of the fleet were as much a *standing force* as Napoleon's grenadiers.

6. Austria and Russia were then in close alliance, offensive and defensive, with Great Britain, and 80,000 Muscovites, under Kutusoff, were hastening through Poland and Moravia to join 90,000 Austrians, who were on the Inn, threatening to invade Bavaria.

7. So instant was the danger, and so pressing the approach of a contest with the two greatest military powers on the Continent, that Napoleon was obliged to count not only by weeks but *by days*; and he had only just time enough to close the war, as he himself said, by "a clap of thunder on the Thames,

before he would be called on to combat for his existence on the Danube."

Such were the circumstances under which Napoleon then undertook his long meditated and deeply laid project for the invasion and conquest of Great Britain. His plan was to decoy Lord Nelson away to the West Indies by a feigned expedition of the combined Toulon and Cadiz fleets, and for them suddenly to return, join the Ferrol squadron, pick up those of Rochefort and l'Orient, unite with that of Brest, and with the united force, which would be sixty sail of the line, proceed into the Channel, where it was calculated there would only be twenty or twenty-five to oppose them; and, with this overwhelming force, cover the embarkation of the 130,000 men whom he had collected on the coast of the Channel. The plan was not original on the part of Napoleon, though he had the whole merit of the organisation of the stupendous armament which was to carry it into execution. The design was originally submitted, in 1782, by M. de Bouillé to Louis XVI., and Rodney's victory alone prevented it from being attempted at that time: France's designs in this respect are fixed and unalterable: they were the same under the mild and pacific Louis as the implacable Napoleon, and suggested as ably by the chivalrous and loyal-hearted de Bouillé, the author of the flight of the Royal family to Varennes, as by the regicide Talleyrand, or the republican Décrès.*

Such was Napoleon's plan, formed on that of M. de Bouillé; and, vast and complicated as it was, it all but succeeded. Indeed, its failure was owing to a combination of circumstances so extraordinary that they can never be expected to recur again; and even these are to be ascribed rather to the good providence of God, than to anything done by man to counteract it.

Nelson's fleet of ten line-of-battle ships pursued the combined fleet of twenty from Cadiz to the West Indies; but they had four weeks the start of him: and upon arriving there in the beginning of June, he received intelligence that they had set sail ten days before for Europe. Instantly divining their plan, he—without losing an hour—despatched several fast-sailing brigs to warn the Admiralty of their approach. One of these, the *Curieux*, which bore the fortunes of England on its sails, outstripped all its competitors, and even outsailed the combined fleet, so as to arrive at Portsmouth on the 9th July. Without losing an hour, the Admiralty sent orders by telegraph to Admiral Calder to join the Rochefort blockading squadron, and stand out to sea, in order to intercept the enemy on his return to the European seas. He did so; and with fifteen sail of the line met the combined fleet of twenty, on the 15th July: engaged them, took two ships of the line, and drove the fleet back into Ferrol; where, however, he was too weak to blockade them, as their junction with the squadron there raised their force to thirty ships of the line.

Though this was a severe check, it did not altogether disconcert Napoleon. He sent orders to Villeneuve to set sail from Ferrol, and join the Rochefort and Brest squadrons which were ready to receive him, and which would have raised the combined fleet to fifty-five line-of-battle ships, then to make straight for the Channel, where Napoleon, with one hundred and thirty thousand men, and fifteen hundred gun-boats and lesser craft, lay ready to embark. On the 21st August, the Brest squadron, consisting of twenty-one sail of the line, under Gantheaume, stood out to sea. Every eye was strained looking to the south, where Villeneuve with thirty-five line-of-battle ships, was expected to appear. What prevented the junction, and defeated this ad-

* The Author is in possession of M. de Bouillé's memoir to Louis XVI., on this subject, in 1782, which is identically the same as Napoleon afterwards put in execution. He owes this valuable historical document to the kindness of his esteemed friend, Admiral Sir George Seymour, who got it in the West Indies, whither a copy of it had been sent.

mirably laid plan, which had thus obtained complete success so far as it had gone—for Nelson was still a long way off, his fleet having been wholly worn-out by their long voyage, and obliged to go into Gibraltar to refit? It was this: Villeneuve set sail from Ferrol with 29 sail of the line, on the 11th August, but instead of proceeding to the north—in conformity with his orders—to join Gantheaume off Brest, HE STEERED FOR CADIZ, which he reached in safety on the 21st of August, the very day on which he had been expected at Brest, without meeting with Sir Robert Calder, who had fallen back into the Bay of Biscay. For this disobedience of orders, Napoleon afterwards brought Villeneuve to a court-martial, by which he was condemned.

This unaccountable disobedience of orders entirely defeated Napoleon's scheme, for Austria was now on the verge of invading Bavaria. He accordingly at once changed his plan; and, as he could no longer hope for a naval superiority in the Channel, before the Austrian invasion took place, directed all his forces to repel the combined Austrian and Russian forces in Bavaria and Italy. On September 1, his whole army received orders to march from the heights of Boulogne to the banks of the Danube. On the 20th October, Mack defiled, with thirty thousand men as prisoners before him, on the heights of Ulm; and on the day after—October 21—Nelson defeated Villeneuve at Trafalgar, took nineteen ships of the line, and ruined seven more. Between that battle and the subsequent one of Sir R. Strachan, thirty ships of the line were taken or destroyed; all hope of invasion for the remainder of the war was at an end; and "ships, colonies, and commerce" had irrevocably passed to Napoleon's enemies.

Such was the extraordinary and apparently providential combination of circumstances which defeated this great plan of Napoleon for the invasion of this country—a plan which, he repeatedly said, was the best combined and most deeply laid of any he had ever formed in his life. Its failure was owing to accident, or some overruling cause which cannot be

again relied on. Had the *Curieux* not made the shortest passage ever then known, from Antigua—twenty-four days; had Villeneuve reached the Channel unexpectedly on the 20th or 21st July, as he would have done but for its arrival—had he even sailed for Brest on the 11th August, as ordered, *instead of to Cadiz*, the invasion would in all human probability have taken place. What its result would have been is a very different question. With a hundred and eighty thousand regular troops and militia in arms in the British Islands, besides three hundred thousand volunteers, the conflict must at least have been a very desperate one. But what would it be now, when the French and Russians have greater land forces to invade us; when their naval superiority, at least in the outset of the contest, would be much more decisive; and, with a much more divided and discontented population at home, we could only—at the very utmost—oppose them with fifty thousand effective men in both islands, in the field.

It is often said by persons who know nothing of war, either by study or experience, that "if the French invaded us, we would all rise up and crush them." Setting aside what need not be said to any man who knows anything of the subject—the utter inadequacy of an unarmed, untrained, and undisciplined body of men, however individually brave, to repel the attack of a powerful regular army—we shall by one word settle this matter of the nation rising up. It would rise up, and we know what it would do. *The most influential part of it, at least in the towns, who now rule the state, would run away.* We do not mean run away from the field; for, truly, very few of those who now raise the cry for economy and disarming would be found there. We mean they would counsel, and, in fact, insist on submission. Many brave men would doubtless be found in the towns, and multitudes in the country, who would be eager at the posts of danger; but the great bulk of the wealthy and influential classes, at least in the great cities, would loudly call out for an accommodation on any terms. They would surrender

the fleets, dismantle Portsmouth and Plymouth, cede Gibraltar and Malta—*anything to stop the crisis*. They would do so for the same reason that they now so earnestly counsel disbanding the troops and selling the ships of the line, and under the influence of a much more cogent necessity—in order to be able to continue without interruption the making of money. Peace, peace! would be the universal cry, at least among the rich in the towns, as it was in Paris in 1814. There would be no thought of imitating the burning of Moscow, or renewing the sacrifice of Numantia. The feeling among the vast majority of the manufacturing and mercantile classes would be—“What is the use of fighting and prolonging so terrible a crisis? Our workmen are starving, our harbours are blockaded, our trade is gone, we are evidently overmatched; let us on any terms get out of the contest, and sit quietly on our cotton bags, to make money by weaving cloth for our conquerors.”

We have said enough, we think, to make every thoughtful and impartial mind contemplate with the most serious disquietude the prospect which is before us, under our present system of cheapening everything, and, as a necessary consequence, reducing the national armaments to a pitiable degree of weakness in the midst of general hostility, and the greatest possible increase of available forces on the part of all our neighbours, rivals, and enemies. But let us suppose that we are *entirely wrong* in all we have hitherto advanced—that there is not the slightest danger of an in-

vasion or blockade from foreign powers, or that our home forces are so considerable as to render any such attempt on their part utterly hopeless. There are three other circumstances, the direct effects of our present Free Trade policy, any one of which is fully adequate in no distant period to destroy our independence, and from the combined operation of which nothing but national subjugation and ultimate ruin can be anticipated.

The first is the extraordinary and appalling increase which, since Free Trade was introduced, has taken place in the proportion of the daily food of our population which is furnished by *foreign states*. Before the great change in our policy began, the nation had been rendered, practically speaking, self-supporting. The importation of wheat, for the five years from 1830 to 1835, was only 398,000 quarters; and even during the five bad years in succession, from 1836 to 1841, the average importation was only 1,700,000 quarters. From 1830 to 1840, the average importation of wheat and flour was only 907,000 quarters.* But since the great change of 1846, the state of matters has been so completely changed that it is now notorious that, in ordinary years, the importations cannot be expected to be ever less than 9,000,000 or 10,000,000 quarters of grain, about 5,000,000 quarters of which consists of wheat.† The importation in the single month of July last, in the face of prices about 42s. the quarter, was no less than 1,700,000 quarters of all sorts

* PORTER'S *Progress of the Nation*, p. 138, 2d edition.

† “The official returns of the importations of grain, &c., into the United Kingdom have not yet been completed; but for the eleven months ending 5th of December 1850, the quantities were—

Wheat, . . .	3,453,876 qrs.	Brought over, . . .	5,688,413 qrs.
Barley, . . .	994,754 ...	Beans, . . .	418,258 ...
Oats, . . .	1,145,705 ...	Pease, . . .	167,633 ...
Rye, . . .	94,078 ...	Maize, . . .	1,240,075 ...
	<hr/>	Flour, . . .	3,286,749 cwt.
Carry forward,	5,688,413		<hr/>
		In 11 months,	8,610,295

Which is at the rate, with prices at 39s. 9d., of 9,500,000 quarters a-year.”—*Morning Post*, Jan. 7, 1851.

of grain;* and in the month ending November 5, with prices about 39s. 9d. the quarter of wheat, the importation was:—

	Quarters.
Wheat, . . .	309,162
Other grain, . . .	181,753
Indian corn, . . .	36,412
Flour and meal, . . .	194,700
	721,657

—Price, 39s. 9d. quarter of wheat.

The average of prices for the last twelve weeks has been 39s. 9d. the quarter; but the importation goes on without the least diminution, and accordingly the *Mark Lane Express* of December 28, 1850, observes,—

“In the commencement of the year now about to terminate, an opinion was very prevalent that prices of grain (more especially those of wheat) had been somewhat unduly depressed; and it was then thought that, even with Free Trade, the value of the article would not for any lengthened period be kept down below the cost of production in this country. The experience of the last twelve months has, however, proved that this idea was erroneous; for, with a crop very much inferior to that of 1849, quotations have, on the whole, ruled lower, the average price for the kingdom for the year 1850 being only about 40s., whilst that for the preceding twelve months was 44s. 4d. per quarter. This fact is, we think, sufficient to convince all parties that, so long as the laws of import remain as they now stand, a higher range of prices than what we have had since our ports have been thrown open cannot be safely reckoned on. The experiment has now had two years’ trial; the first was one in which a considerable failure of the potato crop took place in England and Ireland; and this season we have had a deficient harvest of almost all descriptions of grain over the whole of Great Britain. If, under these circumstances, foreign growers have found no difficulty in furnishing supplies so extensive as to keep down prices here at a point at which farmers have been unable

to obtain a fair return for their industry and interest for the capital employed, we can hardly calculate on more remunerating rates during fair average seasons. Under certain combinations of circumstances, prices may, perhaps, at times be somewhat higher; but viewing the matter on the broad principle, we feel satisfied that, with Free Trade, the producers of wheat will rarely receive equal to 5s. per bushel for their crop.

Accordingly, so notorious has this fact become, and so familiar have the public become with it, that it has become a common-place remark, which is making the round of all the newspapers without exciting any attention, that the food of 7,000,000 of our people has come to depend on supplies from foreign countries. In fact a much larger proportion than this, of the wheaten food of the country, comes from abroad; for the total wheat consumed in Great Britain and Ireland is under 15,000,000 quarters, and the importation of wheat is from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 quarters, which is about a third. And of the corresponding decrease in our own production of grain, a decisive proof has been afforded by the decline since 1846 in wheat grown in Ireland, the only part of the empire where such returns are made, which has stood thus:—

	Acres.
1848, . . .	1,084,000
1849, . . .	511,000
1850, . . .	674,000 †

Now, assuming — as experience warrants us in doing — this state of matters to be permanent, and the growth of wheat in the British Islands to be progressively superseded by importations from abroad, how is the *national independence* to be maintained, when a *fourth of our people* have come to depend on foreign supplies for their

* LONDON, WEEK ENDING JULY 12, 1850.

	ARRIVALS.			
	Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Malt.
English, . . .	1,990	50	580	...
Irish,
Foreign, . . .	14,810	10,040	18,110	...
	Flour, English, 3,140 sacks.			

—*Times*, July 17.

† Captain Larcom’s Report. We quote from memory; but the above figures are near the truth.

daily food? Nearly all this grain, be it recollected, comes from two countries only—Russia, or Poland which it governs, and America. If these two powers are desirous of beating down the naval superiority, or ruining the commerce and manufactures of Great Britain, they need not fit out a ship of the line, or embark a battalion to effect their purpose; they have only to pass a *Non-Intercourse Act*, as they both did in 1811, and wheat will at once rise to 120s. the quarter in this country; and in three months we must haul down our colours, and submit to any terms they may choose to dictate.

In another respect our state of dependence is still greater, for we rest almost entirely on the supplies obtained from a *single* state. No one need be told that five-sixths, often nine-tenths, of the supply of cotton consumed in our manufactures come from America, and that seven or eight hundred thousand persons are directly or indirectly employed in the operations which take place upon it. Suppose America wishes to bully us, to make us abandon Canada or Jamaica for example, she has no need to go to war. She has only to stop the export of cotton for six months, and the whole of our manufacturing counties are starving or in rebellion; while a *temporary* cessation of profit is the only inconvenience they experience on the other side of the Atlantic. Can we call ourselves independent in such circumstances? We might have been independent:

Jamaica, Demerara, and India, *might* have furnished cotton enough for all our wants. Why, then, do they not do so? The mania of cheapening everything has done it all. We have ruined the West Indies by emancipating the negroes, and then admitting foreign sugar all but on the same terms as our own, and therefore cotton cannot be raised to a profit in those rich islands—for *continuous* labour, of which the emancipated negroes are incapable, is indispensable to its production. In the East Indies, the cultivation of cotton has not been able to make any material progress, because the mania of Free Trade lets in American cotton, grown at half the expense, without protection. We have sold our independence, not like Esau, for a mess of pottage, but for a bale of cotton.

In the next place, the progressive and rapid decrease in our shipping, and increase of the foreign employed in carrying on our trade, since the Navigation Laws were repealed, is so great that from that quarter also the utmost danger to our independence may be anticipated. We need not remind our readers how often and earnestly we have predicted that this effect must take place; and we shall now proceed to show how completely, to the very letter, these prognostics have been verified:—

The shipping returns of the Board of Trade, for the month ending the 5th of November, present the following results:—

TONNAGE FOR THE MONTH ENDING NOV. 5.

Entered inwards—

	1849.	1850.
British vessels,	370,393	326,058
United States vessels,	30,677	54,164
Other countries,	67,733	140,397
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	468,803	520,619

—*Times*, Dec. 7, 1850.

The general results for the ten months, from January 1, 1850, when the repeal of the Navigation Laws took effect, to October 31, are as follows, and have been thus admirably stated by Mr Young:—

“In the year 1840, the total amount of tonnage entered inwards, in the foreign trade of the United Kingdom, was 4,105,207 tons, of which 2,807,367 were

British, and 1,297,840 foreign. In 1845, the British tonnage had advanced to 3,669,853, and the foreign to 1,353,735, making an aggregate of 5,023,588 tons. In 1849, the British entries were 4,390,375, the foreign 1,680,894—together 6,071,269 tons. Thus, in ten years, with a growing commerce, but under protection, British tonnage had progressively increased 1,583,008 tons, or 56½ per cent; and foreign 383,054 tons, or 29½ per cent. At

this point, protection was withdrawn. Free navigation has now been ten months in operation, and the following is the result :—

“The aggregate inward entries during the ten months ended the 5th of November 1849, were 5,081,592 tons, of which 3,651,589 were British, and 1,430,003 foreign. During the corresponding ten months ending the 5th of November of the present year, the aggregate entries are 5,114,064 tons, the British being 3,365,033, and the foreign 1,749,031. Thus, comparing the first ten months after the repeal of the Navigation Laws with the corresponding ten months of the preceding year, when those laws were in operation, we find that British tonnage has decreased within this brief period no less than 286,556, or 8 1-10 per cent, while foreign tonnage has increased to the enormous extent of 319,028 tons, or 22 3-10 per cent, the whole entries having advanced only 32,472 tons—thus showing that our maritime commerce has not been augmented in any appreciable degree by the alteration, but that it has simply changed hands. The foreigner has taken what we have madly surrendered. I may add, that never was the state, and never were the prospects, of shipowners so gloomy. Freights in all parts of the world are unprecedentedly low, and, for the first time within my recollection, ships are actually returning from the British West Indies in ballast.

“Could I regard the whole subject with less of humiliating apprehension for my country, I might derive satisfaction from the confirmation of many predictions on which I have formerly ventured, afforded by an analysis of the return from which the melancholy result I have exhibited is taken. Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Prussia, and Germany—countries whose rivalry you have repeatedly derided as undeserving of attention—have increased in the ten months from 502,454 tons to 796,200 tons, or 58 4-10 per cent. But I forbear. While all Europe bristles with bayonets, the loom and the spindle seem to be regarded as the chosen defences of this now the most unwarlike nation on the face of the earth. Wellington, and Ellesmere, and Napier have in vain essayed to arouse England to solicitude for her national defences; and till some imminently impending alarm shall awaken my countrymen to a sense of the insecurity in which they are unconsciously reposing, I almost dread they will accept the unworthy advice recently tendered to them by the unadorned oracle

of Free Trade, to run every risk rather than incur any expense. It is thus that, under the illusory expectation of the most infinitesimally minute reduction in the freight of imported commodities, the hazard of leaving our navy unmanned is overlooked or disregarded.”

In the single harbour of Liverpool, the decrease of British shipping, in the year 1850, has been *no less than* 100,000 tons; while the foreign has swelled from 56,400 to 126,700.* If such has been the result in less than one year, what may be anticipated if the system continues three or four years longer? It is quite evident that the foreign tonnage employed in conducting our trade will come to exceed the British, and then, of course, our independence and maritime superiority are alike at an end.

The Free-Traders, in answer to this appalling statement, say that the entries outward exhibit a different and less unfavourable result. Without referring to the authority of Mr Huskisson, who stated what is well-known to all men practically engaged with the subject, that the outward entries afford no correct data for judging of trade returns, it may be sufficient to remark that the difference is mainly owing, in the present instance, to the prodigious multitude of our *emigrants* to America, the shipping employed in conveying whom is estimated at 240,000 tons. The Free-Traders first, by their final measures, drive some 300,000 of our industrious inhabitants out of the country annually, in quest of the employment which they have lost at home, and then they rest on the tonnage required to convey them away, in order to conceal the effect of Free Trade in shipping on our mercantile marine! They are welcome to the whole benefit which they can derive from the double effect of Free Trade, first on our people, and then on our shipping.

These considerations become the more forcible when it is considered, in the third place, what immediate and imminent risk there is that either our principal colonies will ere long declare themselves independent, or that

* *Quarterly Review*, Jan. 1851, p. 399, note.

they will be abandoned without a struggle by our Free-Trade rulers. Now, the tonnage between Great Britain and Canada is about 1,200,000 tons, and to the West Indies somewhat above 170,000. Fourteen hundred thousand British tons are taken up with our trade to these *two colonies alone*; and if they become independent states, that tonnage will, to the extent of more than a half, slip from our grasp—as they have the materials of shipbuilding at their door, which we have not. Eight or nine hundred thousand tons will by that change at once be severed from the British Empire and added to the foreign tonnage employed in carrying on our trade, which is now about 2,200,000 tons. That will raise it to above 3,000,000 tons, or fully a half of our whole tonnage, foreign and British—which is, in round numbers, about 6,000,000 tons. The intention of Government to abandon our colonies to themselves has been now openly announced. Earl Grey's declaration of his resolution to withdraw all our troops, except a mere handful, from Australia, is obviously the first step in the general abandonment of the colonies to their own resources, and, of course, their speedy disjunction from the British Empire. As the separation of Canada and the West Indies is an event which may ere long be looked for—not less from the universal discontents of the colonies, who have lost by Free Trade their only interest in upholding the connection with the British Empire, than from the growing disinclination of our Free Trade rulers to continue much longer the burdens and expense consequent on their government—it is evident that, the moment it happens, the foreign ships employed in carrying on our trade will outnumber the British. From that moment the nursery for our seamen, and with it the means of maintaining our maritime superiority and national independence, are at an end. And as this separation will, to all human appearance, take place the moment that we are involved in a European war—which, with the aggressive policy of our Foreign Minister, may any day be looked for—this is perhaps the most immediate and threatening danger which menaces the British Empire.

When the magnitude and variety of the perils which Free Trade and the cheapening system have brought upon the British empire are taken into consideration, it may appear extraordinary that the foreign powers, *who are perfectly aware of it all*, do not at once step forward and secure for themselves the rich prize which we so invitingly tender to their grasp. But the reason is not difficult to be discerned. They know what England once was, and they see whither, under the new system, she is tending. They anticipate our subjugation, or at least our abrogation of the rank and pretensions of an independent power, at no distant period, from our own acts, without their interfering in the matter at all. They are fearful, if they move too soon, of committing the same fault which the Pope has recently done, on the suggestion of Cardinal Wiseman. They are afraid of opening the eyes of the nation, by any overt act, to the dangers accumulating around them, before it is so thoroughly debilitated by the new system that any resistance would be hopeless, and therefore will never be attempted. They hope, and with reason, to see us ruined and cast down by our own acts, without their firing a shot. Their feeling is analogous to Napoleon's on the morning of the battle of Austerlitz, when the Allies were making their fatal cross-march in front of the heads of his columns, and exposing their flank to his attack. When urged by his generals to give the signal for an immediate advance, he replied — “Wait! when the enemy is making a false movement, which will prove fatal if continued, it is not our part to interrupt him in it.”

What, then, is the advantage which the Free-Traders have to set off against these obvious and appalling dangers, past, present, and to come, with which their policy is attended? It is this, and this only—that the manufacturing towns are prosperous, and that our exports are increasing. They point with exultation to the following statement:—

“The aggregate value of our exports, during the first ten months of the present year, has been L.55,038,206, against L.49,398,648 in the like period of 1849,

showing an increase of L.5,639,558, which has occurred in the following order :

Month ending	Increase. £	Decrease. £
February 5,	858,285	—
March 5,	556,746	—
April 5,	418,089	—
May 5,	1,398,232	—
June 5,	1,604,623	—
July 5,	427,090	—
August 5,	—	334,858
Sept. 5,	—	279,961
Oct. 10,	807,742	—
Nov. 5,	183,570	—

—*Times*, Nov. 10.

Now, let it be supposed that this increase, which will amount to less than L.7,000,000 in our exports in the whole year, is all to be set down to the credit of Free Trade. Let us suppose that Californian gold, which has given so unparalleled a stimulus to America, and the lowering the discounts of the Bank of England to 2½ per cent—which has done so much, as it always does, to vivify industry and raise prices at home—and the pacification of Germany by Muscovite influences or bayonets, which have again, after the lapse of two years, opened the Continental markets to our produce, have had nothing at all to do with this increase in our exports,—what, after all, does it amount to, and what, on striking the balance of profit and loss of Free Trade, has the nation lost or gained by its adoption?

It has increased our exports by L.7,000,000 at the very utmost; and as the total produce of our manufactures is about L.180,000,000, this is an addition of a *twenty-fifth part*. It has made four or five hundred thousand persons employed in the export manufactures prosperous for the time, and increased, by five or six hundred thousand pounds in the last year, the incomes of some eighty or a hundred mill-owners or millionnaires.

Per contra. 1. It has lowered the value of agricultural produce of every kind fully twenty-five per cent, and that in the face of a harvest very deficient in the south of England. As the value of that produce, prior to the

Free-Trade changes, was about L.300,000,000 a-year, it has cut L.75,000,000 off the remuneration for agricultural industry over the two islands.

2. It has cut as much off the funds available to the purchase of articles of our manufacture in the home market; for if the land, which pays above half the income tax, is impoverished, how are the purchasers at home to find funds to buy goods?

3. It has totally destroyed the West Indies—colonies which, before the new system began, raised produce to the value of L.22,000,000, and remitted at least L.5,000,000 annually, in the shape of rent, profits, and taxes, to this country.

4. It has induced such ruin in Ireland, that the annual emigration, which chiefly comes from that agricultural country, last year (1849) reached 300,000 souls, and this year, it is understood, will be still greater.* This is as great a chasm in our population as the Moscow retreat, or the Leipsic campaign, made in that of France; but it excites no sort of attention, or rather the pressure of unemployed labour is felt to be so excessive, that it is looked on rather as a blessing. The *Times* observes, on January 1, 1851:—

“We see the population of Ireland flowing off to the United States in one continuous and unending stream, at a rate that in twenty years, if uninterrupted, will reduce them to a third of their present numbers. We see at the same time an increasing emigration from this island. England has so long been accustomed to regard excess of population as the only danger, that she will be slow to weigh as seriously as perhaps she ought this rapid subtraction of her *sinew and bone*, and consequent diminution of physical strength. It is impossible, however, that so considerable a change should be attended with unmixed advantage, or that human forethought should be able to compass all the results. The census of next spring may invite attention to a subject, the very magnitude of which may soon command our anxiety.”

5. It has totally ruined the West Highlands of Scotland, which depend

* Emigrants from Liverpool,

1849.
152,860

1850.
174,427

on two staples—kelp and black cattle—the first of which has been destroyed by free trade in barilla, and the second ruined by free trade in cattle, for the benefit of our manufacturing towns, and sent their cottars in starving bands to Glasgow, already overwhelmed by above L.100,000 a-year of poor-rates.

6. It has so seriously affected the internal resources of the country, that, with a foreign trade prosperous beyond what has been seen since 1845, the revenue is only L.165,000 more than it was in the preceding year, which was one of great depression; and the last quarter has produced L.110,000 less than the corresponding quarter of 1849.

7. It has so lowered the *incomes* of people in the country, that although the number of travellers by railways has greatly increased, and the total receipts of the lines have been swelled by L.1,700,000 since last year, the mileage *has decreased*—proving that the *general* traffic of the country bears no adequate proportion to its railway lines. It stands thus,—

	1849.	1850.
Mileage on 6257 miles,	L.2302	L.2247

—*Times*.

which is a *fall* of L.55 a mile in the midst of our boasted prosperous export trade.

Such are the *advantages*, in consideration of which the nation has embarked on a course of policy which so evidently, and in so many ways, threatens our independence. It is class government which has done it all—the determination to make the sovereign worth two sovereigns, and a day's labour to the poor man worth one shilling to him instead of two, which has induced dangers in every quarter, which threaten the existence of Great Britain. Why is it that we are constrained—though Government are perfectly aware of the danger, and the Duke of Wellington has repeatedly pointed it out—to have a

military and naval force evidently incommensurate to the wants of our vast empire, and unable to defend it from the hostility which our foreign policy does so much to provoke? Simply because we have surrendered the government of the country to a moneyed oligarchy, who are resolved, *coute qui coute*, to cheapen everything, because it enhances the value of their realised wealth, and because the measures of that oligarchy have cut down Queen Victoria's income from £100,000,000—as it might have been, and *is now, in real weight upon the country**—to £50,000,000; just as they have reduced the income of the poor needlewomen from 9d. a-day to 4½d. Why is it that we are constrained, openly and avowedly, to abandon our colonies to their own resources? Only because the cheapening system and Free Trade have so paralysed and weakened our resources, that, like the Romans, if we would protect at all the heart of the empire, we must forthwith abandon its extremities.

Why are we evidently and undeniably losing the empire of the seas, by the rapid and portentous increase of the foreign and decline of the English shipping, in carrying on our own trade? Only because freights must, it is thought, be cheapened as well as everything else; and the independence of the country is a trifling consideration to a fall of a farthing in the pound, in the transport of some articles, for the benefit of the Manchester trader. Why are the West Indies utterly ruined, and the annual importation of slaves into Cuba and Brazil doubled,† and discontent so universally spread through our colonies, that beyond all doubt, in the first reverse, they will break off from the mother country, if not previously thrown off by it? Merely to carry out the dogma of Free Trade, and lower sugar, watered by the blood of the slaves, a penny or twopence a pound

* £100,000,000 in quarters of wheat at 80s., 25,000,000 quarters; £50,000,000 in quarters of wheat at 40s., 25,000,000. So that, after all our boasted reductions, our taxes are now *thirty per cent* heavier than they were in the heaviest year of the war, when they were only £72,000,000.

† See a most admirable pamphlet by Mr Stanley, the worthy inheritor of his father's genius and patriotic spirit. The slaves imported into Cuba have increased since 1847 from 23,000 to 50,000.

to the British consumer. Why have we brought 7,000,000 of our people, in three years, to depend for their daily food on foreign supplies, and put ourselves entirely at the mercy of the *two states* from which nearly all that food comes? Only to enrich the Manchester manufacturers, and appease the cry for cheap bread, by enabling them to beat down the wages of labour from 1s. 6d. to 1s. a-day. Why are poor-rates—measured in the true way, by quarters of grain—heavier in this year of boasted prosperity than they were in any former year of admitted adversity? Because, in every department of industry, we have beat down native by letting in a flood of foreign industry. Why are 300,000 industrious citizens annually driven into exile, and Ireland threatened with a depopulation the most rapid and extraordinary which has been witnessed in the world since the declining days of the Roman empire? Because we would lower wheat from 56s. to 39s. a quarter; and thereby we have extinguished the profits of cultivation in a portion of our empire containing 8,000,000 of inhabitants, but so exclusively agricultural that its exports of manufactures are only £230,000 a-year. It is one principle—the cheapening system—devised by the moneyed and manufacturing oligarchy, and calculated for their exclusive benefit, which has done the whole.

Is there, then, no remedy for these various, accumulating, and most threatening evils? Must we sit down with our hands across, supinely witnessing the progressive dangers and certain ultimate destruction of the empire, merely because the measures inducing all these perils are supported by the moneyed and manufacturing oligarchy who have got the command of the House of Commons? We are far from thinking that this is the case; but if we would avert, or even mitigate our dangers, we must set ourselves first to remedy the most pressing. Of these, the most serious, beyond all question, are to be found in our unprotected state,—for they may destroy us as a nation in a month, after some fresh freak of Lord Palmerston's has embroiled us with some

regard to other matters, and the general commercial policy, the danger, though not the less real, is not so immediate, and experience may perhaps enlighten the country before it is too late. But it is otherwise with our external dangers: they are instant and terrible. The means of resisting them are perfectly simple—they will be felt as a burden by none; on the contrary, they are calculated, at the same time that they provide for our national defence, to mitigate the greater part of the domestic evils under which the people labour.

Government tell us that they have a surplus of L.3,000,000 this year in their hands. We hope it is so, and that it will not prove, like other surpluses, greater on paper than in reality. But let it be assumed that it is as large as is represented. *That surplus, judiciously applied, would save the country!* It would raise our armaments to such a point as, with the advantages of our insular situation, and long-established warlike fame, would prevent all thoughts of invasion on the part of our enemies. It would give us 100,000 regular troops, with those we already have—100,000 militia, occasionally called out—and 25 ships of the line, with those already in commission, to defend the British shores. It is true, the continuance of the Income Tax cannot be relied on—nor should the country submit to it any longer; for a tax which is paid exclusively by 147,000 persons out of 28,000,000, is so obviously unjust, that its further retention is probably impossible. Additional direct taxation upon the affluent classes is obviously out of the question, for the chasms made in the incomes of those depending on land, who pay three-fourths of it, are such that it would prove totally unproductive. What, then, is to be done to uphold the public revenue at its present amount, or even prevent its sinking so as to increase instead of diminishing our helpless and unprotected state? An obvious expedient remains. Imitate the conduct of America and Prussia, France and Russia, and all countries who have any regard either to their national independence, or the social welfare of their inhabitants. Lay a moderate duty upon all importa-

tions, whether of rude or manufactured articles. In America it is 30 per cent, and constitutes nearly their sole source of revenue: in Prussia it is practically 40 or 50 per cent. By this means nearly *half the tax is paid by foreigners*—for competition forces them to sell the articles taxed cheaper than their ordinary price, with the addition of the tax. It is spread over so vast a surface among consumers, that its weight is not felt; being mixed up with the price of the article sold, its weight is not perceived. We pay in this way half the taxes of America, Germany, and all the countries to whom we chiefly export our manufactures. Let us return them the compliment, and adopt a system which

will make them pay the half of ours. The whole, or nearly the whole, of the Income Tax, which now produces L.5,400,000 a-year, would by this change be spent in increased purchases in the home market, and sensibly relieve its sinking state. This change would at once obviate our external dangers—for it would enable Government, without sensibly burdening the country, to maintain the national armaments on such a scale as to bid defiance to foreign attack. We shall see in our succeeding paper whether it would not, at the same time, be an effectual remedy, and the only one that would be practicable, to the most serious part of our domestic evils.

CURRAN AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

A NOBLE land lies in desolation. Years pass over it, leaving its aspect only more desolate; the barbarian takes possession of the soil, or the outcast makes it his place of refuge. Its palaces are in ruins, its chieftains are in the dust; its past triumphs are regarded as the exaggerations of romance, or the fond fantasies of fable. At length a man of intelligence and vigour comes, delves into the heart of the soil, breaks up the mound, throws aside the wrecks of neglect and time, opens to us the foundations of palaces, the treasure-chambers of kings, the trophies of warriors, and gives the world the memorials of a great people in the grave.

All analogy *must* be imperfect in detail; and we have no desire to insist on the perfection of our analogy between the Golden Head of the East, and the little kingdom whose fallen honours are recorded in the volume before us. But, if Ireland is even now neither the *nominiis umbra* which the Assyrian empire has been for so

many ages, nor the Irish legislature the heir of the fierce and falcon-eyed council which sleeps in the sepulchres of Nineveh, there is something of a curious relationship in the adventurous industry which has so lately exhumed the monuments of Eastern grandeur, and the patriotic reminiscence which has retrieved the true glories of the sister country, the examples of her genius, from an oblivion alike resulting from the misfortunes of the Land and the lapse of Time.

Nor are we altogether inclined to admit the inferiority of the moral catastrophe of the Island to the physical fall of the Empire. If there be an inferiority, we should place it on the side of the Oriental throne. To us, all that belongs to mind assumes the higher rank; the soil trodden by the philosopher and the patriot, the birthplace of the poet and the orator, bears a prouder aspect, is entitled to a more reverent homage, and creates richer recollections in the coming periods of mankind, than all

the pomp of unintellectual power. There would be to us a stronger claim in the fragments of an Athenian tomb, or in the thicket-covered wall of a temple in the Ægean, than in all the grandeurs of Babylon.

It is now fifty years since the parliament of Ireland fell; and, in that period, there has not been a more disturbed, helpless, and hopeless country than Ireland, on the face of the earth. Nor has this calamity been confined to the lower orders; every order has been similarly convulsed. The higher professions have languished and lost their lustre; the Church has been exposed to a struggle for life; the nobility have given up the useless resistance to difficulties increasing round them from hour to hour; the landed interest is supplicating the Court of Encumbered Estates to relieve it from its burthens; the farmers are hurrying, in huge streams of fugitives, from a land in which they can no longer live; and the tillers of the ground, the serfs of the spade, are left to the dangerous teaching of an angry priesthood, or to the death of mingled famine and pestilence. A cloud, which seems to stoop lower day by day, and through which no ray can pierce, at once chills and darkens Ireland.

The author of this important and interesting volume, in a brief preface, states his object as being that of giving personal sketches of the leading Irish characters of his time, exactly as they appeared on the scenes of professional and public life—most of them being his acquaintance, some his intimates. He concludes by gracefully expressing his “hope, that the reader will rejoice in a more intimate acquaintance with them; and that, in endeavouring to *elevate the land of his birth*, he may make some return for the kindness bestowed on him by that of his adoption.”

Here two objects are announced; and, whether the *first* was the elevation of his country by the characters of its eminent men; or whether the country was the background for the figures of the national history-piece, he has given us a work which brings the patriots and orators of Ireland with singular force before the eye.

His introduction to Curran was sufficiently characteristic. When at the Temple, he had written a poem on the honours of his country, in which the great orator of her Bar was named with due admiration. The popularity of the verses excited the attention of their object, and the young barrister received an invitation to dine with Curran, then Master of the Rolls, at the Priory, his villa, a few miles from Dublin. The appointed hour was five, and it was a matter of importance to be punctual; for beyond that hour dinner was to wait for no man. His first view of his host is graphically described. He found him in his avenue.

“There he was; as a thousand times afterwards I saw him, in a dress which you would imagine he had borrowed from his tipstaff; his hands in his sides, his face almost parallel with the horizon—his under lip protruded, and the impatient step and the eternal attitude, only varied by the pause in which his eye glanced from his guest to his watch, and from his watch reproachfully to his dining-room.”

However, it appears that the ominous hour had not struck, and they dined.

“I had often seen Curran, often heard of him, often read him, but no man ever *knew* anything about him who did not see him at his own table, with the few whom he selected. . . . It was said of Swift, that his rule was, to allow a minute’s pause after he had concluded, and then, if no person took up the conversation, to recommence. Curran had no conversational *rule* whatever: he spoke from impulse, and he had the art so to draw you into a conversation, that, though you felt an inferiority, it was a contented one. Indeed, nothing could exceed the urbanity of his demeanour.”

If this description *could* be doubted, on the authority of the volume, it would be amply confirmed by the authority of his time. Curran was confessedly *the* wit of the day, and his witticisms were the more popular from their being, in general, harmless. No man could sting more keenly where he had a public culprit of his own class to sting, or a political adversary to combat; but no man was seldomer personal.

Curran’s nature was playful. His taste was also *dramatic*, and he was

fond of playing harmless tricks upon his friends. Of this taste Mr Phillips had a specimen, even on the day of his introduction :—

“When the last dish had departed, Curran totally confounded me with a proposal for which I was anything but prepared. ‘Mr Phillips,’ said he, ‘as this is the first of, I hope, your very many visits to the Priory, I may as well at once initiate you into the peculiarities of the place. You may observe that, though the board is cleared, there are no preparations for a *symposium*; it all depends on you. My friends here generally prefer a *walk* after dinner. It is a sweet evening, but *if you* wish for wine, say so without ceremony.’

“Even now I can see Curran’s star-like eyes twinkling at the disappointment no doubt visible in mine. I had heard, and heard truly, that he never was more delightful than with half-a-dozen friends after dinner over his bottle. The hope in which I had so long revelled was realised at last, and here came this infernal *walk*, and the ‘sweet evening.’ Oh, how I would have hailed a thunderstorm ! But, to say the truth, the sun was shining, and the birds were singing, and the flowers were blooming and breathing so sweetly on that autumn eve, that, wondering not at the wish of my companions, I also voted for ‘the walk.’

“We took the walk, no doubt, but it was only to the *drawing-room*; where, over a dessert freshly culled from his gardens, and over wines for which his board was celebrated, we passed those hours which seemed an era in my life.”

All this is very well told, and very amusing in description, and was very innocent—when all was over. But it was exposed to the chance of being differently taken, and had but one advantage—that it could not be repeated on the *individual*.

Curran was born in 1760 at Newmarket, a village in the county of Cork. His parentage was humble, his father being only the seneschal of the manor. His mother seems to have been a woman of superior faculties, and her celebrated son always spoke of her with remarkable deference.

As it was a custom, among the oddities of Ireland, to teach Greek and Latin to boys who probably were

to spend the rest of their lives at the spade, Curran had what in Ireland was called a classical education, but which his natural talent turned to better account than one in a million of those half-naked classicists. It enriched his metaphors in after life, and enabled him to talk of the raptures of antiquity. In the Irish University, he shared the fate of other celebrated men. Swift, Burke, and Goldsmith made no figure in their academic course. We certainly do not mention this failure to their praise, nor would they themselves have ever so mentioned it. We can easily conceive, that in their palmiest days they regretted their waste of time, or want of industry. Still, they may have found their palliative in the ungenial nature of the collegiate studies in their day. We should observe, that those studies have since been more advantageously adapted to the national necessity, and are of a much more general and popular description.

But in the last century, the whole bent of the collegiate education was mathematical: the only road to distinction was Euclid. The value of mathematics is unquestionable. As a science, it holds its head among the highest; but as a national education, it is among the most useless. The mind made for mathematical distinction is as rare as the mind made for poetic pre-eminence. One might as well make poetry a requisite, in a national education, as the mastery of mathematics. The plea that they invigorate the reason is contradicted by perpetual experience. Some of the feeblest, and even the most fanciful, and of course the silliest, managers of great principles, have been mathematicians of celebrity. Napoleon said of Laplace, the first mathematician of his day, to whom he gave a title and a seat in his Council of State, on the strength of his scientific renown, that “he could do nothing with him,—that as a public man he was useless—that his mind was full of his *infinite littles*.” And this is the history of nearly all mathematical minds: beyond their diagrams, they are among the dullest, most circumscribed, and most incapable of mankind. The

mind of a Newton is not to be ranged in this class of elaborate mediocrity: he was not the mole, whose merit consists in seeing his way in the dark by an organ which is blind in the broad light of nature; he was an eagle, and could dare the full effulgence of the sun. But this meagre and inapplicable acquirement was the chosen prize for the whole young mind of educated Ireland; her mathematical crutch was the only instrument of progress for all the salient spirits of a nation abounding in the most aspiring faculties of man, and the quiet drudge who burrowed his way through Cubics and Surds, or could keep himself awake over the reveries of the *Meditationes Analyticæ*, was the Coryphæus of the College; while men passed along unnoted, who were in future years to embody the national renown.

As Curran's determination was the Irish Bar, he of course made the customary visit to the English Inns of Court. Here, though his finances compelled him to live in solitude, he contrived to amuse himself by that study of which in life he was so great a master—the study of character. Some of his letters from London are curious indications of this early tendency of his mind. Curran was by nature a Tory. All men of genius are Tories, until they get angry with the world, or get corrupt, and sell themselves to Whiggism; or get disgusted, and think that both parties are equally worthless.

"Here," says Curran, "every coal-porter is a politician, and vends his maxims in public with all the importance of a man who thinks he is exerting himself for the public service. He claims the privilege of looking as wise as possible, and of talking as loud; of damning the Ministry, and abusing the King, with less reserve than he would his equal. Yet, little as those poor people understand the *liberty* they so warmly contend for, or of the *measures* they rail against, it reconciles me to their *absurdity*, by considering that they are happy, at so small an expense as being *ridiculous*."

This feeling was too true ever to have been changed. The *language* was changed, and no tongue could pour out more showy declamation on the multitude; but, when loosed from the handcuffs of party, no man

laughed more loudly, or sneered more contemptuously, at the squalid idol to which he had so long bowed the knee.

Another fragment has its value in the illustration of his kindness of heart:—

"A portion of my time I have set apart every day for *thinking of my absent friends*. Though this is a duty that does not give much trouble to many, I have been obliged to confine it, or endeavour to confine it, within proper bounds. I have therefore made a resolution to avoid any reflections of this sort except in their allotted season, immediately after dinner. I am then in a tranquil, happy humour, and I increase that happiness by presenting to my fancy those I love, in the most advantageous point of view. So that, however severely I treat them when they intrude in the morning, I make them ample amends in the evening. I then assure myself that they are twice as agreeable, and as wise and as good, as they really are."

Whether the author of *Tristram Shandy* would have been a great orator, if he had begun his career at the Bar, may be a question; but that Curran could have written admirable *Shandian* chapters can scarcely be doubted by those who have observed the exquisite turns of his speeches from grave to gay; or perhaps even those who now read the few words which conclude the story of Dr du Gavreau. This man was one of his casual acquaintances, a French fugitive, who ran away with a Parisian woman of a different faith. Whether they married or not is dexterously veiled. The woman died, leaving a daughter; but, whether married or not, their child would have been illegitimate by the existing laws of France. The widower had often been pressed by his friends to return to France, but he determined never to return, where his child would be stigmatised.

"I did not know the particulars," says Curran, "till a few days since, when I breakfasted with him. He had taken his little child on his knee, and, after trifling with her for a few moments, burst into tears. Such an emotion could not but excite, as well as justify, some share of curiosity. The poor Doctor looked as if he were conscious I felt for him, and his heart was too full to conceal his affliction. He kissed his little '*orphan*,' as he called her, and then endeavoured to

acquaint me with the lamentable detail. It was the hardest story in the world to be told by a man of delicacy. He felt all the difficulties of it: he had many things to palliate, some that wanted to be justified; he seemed fully sensible of this, yet checked himself when he slid into anything like defence. I could perceive the conflict shifting the colours of his cheek, and I could not but pity him, and admire him for such an embarrassment. Yet, notwithstanding all this, he sometimes assumed all the gaiety of a Frenchman, and is a very entertaining fellow."

In all these breaks of the story, and touches of feeling, who but must recognise the spirit of Sterne?

The volume is a grave volume, and treats of high things with equal grace and gravity; but Curran was an eccentric being, and his true history must always be mingled with the comic.

"I have got acquainted," he says, "with a Miss Hume, who is also an original in her way. She is a relation of the celebrated David Hume, and, I suppose on the strength of her kindred, sets up for a politician as well as a sceptic. She has heard his Essays recommended, and shows her own discernment, by pronouncing them *unanswerable*, and talks of the famous Burke by the familiar appellation of *Ned*. Then she is so romantic, so sentimental! Nothing for *her*, but goats and purling streams, and piping shepherds. And, to crown all, it sings like a nightingale. As I have not the best command of my muscles, I always propose putting out the candles *before* the song begins, for the greater romanticity of the thing."

Then, as to his relaxations—

"You will perhaps be at a loss to guess what kind of amusement I allow myself: why, I'll tell you. I spend a couple of hours every night at a coffee-house, where I am not a little entertained with a group of old politicians, who meet in order to debate on the reports of the day, or to invent some for the next, *with the other business* of the nation! Though I don't know that society is the characteristic of this people, yet politics are a certain introduction to the closest intimacy of coffee-house acquaintance. I also visit a variety of ordinaries and eating houses, and they are equally fertile in game for a character-hunter. I think I have found out the cellar where Roderick Random ate shin of beef for threepence, and have actually drunk out

of the identical quart which the drummer squeezed together when poor Strap spilt the broth on his legs."

He visited Hampton Court, and though he seems to have passed through its solemn halls and stately galleries without peculiar remark, he seized on his *game* of living character.

"The servant who showed us the splendid apartments seemed to be a good deal pleased with his manner of explaining a suite of tapestry representing the Persian war of Alexander. Though a simple fellow, he had his lesson well by rote, and ran over the battles of Issus, Arbela, &c., with surprising fluency. 'But, where is Alexander?' cries Apjohn, (a young fellow-student, who had accompanied him.) 'There, sir, at the door of Darius's tent, with the ladies at his feet.' 'Surely,' said I, 'that must be Hephæstion, for he was mistaken by the Queen for Alexander.' 'Pardon me, sir, I *hope* I know Alexander better than that.' 'But, which of the two do you think the greater man?' 'Greater!—bless your soul, sir, they are both dead these *hundred years*.'"

Curran's observation on this official, or, as he would probably have called it, *ministerial* blunder, exhibits, even in these early days of his mind, something of the reflective spirit which afterwards gave such an interest to his eloquence.

"Oh, what a comment on human vanity! There was the marrow of a thousand folios in the answer. I could not help thinking at the instant, what a puzzle that mighty man would be in, should he appear before a committee from the Temple of Fame, to claim those laurels which he thought so much of, and to be opposed in his demands, though his competitor were Thersites, or the fellow who rubbed Bucephalus's heels!"

All this is showy if not new; yet, in defiance even of Curran's authority, its argument is practically denied by all human nature. What man ever acts *for* the praise of posterity alone? Present impulses, excited by present rewards, are the law of the living; and Alexander charging through the Granicus, and sweeping the royal Persian cavalry before him, had probably a heart as full of the most powerful impulses, as if he could have assured himself of the inheritance for ten thousand years of the plaudits of the globe. We are also to remember, that he *has* inherited the great legacy

of fame, to this hour—that, to the minds of all the intelligent, he is still the hero of heroes; that clowns are not the clients of memory, or the distributors of renown; and that the man whose history has already survived his throne two thousand years, has exhibited in himself all the distinction between the perishableness of power and the immortality of fame.

In 1775 Curran returned to Ireland, and after anxiously pondering on the chances of abandoning Europe, and seeking fortune in America, as other eminent men—Edmund Burke among the number—had done before him, he fixed his fates at home.

This portion of the subject begins with a high panegyric on the difficult but attractive profession into which Curran now threw himself, without income, connection, or friend:—

“It is not to be questioned, that to the Bar of that day the people of Ireland looked up in every emergency, with the most perfect reliance on their talent and their integrity. It was then the nursery of the parliament and the peerage; there was scarcely a noble family in the land that did not enrol its elect in that body, by the study of law and the exercise of eloquence to prepare them for the field of legislative exertion. And there not unfrequently arose a genius from the very lowest of the people, who won his way to the distinctions of the Senate, and wrested from pedigree the highest honours and offices of the Constitution.”

That the Bar was the first body in the country was incontestible, and that it often exhibited remarkable instances of ability is equally known. But those facts must not be understood as giving the author's opinion, that perfection lies in the populace. All the remarkable persons of their time in Ireland were men of education, many of birth, and many of hereditary fortune. Grattan was the son of a judge; Flood a man of old family and estate; Clare, the Chancellor, was the son of the leader of the Bar, and began the world with £4000 a-year—a sum probably now equal to twice the amount. The Ponsonbys, the leading family of Whiggism in Ireland, were among the first blood and fortune of the land. Hussey Burgh was a man of old family and fortune.

The Beresfords were closely allied to nobility. Plunket and Curran were, perhaps, those among the leaders the least indebted to the Heralds' College; but Plunket was the son of a Presbyterian minister, and both had received the best education which Ireland could give—both were graduates of the University.

Of course, nature is impartial in the distribution of talents, but the true distinction is in their training. The Radicalism which fills public life with vulgarity and faction is wholly the work of that absence of all early training, which must be the fate of men suddenly gathered from the manual labours of life. We know the necessity of those labours, but intellectual superiority must be the work of another school. The men of eminence in Ireland were also men of accomplished general knowledge, and of classical acquirement, to an amount seldom found even in the English Legislature. There was not an assembly in the world where a happy classical quotation, or dexterous reference to antiquity, would be received with a quicker sense or a louder plaudits than in the Irish Parliament.

When the well-known antagonist of the Romish claims, Dr Duigenan, a stern-looking and singularly dark-featured old man, had one night made a long and learned speech on the subject, Sir John Doyle wholly extinguished its effect, by the Horatian line,—

“*Hic niger est, hunc tu Romane caveto.*”

The House shook with applause, and the universal laugh drove the doctor from the field.

On another evening, when the prince of jesters, Toler, then a chief supporter of Government, contemptuously observed, on seeing a smile on some of the Opposition faces—

“*Dulce est desipere in loco;*”

an Opposition member started up and retorted the quotation, by saying, “That it was much more applicable to the conduct and position of the honourable member and his friends, and that the true translation was, ‘It is mighty pleasant to play the fool in a place.’”

The novelty and happiness of the

translation disturbed the gravity of debate for a considerable time.

But those were the gay days of Ireland. Times of keen anxiety, of daring change, and of social convulsion, were already shaping themselves to the eye of the patriot, and the true debates on which the fate of the nation hung were transferred from parliament to the peasantry, from the council-room to the cabin, from the accomplished intelligence and polished brilliancy of the legislature to the rude resentment, fierce recollections, and sullen prejudices of the multitude. It was on the heath, that Revolution, like Macbeth, met the disturbing spirits of the land, and heard the "All hail, hereafter."

Curran's rapid professional distinctions were the more remarkable, that the Irish Bar was aristocratic, to a degree wholly unknown in England. If it is true, that this great profession often leads to the Peerage, in Ireland the course was reversed, and the Peerage often derived its chief honours from its connection with the Bar. The sons of the first families wore the gown, and the *cedant arma togæ* was more fully realised in Ireland than it ever was in Rome.

But few men of condition ever entered the Army; and in a nation of habitual passion for publicity, and proverbial love of enterprise, perhaps fewer officers were added to the British service than from the Channel Islands. This has since been largely changed, and Ireland, which in the last century but filled up the rank and file, has since nobly contributed her share to the names which register themselves in the memory of nations. To Ireland, glorious England and rescued Europe owe a WELLINGTON!

The Church, the usual province of high families in England, was poor, feeble, and unpopular in Ireland. With a few positions of great wealth, all below was barren: livings of vast extent, with a meagre population, and still more meagre income; Romanism was hourly spreading with a population, itself spreading until it had nothing to eat, and embittered against Protestantism until conversion became more than a hopeless toil—an actual terror. Law was the only instrument of collecting the clerical

income, and the collector and the clergyman were involved in one common obloquy, and often in one common danger—a condition of things which must have largely repelled all those who had the power of choice.

The mitres were chiefly bestowed on the Fellows of English colleges, and tutors of English noblemen. Every new Viceroy imported a succession of chaplains, and quartered them all upon the Irish Church. The majority of those men looked upon their position with the nervous alarm of settlers in the wilderness, thought only of the common-room of the colleges from which they had been torn, or of the noble houses in which they had been installed; and reproached the ill luck which had given them dignities which only excited popular disgust; and wealth, from which they could derive no pleasure, but in its accumulation. We can scarcely wonder that, through almost the whole of the eighteenth century, the Irish Church lay in a state of humiliation, repulsive to the public feelings. This, too, has changed; and the Church now possesses many able men.

Commerce, which plays so vigorous a part in the world, was then a swathed infant in Ireland, and swathed so tightly by provincial regulations, that there was scarcely a prospect of its ever stepping beyond the cradle. Manufactures—that gold-mine worth all the treasures of the Western World—were limited to the looms of the north; and the only manufacture of three-fourths of this fine country consisted in the fatal fabrication of forty-shilling voters.

The Squiredom of Ireland was the favourite profession of busy idleness, worthless activity, and festive folly. But this profession must have an estate to dilapidate, or a country to ride over, and English mortgagees to pamper its prodigality and accelerate its ruin. Gout, the pistol, broken necks, and hereditary disease, rapidly thinned this class. Perpetual litigation stood before their rent-rolls, in the shape of a devouring dragon; and, with a peasantry starving but cheerful, and with a proprietary pauperised, but laughing to the last, they were determined, though hourly

sinking into bankruptcy, to be ruined like a *gentleman*.

All those circumstances coming together, made the Bar almost the sole assemblage of the ability of Ireland. But they also made it the most daring, dashing, and belligerent body of gentlemen that Europe has seen. It was Lord Norbury's remark, in his old age, when he reposed on the cushions of the peerage, had realised immense wealth, and obtained *two* peerages for his two sons—that all this came out of fifty pounds, and a case of pistols, his father's sole present as he launched him in life. The list of duels fought by the leading members of the Bar might figure in the returns of a Continental campaign; and no man was regarded as above answering for a sarcasm dropped in court, by his appearance in the field.

But we must not, from this unfortunate and guilty habit, conceive that the spirit of the higher orders of Ireland was deficient in the courtesies of life. There was a melancholy cause in the convulsions of the country. The war of William III., which had broken down the throne of James II., had left many a bitter feeling among the Popish families of Ireland. Many of the soldiers of James had retired into village obscurity, or were suffered to retain the fragments of their estates, and live in that most embittering of all conditions—a sense of birth, with all the struggles of diminished means. These men indulged their irritable feelings, or avenged their ruin, by the continual appeal to the pistol. Always nurturing the idea that the victory had been lost to them solely by the cowardice of James, they were ready to quarrel with any man who doubted their opinion; and as their Protestant conquerors were brave bold men, equally disposed to maintain their right, and unhesitating in their claim to possess what they had won by their swords, their quarrels became feuds. Law, which reprobated the principle, by its laxity established the practice; and when lawyers led the way, the community followed. Still, there can be no doubt that duelling is a custom alike contrary to the order of society, and the *command of heaven*; and, the first judge who hangs a duellist as a

murderer, and sends all the parties engaged in the transaction to the penal colonies *for life*, will have rendered a signal service to his country.

While every part of this volume is valuable, for the display of vigorous writing and manly conception, the more interesting fragments, to us, are the characters of the parliamentary leaders; because such men are the creators of national character, the standards of national intellect, and the memorials to which their nation justly points as the trophies of national honour.

The Parliament of Ireland is in the grave; but, while the statues of her public orators stand round the tomb, it must be felt to be more than a sepulchre. Whatever homage for genius may be left in the distractions of an unhappy country, must come to kneel beside that tomb; and if the time shall ever arrive for the national enfranchisement from faction, the first accents of national wisdom must be dictated from that sacred depository of departed virtue.

Grattan, the first man in the brightest day of the Irish Parliament, was descended of an honourable lineage. His father was a barrister, member of parliament for Dublin, and also its Recorder. He himself was a graduate of the Irish University, where he was distinguished. Entering the Middle Temple, he was called to the Irish Bar in 1772.

But his mind was parliamentary; his study in England had been parliament; and his spirit was kindled by the great orators of the time. He who had heard Burke and Chatham, had heard the full power of imaginative oratory—of all oratory the noblest. Grattan had the materials of a great speaker in him by nature—keen sensibility, strong passion, daring sincerity, and an imagination furnished with all the essential knowledge for debate—not overwhelmed by it, but refreshing the original force of his mind, like the eagle's wing refreshed by dipping into the fountain, but dipping only to soar. Yet, though almost rapturously admiring those distinguished men, he was no *imitator*. He struck out for himself a line between both, and, in some of its

happier moments, superior to either; combining the rich exuberance of Burke's imagination with Chatham's condensed dignity of thought. Possessed of an extraordinary power of reasoning, Grattan had the not less extraordinary power of working it into an intensity which made it glow; and some of the most elaborate arguments ever uttered in Parliament have all the brilliancy of eloquence. He continually *reasoned*, though the most metaphorical of speakers; and this combination of logic and lustre, though so unusual in others, in *him* was characteristic. He poured out arguments like a shower of arrows, but they were all arrows tipped with fire.

Mr Phillips' sketch of him brings Grattan before us to the life:—

“He was short in stature, and unprepossessing in appearance. His arms were disproportionately long. His walk was a stride. With a person swaying like a pendulum, and an abstracted air, he seemed always in thought, and each thought provoked an attendant gesticulation. Such was the outward and visible form of one whom the passenger would stop to stare at as a droll, and the philosopher to contemplate as a study. How strange it is that a mind so replete with grace and symmetry, and power and splendour, should have been allotted such a dwelling for its residence! Yet so it was, and so also was it one of his highest attributes, that his genius, by its ‘excessive light,’ blinded his hearers to his physical imperfections. It was the victory of mind over matter.”

It is then stated that, even while at the Temple, he exercised himself in parliamentary studies, and made speeches in his walks in Windsor Forest, near which he had taken lodgings, and in his chamber. Of course, he was supposed to be a little mad:—

“His landlady observed, ‘What a sad thing it was to see the poor young gentleman all day talking to somebody he calls Mr Speaker, when there was no speaker in the house but himself.’ Nor was the old lady singular in her opinion. In some few years afterwards, no less a man than Edmund Burke wrote over to Ireland, ‘Will no one stop that madman, Grattan?’ Assuredly when Burke himself enacted the dagger-scene on the floor of the House of Commons, the epithet was more applicable.”

We refer to this remark, chiefly to correct a misconception generally adopted. It has been supposed that Burke, to heighten the effect of his speech on the discontents then engendering against the State, actually purchased a dagger, to throw on the floor of Parliament. This, of course, would have been ridiculous; and it is to do the common duty of rescuing the fame of a great man from the slightest touch of ridicule that this explanation is given. One of his friends (we believe, a member of Parliament) had received, in the course of the day, from Birmingham, a newly-invented dagger, of a desperate kind, of which some *thousands* had been ordered, evidently for the purpose of *assassination*. Burke, naturally shocked at this proof of the sanguinary designs spreading among the lower population, took the weapon with him, to convince those who constantly scoffed at him as an *alarmist* that his alarms were true. The whole was a matter of accident; nothing could be less premeditated; and every hearer of the true statement will agree that, so far from being a theatrical exhibition, it was the very act which any rational and manly man would have done. The time was terrible: revolution threatened every hour. Jacobinism was hourly boasting that it had the Church and Throne in its grasp; and, at such a period, the positive statement of a man like Burke, that thousands (we believe five thousand) of weapons, evidently made for private *murder*, were actually ordered in one of our manufacturing towns, and the sight of one of those horrid instruments itself, was an important call on the vigilance of Government, and a salutary caution to the country. It is not at all improbable that this act crushed the conspiracy.

Mr Phillips observes, that when Burke wrote “that madman Grattan, the *madman* was contemplating the glorious future; his ardent mind beheld the vision of the country he so loved rising erect from the servitude of centuries, ‘redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled’ by his exertions. Nor was that vision baseless—he made of it a proud and grand reality: her chains fell off, as at the bidding of an echanter.”

Grattan's influence in Parliament was felt from his first entrance. But he earned it in the only way in which even genius can be *permanently* successful.

"His industry was indomitable. The affairs of Parliament were to be thenceforth the business of his life, and he studied them minutely. The chief difficulty in this great speaker's way was the first five minutes. During his exordium, laughter was imminent. He bent his body almost to the ground, swung his arms over his head, up and down and around him, and added to the grotesqueness of his manner a hesitating tone and drawing emphasis. Still there was an earnestness about him, that at first besought, and, as he warmed, enforced—nay, commanded attention."

His first entrance into the British House of Commons is described with the same graphic effect:—

"He had said of Flood 'that he forgot that he was an oak of the forest, too old and too great to be transplanted at fifty.' And yet here he was himself. Whether he would take root was the question, and for some moments very questionable it was. When he rose, every voice in that crowded House was hushed; the great rivals, Pitt and Fox, riveted their eyes upon him; he strode forth and gesticulated—the hush became unanimous; not a cheer was heard: men looked in one another's faces, and then at the phenomenon before them, as if doubting his identity. At last, and on a sudden, the indication of the master-spirit came. Pitt was the first generously to recognise it. He smote his thigh hastily with his hand—it was an impulse when he was pleased—his followers saw it, and knew it, and with a universal burst they hailed the advent and the triumph of the stranger."

Grattan was sincere, and this sincerity gave at once substance to his popularity, and power to his eloquence. But, as a politician, he was rash; and as a prophet, he had to see the failure of all his predictions. He wielded a torch of exceeding brightness, it is true; but the torch at once blinded himself and inflamed the nation. His patriotism was pure, but it wanted practicability. He left no great measure of public utility behind him. His liberation, as he called it, of Ireland in 1782, was a showy fiction, to end in the disgrace of a painful discovery. It was the

liberation of a fever to end in exhaustion; of a dream of opulence and independence, to finish in an awaking of poverty and despair. Its closest resemblance was to the late festival at the Hanwell Asylum—an assemblage of lunatics dressed for the night in feathers and flowers, dancing and feasting, until the morning light sent them back to their cells, and the drudgery of their melancholy discipline.

The whole policy of the Whig party in Ireland was the counterpart of their policy in England, only on a smaller scale. It was, to the performances of Fox and Opposition here, what the little stage-play in *Hamlet* is to the tragedy itself—the same characters and the same crime performed in imitation of the larger guilt that gazes on it. The wretched shortsightedness of supporting any demand of the populace whom they at once deluded and despised; the perpetual agitation to give the franchise to classes who *must* use it without the power of discrimination, and who must be careless of it but for the purposes of corruption; the reckless clientship of the Popish claims, ending in the sale of Irish independence by the Papists; the universal conspiracy, and the sanguinary civil war, followed by the political suicide of the Parliament—all the direct and rapid results of the Whig policy in Ireland—show either the headlong ignorance or the scandalous hypocrisy of Irish faction.

Yet, in all this blaze of fraud and falsehood, the name of Grattan was never degraded by public suspicion. He was an enthusiast; and his robe of enthusiasm, like one of the fire-resisting robes of antiquity, came out only brighter for its passing through the flame. But the Legislature (all impurities) was left in ashes.

Mr Phillips seems to regret Grattan's transfer to England, as an injury to his oratorical distinctions. He tells us "that it is in the Irish Parliament, and in his younger day, that his finest efforts are to be found!" Reluctant as we are to differ from such an authority, yet, judging from his *published* speeches, it appears to us that his powers never found their right position until they were within the walls of the British Par-

liament. These walls shut out the roar of the populace, which disturbed him, but to which he once must listen. These walls sheltered him from that perpetual clinging of Popery, which dragged down his fine tastes to its own level. Within these walls, he was relieved from the petty interests of partisanship, and raised from the feuds of an island to the policy of an empire. In Ireland, popularity required perpetual submission to the caprices of the multitude, and no man had more fully felt than Grattan the impossibility of taking a stand on his own principles—he must be either on the shoulders of the mob, or under their heels. In England, no longer wearied with the responsibility of leading parties who refused to be guided, or the disgust of following his inferiors through the dust of their hurried “road to ruin,” he had before him, and embraced with the gallantry of his nature, the great Cause for which England was fighting—the cause of human kind. In Ireland, Grattan, with all his intrepidity, would not have dared to make his magnificent speech on the war with Napoleon, or, if he had, would have been denounced by the roar of the million. In England, he was in the midst of the noblest associations; he was surrounded by all the living ability of the empire; and if genius itself is to be inspired by the memories of the mighty, every stone of the walls round him teemed with inspiration.

Thus, if his language was more chastened, it was loftier; if his metaphors were more disciplined, they were more majestic;—the orb which, rising through the mists of faction, had shone with broadened disc and fiery hue, now, in its meridian, assumed its perfect form, and beamed with its stainless glory.

In recording the remarkable names of this period in Ireland, Mr Phillips alludes to the celebrated preacher, Dean Kirwan:—

“He had been a Roman Catholic clergyman, but conformed to the Church of England. He was a wonderful orator—one of the greatest that ever filled a pulpit; and yet, when injudicious friends, after his death, published a volume of his sermons, they were scarcely readable. This sounds paradoxical: but it is true.

The volume is not remembered—those who heard the preacher never can forget him. It was my happiness to have the opportunity thrice, while a student in the University of Dublin. The church, on those occasions, presented a singular, and, in truth, not a very decorous spectacle—a bear-garden was orderly compared to it. The clothes were torn off men’s backs—ladies were carried out fainting—disorder the most unseemly disgraced the entire service, and so continued till Kirwan ascended the pulpit. What a change was there then! Every eye was turned to him—every tongue was hushed—all was solemn silence. His enunciation of the Lord’s Prayer was one of the finest things ever heard. Never before or since did mortal man produce such wonderful effect. And yet he had his disadvantages to overcome: his person was not imposing; he was somewhat wall-eyed; and his voice at times was inharmonious.”

We see in this striking portrait the writer *con amore*, and we must give him due credit for his vivid tribute to Irish ability. But there are few miracles in this world, and the fact that Kirwan’s printed sermons are wholly inferior to his reputation reduces our wonder within more restricted bounds. If it is true, that much emotion is lost by the loss of the actual speaking; that the full power of the oratory is somewhat diminished by its being calmly read, instead of being ardently heard; still we have but few instances, perhaps none, where true oratory altogether loses its power in publication.

For example, Curran’s published speeches give the general reader a very sufficient specimen of the richness of his language, the fertility of imagination, and even the subtlety of his humour. Grattan’s speeches, most of them mere fragments, and probably few published with his revision, give the full impression of his boldness of thought, depth of argument, and exquisite pungency of expression. Burke’s printed speeches are even said to give a higher sense of his wonderful ability than when they were delivered in the House of Commons. There is an anecdote that, when Pitt had read one of those earlier speeches in the form of a pamphlet, he expressed his astonishment. “Is it possible,” he exclaimed, “that this fine oration *can be* what we heard the other night?”

That Kirwan's preaching was attended by immense congregations is unquestionable; and that his collections were very large is equally true. But there were circumstances remarkably in favour of both. He preached but three or four times in the year, and he never preached but for charities patronised by the highest personages of the land. The Lord-lieutenant and the principal nobility were generally the patrons of those especial charities. There was this additional advantage, that then poor-laws in Ireland were unknown, and public liberality was thus the more urgently required, and the more willingly exercised. The day of his preaching was in general an *anniversary*; for which the whole preceding year was a preparation; and the collection was thus, in a certain degree, the payment of a rent.

The magnitude of his collections has been the subject of some erroneous conjectures. On the occasion of his preaching for the families of the yeomanry who fell in the rebellion of 1798—a memorable and melancholy occasion, which naturally called forth the national liberality—the collection was said to have amounted to a thousand pounds. A very large sum, but it was a national contribution.

Kirwan's style of delivery, too, had some share in his popular effect—he recited his sermons in the manner of the French preachers; and the novelty formed a striking contrast to the dreary reading of the ordinary preachers. He was also fond of lashing public transgressions, and the vices of high life were constantly the subject of sharp remarks, which even stooped to the dresses of the women. The nobility, accordingly, came to hear themselves attacked; and, as all personality was avoided, they came to be amused.

Still, Kirwan was a remarkable man, and worthy of mention in any volume which treats of the memorable personages of Ireland.

We wish that we could avoid speaking of his treatment by the Church dignitaries of his time. While they ought to have received such a

convert with honour, they seem to have made a point of neglecting him. He was not merely a man of talent in the pulpit, but alike accomplished in science and elegant literature; for he had been successively *Professor* of Rhetoric, and of Natural Philosophy, in (if we recollect rightly) the College of Louvain, at a time when French Mathematics were the pride of the Continent.

Yet he never obtained preferment or countenance, and scarcely even civility, except the extorted civility of fear, from any of the ecclesiastical heads of Ireland. The dull and commonplace men, with whom it was then customary to fill the Irish Sees, shrank from one who might have been a most willing, as he must have been a most able, instrument in reconciling his Papist countrymen to the Church of England. And, without any other cause than their own somnolent stupidity, they rendered wholly useless—as far as was in their power—a man who, in a position corresponding to his ability, might have headed a New Reformation in Ireland.

Kirwan's only dignity was given to him by the Lord-lieutenant, Cornwallis, after nearly fifteen years of thankless labour; and it consisted only of the poor Deanery of Killala, a nook on the savage shore of Western Ireland. He died soon after, of a *coup-de-soleil*—as it was observed the natural death of a man of his genius!

But we must break off from this captivating volume. We recollect no political work in which politics are treated with more manly propriety, or personal character delineated with more vigorous truth; in which happier anecdotes abound, or in which the writer gives his own opinion with more firmness, yet with less offence to public feelings. From its evident knowledge of Ireland, it could be written by none but an Irishman; but its sentiments are cosmopolite. If the author sails under his national flag, still, his bark must be recognised as a noble vessel, and welcome in any Port of the World.

LORD HOLLAND'S FOREIGN REMINISCENCES.

THERE is no pleasanter kind of reading than a good personal memoir. Works of this description serve a double purpose; for they not only convey to us most lively impressions of society, illustrated with portraits of the most eminent and remarkable men of the time, but, taken in the aggregate, they furnish the best and most authentic store of materials available to the future historian. Ponderous or brilliant, gossiping or grave, according to the peculiar style and idiosyncrasy of their writers, they have all claims to our notice; and more than one posthumous reputation has been achieved through compositions such as these, by men whose other labours have failed to attract the slightest share of the public notice or approbation.

But even in this light walk of literature, there are certain conditions which must be observed, in order to excite interest and to insure success. We expect from the compiler of memoirs a narrative, however desultory, of what passed before his own observation. He must not be altogether a reporter at second-hand—a mere relater of stories or scandals which he has chanced to pick up from others—a dilator, through simple hearsay, of closet or antechamber gossip. The substance at least of his tale must be derived from his personal knowledge, else we have no voucher at all for the authenticity of what he is pleased to relate. The memoirs, in short, must be his own, not fragments from those of other people.

The announcement of the publication of a volume of Memoirs or Reminiscences from the pen of the late Lord Holland could hardly have failed to stimulate the public curiosity. His known intimacy with many of the leading characters of the last generation, his near relationship to the most conspicuous of modern Whig statesmen, his inclination towards letters—which made him appear the centre of a certain literary coterie—were all so

many distinct pledges for the value of his literary legacy. True, Byron in his early satire had irreverently scoffed at the reunions of Holland House, and thrown no slight degree of ridicule on the fame of that rising academy; but the satire served at the same time to commemorate the hospitality of the noble Mæcenas. We observe that a critic in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review* is still magniloquent on this theme. With the savour of past banquets still lingering in his nostrils, he manfully declares his intention of being impartial, nay stern, in the execution of his censorial duty; and attempts to persuade us, as he is persuaded himself, “that the very prepossessions which we feel, and have endeavoured to describe, have been disadvantageous rather than favourable to the author.” If so, the inevitable conclusion must be, that the critic is a monster of ingratitude. Had he contented himself with simply stating that no amount of dinners, no extent of hospitalities received, should influence his judgment one whit in favour of the book, the declaration, with some due allowance of course for the frailties of human nature, might have been accepted. But when he tells us that, *because* he was a guest at the table of the late Lord Holland, and admitted, as he insinuates, to his intimacy, his prepossessions are disadvantageous to the author, he is either writing egregious nonsense, or conveying the reverse of a compliment.

“Had the work,” says he, “been anonymous, or had it proceeded—like many of those innumerable books mis-called histories—from the Palais Royal or the quays of Paris, we are inclined to think that a more favourable judgment might have been formed of it, than when every sentence, nay, almost every line, is weighed against the high reputation of the author, and the anticipations of readers *like ourselves*.”

The majority of the reading public, however, are by no means in the

exalted position of the critic, who, by the way, was under no obligation whatever to review the book, if, on perusal, he found its contents fall greatly short of his expectations. What he means by talking about publications issuing "from the Palais Royal or the quays of Paris" we cannot exactly divine, unless he wishes us to understand that the *Foreign Reminiscences* intrinsically belong to the same class of writings — an opinion in which we thoroughly agree. Such twaddle as this is altogether superfluous. The public generally has no prepossession either the one way or the other. The name of Lord Holland is known to them as that of a man who moved in a distinguished sphere of society, and who must, in his own day, have seen much which was worth narrating. They have no means of weighing his conversation against his writings; they accept the latter when laid before them, and will judge of them strictly according to their actual value.

It appears that the present volume constitutes but a small part of Lord Holland's written Memoirs. The reason why it is given to us at the present time is set forth in the Preface, which, being short, we transcribe entire.

"The recent events on the Continent have induced the editor to publish the following pages on foreign politics. The time of which this volume treats has already acquired the interest of a long past age; and the public will read with pleasure, and perhaps with profit, the observations on passing events of a contemporary who, if not wholly impartial, is acknowledged by all who knew him to have been as candid as he was benevolent.

"The editor has scrupulously abstained from making the slightest verbal alteration in the text or notes. The omission of four insignificant sentences is all that he has deemed necessary for the immediate publication of what was probably written with the intention of not seeing the light so soon."

We must fairly confess that this preface stimulated our curiosity still further. From it we understood that the *Reminiscences* were to have some practical bearing upon the events which have taken place on the Continent during the last three years — that they would throw some additional

light upon the causes which have led to so many dynastic convulsions. Our disappointment therefore was proportionably great, when, on perusing the work, we discovered that not a single page of it was calculated to assist us in any such researches, and that even the observations on passing events were of the most meagre and unsatisfactory description. What especial purpose the publication of this volume, apart from the remainder of the Memoirs, could serve at the present, or indeed at any other time, we are wholly at a loss to conceive. It treats of no topic which has not been long ago exhausted, contains hardly any personal narrative, and affords us not one single atom of novel information. As a repertory of anecdotes it is singularly worthless. We allude to such anecdotes as may be considered authentic, or at least tolerably so — anecdotes, for example, communicated to the author by Talleyrand, and one or two other foreign statesmen with whom, in later years, he was acquainted. But there is another class of anecdotes, or pseudo-anecdotes, which we cannot pass over even with so slight a censure. We allude to the revelations of private intrigue, on which the author dwells with a zest which to us seems peculiarly offensive. Until we saw this volume, we could not have believed that one British peer would have penned, and another have published, such a tissue of scandals, emanating from discarded serving-women and court menials, and reflecting directly on the honour of some of the first houses of Europe. We are at no loss to discover where the omissions mentioned in the preface are made, or what was the nature of the passages expunged. It would perhaps have been better, where the *inucendo* is retained, to have preserved the details, in order that they might have been strictly tested. It is, we think, no proper concession to delicacy to find lines of asterisks following a direct charge against the virtue of Marie Antoinette, or the legitimacy of the Duchess of York; or to have a page of such mysterious symbols inserted immediately after the notice of the marriage of Ferdinand VII. of Spain. Lord Holland

should have been allowed to tell his own story, if not in justice to the memory of the ladies whose chastity is called in question, at least that we might know the true bent of the imagination of the noble author, and appreciate "that humorous pleasantry, guided by good sense and wisdom, and raised above vulgar irony or personality," which his eulogist in the *Edinburgh Review* is pleased to claim as his attributes. It is difficult to understand why, in one case, there should be an evident suppression, whilst, in another, anecdotes of an exceedingly offensive nature, reflecting upon the conduct of a queen, are printed without the slightest reserve, introduced in the following highly satisfactory manner:—"A story was current at Madrid, which, *if true*, would at once prove that the Prince of the Peace was aware of her infidelities," &c., and followed by this commentary—"the anecdote is, perhaps, too dramatic to deserve implicit credit." If so, why was it written down, and why is it now published? The appetite for prurient details which is a main feature of this book, is perhaps intelligible when it relates to intrigues notorious to all the world. No man of a really refined or fastidious mind would have committed these details to paper, more especially when they bore reference to the family of an individual with whom he was on something like intimate terms. But the case is far worse, and can admit of no palliation, when we find the most infamous charges, which have never been supported by even a shadow of proof, deliberately revived and repeated against that heroic and unfortunate lady, Queen Marie Antoinette of France. If the lament of Burke for the wane of chivalry was felt, not as a brilliant diatribe, but as a cutting sarcasm at the time when it was first enunciated, how much more appropriate is it now, when we find that a member of the British peerage—a man thought to be distinguished for high sentiment and generous sympathy—did not hesitate to adopt in the solitude of his closet the shameless inventions of the French revolutionary rabble; and that these are now given as facts which will not admit of questioning or denial to the world!

We are extremely glad to observe that the writer in the *Edinburgh Review* has had the proper spirit to refute—and he does it most satisfactorily—this wretched and scandalous attack upon the memory of a royal lady. It was not perhaps to be expected that he should do more; but what sort of imputation does his vindication of the Queen leave upon the character of her assailant? This is not a matter which should be passed over lightly; and for our part we feel bound to say that we can conceive no spectacle more pitiable or humiliating, than that of an old man committing with a palsied hand to paper the prurient rumours of the past. Had the evidence against Marie Antoinette been ten times stronger than it was, honour and the feelings of a gentleman should have deterred any one even from repeating the accusation. But the late Lord Holland entertained no such scruples. His witness, at second-hand, is the very woman who wrote *Mémoires sur la Vie Privée de Marie Antoinette, Reine de France*; and in these memoirs of hers there is not even an innuendo against the honour of the unfortunate Queen. But Madame Campan cannot so escape. Lord Holland was determined that she should, in some way or other, assist in blackening the reputation of her royal mistress; and accordingly we are treated to the following ingenuous note:—

"Madame Campan's delicacy and discretion are not only pardonable, but praiseworthy; but they are disingenuous, and her Memoirs conceal truths well known to her, though such as would have been unbecoming a lady to reveal. She was, in fact, the *confidante* of Marie Antoinette's amours. These amours were not numerous, scandalous, or degrading, but they *were amours*. Madame Campan, who lived beyond the Restoration, was not so mysterious in conversation on these subjects as she is in her writings. She acknowledged to persons, who have acknowledged it to me, that she was privy to the intercourse between the Queen and the Duc de Coigny."

And this is evidence upon which we are to condemn Marie Antoinette! I had it—says this distinct and confident accuser—from other people, who had it from the waiting-woman, although the waiting-woman knew better than to

write it down! And who were the people "who acknowledged it to me"—what was their character and station—what was their repute for credibility? Lord Holland durst not in his lifetime have said as much of the father or mother of any man of his acquaintance upon such a pretext for authority. It is altogether the very worst instance of a wanton attack which we ever remember to have met with: it has but one parallel in history—the famous warming-pan legend, by means of which Lord Holland's political predecessors sought to bastardise the son of James II. But the motive which dictated the earlier fiction is wanting in the case of the later one.

Let us not be misunderstood. The case stands thus: Lord Holland has made a grievous charge against the honour of the murdered Queen of France. He says that he believes that charge to be true, and he states the grounds of his belief. They are these: A lady, who wrote the memoirs of her mistress's private life, in which no hint of criminal conduct appears, told other persons (who are nameless) who told him, Lord Holland, that the Queen had been guilty of adultery. Far be it from us to doubt the honour of a British peer. But, rather than doubt the honour of Marie Antoinette, we should doubt the fact of Lord Holland having received any such statement from any human being. Who were the indiscreet friends of Madame Campan that conveyed to his ear the hitherto undivulged secret? Were they old menials of the French court—retired waiting-women—confidential lacqueys—or persons who had the *entrée* to Holland House? Surely, when the honour of a Queen is impeached, we are entitled to know the authority. No authority of any kind is given. On the *ipse dixit* of Lord Holland rests the entire substantiation of the charge, and on his memory must lie the stigma of having revived the gross and unmanly calumny.

We have felt ourselves bound to say this much, because, if stories of this sort are to be accepted as authentic contributions to history, there is no imaginable kind of falsehood which may not be promulgated as truth. Apply the rule to private life, and

the malignity of a discarded butler would be sufficient to taint the best blood in England. What would we think of memoirs, compiled by some man of considerable standing and celebrity, and published under the editorship of his son, which should tell us that the present inheritor of any noble title was a bastard and an intruder, on such authority as this—that somebody had told the writer, that somebody else had told him or her, that she was cognisant of a certain intrigue? Yet the two cases are much the same. If they differ at all, it is in this particular, that the original testimony of the "somebody," who in the instance of the Queen of France was Madame Campan, happens to be written and published, and to contain no insinuation whatever; whereas, in the case we have supposed, that negative vindication would almost certainly be wanting. Who, we ask, would dare, on such authority, to set down such accusations against any private family? and, if we are right in thinking that public indignation would most certainly overwhelm the retailer of such miserable calumny, why should any other rule be applied when royalty is the subject of the attack?

We suspect that Lord Holland's political friends will hardly thank his successor for the publication of this volume. It exhibits the late peer in what we must suppose to be his true colours, not as a constitutional Whig, nor as in any way attached to the recognised forms of the British Constitution, but as an admirer of principles which would necessarily tend to its overthrow. We have searched the work in vain for a single expression of anything which we can venture to designate as patriotic feeling. Kings and courts are condemned by him—what sympathy he has is bestowed on the agents of revolution—and he appears a eulogist, or at least apologist, of the very man whom Whig and Tory alike have agreed in branding with reprobation. The conduct of "Egalité," in voting for the death of his cousin, Louis XVI., appears to him not unnatural. He takes great pains to convince us that the infamous duke was an exceedingly maligned person; and, with characteristic judgment as

to the nature of his evidence, cites "a short narrative written by Mrs Elliott, who had, I believe, lived with him," as an apology for an act which, even in the French Revolutionary Convention, called forth an exclamation of horror.

Lord Holland's personal experiences—we should rather call them reminiscences—connected with the French Revolution, were very meagre. He was then, (in 1791,) as he tells us, a mere boy, and not likely to have much cognisance of the state of political affairs. In consequence, we gain absolutely nothing from his observation. Neither was his sojourn in Prussia, during the ensuing year, more fruitful save in the article of scandal, of which we have said enough. The same remark will apply to his Spanish tour; from the records of which, if we abstract the personal and indecent details, not one word of interest remains. This strikes us as very singular. A young and well-educated man, traversing those countries at a time when they widely differed in their aspect and forms of society from those which they afterwards assumed, ought surely to have preserved some "Reminiscences" of their condition, which would have been more acceptable to posterity than stories of court adultery, which he hardly could have derived from any creditable source; and we fairly confess that the total omission of anything like practical details, goes far to convince us that Byron's early judgment was right, and that the fame of Holland House rested far more upon the Amphytrionic, than the natural or acquired accomplishments of the distinguished host. In fact, were it not remarkable for such disgraceful scandal as would lower the character of a theatrical green-room, the first half of this volume is entirely beneath contempt. It has nothing whatever to do with the present crisis of affairs—it refers in no way to national or dynastical interests—it is simply a collection of such trash as, thirty years ago, might have been published under the auspices of a noble name, and then have descended to the hands of the trunkmaker, without the slightest chance of a second resurrection.

But the other half of the volume remains yet to be noticed. It is devoted exclusively to the Emperor Napoleon Buonaparte, whom Lord Holland appears to have regarded with the most profound admiration. We approached this part of the book with sharpened curiosity, hoping to find recorded some additional traits of that remarkable character; but again we were doomed to disappointment. Lord Holland's personal recollections of the Emperor are contained in the following passage:—

"Both Lady Holland and myself were presented to him in 1802, when he was First Consul. He saw her only once, and addressed some usual questions and compliments to her, but had no conversation; though I have reason to believe that he was aware of the admiration she entertained and avowed for his military and political genius. I stood next to him in the circle when he received and answered, in a short written speech, (hastily, and somewhat awkwardly delivered,) the deputation headed by Barthelemi, which came to confer upon him the consulship for life. He spoke very civilly, but very little to me on that occasion; and scarcely more when I dined and passed the evening at his court, in company with Mr Fox, with whom he conversed at considerable length on various matters, and more particularly on the Concordat. These were the only opportunities I ever had of observing his countenance or hearing his voice. The former, though composed of regular features, and both penetrating and good-humoured, was neither so dignified nor so animated as I had expected; but the latter was sweet, spirited, and persuasive in the highest degree, and gave a favourable impression of his disposition as well as of his understanding. His manner was neither affected nor assuming, but certainly wanted that ease and attraction which the early habits of good company are supposed exclusively to confer."

Interchanges of civilities, however, continued to take place. Lady Holland transmitted to the Emperor, when at Elba, "one or two packets of English newspapers," and these little acts of attention were acknowledged by "some small but curious specimens of the iron ore of that island." Her Ladyship's subsequent solicitude for the comforts of Napoleon, when exiled at St Helena, and her generous attention to his wants, are well known,

and exhibit, in a most pleasing manner, the kindness of the female heart. The mention of these things leads to an account of the Longwood squabbles, the interest of which has now entirely passed away. Sir Hudson Lowe may not have been the most courteous or *debonnaire* of wardens, but, on the other hand, it is clear that Napoleon would have made a point of quarrelling with an angel of light if appointed as his *custos*; and that the last passages of his life by no means exhibit him in a dignified or magnanimous point of view. As, however, the narrative to which we refer is one of the few in this volume which are based upon Lord Holland's own experience, we may as well insert it here as a specimen of the author's style.

“When the ungenerous decision by which this great prisoner was to be conveyed to St Helena was known, Lady Holland hastened to apply to Government for permission to send such articles as in her judgment were likely to contribute to his comfort or amusement in that distant exile. She improved her slight acquaintance with Sir Hudson Lowe, and, by every civility in her power, endeavoured to obtain from him all the facilities consistent with his duty, and instructions for carrying her intentions into execution. She failed in both these attempts. Lord Bathurst informed her that no present could be sent to General Buonaparte, but that Government would willingly purchase and convey to him any article that could be suggested as conducive to his comfort. Lady Holland happened to know that the Emperor liked, even in less sultry climates, to drink both water and wine extremely cold. She had been on the point of buying, at a considerable price, a newly-invented machine for making ice; and, in answer to Lord Bathurst's message, she gave him the direction of the maker, and suggested the purchase. The machine, however, was neither purchased nor sent. Lady Holland nevertheless persisted, and contrived to send, together with new publications and trifling presents to Sir Hudson, similar marks of remembrance to Napoleon. They were often delayed, from excessive scruple or from less pardonable motives, at the Government House; yet the innocent nature of the memorials themselves secured their ultimately reaching their destination. Various obstacles, however, presented themselves to this insignificant intercourse. A natural and pardonable pride deterred

Napoleon from applying for anything; a more mistaken, and in my judgment contemptible, punctilio led him to reject any communication in which his title of Emperor was not preserved. Advantage was taken of such circumstances—”

No; in mercy to the compositors, we shall not go on with this! The pen drops from the fingers, and a drowsy sense of numbness steals upon the brain in the mere act of transcribing these ponderous and most prosy sentences. Skip we a couple of pages still occupied by the recital of such unutterable woes, and let us arrive at the period of better treatment—“the effect, I flatter myself, of my motion in the House of Lords.”

“Letters from the Emperor's family, intrusted to the Secretary of State, were henceforward more regularly transmitted. Provisions, clothing, and books, purchased by them, and sent to the same office, were also forwarded; and Lord Bathurst, some time afterwards, not only consented to convey articles from Lady Holland to Napoleon and Sir Hudson Lowe, but apprised her regularly of ships that sailed for St Helena, and, after due experience of her scrupulous adherence to the rules which he imposed, allowed all parcels, books, and cases indorsed with her handwriting and name, to proceed, without further inspection, to their destination. Lady Holland had the satisfaction of knowing that many of those articles were received and approved of. Napoleon never wrote, but he mentioned her name and her attentions more than once to persons who repeated his acknowledgments to her. The legacy was, however, a gratifying, and, by her, an unexpected proof that such endeavours to express her admiration of his great qualities, and even to soothe his afflictions, had not been altogether unsuccessful. The testimony of his own handwriting, the words so judiciously chosen—even the pains taken to fit the card to the box—enhanced the value of the bequest; for they proved that Napoleon understood her motives, and that they had occupied, for some little space of time, the thoughts, as well as excited the good-will, of that extraordinary man. The whole was in good taste. Had the gift been greater, she could not have accepted it; had the expressions been stronger, they would not have appeared sincere. Surely to have afforded satisfaction to a man so calumniated,

so persecuted, and so ill treated, and to have excited the esteem of a mind so capacious and so penetrating, is no slight distinction. Lady Holland found, in the knowledge of it, an ample reward for her constant, unremitting, and unostentatious compassion and generosity."

Our readers will probably agree with us in thinking that there is "something too much of this." It is rather a novelty to us to be informed that Napoleon was a persecuted man. Most people throughout Europe have maintained the opinion that the persecution lay the other way. But perhaps Lord Holland meant to insinuate that the persecution lay in his banishment of St Helena. He calls it an "ungenerous decision;" and elsewhere says:—

"It is remarkable that, in one of those papers so sent (to Elba) by Lady Holland, was a paragraph hinting a project among the confederates of transporting him to St Helena. True it is that such an idea, however inconsistent with honour or good faith, was started and discussed, though probably never committed to paper, at the Congress of Vienna, before Napoleon left Elba. It is just to add that it was discountenanced and rejected by Austria. In confirmation of so base a design having been entertained, it is observable that a negotiation with the East India Company to place St Helena under the control of the Government, with no other probable or ostensible object for such a measure, was actually commenced in March 1815, and discontinued on the landing of Napoleon in that month. Any well-grounded suspicion of such a proceeding was sufficient to release the exiled Emperor from the obligations of his treaty and abdication of Fontainebleau, and to justify his attempt to recover the empire he had so recently lost."

We observe that the writer in the *Edinburgh Review* denies the statement of Lord Holland, that the removal of Napoleon from Elba was mooted at the Congress of Vienna. We, on the contrary, have always understood that the proposition was seriously considered, though not, as Lord Holland would insinuate, without sufficient cause and provocation.

The intrigues, of which Elba was the centre, to pave the way for another attempt at the dethronement of the Bourbons, had for some time been in active progress, and were well known to Fouché and others, and by them communicated to the Congress. Also, the attitude of Murat in Italy was such as to excite very serious apprehensions. Mr Alison, in his *History of Europe*,* thus notices the intrigues of Elba:—

"Its close proximity to the Italian shore led naturally to a secret correspondence between the Island of Elba and the Court of Naples. Murat, ever governed by ambition, and yet destitute of the firmness of purpose requisite to render it successful, now found that his vacillation of conduct had ruined him with the aristocratic, as it had formerly done with the revolutionary party, and that the Allies were little disposed to reward his deviation from his engagements by the lasting possession of the throne of Naples. He threw himself, therefore, once more into the arms of France; and it was arranged that the descent of Napoleon on the coast of Provence should be contemporaneous with the advance of his troops to the Po, and the proclamation of the great principle of Italian liberty and independence."

Accordingly, we find that Murat, only ten days before Napoleon quitted Elba, made a formal demand for the passage of eighty thousand men through the Austrian territories in Italy—an act, doubtless, of insane folly, but one which can be attributed to no other motive than his perfect knowledge that the designs of Napoleon were nearly ripe for execution. This demand, of course, could not fail to alarm the Congress, to whom, almost immediately afterwards, information as to the character of the projected enterprise was conveyed. Mr Alison says:—

"This military position and demand excited the jealousy of the Allied Powers; the more especially as, towards the end of February, rumours reached Vienna of constant correspondence between the Isle of Elba and the adjoining shores of Italy, and of an intended descent by Napoleon on the shores of France. These rumours soon acquired such consistency, that the

propriety of removing him from the neighbourhood of Italy had already been more than once agitated in the Congress ; and various places of residence for him, in exchange for Elba, had been proposed ;—among others, one of the Canary Islands, which was suggested by the Portuguese Minister, and St Helena or St Lucia, which were proposed by Lord Castle-reagh. Alexander, however, still firmly held out for adhering to the treaty of Fontainebleau, and maintaining the fallen Emperor in possession of the Island of Elba : alleging, as a reason, that his personal honour had been pledged to his great antagonist for that asylum, and that he would not be the first to break it.*

On the 7th of March, intelligence reached Vienna that Napoleon had secretly left Elba. Such we believe to be the true statement of the case. That the Allies should have wished, without any adequate cause, to disturb the recent settlement of Napoleon in the Island of Elba, appears to us a proposition too preposterous to be maintained. But that such a measure should have been discussed, *after* they became aware of the nature of his designs and preparations, and had thus received warning that the peace of Europe was again in imminent danger from his uncontrollable ambition, need not excite any wonder, and cannot surely be wrested into a charge of persecution against Napoleon. Lord Holland entirely fails to make out—nay, he does not even assert—that any such proposal was made in Congress *before* the intrigues of Elba were divulged, or the negotiation with Murat completed. It does not even appear that Napoleon, previous to his landing in France, was aware that the Allies had received any intimation of his design ; and when we consider the shortness of time which elapsed between the receipt of Murat's formal demand and the departure from Porto Ferrajo, it is next to impossible that any tidings of a discussion following thereon could have reached him while in Elba. In short, this attempt to justify the evasion of Napoleon, and his deliberate breach of treaty, is a signal failure, and will certainly add nothing to Lord Holland's posthumous renown for historical accuracy or acumen.

But Lord Holland also considers Napoleon as entitled to deep sympathy on the ground of his being ill-treated. That is a matter entirely of private opinion. That Lord Bathurst should not have purchased Lady Holland's machine for making ice may appear, in the eyes of the frequenters of Holland House, a most barbarous act of cruelty. That a special vessel should not have been despatched for St Helena, so often as a letter was addressed to the illustrious captive, may shock the sensitive mind. The liberal soul may be thrilled with anguish and pity at the perusal of the following miseries inflicted on the devastator of Europe towards the close of his career :—

“ It was indispensable to the peace of the world to prevent his escape ; and the expedition from Elba had shown that no reliance could be placed either on his professions or his treaties. Detention and sure custody, therefore, were unavoidable ; and every comfort consistent with these objects was afforded him by the British Government. He was allowed the society of the friends who had accompanied him in his exile ; he had books in abundance to amuse his leisure hours ; saddle-horses in profusion were at his command ; he was permitted to ride several miles in one direction ; Champagne and Burgundy were his daily beverage ; and the bill of fare of his table, which is shown by Las Cases as a proof of the severity of the British Government, would be thought the height of luxury by most persons in a state of liberty. If the English Government had acted towards Napoleon as he did to others who opposed him, they would have shot him in the first ditch, as he did the Duc d'Enghien or Hofer ; or shut him up in an Alpine fortress, as he did the Cardinal Pacca.” †

But we have really dwelt too long upon this tedious exhibition of spurious sympathy, which, after all, is but a flimsy veil intended to cover the self-glorification of the peer. The remaining passages regarding Napoleon contain nothing of the slightest interest, and are, moreover, especially heavy. A few commentaries upon various remarkable incidents in the life of the Emperor are interspersed, from which we learn that Lord Holland condemned the murder of the

* ALISON, Chapter XCII. Sect. 66.

† ALISON, Chapter XCV. Sect. 101.

Duc d'Enghien, but did not consider the abandonment of Josephine as any heinous act of moral dereliction. We doubt whether the majority of mankind will concur in the latter opinion. To us it appears that Napoleon's treatment of his first wife shows him to have been as destitute of heart as insensible to the obligations of honour.

It is not a little amusing to observe the estimate formed by Lord Holland of some of his remarkable contemporaries. Occasionally he assumes a tranquil air of superiority, which, when we remember the even obscurity of his own life, in respect to the discharge of public duties, is comical in the extreme. Mark how he disposes of Prince Metternich :—

“That minister, originally a partisan of the French faction, and then a tool of Napoleon, has, no doubt, since the fall of that great prince, supported the system which succeeded him. He seems hardly qualified by any superior genius to assume the ascendancy, in the councils of his own and neighbouring nations, which common rumour has for some years attributed to him. He appeared to me, in the very short intercourse I had with him, little superior to the common run of Continental politicians and courtiers, and clearly inferior to the Emperor of Russia in those qualities which secure an influence in great affairs. Some who admit the degrading but too prevalent opinion, that a disregard of truth is useful and necessary in the government of mankind, have, on that score, maintained the contrary proposition. His manners are reckoned insinuating. In my slight acquaintance with him in London, I was not struck with them; they seemed such as might have been expected from a German who had studied French vivacity in the fashionable novel of the day. I saw little of a sagacious and observant statesman, or of a courtier accustomed to very refined and enlightened society.”

What will the *crème de la crème* of Vienna say to this? Here is a decided thrust at the midriff of the enemy! Not only is Prince Metternich set down as an exceedingly overrated person in point of ability, but his very manners and demeanour have been criticised in the polite circles of Holland House, and found wanting. We cannot sufficiently applaud the sagacity with which the true source of the Metternichian polish is detected.

Truth will out at last! During the later years of his life, the Prince has been studying French vivacity in the classical academies of Pigault le Brun and Paul de Kock! And yet, perhaps, we may be wrong. Louvet was the earlier master, and may have had a hand in forming the vivacity of this distinguished pupil. But the Prince has this consolation, at least, that he suffers in good company. Tried by the unerring standard of Lord Holland, “the address of Alexander himself, the Emperor of Russia, was, perhaps, liable to similar criticism.” The inference is, that the Czar also had been studying vivacity in French novels, and was obviously not a person accustomed to very refined and enlightened society! As for the Emperor Francis II., he is dismissed in a still more summary manner :—

“I have heard it observed, and I believe justly, that the Emperor passed, during his long reign, for a weak, foolish, but good sort of man; but that he deserved none of those epithets. He was a man of some understanding, little feeling, and no justice.”

Perhaps the reader would take a glimpse at the royal family of Portugal, as seen through the critical glasses of Lord Holland :—

“The king and queen, very opposite in principle, character, and conduct, have a natural abhorrence to one another. They, in truth, have nothing in common but a revolting ugliness of person, and a great awkwardness of manner. He is well-meaning, but weak and cowardly, and so apprehensive of being governed by his ostensible ministers, that he becomes the victim of low and obscure cabals, and renders his councils at all times unsteady, irresolute, and uncertain. The queen's outrageous zeal in the cause of despotism, mis-called legitimacy, is supposed to have softened his aversion to a representative assembly and a constitutional form of government. The queen is vindictive, ambitious, and selfish, and has strong propensities to every kind of intrigue, political or amorous.”

What a sensation of awe steals across the mind as we peruse these wholesale sentences of condemnation! What a sublime idea we imbibe of the dignity and intellect of the judge! We need not add further to this portrait gallery, although ample materials

are afforded us. The above specimens, we think, will be sufficient to satiate the curiosity of the reader.

Lord Holland, however, had his favourites. Napoleon, as we have seen, was one; and Talleyrand was another. It is rather odd that Lord Holland should have discerned in the latter one pre-eminent and distinguishing quality, for which no one else ever gave him the slightest credit—we mean a high regard for truth.

“Talleyrand,” says he, “was initiated into public affairs under M. de Calonne, and learned from that lively minister the happy facility of transacting business without effort and without ceremony in the corner of a drawing-room, or in the recess of a window. In the exercise of that talent, he equalled the readiness and surpassed the wit of his model; but he brought to his work some commodities which the latter could never supply—viz. *great veracity, discretion, and foresight.*”

And again, in a note:—

“My general and long observation of Talleyrand's VERACITY, in great and small matters, makes me confident his relation is correct. He may as much, or more than other diplomatists, suppress what is true; *I am quite satisfied he never actually says what is false, though he may occasionally imply it.*”

It is a pity that an ordinary acquaintance with the significance of terms was not among the accomplishments of Lord Holland. Here we have the two leading elements of falsehood—the *suppressio veri*, and the *suggestio falsi*—plainly admitted; and yet we are told in the same breath, that the man who recoiled from neither practice was a person of great veracity! One or two hackneyed and rather poor *bon-mots* of Talleyrand are quoted in the text, as instances of his remarkable wit;—had he never enunciated anything better, he certainly would not have achieved his great renown as a conversationalist. He appears, however, to have enchanted Lord Holland, who cites his authority on all occasions with an implicit trustfulness which we cannot sufficiently admire.

We must be allowed to remark that, in this instance also, Lord Holland has chosen an odd method of testifying his respect for the memory of a friend. In whatever liberties of

speech a famous wit may choose to indulge with reference to his own domestic relations, we are yet sure that he by no means intends these to form part of the common currency of conversation, and that he will not feel peculiarly obliged to any one who gratuitously undertakes to circulate them. The sarcasm of Talleyrand with regard to the intellectual deficiencies of the lady who afterwards became his wife, was not, we presume, intended for repetition, though Lord Holland carefully preserves it. Good taste, we think, would have suggested its omission; but if our scruples upon that point should be thought to savour too much of Puritanism, of this at least we are certain, that no living relative of M. de Talleyrand will feel indebted to Lord Holland for the manner in which the secret history of his marriage is related:—

“It is generally thought that he (Talleyrand) negotiated his return to France through Madame de Staël. He was on intimate terms with her, but had abandoned her society for that of Madame Grand before the peace of 1802, when I saw him again at Paris. It became necessary, on the conclusion of the *Concordat*, that he should either revert to the habits and character of a prelate, or receive a dispensation from all the duties and obligations of the order. He chose the latter. But Buonaparte, who affected at that time to restore great decorum in his Consular court, somewhat maliciously insisted either on the dismissal of Madame Grand, or his public nuptials with that lady. The questionable nature of her divorce from Mr Grand created some obstacle to such a union. It was curious to see Sir Elijah Impey, the judge who had granted her husband damages in India for her infidelity, caressed at her little court at Neuilly. His testimony was deemed essential, and he was not disposed to withhold it, because, notwithstanding his denial of riches in the House of Commons, he was at that very time urging a claim on the French Government to indemnify him for his losses in their funds. Mr (Sir Philip) Francis, her paramour, then at Paris also, did not fail to draw the attention of Englishmen to the circumstance, though he was not himself admitted at Neuilly to complete the curious group with his judicial enemy and quondam mistress.”

Pleasant reading this! It may be

said that the facts were long ago notorious, and that they are to be found in more than one scandalous chronicle. That may possibly be the case; but surely it can afford no apology for this elaborate repetition on the part of a friend. Is history served by such contributions? Does society benefit by their preservation?

The passion of the past generation for collecting and retailing *bon-mots* was carried to an extravagant length. Such a man as Talleyrand was a perfect treasure to any coterie, for his established reputation gave to every sentence which he uttered more than its intrinsic value. But we often find that sayings which appear most brilliant in conversation, lose their lustre when committed to writing, after the occasion which called them forth has passed away. Therefore we do not attach any very exorbitant value to their collection, especially when they are flavoured, as it is too often the case, with coarseness and personality. The writer in the *Edinburgh Review* expresses a wish "that Lord Holland, who possessed more opportunities than any other man for collecting and stringing these conversational pearls, had been more diligent in so agreeable a vocation." Judging from the specimens which are given, we do not think that the world has sustained any great loss from the negligence of the noble peer; for some of those which have escaped oblivion, bear unmistakable symptoms of the decomposition of the heap from which they were originally culled.

In short, we feel ourselves compelled to say that we cannot consider this volume as an important or even creditable contribution to the historical literature of the country. Those portions of it which do not directly offend, are so uninteresting and destitute of the charms of style, that they act as a positive soporific; and, but for the indignation excited by the more objectionable passages, we doubt very much whether we could have had patience enough to peruse it from the title-page to the close. We are not sure whether we even understand the meaning of several sentences, or whether they really were intended to convey any meaning at all. Possibly the fault lies with us. We may be

either too dull, or too unversed in the occult inuendos of diplomatic society, to perceive what is clear and perspicuous to those who have enjoyed superior advantages. Nevertheless, we would give a trifle to any one who should enlighten us upon the point of relationship suggested by the following paragraph. Lord Holland is recounting a conversation held in 1838 with his friend Godoy, the Prince of the Peace, in the course of which they appear to have discussed family matters with that charming ease which excludes considerations of propriety.

"I asked him if he saw Don Francisco; and his manner of saying 'no' convinced me that that Prince, who is notoriously his son, had made no advances to him; for he somewhat earnestly explained that it did not become him to seek his protection, and enlarged on the opportunities he had of knowing the Infanta before her marriage at Rome, and talking of the beauty of her mother, Isabella, Queen of Naples, *who was in all senses, I believe, the own brother of her son-in-law Francisco.*"

We have certainly no overstrained impression of the moral purity of the European courts as they existed fifty years ago. We have no doubt of the existence of intrigues of a very shameful nature, and even less of a widespread system of venality and corruption; but we totally demur to the opinion which Lord Holland seems to have entertained, that such topics constitute the most interesting and most important points of history. A man who is collecting notes relative to the leading features of the age in which he has lived, with the deliberate intention that these shall, at some future period, be given to the public, might surely be better occupied—more creditably to himself, and more usefully to his species—in directing his attention to the great subjects of social progress, intellectual development, and high unselfish patriotism, than in gleaning at second-hand the malicious reports of the antechamber, or in chronicling the whispers of the waiting-room. Lord Holland either would not, or could not, avail himself of the opportunities which were evidently within his reach. He has preferred

giving us some sketches, not conceived in the best or most delicate taste, to the composition of a manly picture; and therefore we cannot be expected to feel any exuberant degree of gratitude on the receipt of the legacy, or to entertain any very exalted notion of the artistical acquirements of the painter.

Perhaps it may be thought that we have attached more importance to this work than it deserves; and certainly, seeing that we have been compelled to pronounce so unfavourable a judgment on its merits, there may appear room for the allegation. But it must be remembered that a book always acquires a certain degree of factitious importance from the position of its writer. Humble and nameless men may scribble their Reminiscences by the ream, rush boldly into print, and yet find scarce a single reader. If their works are indeed destitute of merit, they can hardly be said to fall into oblivion, for they never take hold of the memory. They have neither the advantage of a name to introduce, nor the greater advantage of genius to recommend them. But the case is different when men of station and title come forward in the character of authors. They are sure to find an audience, even though that audience should be deeply disappointed; and if,

besides these other advantages, they are fortunate enough to have any sort of literary connection, they never want heralds who are ready and able to proclaim their advent to the world. We regret exceedingly that we have been compelled to use the language of condemnation rather than of praise—for the literature of the present century has been greatly enriched in almost every department by the contributions of the nobility of England, and we never feel greater pleasure than when able to bear testimony to such instances of talent and industry. It becomes, therefore, of more importance that the critical function should be duly and justly performed; and that no work, which does not possess a certain degree of intrinsic merit, should be allowed to pass under shelter of the author's name. Had the merit been there, we should most gladly have followed the example of our critical brother in the *Edinburgh Review*; and, adopting his magnificent, sonorous, but not very intelligible phraseology, have taken care that "the last chords of our opera should be accompanied by double drums, and the burst of a brass band, and that our curtain should drop before the gold and tissue, the waving wings, and the flowing garlands of a modern opera!"

POPERY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE constant custom of the advocates of Popery is to represent their religion as a work of the primitive age. With them it is a Patriarchal figure, beginning its pilgrimage by a Divine summons, and protected by Divine influence; perhaps occasionally touched by the stains, or sinking under the struggles belonging to all human history, but still suddenly purifying its robes into more than their original brightness, and turning its difficulties into the weapons of that warfare which is to end in the sovereignty of the world.

The learned investigation of Protestantism, however, wholly strips this Patriarchal figure of its antique habiliments, declares that every fragment of its ceremonial has been the work of ages when Christianity had fallen into oblivion; that its belief is credulity, its system an accumulation of error, and its spirit an antagonism to the gospel.

On the other hand, the Popish stigma on Protestantism is, that it is a *new* name, unknown before the sixteenth century. But to this charge the natural answer has been, that a name is nothing; that Christianity was once a new name, and that Heathenism was older than Popery.

The true question is of principle, and then the decision is clear. Popery appeals for its authority to councils and fathers; Protestantism, to apostles and prophets. The doctrines of Rome are to be looked for only in the annals of the Popedom; the doctrines of Protestantism appeal only to the New Testament. "The Bible, and the Bible alone, is the religion of Protestants," was the maxim of the celebrated Chillingworth. Nothing commanded by the New Testament can be rejected by Protestantism, nothing contradictory of the New Testament can be received by Protestantism. The appeal of Rome is to tradition; the appeal of Protestantism is to inspiration.

We shall now give the dates, at which the peculiar errors of Popery were engrafted on the worship of the Roman world.

The claim of the Headship of Christianity was the first of the Romish errors, and the fount from which they all flowed. But this claim was first formally made in the sixth century, (A.D., 533,) and was established by the Emperor Justinian. But no mortal power had the right to give, or to assume, this title. The headship of the universal church belongs to Christ alone, who has been made "Head over all things to His church." No human being could be competent to the high duty of governing a church spreading, and to be ultimately spread, through all nations. The government is also *spiritual*, of which no human being of this earth can have a *comprehension*. Its seizure by the Bishop of Rome was an enormous usurpation. In about sixty years after, the title was disclaimed by the Bishop of Rome, in indignation at its seizure by the Bishop of Constantinople; but it was solicited again, in the reign of the Emperor Phocas, (A.D., 606,) and has been ever since retained.

It is not to be presumed, that this usurpation was universally allowed. God has not left Himself without witnesses in any age. Successive opponents of Rome, preachers of the gospel, the true Protestants, arose during the dark ages; and a continued resistance to superstition was sustained for the thousand years of the Popish assumption; until, in the sixteenth century, the recovery of learning, the renewed intelligence of the human mind, the translation of the Bible, and, above all, and acting through all, the mercy of God, restored Christianity to the world in the glorious German Reformation, (A.D. 1517.)

The most visible practice of Popery is Mass-worship. This practice commenced early; but we have no direct record of its reception until the *Second Council of NICE*, (A.D. 787.)

Infallibility was too monstrous a conception to be adopted, but in the utter prostration of the general mind. It was, accordingly, first made an article of faith in the very centre of the Dark Ages, (A.D. 1076.)

But this claim is so repugnant to reason, so contradictory to the common sense of man, and so palpably overthrown by the vicious conduct of Popes, and the contemptible quarrels of Councils, that, even among the Papists, it has been the most dubious of all doctrines—some of the Popish parties placing infallibility in a General Council, some in a General Council united with the Pope, some in the Universal Church. But those disputes, which no human understanding could ever decide, show only the repugnancy of the doctrine itself to the human intellect. Infallibility was, at length, by the mere ignorance of knowing where to place it, quietly delivered into the possession of the Pope. He is now presumed to be the *acting* infallibility of the Romish world.

Yet, immeasurably absurd as this doctrine is, it is the especial and favourite one on which the Tractarians insist, and by which the apostates attempt to justify their guilty desertion to Rome. Infatuated as they are, they have fixed on the very point where infatuation is most infatuated, and where perversion most degrades the character of the understanding.

The Celibacy of the Clergy.—After several attempts by ambitious Popes, this doctrine, or ordinance, was established by the tyrannical Hildebrand, Gregory the Seventh, in the eleventh century. The parochial clergy had generally married, and they protested long and strongly against abandoning their wives. But the advantage of having the ecclesiastics, in all countries, wholly separated from all connexion with their native soil and native interests, and the fixture of large bodies of men in every kingdom, wholly devoted to the objects of the Popedom, overpowered the voice alike of nature, justice, and scripture. "Those whom God had joined together" were put asunder by man.

No act, even of the Papacy, ever produced more suffering or more crime. No act could be politically more injurious, for it withdrew from the increase of the population—in times when population was the great want of Europe, and when half the land was desert—300,000 parochial priests, 300,000 monks and friars, and probably upwards of 800,000 nuns; thus

giving up to a life of idleness, and almost total uselessness in a national view, an enormous multitude of human beings annually, down to this hour, through nearly nine centuries!

But, to give the true character of this presumptuous contempt of the Divine will, and of the primal blessing of "Increase and multiply, and replenish the earth," and of the universal custom of the Jewish covenant, in which the priesthood descended by families; we should know the solitary miseries entailed by monastic and conventual life, the thousands of hearts broken by remorse for those rash bonds, the thousands sunk into idiotism and frenzy by the monotony, the toilsome trifling, the useless severities, and the habitual tyrannies of the cloister. Even to those we must add the still darker page of that grossness of vice which, in the ages previous to the Reformation, produced frequent remonstrances even from the Popes, and perpetual disgust among the people.

The Invocation of Saints.—This doctrine first assumed an acknowledged form in the seventh century. It had been gradually making its way, since the dangerous homage paid to the tombs of the martyrs in the third and fourth centuries. But this invocation made them, in the estimate of their worshippers, gods. For the supposition that they heard and answered prayer in every part of the world at once, necessarily implied Omnipresence—an attribute exclusively belonging to Deity.

Transubstantiation.—This doctrine declares that, when the words of consecration have been pronounced over the Eucharist, the bread and wine are *actually* transformed into the *body and blood*, the *soul and divinity* of Christ. This monstrous notion was wholly unknown to the Christians of the first four centuries. In the eleventh century, it was held that the body of Christ was actually present, without directly affirming in what manner. It was not until the thirteenth century (A.D. 1215) that the change of the bread and wine became an acknowledged doctrine, by the Fourth Lateran Council.

This doctrine contradicts the conception of a miracle, which consists

in a *visible* supernatural change. It contradicts the physical conception of body, which is, that body is local, and of course cannot be in two places at once; but the body of Christ is in Heaven. It also contradicts Scripture, which pronounces that the taking of the bread and wine would be wholly profitless, but by the accompanying operation of the Holy Spirit acting on the faithful partaker of the Sacrament; the language of Christ being—"The *flesh* profiteth nothing. The words that I speak to you, they are spirit." The whole efficacy is spiritual.

The Mass.—Popery declares that in the Mass is offered continually the *actual sacrifice* of Christ. This conception arises from Transubstantiation, by which the Host is Christ; and the priest thus continually offering the Host is presumed to sacrifice our Lord, in every instance of the offering!

This doctrine is threefold—that the priest can make God, that flour and water can be God, and that the wafer, which is still but flour and water to the senses, is the Christ of whom it is declared in Scripture that, "having suffered *once for all* for the sins of men, he sat down for ever at the right hand of God." This monstrous doctrine was long disputed, and, though practically adopted, was not confirmed before the Council of Trent, (A.D. 1563.)

The Half-communion.—This doctrine originated also in Transubstantiation. From pronouncing the Eucharist to be actually Christ, scruples arose as to its chances of pollution; and as the wine might be spilt, it became the custom to give only the bread to the laity, in whose mouths it is placed by the priest. But a mutilated sacrament is none. The consequence of this doctrine is, that no Popish *layman* ever receives the Eucharist, or has received it during the last four hundred years!—a most awful and terrible result of human presumption!

Auricular Confession.—By this doctrine, the forgiveness of sin must be preceded by confession to a priest. In contradiction to the whole tenor of Scripture, which declares the forgiveness of sin to depend on sincere

prayer for forgiveness, through the atonement of Christ, and on the determination to sin no more: "Come to *me* all ye that are heavy laden, and I will refresh you."—"Repent ye, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out."

But Auricular Confession, with its subsequent Absolution, actually increases crime, by disburthening the mind of remorse, and by substituting absolution for repentance. This practice was established, as a portion of the acknowledged system of Rome, scarcely before the thirteenth century.

Purgatory.—This doctrine was unheard of in the first four centuries. It crept in about the seventh century, the period of the chief corruptions of worship. It was not sanctioned by any council until the fifteenth century, (A.D. 1438.) Its first establishment was by the Council of Trent.

This doctrine, which is wholly contradictory to the redemption declared in the Gospel, as resulting from the sufferings of Christ alone; declares that every sinner must be qualified for redemption in part, by undergoing sufferings of his own; that he must be personally punished in Purgatory for his temporal sins, to be purified for Heaven. The doctrine is evidently borrowed from the Heathen ideas of Tartarus. It has not the slightest ground in Scripture, and is totally opposed to the whole spirit and bearing of Christianity.

Indulgences.—This doctrine originated in the combination of Purgatory and Saintship. It held, that the merits of the dead might be applied to the wants of the living; and that these merits, not being required for the redemption of the saints, were preserved in the hands of the Church, to be distributed as remissions from Penance, in the first instance, and in the next, from the terms of suffering in Purgatory. These remissions were sold by Rome under the name of Indulgences, and were given for any and every period. These Indulgences extended from a year to ten thousand years. Instances are recorded of their being extended to thirty thousand years! This was the most lucrative portion of the traffic of Rome. It brought in prodigious sums to the Roman Treasury.

Masses for the Dead.—This doctrine was connected with those of Purgatory and Indulgences. By it a succession of solitary masses might be continually carried on, either to relieve the Purgatorial torments, or shorten their duration. But these masses must be paid for either in money or land. They formed the vast funds which endowed the great Romish establishments—the monasteries, &c. Operating on the fears of the dying, the Popish priesthood rapidly possessed themselves of enormous wealth, and, in England, they were calculated to be masters of one-third of the land! The statute of mortmain alone preserved the rest. This prodigious grasp was loosened at the Reformation, and the monkish institutions were deprived of the wealth gained only by superstition.

It is obvious how fatally a doctrine of this order must operate on society. If man could clear himself from the punishment of a life of profligacy by a bequest on his deathbed, his whole responsibility would be removed at once. The fear of judgment would be extinguished throughout his life; he could have no restraint but the arm of society. Masses would be his substitute for morals; and his conscience would be cleared by the acts of others, for years after he was laid in the grave. If Masses could avail, there would be no use in living virtue, to any man who was able to pay for them.

This doctrine, intolerable in the view of common sense, unjust in placing an insurmountable distinction between the rich and the poor, and wholly contradictory to the spirit of the gospel—which commands that “every man shall work out his *own* salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in him, *both to will and to do*”—was created and continued for its vast profits to the priesthood of Rome.

The celebrated Council of Trent, which, under various forms, sat from 1542 till 1563, collected all these doctrines into a *system*, and the subsequent act of Pius IV. gave them in

the shape of a creed to the Popish world.

We are glad to find that the “Papal Aggression” has awakened the intelligent and important authority of the English bar. On all great questions of the liberties and rights of the empire, that authority is of the most decisive order; and in this spirit we welcome with peculiar gratification a pamphlet from the well-known and eloquent pen of Mr Warren.* He commences by this bold and manly denunciation of the Papal interference with the rights of the Church and the privileges of the crown:—

“The ascendancy of the Protestant faith in this country is in danger, notwithstanding the noble movement which has been made in its defence. The position so suddenly taken by the mortal enemy of that faith, is meant to be permanent; and he is silently intrenching himself in it: regarding all that has been said by this great nation as “sound and fury, signifying—*NOTHING*.” He is infinitely more to be feared than he wishes at present to be believed; and though the precipitancy of priestly ambition may have deranged, for a moment, the working of his policy, it is really profound and comprehensive, as its results will in due time show; and has been accommodated to the political and ecclesiastical circumstances of the country with malignant exactitude and skillfulness.

“The political power of the Papacy lies hid under its spiritual pretensions, like a venomous serpent lurking under lovely foliage and flowers. A leading object of this Letter, is to explain and illustrate that truth, in its practical application to the great question now before the country, challenging its best energies of thought and will. It would be fatally fallacious to regard the late act of the Pope as exhibiting only the spasms of weakness. The more it is considered, the greater cause will be developed for anxious but resolute action. As a pretender to the exercise of direct temporal power, the Pope seems quite impotent; but he is the visible exponent of a spiritual despotism, founded (so we Protestants believe, or have no right to be such) as clearly on falsehood and impiety, as its pretensions and purpose are at once sublime and execrable; that

* *The Queen or the Pope? The Question considered in its Political, Legal, and Religious Aspects.* By SAMUEL WARREN, Esq., Barrister-at-law.

purpose being to extinguish, and in the name of Heaven, the liberties of mankind.

"The question then—'The Queen or the Pope?'—is a momentous one, which we have been very insolently challenged to answer. The whole matter, social, political, and religious, is gathered up into those few words; and posterity will sit in judgment on our mode of answering that question."

Mr Warren, in taking a lawyer's general view of the subject, strikingly adverts to the *impudence* of the Papist assertions. It is true that these assertions have now shrunk into a very small compass; that the bravado of "my Lord Cardinal" has dwindled down into a sort of supplication to be suffered to remain here on any terms; and that the "prince" has stooped into the pilgrim, gliding through the filth, vice, and poverty of the Irish colony in Westminster, or, as he terms it, the *shums*—an expression of extreme vulgarity, which, Mr Warren justly observes, does not belong to the English language, and which, we may as justly observe, belongs only to the meanest of the rabble.

But the organs of Popery abroad have not submitted to circumstances so demurely, and they let out the Popish objects with all the easy insolence of the foreigner. Thus Count le Maistre, in a work translated and published in London, says, "What shall we say of Protestantism, and of those who defend it, *when it will no longer exist?* Let them rather aid us in making it disappear. In order to re-establish a religion and a morality in Europe, in order to give to truth the strength which it requires for the *conquest it meditates*, it is an indispensable preliminary to *efface* from the European dictionary that fatal word, *Protestantism.*" *L'Univers*, the journal of Popery in France, has no hesitation in pronouncing the Protestant faith in England to be totally undone, and that Popery is only taking its time to make the operation complete.

The Popish organ here has been equally plain-spoken, and pronounced, in the most dashing style, the triumph of Rome, and the return of *all Protestants* under its yoke, *on pain of damnation!* Who but must be indig-

nant at this language! But who can henceforth be deceived?

Mr Warren, in reverting to the character and pretensions of the Papacy, lays it down as a fundamental proposition, that "the Pope's avowed spiritual power is pregnant with disavowed political power." He tells us further, "that we have to tolerate a rival, who condescends to equality only as an advance to ascendancy." He then gives the memorable Florentine canon of 1439, which the Romish lawyers regard as containing "the true doctrine of their church," and for the consequences deducible from which all Papists are answerable. These are its words:—

"Moreover, we define that the Holy Apostolic See, and the Roman Pontiff, have a primacy *over the whole world!*—and that the Roman Pontiff is the successor of St Peter, the chief of the apostles, and true Vicar of Christ!—and that he is 'head of the whole church,' and the father and teacher of all Christians!—and to him, in St Peter, was delegated by our Lord Jesus Christ full power to *feed, rule, and govern* the universal church, as also is contained in the Acts of General Councils, and in the holy canons!" In this daring proclamation of power, we have the assumption of an authority obviously incompatible with the peace of any nation under heaven, and equally incompatible with the common liberties of mankind—for there can be no liberty where the arbitrary will of a stranger is the fountain of the law, and most especially contradictory to that Scripture which declares that Christ's kingdom is *not* a kingdom after the fashion of this world. When the question was contemptuously put by Pilate to our Lord himself, "Art thou a king?" the answer was, that he was *not* a king in the sense of the Roman; that, if he were such, "his servants would fight"—in other words, that he would have the troops and attendance of an earthly king, that he would have resisted and made war. "But now is my kingdom *not* of this world."

But what is the Papacy, with its princes and pageantries, its armies and intrigues, its cabinets and alliances? In what does all this com-

plicated and systematic mixture in the affairs of the world differ from the kingdoms of this world? except perhaps in its deeper intrigue, in its more perpetual artifice, in its more insatiable craving for power, and in its more habitual gratification of every daring and dangerous passion of man.

And it has felt the consequences. Of all the kingdoms of this world, since the fall of Rome, the Popedom has been the *most* marked by calamity. There has been no nation whose sovereign has been so *often* flung from his throne; whose throne has been so often contested with bloody dissension, whose sovereign has been so often a prisoner in foreign lands, whose capital has been so often sacked, whose provinces have been so often in foreign possession, whose population is so miserable, and whose *vassalage* has been so palpable, so humiliating, and so wretched.

But need we look to the past, when we see the Papacy at this hour? Need we dig up ancient fields of battle, to see how often its armies have been buried; or dive into its dungeons, to see how many centuries of fetters are recorded there against its presumption? Need we break up its tombs to see its shattered crosiers and tarnished tiaras, when we see the living figure that sits in mock majesty in the Vatican, with a *French* garrison in the Castle of St Angelo?

But the Papist demands religious liberty. The words, in Papist lips, are jargon. He has never had it in any country on earth. Has he it in Rome? Can the man have the absurdity to call himself a freeman, when the priest may tear the Bible out of his hand; when, without a license, he cannot look into the Book of Life?—when, with or without a license, he cannot exercise his own understanding upon its sacred truths, but must refuse even to think, except as the priest commands?—when, for daring to have an opinion on the most essential of all things—his own salvation—he is branded as a heretic; and when, for uttering that opinion, he is cast into the dungeon?—when the priest, with the *Index Expurgatorius* in his hand, may walk into his house, and strip it of every book dis-

pleasing to the caprices, insolence, and ignorance of a *coterie* of monks in the Vatican?

If the legitimate and noble boast of the Englishman is, that his house is his castle, what is the house of the Italian Papist, but his dungeon? If the Irish or the English Papist demands "Religious Liberty," let him demand it of his master the Pope. If the Papist *desires* it, let him break the Popish fetter, and emancipate himself. Till then, we must look upon his claim as lawlessness instead of liberty, and hypocrisy instead of religion.

But, before the Papist requires more than toleration, must he not show that at least he *tolerates*? If, in the Popish kingdoms of the Continent, fear or policy has produced some degree of Protestant toleration, what is the condition of Protestantism in the capital of Popery; and, in its most important point, freedom of worship? To this day, no English Protestant is suffered to worship within the walls of Rome.

The Americans, with a sense of national right, of which it is a scandal to England not to have adopted the example, have insisted on having a chapel—a solitary chapel!—in Rome; while the English have been forced to run from one *lodging* to another, to hide in holes and corners, and to exhibit to the Roman rabble the sight of Protestants sneaking to a worship indebted only to connivance for its being suffered to exist at all! From 1815, the year in which *we* gave liberty to the Pope, their worship was held only in *private rooms* for the ten following years, even to which the English were prohibited from going in carriages. They must go on foot! From 1826, the condition of their worship is thus stated on the authority of the chaplain:—

"In that year, the English congregation migrated to a *granary* outside the Flaminian Gate. In the upper part of this huge building, a space, large enough for a congregation, was hired. It was reduced into shape by lath and plaster; it had a ceiling of canvass to hide the rafters and cobwebs, and carpets laid over straw, for covering the mud floor. The rats and mice ran races over the canvass above the heads of the worshippers; the pigs, in great

numbers, squealed in concert in the story below; and sometimes the donkeys, laden with sacks of corn, disputed the common staircase with the congregation. On one occasion, the competition was more serious. The first story of the building was hired for a *menagerie*, and on a Sunday morning we found the wild beasts in previous possession."

Can any vulgar display of intolerance exceed this humiliation? There is not a beggar in Rome who does not stand on tiptoe, at the sight of the English going to their *barn*. There is not a saucy priest, who does not turn up his nostrils at the sight. And yet the population live on the English expenditure. If the English were to leave Rome for a twelvemonth, half their population—a population of lodging-letters and valets—would starve. We certainly can feel no compassion for any degree of contempt which can be heaped on the English residents, who desert their own noble country for the coffee-house life of the Continent. The men who can abandon their duties to England (and what man is not without his duty?) for cheap wine, gossip, and grimace—the race of sullen selfishness and perpetual vacuity—are justly punished by foreign ill-usage. But still, the insult is to the religion of England, and it teaches us the real feeling of Popery in power. Let the Protestant ever suffer the predominance of Rome in England, and he will then only know what Popish power is in its nature, its fierce recollections, and its grasping ambition. In the mean time, let him look at the Protestants creeping through the "Flaminian Gate" to their *Barn*, outside the walls of Rome!

What right can those have, who so loudly proclaim themselves the spiritual subjects of the Papacy, to demand here what they refuse there? Are they to insist on privileges, where their condescension only amounts to pigsties? What would become of their levees and lectures here, if we laid them under the Roman rule, which sends "controversialists to jail?" Is it not the fact, that no Protestant can be buried within the walls of Rome; and that no inscription can be placed on a Protestant grave, without being

subjected to the Roman Censor; who scratches his pen over every syllable referring to the hope of a *Resurrection*?

Those statements have been repeated in every public journal of the empire. Who has contradicted them? Have we not, then, a right to demand the liberty which we give? or, if refused by the dwarfed and beggarly sovereignty of Rome, ought we not to act with the insulted dignity of the first kingdom and truest religion of the world?

The great error of Protestants, in their legislation on Popish questions, is, to believe that the same rules of morality exist in the Church of England and in Popery. The pamphlet applies itself with full effect to the facts of the case, by giving the Papist *oath*, and contrasting it with the Papist performance.

"The essential items of the Papist oath of 1829 were—"I do not believe that the Pope of Rome hath, or ought to have, any temporal or civil jurisdiction, power, superiority, or pre-eminence, directly or indirectly, within this realm. I disclaim, disavow, and solemnly abjure *any intention to subvert the present Church Establishment*, as settled by law within this realm; and I solemnly swear, that *I never will exercise any privilege*, to which I am or may be entitled, to *disturb or weaken* the Protestant religion or Protestant government in the United Kingdom."

What must be the contempt felt for all Popish promises, when we see this *oath*, and see the conduct of the Popish body *ever since* it was taken! "With what feelings," says Mr Warren, "any one who has taken this oath, can peruse and approve of the Bull of Pius IX. and the Pastoral of his pseudo-cardinal archbishop, and contemplate with satisfaction what has been recently done by him and others in professed conformity with that Bull, I am perfectly at a loss to conceive."

And in this honest difficulty of conception every true Protestant will coincide with him. But let us look to the natural result of this palpable callousness of conscience.

The sacredness of oaths is essential to the *existence* of society: the man

who is not to be believed on his oath is self-banished, self-disfranchised, self-excluded from all the rights of society; for the obvious reason, that, if all men were equally false, society *must* dissolve. Such a man is no longer entitled to the protection of law. And the same rule is inevitably applicable to any institution which thus sets itself at war with society. Popery is *anti-social*. This sentiment is the substance of a letter by the late Bishop Watson; a man of a rough and almost republican spirit—a bold advocate for liberalism, almost to the verge of Liberalism—and, though a vigorous arguer against Paine and his infidelity, yet as sturdy a disclaimer of all submission to prejudice as any radical orator of our day. We quote the pamphlet.

In a letter to the Duke of Rutland, in 1784, the Bishop says—"I particularly agree with you in relation to the (Roman) Catholics. No man on earth, I trust, can have more enlarged sentiments of toleration than I have. But the Church of Rome is a *persecuting* Church; and it is our interest and *our duty*, on every principle of *religion and common sense*, to guard ourselves against her machinations." He then gives the expression of the great Lord Clarendon—"It is the *duty* of Catholic subjects in a Protestant country, of priests as well as the laity, to abjure the Pope's supremacy, *ecclesiastical* as well as temporal."

The Popish advocates lay great weight on the patronage afforded to their parliamentary demands by the Cabinet of Pitt; who evidently made the grand mistake of supposing that spiritual dominion could be disunited from temporal—a mistake as great as supposing that the command of the limbs could be disunited from the power of the mind. But the views of the Minister were founded merely on political objects, while the true question was one of religion. The argument is thus summarily answered:—

"Let me remind you that an illustrious statesman, William Pitt, in the very last speech which he delivered in Parliament, expressed himself on the subject of Roman Catholic emancipation in the following remarkable language:—'I never thought that it

would have been wise to throw down rudely the guards and fences of the Constitution. But I did think, that if the system I alluded to had been adopted, it *ought* to have been accompanied by those checks and guards, and with every regulation which could have given respect and influence to the Established Church, to the support and protection of the Protestant interest, and to the encouragement of every measure which could tend to propagate the example of the *Protestant religion*.'

"His splendid pupil, Canning, the most ardent friend of Roman Catholic emancipation, also thus expressed himself: 'Go as far as you can, *with safety* to the Establishment. Do not exact from them terms that are unnecessary, but be rigorous in imposing such conditions as shall free you from all real, I had almost said all imaginary, danger.'

These are important opinions, which should teach us *how* to act. We have seen those guards and fences broken down; we have seen every protective condition *accepted*, and finally scoffed at, and we are at this moment at once insulted and injured by the cool and contemptuous violation of every promise which was required for the safety of the Church—of Protestantism.

But the whole system of concession was founded on ignorance, carried on by faction, and suffered by infatuation. That unhappy concession is the only blot on the tomb of Pitt, who made it in ignorance: it is the chief among the many blots on the tomb of Canning, who made faction his auxiliary, by first sacrificing his Toryism; and it covers with the indelible contempt, due to the traffic of principle, the whole paltry and perfidious generation who, subsequently, under different garbs, but with the same physiognomy of worldliness, have droned and drivelled and died off in the shadow of the Treasury. What the majority of those men thought, is a subject too low for memory; what they did, is to be seen in the scars of the Constitution.

But when the mighty orb of Pitt undergoes an eclipse, it must be by a body of no slight magnitude. His wisdom was actually thwarted by his

magnanimity. Himself the soul of honour, he evidently imagined that Popery was capable of honour.

"What would William Pitt, what would George Canning, say?" exclaims Mr Warren, "were they still alive to read the Bull of Pius IX. and Dr Wiseman's Pastoral? and *what would they do?*"

We think that we can answer the question. If Pitt denounced the grasping ambition of French republicanism, if Canning lashed the low absurdities of Radicalism, with what indignant justice would they not have stript and scourged an aggression which unites more than the ambition of the one, with more than the absurdity of the other! With what lofty vengeance would Pitt have trampled down the haughty usurpation which dared to degrade England into a *province!* and with what sarcastic ridicule would Canning have stung the bloated arrogance with which, from a palace almost a *prison*, an impudent monk dared to control the liberties of England!

But what would the Papal assurances be, if uttered by any other sovereign? Let us suppose that Austria ventured to send a dozen of her monks here to carve the land into dioceses. What would be the universal exclamation, but that Austria was *mad*; and that the first monk who made the attempt should find his only diocese within the walls of Newgate. What if France declared England a *province*? Can we doubt that our answer would be a declaration of war? And is a beggarly Italian—a fugitive from his own territory, a priest flying for his life in the livery of a footman—to offer this insult with impunity? But if we are told that Pius IX. is a different personage from his predecessors, a *Liberal*, a man of the new school—tempted, by misrepresentations from his emissary monks here, to make a usurpation against his nature—let us hear the pamphlet:—

"Let us go to the fountain-head. Pope Pius IX., who, on his elevation to the supreme Episcopate, addressed an elaborate Encyclical Letter to 'all patriarchs, primates, archbishops, and bishops,' dated 9th of November 1846, and which, to the eyes of any person in whom exists a single spark

of true Protestant Christianity, appears surcharged with blasphemous presumption, falsehood, and bigotry."

In this document, the Pope solemnly and formally asserts his *claim* to be the Vicar of Christ on earth! declares that God has constituted the Pope a *living authority* to teach the true sense of his Heavenly revelations, and to judge *infallibly* (*infallibili judicia*) in all controversies on faith and morals, and that "*out of the Catholic Church there is no salvation*;" and he bitterly denounces our "most crafty Bible societies," (a denunciation simply against the Bible itself, for there are no *notes* of any kind in the Bibles thus published.)

In this letter, "the Pope will be found, in the year 1846, to use the essential terms of the Florentine Canon, which has been in force for four hundred and eleven years, and under whose sanction, consequently, have been perpetrated, by the Papal authority, all the enormous crimes and offences which history records against it during that long period."

Mr Warren then quotes, as illustrative of the Pope's assumed supremacy in *temporals* over the Papist everywhere, a conversation detailed in evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons.—"I said to him, (a respectable Roman Catholic,) suppose the Pope and his Council announced that the King of England was a person who should be deposed—would you feel in conscience bound, as a Roman Catholic, to obey? He answered, 'Certainly not, because it would be contrary to Scripture.' I asked whether *he* or his church was to judge of Scripture? He replied, 'His church.' I then asked, 'If the decree was so worded, that the Pope and Council affirmed it to be *not* contrary, but according to Scripture, that a heretical monarch should be deposed, how would you act? He admitted, 'that he should feel himself *bound by the decree*, because it was *for the Pope to judge of Scripture*, and that, as a Roman Catholic, he should *obey him.*'

In this conversation we have a perfect specimen of Popish casnistry. The man is suffered to believe that he has a *conscience*, and that he is ever obedient to *Scripture*. But Popery

still holds him fast, and if regicide should suit its purposes, he can *give the blow* with a safe conscience. What must be the religion when such is the morality?

And this view leads us to the true question on which the whole subject turns. In the eyes of the Tractarians, the controversy is simply between an *old church* and a *new*. In the apologies of the apostates, it is simply between Papal infallibility and private judgment. Thus, the whole is diluted into a mere metaphysical inquiry, while both suppress the entire practical *reality* of this tremendous superstition. In those tranquil subtleties and meek submissions they both labour to conceal the *fact*, that if they are to be Papists, they *must* be worshippers of the Virgin Mary; they must be worshippers of imaginary saints; they must be worshippers of stocks and stones, as the images of those imaginary saints; and they must be prepared to do the bidding of the Papacy, even though that should amount to the dissolution of society; for to this they *must* come. This is *their yoke*. To this every man who apostatises is bound for life: he must drag the whole length of the chain.

Strong curiosity is now excited by the approach of Parliament; and the inquiry into the measures contemplated by the Cabinet is intense. In the midst of the numberless conjectures hazarded at the moment, a letter from the Bishop of Durham to a body of his clergy has appeared; which, when we remember that the memorable letter of the Premier was addressed to the Bishop, and that a correspondence on the subject may have been continued, seems to throw a light on the Ministerial intentions, and probably has been written for the *express purpose*.

The Bishop, after observing that the question of religious liberty to the Roman Catholics could not possibly require "that a foreign potentate should be permitted to insult a great nation, trample on the rights of a sovereign secured by law, and disturb the peace and good order of the Established Church," proceeds to state his conception of the *necessary* measures of protection.

"In order to prevent such evils, it may be necessary to provide—

"Some restrictions upon the *introduction* and *circulation* of *Papal Bulls* in this island.

"To prohibit the *assumption* of *Episcopal titles* conferred by Rome, and deriving the name from *any place* in this country.

"It may also be desirable to forbid the *existence* of *monastic institutions*, strictly so called.

"Nor can the residence of any *Jesuits* appear otherwise than injurious among Scotch and English Protestants. This Order is well known to have shown itself so dangerous, that it was suppressed by Clement XIV., 1773, with the approbation of all wise and good men. What species or amount of merit may have brought them again into favour with Rome, I profess myself unable to determine. But I am sure you will agree with me that a body of men, whose principles and conduct have been so justly reprobated in (Roman) Catholic countries, cannot be looked upon as desirable neighbours among Protestants like ourselves.

"To some such measures as I have thus pointed out, it may in all probability be found necessary to resort; and they may not improperly be referred to in *petitions* presented to Parliament in the ensuing Session."

Of course it would be essential that, in the exclusion of Bulls, all documents asserting any similar authority over the Popish subjects of the realm, as "Apostolical Letters," "Rescript Ordinances," and, in short, every paper claiming a public right by the Pope to govern the Papists in England or Ireland, and in any portion of the British empire, should be distinctly comprehended. We must not suffer ourselves to be cheated by names. Similarly, it will not be enough to put down convents and monasteries, so called, but *every* institution in which Popish vows are taken, binding the rash and unfortunate people who take them, for life. Here, too, we must not be cheated by names. Similarly, we must put down not merely Jesuits, so called, but every Order of foreign monkism, let it hide itself under what name it will. Rome is all *artifice*, and we may be

well assured that, whether under the name of Oratorians, or Preachers, or Brethren of the Spirit, the craft of Jesuistry will be exercised to make its way into England, and keep its footing here.

The Bishop's letter makes no direct reference to Ireland. But in Ireland there are *two millions* of Protestants; and if Protestantism is to be triumphant in England, it *must* be protected in Ireland. As to the right, the justice, and the necessity of those measures, and many more of the same kind, there can be no doubt on the

mind of any rational being. Lords Beaumont, Norfolk, and Camoys, Roman Catholics, have openly stated that the operation of the Papal Bull is *incompatible* with temporal allegiance to the Queen. The pamphlet from which we have quoted so largely, from a sense of its merits, disposes of the question in reference to the British Constitution; and the united feeling of the nation, which has already, in the purest spirit of *Christian* men, exclaimed "NO POPERY," must now, in the most determined spirit of *Freemen*, exclaim, "NO SURRENDER!"

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VOL. LXIX.

THE DANGERS OF THE COUNTRY.

NO. II.—OUR INTERNAL DANGERS.

“THE apparent contradiction,” says the *Edinburgh Review*, “between the vast amount of unrelieved misery in the country, and the vast amount of energetic benevolence now existing in this country, which strikes so many with despair, inspires us, on the contrary, with the most sanguine hopes; because, in that benevolence, we see ample means of remedying nearly all our social evils,—means heretofore impotent solely because misapplied. We agree with the Socialists in holding that the world can never have been intended to be, and will not long remain, what it is. It cannot be that the same intellect which has wrung from nature her most hidden secrets, which has triumphed over the most gigantic material obstructions, which has ‘exhausted worlds and then imagined new;’ which has discovered and described laws operating in regions of space separate from us by a distance so vast that human imagination cannot figure it and arithmetical language can hardly express it, should not, when fairly applied to social and administrative science, be competent to rectify our errors and to smoothe our path—unless, indeed, society take

refuge in the dreary creed, which shall never be ours, that the problem before us is insoluble, and the wretchedness around us inherent and incurable.”*

We entirely concur in these eloquent and just observations, though the honest and candid admissions they contain sound rather strange when coming from a journal which has, for nearly half-a-century, been the most strenuous, and not the least able, supporter of the system which has terminated in these woful results. We concur with this author in thinking, that it never was intended by Providence that things in this country should be as they now are; and that it is impossible they can long continue so. Sooner or later, if the premonitory symptoms of our diseased state continue to be disregarded by our rulers, and the influential part of the nation who now determine our policy, as they have been for a great number of years back, some terrible catastrophe will arise, like that in Ireland by the failure of the potato crop in 1846, which, amidst an appalling and perhaps unprecedented amount of human suffering, is in course of rectifying many of the social

* *Edinburgh Review*, January 1851, p. 23.

evils under which that ill-starred country has so long laboured. We narrowly escaped such a catastrophe on occasion of the great monetary crisis of October 1847, by far the most serious and widespread which Great Britain has ever known; and so much was the nation in its vital resources weakened by that calamity, and so wearing-out and grievous are the causes of evil still operating amongst us, that it is much to be feared that the catastrophe we anticipate will not be deferred beyond the next of the periodical monetary crises with which the country is now so regularly afflicted.

What renders our present social condition so alarming and depressing to the contemplative mind is, that the evils which are so widespread through society have only increased with the advance of the nation in general industry, accumulated capital, and mechanical power; and at a time when universal and unprecedented exertions have been made both for the religious and moral education of the working-classes, the improvement of their habits, and the extension of their information. The most superficial observer must be aware what astonishing progress we have made since 1815. Our exports and imports have tripled—our shipping doubled*—our population advanced fully 50 per cent. Our agriculture has kept pace with this astonishing increase, insomuch that, down to the commencement of five bad years in succession, in 1836, followed

by Free Trade in 1842 and 1846, our imports of wheat and flour had sunk to a *hundredth-part* of the food of our people. At no former period, in England's or the world's history, were such efforts made by energetic and philanthropic individuals to stem the progress of public and private disaster, or such noble and even heroic sacrifices made by the State to assuage, where it was most aggravated, the intensity of private suffering. At one period Government gave £20,000,000 to compensate the planters in the West Indies for Negro Emancipation; at another £10,000,000, to relieve the effects of famine and Irish improvidence. The efforts made in the cause of education, religious instruction, church accommodation, the relief of pauperism, the elevation of the standard of comfort, and the improvement of the habits of the poor, have been innumerable, systematic, and unwearyed.

In Scotland, a new great sect of Presbyterians has grown up more suited than the Establishment to the inclinations of a large part of the people, and they have, in three years, built and provided for *eight hundred* new places of worship, at a cost of above £1,500,000. In Glasgow alone, *thirty-two* have been erected, at a cost of £107,000! besides *fifteen*, erected a few years before, by subscription of persons connected with the Establishment. The prodigious efforts made by the dignitaries and pastors of the Church of England, to extend the sphere and increase the utility of

• Years.	EXPORTS. Official Value.	IMPORTS. Official Value.	SHIPPING. Tons inwards.
1822	42,236,533	29,432,376	2,519,044
1823	43,803,472	34,591,260	2,506,760
1824	48,785,551	36,056,551	2,559,587
1836	65,926,702	44,586,741	3,002,875
1837	69,939,389	45,952,551	3,149,152
1838	73,831,550	49,362,811	3,149,168
1846	132,286,345	75,953,875	6,091,052
1847	126,157,919	90,921,866	7,196,033
1848	132,904,407	93,547,134	5,579,461
1849	164,539,504	105,874,607	6,071,269

their Establishment, are known to all the world, and have extorted the reluctant applause even of the most inveterate of their opponents. All other religious persuasions have done the same: Roman Catholics, Methodists, Wesleyans, Dissenters of all sorts, have vied with each other in zeal and efforts to extend their respective adherents, and augment the number and respectability of their places of worship. Education has shared in the general movement; and although Government has yet done little, the number of voluntary schools established in most parts of the country almost exceeds belief. At the same time, the average poor-rates of England have for the last ten years been about £6,000,000. Scotland has got a more efficient one than the cautious administration of the old law had permitted, which already expends about £500,000 yearly on the relief of indigence; and Ireland has got a new one, which at its greatest distress expended above £2,000,000 in a year, and still dispenses upwards of £1,500,000 annually. Yet, in the midst of all this prodigious increase of national industry, religious zeal, and philanthropic activity, the condition of the greater part of our working classes has been daily getting worse, and was never perhaps, as a whole, so bad as in this year, when, in consequence of Continental pacification, Bank discounts at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, and a great influx of Californian gold, prices of manufactured articles have risen 20 per cent, and the great manufacturing towns are in a state of general prosperity. Ample evidence of all this will be brought forward in the sequel of this essay.

Notwithstanding all this, we do not despair either of the human race or of the fortunes and social condition of this country. We are firm believers in the doctrine, derived equally from natural and revealed religion, that the greater part of the evils, individual and social, of this life are derived from the effects of human selfishness, folly, or wickedness, and that it is sin which has brought death to nations not less than individuals. Barring some calamities which are obviously beyond the reach of human remedy—such as sickness, the death

of relations or friends, and external disasters, as famine or pestilence—there is scarcely an ill which now afflicts mankind which may not be distinctly traced to human selfishness or folly in the present or some preceding generation. That God will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children is indeed as loudly proclaimed in the history of man as ever it was among the thunders of Mount Sinai. But, assuming this to be the principle of the Divine government of mankind, we are confident we are within bounds when we say that four-fifths, perhaps nine-tenths, of the social and private evils which now afflict humanity, are the direct consequences of selfishness or folly in this or some recently preceding generation. Every attentive observer of the fate of individuals or families around him must see that this is the case in private life; and a very little attention alone is required to convince one that to the same cause is to be ascribed four-fifths of the social evils, great as they are, which all feel to be now so overwhelming.

We propose, first, to establish the fact that, amidst all the boasted and really astonishing increase of our national industry, the suffering and misery of the working-classes has constantly, on an average of years, gone on increasing; and then to consider to what causes this most alarming and disheartening state of things is to be ascribed. To prove the first, it is sufficient to refer to three authentic sources of information—the records of emigration, of crime, and of pauperism, for the last twenty-eight years.

From the table given below, it appears that while, in the year 1826, immediately following the dreadful monetary crisis of December 1825,—by far the severest which had then been felt—the total emigration from the British Islands was under twenty-one thousand; in the year 1849, being the fourth year of Free Trade, and in its last six months one of great commercial activity, it had reached *the enormous and unprecedented amount of THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND!* In twenty-five years of almost ceaseless Liberal government, and carrying out the principles, social and political, of the Political Economists,

the number of persons driven into exile had increased *fifteen-fold*. So extraordinary and decisive a proof of the progressive increase of suffering in a people is perhaps not to be found in the whole annals of mankind. The emigration-returns for 1850 have not yet been made up, but that they will exhibit a result not less striking and woful than the preceding years may be judged of by the facts, that the emigration from Liverpool, which in 1849 was 154,400, had risen in 1850 to 174,260; and that the emigrants who landed at New York alone, in 1850, were 212,796—of whom 116,552 were Irish, and 28,125 English subjects, the remainder being chiefly Scotch and Germans.*

We say, and say advisedly, that this prodigious flood of emigrants were, for the most part, *driven into exile* by suffering, not tempted into it by hope, and that its progressive

increase is the most decisive proof of the enhanced misery and suffering of the working-classes. The slightest consideration of the last column of the table below† must demonstrate this. Every known and deplored year of suffering has been immediately followed by a great increase in the number of emigrants in the next, or some subsequent years. Thus, in the year 1825, the total emigration was only 14,891; but the monetary crisis of December in that year raised it to 20,900 in the next year. In the year 1830, the last of the Duke of Wellington's administration, the emigration was 56,907; but in the two next years, being those of Reform agitation and consequent penury, these numbers were almost doubled: they rose to 83,160 in 1831, and to 103,140 in 1832. With the fine harvests and consequent prosperity of 1833 and 1834, they sank to 44,478;

* *Times*, Jan. 21, 1851.

† EMIGRATION FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM DURING THE TWENTY-FIVE YEARS FROM 1825 TO 1849.

Years	North American Colonies	United States	Australian Colonies and New Zealand	All other places	TOTAL
1825	8,741	5,551	485	114	14,891
1826	12,818	7,063	903	116	20,900
1827	12,648	14,526	715	114	28,003
1828	12,084	12,817	1,056	135	26,092
1829	13,307	15,678	2,016	197	31,198
1830	30,574	24,887	1,242	204	56,907
1831	58,067	23,418	1,561	114	83,160
1832	66,339	32,872	3,733	196	103,140
1833	28,808	29,109	4,093	517	62,527
1834	40,060	33,074	2,800	238	76,222
1835	15,573	26,720	1,860	325	44,478
1836	34,226	37,774	3,124	293	75,417
1837	29,884	36,770	5,054	326	72,034
1838	4,577	14,332	14,021	292	33,222
1839	12,658	33,536	15,786	227	62,207
1840	32,293	40,642	15,850	1,958	90,743
1841	38,164	45,017	32,626	2,786	118,592
1842	54,123	63,852	8,534	1,835	128,344
1843	23,518	28,335	3,478	1,881	57,212
1844	22,924	43,660	2,229	1,873	70,686
1845	31,803	58,538	830	2,330	93,501
1846	43,439	82,239	2,347	1,826	129,851
1847	109,680	142,154	4,949	1,487	258,270
1848	31,065	188,233	23,904	4,887	248,089
1849	41,367	219,450	32,091	6,590	299,498
	808,740	1,260,247	185,286	30,911	2,285,184

Average annual emigration from the United Kingdom for the last twenty-five years, 91,407.

but the bad seasons of 1838, 1839, and 1840 made them rapidly rise again, until they became,

1840,	-	-	90,743
1841,	-	-	118,592
1842,	-	-	128,342

The Railway Mania and artificial excitement of 1843 and 1844 brought down these numbers to *one half*—they were 57,212 and 70,686 in these two years successively. But the Currency Laws of 1844 and 1845, and Free Trade of 1846, soon more than *quadrupled* these numbers; and they have *never since receded*, but, on the contrary, rapidly increased ever since. The numbers were:—

Currency Acts, 1845,	93,501
Free Trade, 1846, .	129,851
Irish Famine, 1847,	258,270
Free Trade, 1848, .	248,089
Free Trade, 1849, .	299,498

More convincing proof that emigration is, for the most part, the result of general distress, and that the intensity and wide spread of that distress is to be measured by its increase, cannot possibly be imagined.

In the next place, the criminal records for the same period, since 1822, demonstrate, in a manner equally decisive, that amidst all our advances in civilisation, wealth, and productive industry, the causes producing an increase of crime have been equally active; and that, abreast of the distress which drove such prodigious and increasing multitudes into exile, have advanced the social evils which have, in an equal ratio, multiplied the criminals among those who remain at home.

From the table quoted below, it appears that, since the year 1822, serious crime, over the whole empire, has advanced fully 300 per cent; while the numbers of the people, during the same period, have not increased more than 30 per cent, which of itself is a very great and most surprising increase for an old state. It has advanced from 27,000 to 75,000. In other words, serious crime, during the last twenty-five years, has advanced **TEN TIMES** as fast as the numbers of the people.*

* TABLE showing the Commitments for Serious Crime in England, Scotland, and Ireland, from 1822 to 1849, both inclusive:—

Years	England	Scotland	Ireland	TOTAL
1822	12,241	1,691	13,251	27,183
1823	12,263	1,733	14,632	28,628
1824	13,698	1,802	15,258	30,748
1825	14,437	1,876	15,515	31,828
1826	16,164	1,999	16,318	34,481
1827	17,924	2,116	18,031	30,071
1828	16,564	2,024	14,683	33,273
1829	18,675	2,063	15,271	36,009
1830	18,107	2,329	15,794	36,230
1831	19,647	2,451	16,192	38,290
1832	20,829	2,431	16,056	39,316
1833	20,072	2,564	17,819	40,453
1834	22,451	2,691	24,381	49,523
1835	20,731	2,867	21,205	44,803
1836	20,984	2,922	23,891	47,797
1837	23,612	3,126	14,804	41,452
1838	23,094	3,418	15,723	42,635
1839	24,443	3,409	26,392	54,244
1840	27,187	3,872	23,883	54,892
1841	27,760	3,562	20,796	52,118
1842	31,389	4,189	21,186	56,684
1843	29,591	3,615	20,126	53,332
1844	26,542	3,575	19,448	49,565
1845	24,303	3,537	16,696	44,536
1846	25,107	4,069	18,492	47,668
1847	23,883	4,635	31,209	64,677
1848	30,349	4,909	38,522	73,780
1849	27,806	4,357	41,982	74,162

The same table is equally valuable in another point of view, as demonstrating, that it is to a general and progressive increase of *distress* that this deplorable result is to be ascribed. Every year of great and general suffering has been immediately followed in the next and the succeeding ones by a sudden start in crime, which has again as regularly receded, when a returning gleam of prosperity has for a time illuminated the prospects of the working-classes in the community. Thus, the dreadful monetary crisis of December 1825 was followed next year by a considerable increase of commitments: they rose from 31,828 to 38,071. The numbers again fell to 33,273 and 36,009 in 1829 and 1830, which were years of comparative comfort. The Reform agitation, and consequent distress of 1831 and 1832, raised them again to 49,523 in 1834; while the Joint-stock mania and fine harvests of 1835 lowered it to

44,803. The bad harvests, great importation, and consequent monetary crisis of 1839 and 1840 raised them most materially; they amounted to 54,244 and 54,892 in those years respectively. The fine harvests and Railway mania of 1844 and 1845 lowered them to 49,565 and 44,536; but the Irish famine and Free-trade measures of 1846, followed, as they necessarily were, by the dreadful monetary crisis of October 1847, raised them again to an unprecedented amount, from which they have never since receded. In 1848, they were 73,780; in 1849, 74,162; of which, last year, no less than 41,980 were in Ireland, being nearly 4000 more than 1848—albeit the harvest of 1849 was very fine, and the preceding year had been the year of the Irish rebellion, and when that country might be presumed to be still labouring under the effects of the famine of autumn 1846.

The poor's rate from 1822 to 1849*

* TABLE showing the Poor's Rates of England and Wales, with their Population, and the amount in Quarters of Grain in every year, from 1822 to 1849, both inclusive:—

Years	Poor's Rates	Population	Prices of Wheat		Amount in Quarters of Wheat
			s.	d.	
1822	£6,358,702	12,318,310	43	3	2,940,440
1823	5,772,958	12,508,956	51	9	2,231,091
1824	5,736,898	12,699,098	62	0	1,850,612
1825	5,786,989	12,881,906	66	6	1,740,447
1826	5,928,501	13,056,931	55	11	2,983,221
1827	6,441,088	13,242,019	56	9	2,269,987
1828	6,298,000	13,441,913	60	5	2,084,855
1829	6,332,410	13,620,701	66	3	1,911,671
1830	6,829,042	13,811,467	64	3	2,125,772
1831	6,798,888	13,897,187	66	4	2,049,916
1832	7,036,968	14,105,645	58	8	2,398,966
1833	6,790,799	14,317,229	52	11	2,566,601
1834	6,317,255	14,531,957	46	2	2,736,717
1835†	5,526,418	14,703,002	44	2	2,502,528
1836	4,717,630	14,904,456	39	5	2,393,723
1837	4,044,741	15,105,909	52	6	1,540,853
1838	4,123,604	15,307,363	55	3	1,492,684
1839	4,421,712	15,508,816	69	4	1,275,494
1840	4,576,965	15,710,270	68	5	1,336,340
1841	4,760,929	15,911,725	65	3	1,459,288
1842	4,911,498	16,141,808	64	0	1,534,843
1843	5,208,027	16,371,892	54	4	1,917,665
1844	4,976,093	16,601,975	51	5	1,935,595
1845	5,039,708	16,824,341	50	10	1,976,354
1846	4,954,204	17,032,471	54	8	1,801,528
1847	5,298,787	17,426,321	69	9	1,513,939
1848	6,180,764	17,649,622	50	6	2,423,436
1849	5,792,963	17,862,431	44	3	2,633,166
1850			40	2	

Poor's-Rate Report, 1849; and PORTER, 90, 3d ed.—The five last years' prices are not from Mr Porter's work, where they are obviously wrong, but from *Parl. Pap.* 1850, No. 460.

† New Poor-Law came into operation.

affords an equally conclusive proof of the steady increase of pauperism—varying, of course, like the crime and emigration, with the prosperity and suffering of particular years, but exhibiting on the whole a great and most portentous increase. This appears even when it is measured in money; but still more strikingly and convincingly when measured in grain—the true test both of its amount and its weight, as by far the greatest part of it is laid out in the purchase of food for the paupers, and the price of that food is an index to the ability of the land to bear it. It is to be recollected that the new Poor Law, which was introduced to check the rapid and alarming increase in the poor's rates of England and Wales, was passed in 1834, and came into full operation in 1835, and has since continued unaltered. It certainly effected a great reduction at first; but that it was not lasting, and was speedily altered by the Free-Trade measures, is decisively proved by the following table, furnished by Mr Porter. The in-door and out-door paupers of England since 1840 have stood thus to 1848:—

1840,	.	.	1,199,529
1841,	.	.	1,299,048
1842,	.	.	1,427,187
1843,	.	.	1,539,490
1844,	.	.	1,477,561
1845,	.	.	1,470,970
1846,	.	.	1,332,089
1847,	.	.	1,720,350
1848,	.	.	1,626,201

—*Progress of the Nation*, 3d Ed. p. 94.

These are the results exhibited in England and Wales. The poor's

rates since 1837 have doubled in real weight, and we need not say that they are calculated to awaken the most alarming reflections; the more especially when it is recollected that the year 1849 was one of reviving, and, during its last six months, of boasted commercial prosperity. But the matter becomes much more serious, and the picture of the social condition of the island much more correct and striking, when the simultaneous measures, adopted during the last five years in Scotland and Ireland, are taken into consideration.

We need not tell our readers that, prior to 1844, Ireland had no poor law at all; and that although Scotland had a most humane and admirable poor law on its statute-book, yet its operation had been so much frittered away and nullified, by the unhappy decision of the Court of Session, which gave no control to the *local* courts over the decisions of the heritors and kirk-sessions (churchwardens of parishes), thereby in effect rendering them judges without control in their own cause, that it, practically speaking, amounted to almost nothing. But as the evils of that state of things had become apparent, and had been demonstrated *luce meridiana clarius*, by Dr Alison and other distinguished philanthropists, an efficient statute was passed in 1845, which corrected this evil, and has since produced the following results, which may well attract the notice of the most inconsiderate, from the rapid increase which pauperism exhibits, and the extraordinary magnitude it has already attained in Scotland—

Years	Sums raised	Number of Poor, fixed and casual	Registered Paupers
1840	£202,812		
1841	218,481		
1844	258,814		
1845	306,044	63,070 or 1 in 42	62,070 or 1 in 42
1846	435,367	69,432 — 1 — 38	69,432 — 1 — 38
1847	533,073	146,370 — 1 — 17.8	74,161 — 1 — 35.3
1848	583,613	227,647 — 1 — 11.5	77,732 — 1 — 33.7
1849		202,120 — 1 — 12.96	82,357 — 1 — 31.8

—*Poor-Law Report, Scotland*, Aug. 1849.

In the year 1850, a year of unusual commercial prosperity, the sums assessed for the relief of the poor in Glasgow alone, irrespective of buildings and other expenses connected with them, was £87,637, and with these expenses £121,000.*

In Ireland, the growth of the Poor Law, from its first introduction, has

been still more rapid and alarming, as might have been anticipated from the greater mass of indigence and destitution with which it there had to contend. The sums raised for relief of the poor in that country, the nominal rental of which is £13,000,000, has stood thus for the last three years—

Year ending Sept. 29	Collected	Expended	Indoor Paupers, August	Outdoor Paupers
1846	£359,870	£350,667		
1847	585,507	717,713	75,376	
1848	1,559,248	1,732,597	150,000	833,889
1849	1,648,337	2,177,651	203,199	666,224
1850	1,561,846	1,274,125	264,048†	141,077

—Third Annual Report, Ireland, p. 7.

On 3d July 1847, no less than 3,020,712 persons were fed by the public in Ireland, being about 40 per cent on the whole population—certainly, at that date, under 8,000,000. Well may the *Edinburgh Review* say, in reference to this astonishing subject—

“The collection in the year 1847-8 is remarkable: three times the amount of the collections of 1846-7, five times the amount of the collections of 1845-6. A tax unknown in Ireland ten years before was levied in the year 1848 to the extent of one-ninth of the rateable property of the country, and that in a period of unprecedented depression and embarrassment. In the same year the expenditure had risen 150 per cent above that of 1847, and 500 per cent above the expenditure of 1846. The expenditure in 1848-9 exceeds that of 1847 by the large sum of £445,054.”‡

The diminished expenditure of 1850 is mainly owing to the reduction in the price of provisions in that year, which has caused the cost of an in-door pauper to decline from 2s. 2d., which it was in April 1847, to 1s. 2d., or nearly a half, to which it fell in autumn 1849, which it has never since exceeded. Measured by quarters of grain, the poor's-rate of Ireland, in 1850, was fully twice as heavy as it was in 1848, when the effects of the disastrous famine of 1846 were still felt.

After these broad and decisive facts, drawn from so many official sources, and all conspiring to one result, it may seem unnecessary to go further, or load these pages, for which matter abundant to overflowing still remains, with any farther proof or illustration of a thing unhappily too apparent. But as our present system is mainly calculated for the interests of our great manufacturing cities, and, at all events, has been brought about by their influence, and is strictly in conformity with their demands, we cannot resist the insertion of an extract from an eloquent speech of a most able, humane, and zealous minister of the Free Church in Glasgow on the moral and religious state of the working-classes in that vast and rapidly-increasing city, which now has little short of 400,000 inhabitants within its bounds.

“I know,” said Dr Paterson, “that many congregations, not of the Free Church, both feel and manifest an anxious and enlightened concern in this cause. I do not attempt to describe their efforts, simply because I am not in a position to do them justice. I hail them, however, as fellow-labourers. I rejoice to know that they are in the field to some extent already, and I shall rejoice still more to see their exertions multiplying side by side with our own. Certain I am that nothing short of a *levy en masse* of what—

* Dr Young's Report, Jan. 1851.

† On 22d June, 1850.

‡ *Edinburgh Review*, Jan. 1851.

ever there is of living Christianity in the city, in all the branches of the Church of Christ which it contains, will suffice to make head against the augmenting ignorance and ungodliness, and Popery and infidelity, with which we have to deal. My other observation is for the members of our own church. Some of them will, perhaps, be startled by this movement, simply because it is adding another to our already numerous schemes—and because it may aggravate the difficulty we already feel of carrying them on. Here, they may say, is the beginning of new demands upon both our money and our time. To such a complaint I have no other answer to make but one—but it is one that seems to me to be decisive. My answer is, that this movement, whatever it may cost, is a matter of life and death. If we do not destroy this evil, it will destroy us."

These are certainly strong expressions, but they come from one well acquainted, from personal visitation in his parish, which is one of the most densely peopled in Glasgow, and second to none in zeal and ability to combat the enormous mass of destitution, crime, sensuality, and civilised heathenism with which he has to deal. And that he does not exaggerate the evil, and speaks from accurate information, not vague imagination, is evident from the details which he gives.

"I begin with the Old Wynd, which is the western boundary of the parish, and of which only the one side, therefore, is in the Tron parish. That one side contains 102 families and 504 individuals. Among that population there are possessed in all only 11 church sittings, or little more than 2 to the 100. Of the 102 families, only 14 profess to be in the habit of going to any place of worship. In the New Wynd, there are 350 families and 1976 individuals, possessing in all 66 church sittings, or little more than 3 to the 100. Of the 350 families, only 67 profess to be in the habit of attending any place of worship. Lastly, the Back Wynd contains 137 families and 752 individuals, who possess in all only 6 church sittings, or less than 1 to the 100! Of these 137 families, only 13 profess to attend any place of worship. Here, then, in these three Wynds, constituting but a section of the parish, we have a population of 3232 individuals, with only 83 church sittings, or little more than an average of 2½ to the 100. Of the 589 families of which that population con-

sists, the enormous number of 495 families, by their own confession, are living in habitual and total estrangement from the house of God. In these appalling circumstances, it will not surprise the presbytery to learn, that in the whole of the three Wynds there were found no more than 117 Bibles—in other words, that scarcely one family in five were possessed of a copy of the Word of God!"

Again he says—

"During the first ten of the last thirty years—that is, from 1821 to 1831—the population increased at the rate of about 5000 a-year. During the second ten of these years—that is, from 1831 to 1841—it increased at the rate of 8000 a-year. During the third ten of these years—that is, from 1841 to 1851—it is believed, on good grounds, that the increase will average 12,000 a-year. Let any man consider these facts, and then, if he has courage to look forward at all, let him try to picture to himself the state of Glasgow when another thirty years shall have run their course. If the same ratio of increase holds on—and I know of no good reason for doubting that it will—we shall have in thirty years a population nearly equal in numbers to that of Paris; and most assuredly, if the Christian churches do not speedily arouse themselves, it will be by that time like Paris in more respects than one. We may have the numbers of the French capital, but we shall have their infidelity, their Popery, their licentiousness, and their lawlessness too. If our efforts did not keep pace with a population growing at the rate of 5000 a-year, how are such efforts to do alongside of a population growing at the rate of from 12,000 to 15,000 a-year? If in the race of the last thirty years we fell at least twenty years behind, how tremendously and how ruinously shall we be distanced in the next thirty years to come! 'If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? And if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan!'"

We select this as a picture of our great manufacturing towns, in which the greatest and most unbounded prosperity, so far as mere production goes, has prevailed, generally speaking, for the last thirty years; in which the custom-house duties have increased, since 1812, from £3000 a-year to £660,000, and the river dues from £4500 to £66,000 in the

same period; but in which the sums expended in poor-rates and pauper burials were, in round numbers,—

	Poor Rates.	Pauper Burials.
1848.....	£180,000.....	4042
1849.....	132,000.....	3577
1850.....	120,000*.....	2381

Indicating the deplorable destitution of multitudes in the midst of this growing wealth and unparalleled increase of manufacturing and commercial greatness. In the last year, out of 10,461 burials, no less than 2381, or nearly a *fourth*, were at the public expense.†

Of the wretched condition of a large class of the operatives of Glasgow—that employed in making clothes for the rest of the community—the following striking account has been given in a recent interesting publication on the “Sweating System,” by a merchant tailor of the city:—

“The *out-door* or sweating system, by which the great proportion of their work is produced, has had a fearful debasing effect on journeymen tailors. Work is given out to a person denominated a “middle-man.” He alone comes into contact with the employer. He employs others to work under him, in his own house. The workmen have no respect for him, as they have for an ordinary employer; nor has he the slightest influence over them, in enforcing proper conduct or prudent habits. On the contrary, his influence tends only to their hurt. *He engages them to work at the lowest possible prices*—making all the profit he can out of them. He ordinarily sets them down to work in a small, dirty room, in some unhealthy part of the city. They are allowed to work at irregular hours. Sunday, in innumerable instances, brings no rest to the tailor under the sweating system; he must serve his slave-driver on that day too, even if he should go idle on the other days of the week. *No use of churches or ministers to him; his calling is to produce so-called cheap clothes for the million*—Sunday or Munday being alike necessary for such a laudable pursuit, though his soul should perish. Small matter that: only let the cheap system flourish, and thereby increase the riches of the people, and then full compensation has been made, though

moral degradation, loss of all self-respect, and tattered rags, be the lot of the unhappy victim, sunk by it to the lowest possible degree.”‡

Such is the effect of the cheapening and competition system, in one of our greatest manufacturing towns, in a year of great and unusual commercial prosperity. That the condition of the vast multitude engaged in the making of clothes in the metropolis is not better, may be judged of by the fact that there are in London 20,000 journeymen tailors, of whom 14,000 can barely earn a miserable subsistence by working fourteen hours a-day, Sunday included; and that Mr Sidney Herbert himself, a great Free-Trader, has been lately endeavouring to get subscriptions for the needlewomen of London, on the statement that there are there 33,000 females of that class, who only earn on an average 4½d. a day, by working fourteen hours. And the writer of this Essay has ascertained, by going over the returns of the census of 1841 for Glasgow, (Occupations of the People,) that there were in Glasgow in that year above 50,000 women engaged in factories or needlework, and whose average earnings certainly do not, even in this year of boasted commercial prosperity, exceed 7s. or 8s. a week. *Their number is now, beyond all question, above 60,000, and their wages not higher.* Such is the cheapening and competition system in the greatest marts of manufacturing industry, and in a year when provisions were cheap, exports great, and the system devised for its special encouragement in full and unrestrained activity.

Facts of this kind give too much reason to believe that the picture drawn in a late work of romance, but evidently taken by a well-informed observer in London, is too well founded in fact:—

“Every working tailor must come to this at last, on the present system; and we are lucky in having been spared so long. You all know where this will end—in the same misery as 15,000 out of 20,000 of our class are enduring now.

* Including buildings £87,000; for poor alone. † Dr STRANG'S Report, 1851.

‡ *Modern System of Low-priced Goods*, p. 2, 3.

We shall become the slaves, often the bodily prisoners, of Jews, middle-men, and sweaters, who draw their livelihood out of our starvation. We shall have to fare as the rest have—ever decreasing prices of labour, ever increasing profits, made out of that labour by the contractors who will employ us—arbitrary fines, inflicted at the caprice of hirelings—the competition of women, and children, and starving Irish—our hours of work will increase one-third, our actual pay decrease to less than one-half. And in all this we shall have no hope, no chance of improvement in wages, but even more penury, slavery, misery, as we are pressed on by those who are sucked by fifties—almost by hundreds—yearly out of the honourable trade in which we were brought up, into the infernal system of contract work, which is devouring our trade, and many others, body and soul. Our wives will be forced to sit up night and day to help us—our children must labour from the cradle, without chance of going to school, hardly of breathing the fresh air of heaven—our boys, as they grow up, must turn beggars or paupers—our daughters, as thousands do, must eke out their miserable earnings by prostitution. And after all, a whole family will not gain what one of us had been doing, as yet, single-handed. You know there will be no hope for us. There is no use appealing to Government or Parliament.”*

We shall only add to these copious extracts and documents one illustrative of the state to which the West Highlands of Scotland have been brought by Free Trade in black cattle and barilla, the staple of their industry:—

Price of the Estate, £163,779.

Years.	Receipts.	Expenditure on Estate.
1847	£4,134 0 0	£7,305 0 0
1848	1,781 0 0	4,253 0 0
1849	1,109 0 0	1,294 0 0
1850	1,345 0 0	1,126 0 0

—*Inverness Courier*.

Couple this with the facts that, in 1850, in the face of average prices of wheat at about 40s. a quarter, the importation of all sorts of grain into Great Britain and Ireland was about 9,500,000 quarters—of course displacing domestic industry employed previous to 1846 in this production;

so that the acres under wheat cultivation in Ireland have sunk from 1,048,000 in 1847, to 664,000 in 1849; and there will be no difficulty in explaining the immense influx of the destitute from the country into the great towns—augmenting thus the enormous mass of destitution, pauperism, and wretchedness, with which they are already overwhelmed.

Such is a picture, however brief and imperfect, of the social condition of our population, after twenty years of Liberal government, self-direction, and increasing popularisation, enhanced, during the last five years, by the blessings of Free Trade and a restricted and fluctuating currency. The question remains the most momentous on which public attention can now be engaged. Is this state of things *unavoidable*, or are there any means by which, under Providence, it may be removed or alleviated? Part of it is unavoidable, and by no human wisdom could be averted. But by far the greater part is directly owing to the selfish and shortsighted legislation of man, and might at once be removed by a wise, just, and equal system of government.

There is an unavoidable tendency, in all old and wealthy states, for riches to concentrate in the highest ranks, and numbers to become excessive in the lowest. This arises from the different set of principles which, at the opposite ends of the chain of society, regulate human conduct in the direction of life. Prudence, and the desire of elevation, are predominant at the one extremity; recklessness, and the thirst for gratification, at the other. Life is spent in the one in striving to gain, and endeavouring to rise; in the other, in seeking indulgence, and struggling with its consequences. Marriage is contracted in the former, generally speaking, from prudential or ambitious motives; in the latter, from the influence of passion, or the necessity of a home. In the former, fortune marries fortune, or rank is allied to rank; in the latter, poverty is linked to poverty, and destitution engenders destitution. These opposite set of principles come,

in the progress of time, to exercise a great and decisive influence on the comparative numbers and circumstances of the affluent and the destitute classes. The former can rarely, if ever, maintain their own numbers; the latter are constantly increasing in numbers, with scarcely any other limit on their multiplication but the experienced impossibility of rearing a family. Fortunes run into fortunes by intermarriage, the effects of continued saving, and the dying out of the direct line of descendants among the rich. Poverty is allied to poverty by the recklessness invariably produced by destitution among the poor. Hence the rich, in an old and wealthy community, have a tendency to get richer, and the poor poorer; and the increase of wealth only increases this tendency, and renders it more decided with every addition made to the national fortunes. This tendency is altogether irrespective of primogeniture, entails, or any other device to retain property in a particular class of society. It exists as strongly in the mercantile class, whose fortunes are for the most part equally divided, as in the landed, where the estate descends in general to the eldest son; and was as conspicuous in former days in Imperial Rome, when primogeniture was unknown, and is now complained of as as great a grievance in Republican France, where the portions of children are fixed by law, as it is in Great Britain, where the feudal institutions still prevail among those connected with real estates.

In the next place, this tendency in old and opulent communities has been much enhanced, in the case of Great Britain, by the extraordinary combination of circumstances—some natural, some political—which have, in a very great degree, augmented its manufacturing and commercial industry. It would appear to be a general law of nature, in the application of which the progress of society makes no or very little change—that machinery and the division of labour can add scarcely anything to the powers of human industry in the cultivation of the soil—but that they can work prodigies in the manufactories or trades which minister to human luxury or enjoyment. The

proof of this is decisive. England, grey in years, and overloaded with debt, can undersell the inhabitants of Hindostan in cotton manufactures, formed in Manchester out of cotton grown on the banks of the Ganges or the Mississippi; but she is undersold in grain, and to a ruinous extent, by the Polish or American cultivators, with grain raised on the banks of the Vistula or the Ohio. It is the steam-engine and the division of labour which have worked this prodigy. They enable a girl or a child, with the aid of machinery, to do the work of a hundred men. They substitute the inanimate spindle for human hands. But there is no steam-engine in agriculture. The spade and the hoe are its spindles, and they must be worked by human hands. Garden cultivation, exclusively done by man, is the perfection of husbandry. By a lasting law of nature, the first and best employment of man is reserved, and for ever reserved, for the human race. Thus it could not be avoided that in Great Britain, so advantageously situated for foreign commerce, possessing the elements of great naval strength in its forests, and the materials in the bowels of the earth from which manufacturing greatness was to arise, should come, in process of time, to find its manufacturing bear an extraordinary and scarce paralleled proportion to its agricultural population.

Consequent on this was another circumstance, scarcely less important in its effects than the former, which materially enhanced the tendency to excess of numbers in the manufacturing portions of the community. This was the encouragement given to the employment of *women and children in preference to men* in most manufacturing establishments—partly from the greater cheapness of their labour, partly from their being better adapted than the latter for many of the operations connected with machines, and partly from their being more manageable, and less addicted to strikes and other violent insurrections, for the purpose of forcing up wages. Great is the effect of this tendency, which daily becomes more marked as prices decline, competition increases, and political associations

among workmen become more frequent and formidable by the general popularising of institutions. The steam-engine thus is generally found to be the sole moving power in factories; spindles and spinning-jennies the hands by which their work is performed; women and children the attendants on their labour. There is no doubt that this precocious forcing of youth, and general employment of young women in factories, is often a great resource to families in indigent circumstances, and enables the children and young women of the poor to bring in, early in life, as much as enables their parents, without privation, often to live in idleness. But what effect *must* it have upon the principle of population, and the vital point for the welfare of the working-classes—the proportion between the demand for and the supply of labour? When young children of either sex are sure, in ordinary circumstances, of finding employment in factories, what an extraordinary impulse is given to population around them, under circumstances when the lasting demand for labour in society cannot find them employment! The boys and girls find employment in the factories for six or eight years; so far all is well: but what comes of these boys and girls when they become men and women, fathers and mothers of children, legitimate and illegitimate, and their place in the factories is filled by a new race of infants and girls, destined in a few years more to be supplanted, in their turn, by a similar inroad of juvenile and precocious labour? It is evident that this is an important and alarming feature in manufacturing communities; and, where they have existed long, and are widely extended, it has a tendency to induce, after a time, an alarming disproportion between the demand for, and the supply of *full-grown labour* over the entire community. And to this we are in a great degree to ascribe the singular fact, so well and painfully known to all persons practically acquainted with such localities, that

while manufacturing towns are the places where the greatest market exists for juvenile or infant labour—to obtain which the poor flock from all quarters with ceaseless alacrity—they are at the same time the places where destitution in general prevails to the greatest and most distressing extent, and it is most difficult for full-grown men and women to obtain permanent situations or wages, on which they can maintain themselves in comfort. Their only resource, often, is to trust, in their turn, to the employment of their children for the wages necessary to support the family. Juvenile labour becomes profitable—a family is not felt as a burden, but rather as an advantage *at first*; and a forced and unnatural impulse is given to population by the very circumstances, in the community, which are abridging the means of desirable subsistence to the persons brought into existence.

Lastly the close proximity of Ireland, and the improvident habits and rapid increase of its inhabitants, has for above half a century had a most important effect in augmenting, in a degree altogether disproportioned to the extension in the demand for labour, the numbers of the working classes in the community in Great Britain. Without stopping to inquire into the causes of the calamity, it may be sufficient to refer to the fact, unhappily too well and generally known to require any illustration, that the numbers of labourers of the very humblest class in Ireland has been long excessive; and that any accidental failure in the usual means of subsistence never fails to impel multitudes in quest of work or charity, upon the more industrious and consequently opulent realm of Britain. Great as has been the emigration, varying from 200,000 to 250,000 a-year from Ireland, during the last two years to Transatlantic regions, it has certainly been equalled, if not exceeded, by the simultaneous influx of Irish hordes into the western provinces of Britain. It is well known * that, during the whole of

* It was ascertained, from an accurate return obtained by the Magistrates of Glasgow, that the number of persons who arrived at that city by the Clyde, or the Ayrshire railway, in four months preceding 10th April 1848, was 42,860.

1848, the inundation into Glasgow was at the rate of above 1000 a-week on an average; and into Liverpool generally above double the number. The census now in course of preparation will furnish many most valuable returns on this subject, and prove to what extent English has suffered by the competition of Irish labour. In the mean time, it seems sufficient to refer to this well-known social evil, as one of the causes which has powerfully contributed to increase the competition among the working-classes, and enhance the disproportion between the demand for, and the supply of, labour, which with few and brief exceptions has been felt as so distressing in Great Britain for the last thirty years.

Powerful as these causes of evil undoubtedly were, they were not beyond the reach of remedy by human means—nay, circumstances simultaneously existed which, if duly taken advantage of, might have converted them into a source of blessings. They had enormously augmented the powers of productive industry in the British Empire; and in the wealth, dominion, and influence thereby acquired, the means had been opened up of giving full employment to the multitudes displaced by its boundless machinery and extended manufacturing skill. Great Britain and Ireland enjoyed one immense advantage—their territory was not merely capable of yielding food for the whole present inhabitants, numerous and rapidly increasing as they were, but for double or triple the number. The proof of this is decisive. Although the two islands had added above a half to their numbers between 1790 and 1835, the importation of foreign grain had been continually diminishing; and in the five years ending with 1835, they had come to be on an average only 398,000 quarters of grain and flour in a year—being not a hundredth part of the whole subsistence of the people. Further, agriculture in Great Britain, from the great attention paid to it, and the extended capital and skill employed in its prosecution, had come to be more and more worked by manual labour, and was rapidly ap-

proaching—at least, in the richer districts of the country—the *horticultural system*, in which at once the greatest produce is obtained from the soil, and the greatest amount of human labour is employed in its cultivation; and in which the greatest manufacturing states of former days, Florence and Flanders, had, on the decay of their manufacturing industry, found a never-failing resource for a denser population than now exists in Great Britain.

But, more than all, England possessed, in her immense and rapidly-increasing colonies in every quarter of the globe, at once an inexhaustible vent and place of deposit for its surplus home population, the safest and most rapidly-increasing market for its manufacturing industry, and the most certain means, in the keeping up the communication between the different parts of so vast a dominion, of maintaining and extending its maritime superiority. This was a resource unknown to any former state, and apparently reserved for the Anglo-Saxon race, whom such mighty destinies awaited in the progress of mankind. The forests of Canada, the steppes of Australia, the hills of New Zealand, the savannahs of the Cape, seemed spread out by nature to receive the numerous and sturdy children of the Anglo-Saxon race, whom the natural progress of opulence, the division of labour, the extension of machinery, and the substitution of female and juvenile for male labour, were depriving of employment in their native seats. In the colonies, manual labour was as much in demand as it was redundant in the parent state. No machinery or manufactures existed there to displace the arm of the labourer's industry; the felling of the forest, the draining of the morass, the cultivation of the wild, chained the great majority of the human race to agricultural employments, for generations and centuries to come. Even the redundant number and rapid increase of the Celtic population in Ireland could not keep pace with the demand for agricultural labour in our Transatlantic dominions. The undue preponderance of the female sex, felt as so great and consuming an evil in all old and wealthy cities, might be rendered the

greatest possible blessing to the infant colonies, in which the greatest social evil always experienced is the excessive numbers of the male sex. All that was required was the removal of them from the overburdened heart to the famishing extremities of the empire; and this, while it relieved the labour, promised to afford ample employment to the national navy. The magnitude of this traffic may be judged of by the fact that the 212,000 emigrants who arrived at New York in the year 1850 were brought in 2000 vessels. At the same time the rapid growth of the colonies, under such a system, would have furnished a steady market for the most extensive manufacturing industry at home, and that in a class of men descended from ourselves, imbued with our habits, actuated by feeling our wants, and chained by circumstances, for centuries to come, to the exclusive consumption of our manufactures. What the magnitude of this market might have been may be judged of by the fact that, in the year 1850, Australia and New Zealand, with a population which had not yet reached 250,000 souls, took off in the year 1850 £2,080,364 of our manufactures, being at the rate of £8 a-head; while Russia, with a population of 66,000,000, only took off £1,572,593 worth, being not 6d. a-head.*

The social evils which at first sight appear so alarming, therefore, in consequence of the extension of our manufacturing population, and the vast increase of our wealth, were in reality not only easily susceptible of remedy, but they might, by a wise and paternal policy, alive equally to the interests *represented and unrepresented* of all parts of the empire, have been converted into so many sources of increasing prosperity and durable social happiness. All that was required was to adopt a policy conducive alike to the interests of *all* parts of our varied dominions, but giving no one an undue advantage over the other; legislating for India as if the seat of empire were Calcutta, for Canada as if it were Quebec, for the West Indies as if it were Kingston.

"Non alia Romæ alia Athenæ," should have been our maxim. Equal justice to all would have secured equal social happiness to all. The distress and want of employment consequent on the extension of machinery, and the growth of opulence in the heart of the empire, would have become the great moving power which would have overcome the attachments of home and country, and impelled the multitudes whom our transmarine dominions required into those distant but still British settlements, where ample room was to be found for their comfort and increase, and where their rapidly-increasing numbers would have operated with powerful effect, and in a geometrical ratio, on the industry and happiness of the parent state. Protection to native industry at home and abroad was all that was required to bless and hold together the mighty fabric. So various and extensive were the British dominions, that they would soon have arrived at the point of being independent of all the rest of the world. The materials for our fabrics, the food for our people, were to be had in abundance in the different parts of our own dominions. We had no reason to fear the hostility or the stopping of supplies from any foreign power. The trade of almost the whole globe was to Great Britain a home trade, and brought with it its blessings and its double return, at each end of the chain.

These great and magnificent objects, which are as clearly pointed out by Providence as the mission of the British nation—and which the peculiar character of the Anglo-Saxon race so evidently qualified it to discharge—as if it had been declared in thunders from Mount Sinai, were in a great degree attained, though in an indirect way, under the old constitution of England; and accordingly, while it lasted, and was undisturbed in its action by local influences in the heart of the empire, distress was comparatively unknown at home, and disaffection was unheard of in our distant settlements. The proof of this is decisive. The tables already given in the former part of this paper demonstrate when distress at home and

* Parliamentary Return, 1851.

sedition abroad seriously set in, when emigration advanced with the steps of a giant, and crime began to increase ten times as fast as the numbers of the people—and the poor-rates, despite all attempts to check them by fresh laws, threatened to swallow all but the fortunes of the millionnaires in the kingdom. *It was after 1819 that all this took place.* Previous to this, or at least previous to 1816, when the approaching great monetary change of that year was intimated to the Bank, and the contraction of the currency really began, distress at home was comparatively unknown, and the most unbounded loyalty existed in our colonial settlements in every part of the world. But from that date our policy at home and abroad underwent a total change. Everything was changed with the change in the ruling influences in the state. The words of the Christian bishop who converted Clovis were acted upon to the letter—“*Brulez ce que vous avez adoré; adorez ce que vous avez brûlé.*” The moneyed came to supplant the territorial aristocracy, the interests of realised capital to prevail over those of industry and wealth in the course of formation. The Reform Bill confirmed and perpetuated this change, by giving the moneyed class a decided majority of votes in the House of Commons, and the House of Commons the practical government of the country. From that moment suffering marked us for her own. Misery spread in the heart of the empire; many of its most flourishing settlements abroad went to ruin; and such disaffection prevailed in all, that Government, foreseeing the dissolution of the empire, has already taken steps to conceal the fall of the fabric by voluntarily taking it to pieces.

Without going into details, unhappily too well known to all to require any lengthened illustration, it may be sufficient to refer to three circumstances which have not only immensely aggravated the internal distress and external disaffection of the empire, but interrupted and neutralised the influence of all those causes of relief provided for us by nature, and which, under a just and equal policy, would have entirely averted them.

The first of these, and perhaps the most disastrous in its effects upon the internal prosperity of the empire, was the great contraction of the currency which took place by the bill of 1819. By that bill the bank and bankers' notes, which at the close of the war had amounted, in Great Britain and Ireland, to about £60,000,000 in round numbers, were suddenly reduced to £32,000,000, which was the limit formally imposed, by the acts of 1844 and 1845, on the circulation issuable on securities in the country. We know the effect of these changes: the *Times* has told us what it has been. It rendered the sovereign worth two sovereigns; the fortune of £500,000 worth £1,000,000; the debt of £800,000,000 worth £1,600,000,000; the taxes of £50,000,000 worth £100,000,000 annually. As a necessary consequence, it reduced the average price of wheat from 90s. to 40s.; and the entire wages of labour and remuneration of industry, throughout the country, to *one-half* of their former amount. The prodigious effect of this change upon the real amount of the national burdens, and the remuneration of the industry which was to sustain it, may be judged of by the invaluable table quoted on the next page, which is stated to be taken from Mr Porter's valuable work on the *Progress of the Nation*, published in 1847, and furnished by that gentleman with his wonted courtesy to the *Midland Counties Herald*, to the end of 1850. Its import will be found to be correctly condensed in the following statement, by that able writer Gemini, contained in the same paper of January 30:—

	s. d.
“The average price of wheat from 1800 to the close of the war, was,	90 7
The average price of wheat from the passing of the Corn Law of 1815 to 1827, each inclusive,	67 2
The average price of wheat from the passing of the Corn Law of 1828 to 1841, each inclusive,	58 10
The average price of wheat from the passing of the Corn Law of 1842 to 1849, each inclusive,	53 6
The average price of 1850,	40 2

"During the war the average quantity of wheat required to be sold to pay one million of taxation amounted to 220,791 quarters. The quantity required to be sold to pay one million of taxation, according to the prices of 1850, amounts to 497,925 quarters, or 56,343 quarters more than double the quantity required to be

sold during the war. The enormous increase in the burdensomeness of taxation may be thus clearly estimated."

Comment is unnecessary, illustration superfluous, on such a result.

In the next place, prodigious as was the addition which this great

Years.	Amount of revenue paid into the Exchequer, the produce of taxation.	Yearly average price of wheat per qr.		Revenue estimated in qrs. of wheat, at the average price of the year.	Rent of 200 acres of land, at 30s. per acre, estimated in qrs. of wheat.		Price of wheat at a seven years' average, per qr.		Years.
		£	s. D.		qrs.	qrs. bus.	s. D.		
1800	34,145,584	113	10	5,999,224	52	5	...	1800	
1801	34,113,146	119	6	5,709,313	50	1	...	1801	
1802	36,363,149	69	10	10,415,698	85	7	...	1802	
1803	38,609,392	58	10	13,125,005	101	7	...	1803	
1804	46,176,492	62	3	14,835,820	96	5	...	1804	
1805	50,897,706	89	9	11,342,107	66	6	...	1805	
1806	55,796,086	79	1	14,110,706	75	6	84 8	1806	
1807	59,339,321	75	4	15,753,802	79	5	79 2	1807	
1808	62,998,191	81	4	15,491,358	73	5	73 7	1808	
1809	63,719,400	97	4	13,093,027	61	5	77 8	1809	
1810	67,144,542	106	5	12,619,177	56	3	84 5	1810	
1811	65,173,545	95	3	13,684,383	62	7	89 2	1811	
1812	65,037,850	126	6	10,282,604	47	4	94 5	1812	
1813	68,748,363	109	9	12,528,175	54	3	98 10	1813	
1814	71,134,503	74	4	19,139,328	80	6	98 8	1814	
1815	72,210,512	65	7	22,020,994	91	4	96 5	1815	
1816	62,264,546	78	6	15,863,578	76	3	93 7	1816	
1817	52,055,913	96	11	10,742,406	61	7	92 4	1817	
1818	53,747,795	86	3	12,463,256	69	4	91 6	1818	
1819	52,648,847	74	6	14,133,918	50	4	83 4	1819	
1820	54,282,958	67	10	16,004,803	88	5	77 8	1820	
1821	55,834,192	56	1	19,911,153	106	7	75 1	1821	
1822	55,663,650	44	7	24,970,609	134	7	72 1	1822	
1823	57,672,999	53	4	21,627,374	112	4	68 6	1823	
1824	59,362,403	63	11	18,574,937	93	7	63 9	1824	
1825	57,273,869	68	6	16,722,297	87	4	61 2	1825	
1826	54,894,989	53	8	18,714,200	102	2	58 11	1826	
1827	54,932,518	58	6	18,780,348	102	4	57 7	1827	
1828	55,187,142	60	5	18,268,847	99	2	58 3	1828	
1829	50,786,682	66	3	15,331,828	90	4	61 4	1829	
1830	50,056,616	64	3	15,581,825	93	4	62 11	1830	
1831	46,424,440	66	4	13,997,318	90	4	63 3	1831	
1832	46,988,755	58	8	16,018,893	102	2	61 10	1832	
1833	46,271,326	52	11	17,488,375	113	3	61 0	1833	
1834	46,425,263	46	2	20,112,027	130	0	59 3	1834	
1835	45,893,369	39	4	23,335,611	152	4	56 3	1835	
1836	48,591,180	48	6	20,037,600	123	6	53 8	1836	
1837	46,475,194	55	10	16,647,830	107	3	52 6	1837	
1838	47,333,460	64	7	14,658,103	92	7	52 3	1838	
1839	47,844,899	70	8	13,541,009	84	7	54 0	1839	
1840	47,567,565	66	4	14,341,979	90	3	55 11	1840	
1841	48,084,360	64	4	14,948,505	93	2	58 6	1841	
1842	46,965,631	57	3	16,407,207	104	6	61 0	1842	
1843	52,582,817	50	1	20,998,129	119	6	61 3	1843	
1844	54,003,754	51	3	21,074,635	117	0	60 7	1844	
1845	53,060,354	50	10	20,876,204	118	0	58 8	1845	
1846	53,790,138	54	8	19,679,318	109	6	56 4	1846	
1847	51,546,265	69	9	14,780,291	86	0	56 10	1847	
1848	53,338,717	50	6	21,144,046	118	7	54 10	1848	
1849	52,951,749	44	3	23,932,993	135	4	53 0	1849	
1850	40	2	149	3	51 6	1850	

—Midland Counties Herald, January 31, 1851. The prices of wheat here given are the average prices of the year.

change made to the burdens, public and private, of the nation, the change was attended with an alteration at times still more hurtful, and, in the end, not less pernicious. This was the compelling the bank to pay *all* their notes in gold, the restraining them from issuing paper beyond £14,000,000 bond on securities, and compelling them to take all gold brought to them, whatever its market value was, at the fixed price of £3, 17s. 10½d. the ounce. This at once aggravated speculation to a most fearful degree in periods of prosperity, for it left the bank no way of indemnifying itself for the purchase and retention of £15,000,000 or £16,000,000 worth of treasure but by pushing its business in all directions, and lowering its discounts so as to accomplish that object; and it led to a rapid and ruinous contraction of the currency the moment that exchanges became adverse, and a drain set in upon the bank, either from the necessities of foreign war in the neighbouring states, the mutation of commerce, or the occurrence of a large importation of grain to supply the wants of our own country. Incalculable as the distress which those alternations of impulse and depression have brought upon this great manufacturing community, and immeasurable the multitudes whom they have sunk, never more to rise, into the lowest and most destitute classes of society, their effect has by no means been confined to the periods during which they actually lasted. Their baneful influence has extended to subsequent times, and produced a continuous and almost unbroken stream of distress; for, long ere the victims of one monetary crisis have sunk into the grave, or been driven into exile, another storm arises which precipitates fresh multitudes, especially in the manufacturing towns, into the abyss of ruin. The whole, or nearly the whole, of this terrific and continued suffering is to be ascribed to the monstrous principles adopted in our monetary system—that of compelling the banks to foster and encourage speculation in periods of prosperity, and suddenly contract their issues and starve the body politic, when a demand for the precious metals carries them in con-

siderable quantities out of the country. A memorable instance of the working of that system is to be found in the Railway mania of 1845 and 1846, flowing directly from the Acts of 1844 and 1845, which landed the nation in an extra expenditure of nearly £300,000,000 on domestic undertakings, at a time when commerce of every kind was in a state of the highest activity, followed by the dreadful crash of October 1847, which, by suddenly contracting the currency and ruining credit, threw millions out of employment, and strained the real capital of the nation to the very uttermost, to complete a part only of the undertakings which the Currency Laws had given birth to. And the example of the years 1809 and 1810—when the whole metallic currency was drained out of the country by the demands for the war in the Peninsula and Germany, but no distress was experienced, and the national strength was put forth with unparalleled vigour, and, as it proved, decisive effect—proves how easily such a crisis might be averted by the extended issue of a paper currency not liable to be withdrawn, when most required, by a public run for gold.

In the third place, to crown the whole, and as if to put the keystone in the arch of public distress, Free-Trade in every department was forced upon the country by Sir Robert Peel and his successors in 1846, 1847, and 1849, under the dictation of the Manchester school, and to promote the interest of master-manufacturers by lowering the wages of labour and of realised capital, by cheapening the price of everything else, and raising the value of money. We see the effects of this already evinced in every department to which the system has applied; and we see the commencement only of the general ruin with which it is fraught. In agriculture, Great Britain and Ireland, which were, practically speaking, in ordinary seasons self-supporting, have come already to import from *nine to ten millions* of foreign grain for the support of the inhabitants, besides sheep and cattle in an equal proportion. At least fifteen millions yearly is sent out of the country, for the most part in hard cash, to buy food, which formerly was nearly all spent in it,

and enriched all classes of its people. The exchangeable value of what remains has been lowered by at least £75,000,000 annually, and of course so much taken away from the means of supporting domestic labour, and paying the national defences and the interest of public and private debt. The West Indies, formerly the right arm of the naval strength of England, and no small source of its riches, have been *totally ruined*; and, as a necessary consequence, the exports of our manufactures to those once splendid settlements, which, prior to the commencement of the new measures in 1834, had reached £3,500,000 a-year, had sunk in 1850 to £1,821,146! Canada has been so much impoverished by the withdrawing of all protection to colonial industry, which has annihilated its intercolonial trade with the West Indies, and seriously injured its export trade in grain and wood to this country, that the British exports to that country, which in 1839 amounted to £3,047,000, had sunk in 1850, notwithstanding the subsequent addition of above 50 per cent to its population, to £2,280,386.

EXPORTS TO

	Canada.	West Indies.
1839.....	L.3,047,671	L.3,986,598
1840.....	2,847,970	3,574,970
1841.....	2,947,061	3,504,004
1850.....	2,280,386	1,821,146

In Ireland from four to five hundred thousand acres have gone out of the cultivation of wheat alone; although the calamitous failure of the potato crop in 1846, and the subsequent doubts as to the success of

that prolific esculent, should have tended to an *increase* of cereal crops as the only thing that could be relied on, and undoubtedly would have done so, but for the blasting influence of Free Trade, which deprived the farmer of all hope of a profitable return for agricultural expenditure. As a necessary consequence, above 200,000 cultivators have disappeared from the soil of the Emerald Isle in the four last years; about 250,000 of them or their families are immured, idle and miserable, in the Irish workhouses, and above 40,000 in its prisons; while above 200,000 persons from that island alone, and 300,000 from the two islands, are annually driven into exile! Lastly, as if Free Trade had not worked sufficient mischief on the land, it has invaded the sea also; no longer can the Englishman say—

“ His march is on the mountain wave,
His home is on the deep.”

The ocean is fast becoming the home for other people, to the exclusion of its ancient lords. One single year of Free Trade in shipping, following the repeal of the Navigation Laws, has occasioned, under the most favourable circumstances for testing the tendency of the change, so great a diminution in British and increase in foreign shipping in all our harbours, that it is evident the time is rapidly approaching, if the present system is continued, when we must renounce all thought of maintaining naval superiority, and trust to the tender mercies of our enemies and rivals for a respite from the evils of blockade and famine.*

* The following Returns from three seaports alone—London, Liverpool, and Dublin—in 1849 and 1850, will show how rapidly this ruinous process is going on:—

	1849.		1850.	
	Ships.	Tons.	Ships.	Tons.
I. LONDON—				
British, .	6,917	1,444,311	6,497	1,376,233
Foreign, .	3,040	443,923	3,418	527,174
II. LIVERPOOL—				
British, .				
Foreign, .		56,500		124,800
III. DUBLIN—				
British, .	351	63,263	279	44,146
Foreign, .	125	27,774	183	39,250

[Continued.]

The vast emigration of 300,000 annually, which is now going on from the United Kingdom, might reasonably be expected to have alleviated, in a great degree, this most calamitous decrease in the staple branches of industry in our people; and so it would have, certainly, had a wise and paternal Government taken it under its own direction, and sent the parties abroad who really were likely to want employment, and whose removal would at once prove a relief to the country from which they were sent, and a blessing to that for which they were destined. But this is so far from being the case, that there is perhaps no one circumstance in our social condition which has done more of late years to aggravate the want of employment, and enhance the distress among the working-classes, than *the very magnitude of this emigration*. The dogma of Free Trade has involved even the humble cabins of the emigrant's ship: there, as elsewhere, it has spread nothing but misery and desolation. The reason is, that it has been left to the unaided, undirected efforts of the emigrants themselves.

Government was too glad of an excuse not to interfere: the constantly destitute condition of the Treasury, and the ceaseless clamour against taxation, in consequence of the wasting away of the national resources under the action of Free Trade and a contracted currency, made them too happy of any excuse for avoiding any payments from the public Treasury, even on behalf of the most suffering and destitute of the community. This excuse was found in the plausible

plea, that any advances on their part would interfere with the free exercise of individual enterprise—a plea somewhat similar to what it would be if all laws for the protection of paupers, minors, and lunatics, were swept away, lest the free action of the creditors on their estates should be disturbed. The consequence has been that the whole, or nearly the whole, of the immense stream of emigration which general distress has now caused to flow from the British Islands, has been sustained by the efforts of private individuals, and left to the tender mercies of the owners or freighters of emigrant ships. The result is well known. Frightful disasters, from imperfect manning and equipment, have occurred to several of these misery-laden vessels. A helpless multitude is thrown ashore at New York and Montreal, destitute alike of food, clothing, or the means of getting on to the frontier, where its labour could be of value; and the competition for employment at home has been increased to a frightful degree by the removal of so large a proportion of such of the tenantry or middle class as were possessed of little capitals, and had the means either of maintaining themselves or giving employment to others. At least L.3,000,000 yearly goes abroad with the emigrant ships, and that is drawn almost entirely from the lower class of farmers, the very men who employ the poor. The class who have gone away was for the most part that which should have remained, for it had the means of doing something in the world, and

RETURNS—Continued.

	Decrease of British.		Increase of Foreign.	
	Ships.	Tons.	Ships.	Tons.
I. LONDON, .	420	78,078	373	83,251
II. LIVERPOOL,				78,300
III. DUBLIN, .	72	19,117	58	11,476
Total,				173,027

employing others; that which was left at home, was that which should have been removed, because they were the destitute who could neither find employment in these islands, nor do anything on their own account from want of funds. Hence above a million and a-half of persons in Great Britain, and above seven hundred thousand in Ireland, on an average of years, are constantly maintained by the poor-rates, for the most part in utter idleness, although the half of them are able-bodied, and their labour—if they could only be forwarded to the frontier of civilisation in America—would be of incalculable service to our own colonies or the United States.

The very magnitude of the trade employed in the exportation of the emigrants, and the importation of food for those who remain, has gone far to conceal the ruinous effects of Free Trade. Between the carrying out of emigrants, and the bringing in of grain—the exportation of our strength, and the importation of our weakness—our chief seaports may continue for some time to drive a gainful traffic. The *Liverpool Times* observes:—

“The number of emigrant vessels which sailed from Liverpool during the last year, was 568. Of these vessels, many are from 1500 to 2000 tons burden, and a few of them even reach 3000 tons. They are amongst the finest vessels that ever were built, are well commanded, well-manned, fitted out in excellent style, and present a wonderful improvement in all respects, when compared with the same class of vessels even half a dozen years ago. Taking the average passage-money of each passenger in these vessels at £6, the conveying of emigrants yields a revenue of upwards of £1,000,000 sterling to the shipping which belongs to or frequents this port, independent of the great amount of money which the passage of such an immense multitude of persons through the town must cause to be spent in it. In fact, the passage and conveyance of emigrants has become one of the greatest trades of Liverpool.”—*Liverpool Times*, Jan. 10, 1851.

The number of emigrants from the Mersey and the Clyde, since the days of Free Trade began, have been pro-

digious, and rapidly increasing. They have stood thus:—

Year.	Liverpool.	Clyde.
1847 .	134,524 .	7,728
1848 .	131,121 .	10,035
1849 .	153,902 .	14,968
1850 .	174,187 .	14,203

It was precisely the same in the declining days of the Roman empire—the great seaport towns continued to flourish when all other interests in the state were rapidly sinking; and when the plains in the interior were desolate, or tenanted only by the ox or the buffalo, the great cities were still the abodes of vast realised wealth and unbounded private luxury. We are rapidly following in the same path. The realised capital of Great Britain was estimated in 1814 at L.1,200,000,000; in 1841, Mr Porter estimated it at L.2,000,000,000; the capital subject to legacy duty in Great Britain, on an average of forty-one years, from 1797 to 1841, was L.26,000,000; in the single year 1840 it was L.40,500,000. The increase of realised capital among the rich has been nearly as great as that of pauperism, misery, and consequent emigration among the poor—the well-known and oft-observed premonitory symptoms of the decline of nations.

It is in the midst of these numerous and overwhelming evils, the result mainly of theoretical innovation and class government in the country—when above two millions of paupers in the two islands are painfully supported by public assessment; when three hundred thousand are annually driven into exile, and a hundred and fifty thousand more are constantly supported in jails, one-half of whom are committed for serious crimes;* when all classes, excepting those engaged in the export trade of human beings and the import of human food, are languishing from the decline of domestic employment, and the constantly increasing influx of foreign goods, both rude and manufactured—that we are assured by one benevolent set of philanthropists that all will be right, if we only give the starving working-classes model houses, rented at L.8 each, to

* Including the police committals, much more numerous than those for trial.

live in; by another, that ragged schools for their destitute children will set all in order; by a third, that a schoolmaster in every wynd is alone required to remove all the evils under which we labour; by a fourth, that cold baths and wash-houses to lave their emaciated limbs, are the great thing; by a fifth, that church extension is the only effectual remedy, and that, till there is a minister for every seven hundred inhabitants, it is in vain to hope for any social amelioration. We respect the motives which actuate each and all of these benevolent labourers in the great vineyard of human suffering; we acknowledge that each within a limited sphere does some good, and extricates a certain number of individuals or families out of the abyss of degradation or suffering in which they are immersed. As to anything like national relief, or alleviation of distress in any sensible degree, from their united efforts, when the great causes of evil which have been mentioned continue in undiminished activity, it is as chimerical as to expect by the schoolmaster or the washing-woman to arrest the ravages of the plague or the cholera.

Two circumstances of general operation, and overwhelming importance, render all these various and partial remedies, while the great causes which depress the demand for labour and deprive the people of employment continue in operation, entirely nugatory and ineffectual, in a general view, to arrest our social evils.

The first of these is, that these remedies, one and all of them, are calculated for the elevation and intellectual or moral improvement of the people, but have no tendency to improve their circumstances, or diminish the load of pauperism, destitution, and misery with which they are overwhelmed. Until the latter is done, however, all the efforts made for the attainment of the former, how benevolent and praiseworthy soever, will have no general effect, and, in a national point of view, may be regarded as almost equal to nothing. The reason is that, generally speaking, the human race are governed, in the first instance, almost entirely by their physical sufferings or comforts, and that intellectual or moral improve-

ment cannot be either thought of or attended to till a certain degree of ease as to the imperious demands of physical nature has been attained. In every age, doubtless, there are some persons of both sexes who will heroically struggle against the utmost physical privation, and pursue the path of virtue, or sedulously improve their minds, under circumstances the most adverse, and with facilities the most inconsiderable. But these are the exceptions, not the rule. The number of such persons is so inconsiderable, compared to the immense mass who are governed by their physical sensations, that remedies addressed to the intellect of man, without reference to the improvement of his circumstances, can never operate generally upon society. Even the most intellectual and powerful minds must give way under a certain amount of physical want or necessity. Take Newton and Milton, Bacon and Descartes, Cervantes and Cicero, and make them walk thirty miles in a wintry day, and come in to a wretched hovel at night, and see what they will desire. Rely upon it, it will be neither philosophy nor poetry, but warmth and food. A good fire and a good supper would attract them from all the works which have rendered their names immortal. Can we expect the great body of mankind to be less under the influence of the imperious demands of our common physical nature than the most gifted of the human race? What do the people constantly ask for? It is neither cold baths nor warm baths, ragged schools nor normal schools, churches nor chapels, model houses nor mechanics' institutes—"It is a fair day's wage for a fair day's work." We would all do the same in their circumstances. Give them *that*, the one thing needful alike for social happiness and moral improvement, and you make a mighty step in social amelioration and elevation; because you lay *the foundation* on which it all rests, and on which it must, in a general point of view, all depend—without it, all the rest will be found to be as much thrown away as the seed cast on the arid desert.

In the next place, the intellectual cultivation and elevation which is

regarded by so large a political party, and so numerous a body of benevolent individuals, as the panacea for all our social evils, never has affected, and never can affect, more than a limited class in society. We may indeed teach all, or nearly all, to read; but can we make them all read books, or still more, read books that will do them any good, when they leave school, and become their own masters, and are involved in the cares, oppressed with the labours, and exposed to the temptations of the world? Did any man ever find a fifth of his acquaintance of any rank, from the House of Peers and the Bar downwards, who were really and practically directed in manhood and womanhood by intellectual pleasures or pursuits? Habit, early training, easy circumstances, absence of temptation, a fortunate marriage, or the like, are the real circumstances which retain the great body of the human race of every rank in the right path. They are neither positively bad, nor positively good: they are characters of imperfect goodness, and mainly swayed by their physical circumstances. If you come to a crisis with them, when the selfish or generous feelings must be acted upon, nine-tenths of them will be swayed by the former. The disciples of Rousseau will contest these propositions: we would only recommend them to look around them, and see whether or not they are demonstrated by every day's experience in every rank of life. We wish it were otherwise; but we must take mankind as they are, and legislate for them on their *average* capacity, without supposing that they are generally to be influenced by the intellectual appliances adapted only to a small fraction of their number. And, accordingly, upon looking at the statistical tables given in the commencement of this Essay, it will be found that, while emigration, crime, and pauperism, have advanced rapidly, despite all the efforts of philanthropy and religion, which are *permanent*, but affect only a part of society, they exhibit the most remarkable fluctuations, according to the prosperity or distress of *particular* years, because the causes *then* in operation affected the *whole* of mankind.

The only way, therefore, in which

the physical circumstances of the great body of mankind can be ameliorated, or room can be afforded for the moral and intellectual elevation of such of them as have received from nature minds susceptible of such training, is by restoring the *equilibrium between the demand for labour and the numbers of the people*, which our late measures have done so much to subvert. By that means, and that means *alone*, can the innumerable social evils under which we labour be alleviated. Without it, all the other remedies devised by philanthropy, pursued with zeal, cherished by hope, will prove ineffectual. How that is to be done must be evident to every person of common understanding. The demand for labour must be increased, the supply of labour must be diminished. The first can only be done by a moderate degree of Protection to Native Industry, at present beat down to the dust in every department by the competition of foreign states, where money is more scarce and taxation lighter, and consequently production is less expensive. The second can only be attained by a systematic emigration, conducted at the public expense, and drawing off annually an hundred or an hundred and fifty thousand of the *most destitute* of the community, who have not the means of transport for themselves, and, if not so removed, will permanently encumber our streets, our jails, our workhouses.

But money is required for these things; and where, it will be asked, is money to be found in this already overtaxed and suffering community? The answer is, the money-question is the easiest of all; for it will be attained in abundance by the very means requisite to attain the other objects. Protection, even on the most moderate scale, to Native Industry, is not to be attained without the imposition of import-duties; and that will at once produce the funds requisite for the attainment of all these objects. Laid on the importation of all goods, rude or manufactured, they would yield such a revenue as would enable us to take off the Income Tax, and thereby let loose L.5,500,000 a-year, now absorbed by it, for the encouragement of

domestic industry. Agriculture, manufactures of all sorts, would take a renewed start from the exclusion, to a certain degree, of foreign competition. Domestic industry would cease to languish, because the ruinous competition of foreigners working at a third of our wages would be checked. By these means an ample fund would be raised to enable us to transport, at the public expense, and comfortably settle in their new habitations, some hundred thousand annually of the most destitute class of our people—that class who cannot get away themselves, and, as they are thrown out of employment by Free Trade, now encumber our hospitals, jails, and workhouses. We would convert them from paupers into healthful and sturdy emigrants, doubling in numbers, with constant additions from the parent state, every ten years; and consuming L.8 a-head worth of our manufactures. Property in the colonies would double in value every five years, from the joint effect of domestic labour, and the prolific stream of external immigration; and every acre cleared in these fertile wilds would cause a wheel to revolve, or a spindle to move, or a family to be blessed, in the parent state.

We can affix no limits in imagination to what the British Empire might become, or the amount of social and general happiness it might contain, with the physical advantages which nature has given it, and the character which race, and consequent institutions, have impressed upon its inhabitants. In the centre of the Empire stands the parent state, teeming with energy, overflowing with inhabitants, with coal and ironstone in its bosom

capable of putting in motion manufactures for the supply of half the globe. In the extremities are colonies in every quarter of the earth, possessing waste lands of boundless extent and inexhaustible fertility, producing every luxury which the heart of man can desire, and one only of which could furnish the whole staple required for its greatest fabrics.* With such providential wisdom were the various parts of this immense empire fitted for each other; so marvellously was the surplus, whether in animated beings or rude produce, of one part adapted to the deficiencies and wants of another, that nothing but a just and equal system of government, alive to the wants, and solicitous for the interests, of every part of its vast dominion, was requisite to render it the most united, prosperous, growing, and powerful state that ever existed on the face of the earth. The Roman Empire, while spread around the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, affords but a faint image of what it might have been. *The ocean was its inland lake*; the British navy its internal means of communication; the foreign trade of the whole earth its home trade. We obtained the empire of the seas precisely to enable us to carry out this magnificent destiny; the victory of Trafalgar presented it to our grasp. But a just and equal system of government was essential to the existence and duration of so immense a dominion; a sense of fair administration, a consciousness of protected interests, would alone hold it together for any length of time. The simple precept of the gospel, "to do to others as we would they should do unto us," would, if duly carried into practice, have for

* "At present the native consumption of cotton in India is estimated at from 1,000,000,000 lb. to 3,000,000,000 lb. annually; while the export to Great Britain is only 60,000,000 lb., and to all the world only 150,000,000 lb. In this state of things, the rough production that suits the home market will, of course, only be carried on; while, if sufficient means of conveyance existed to render the cotton that is now grown in the interior, at 1½d. per lb., remunerative for export, increased care in its preparation would be manifested, as was the case in the United States, just in proportion to the increased reward that would result. In developing these views, Mr Chapman undertakes to demonstrate, by well-arranged facts and tables, that the export of cotton from India to England has risen exactly as the difficulties or expense of its transmission have been diminished; and also that costs and impediments still remain which are sufficient to account for the smallness of the quantity we continue to receive."—*Times*, Jan. 1851.

ever kept united the mighty fabric, and caused it to embrace in peace and happiness half the globe. This object was practically attained by the virtual representation of all classes, interests, and colonies, under the old constitution; and thence the steady growth, vast extent, and unvarying loyalty during many a severe contest, of this multifarious dominion. The new constitution, by vesting the government in the representatives of our manufacturing towns, and thence introducing the rule of class interests, is visibly and rapidly destroying it. The only remedy practicable—and even that is so only for a short season—is the *extension to the colonies of a direct share in the Imperial Parliament*; but that is far too just and wise a measure to permit the hope that it will ever be embraced by the class interest who now rule the state.

Notwithstanding all the obvious advantages of the course of policy which we have recommended—though it would at once furnish the means, as we have shown in a former paper, of obviating our external dangers and maintaining our national independence, and at the same time relieve our internal distresses and extend and consolidate our colonial dependencies—we have scarcely any hope that it will be adopted. The Free-traders have got such a hold of the burghs—to which the Reform Bill gave a decided majority in the House

of Commons—and their leaders so perseveringly pursue their own *immediate* interest, without the slightest regard to the ruin they are bringing upon all other interests of the state, that the hope of any change of policy—at least till some terrible external disaster has opened the eyes of the nation to a sense of the impending calamities brought on them by their rulers—may be regarded as hopeless, without a general national effort. The imposition of a moderate import duty upon the produce, whether rude or manufactured, of all other nations, but with an entire exemption to our own colonies, is obviously the first step in the right direction, and would go far to alleviate our distresses, and at the same time replenish the public Treasury and avert our external dangers. In taking it, we should only be following the example of America, Prussia, and nearly all other nations, who levy a duty of 30 per cent on our manufactures, and thereby make us pay half of their taxes. But it is to be feared the mania of Free Trade will prevail over a wise and expedient policy, calculated equally to advance the interests of all classes in the state. We do not say, therefore, that any such system will be adopted; but this we do say, and with these words we nail our colours to the mast,—PROTECTION MUST BE RESTORED, OR THE BRITISH EMPIRE WILL BE DESTROYED.

MY NOVEL ; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

BOOK IV.—INITIAL CHAPTER :—COMPRISING MR CAXTON'S OPINIONS ON THE MATRIMONIAL STATE, SUPPORTED BY LEARNED AUTHORITIES.

"It was no bad idea of yours, Pisistratus," said my father graciously, "to depict the heightened affections and the serious intentions of Signior Riccabocca by a single stroke—*He left off his spectacles!* Good."

"Yet," quoth my uncle, "I think Shakspeare represents a lover as falling into slovenly habits, neglecting his person, and suffering his hose to be ungartered, rather than paying that attention to his outer man which induces Signior Riccabocca to leave off his spectacles, and look as handsome as nature will permit him."

"There are different degrees and many phases of the passion," replied my father. "Shakspeare is speaking of an ill-treated, pining, wobegone lover, much aggrieved by the cruelty of his mistress—a lover who has found it of no avail to smarten himself up, and has fallen despondently into the opposite extreme. Whereas Signior Riccabocca has nothing to complain of in the barbarity of Miss Jemima."

"Indeed he has not!" cried Blanche, tossing her head—"forward creature!"

"Yes, my dear," said my mother, trying her best to look stately, "I am decidedly of opinion that, in that respect, Pisistratus has lowered the dignity of the sex. Not intentionally," added my mother mildly, and afraid she had said something too bitter; "but it is very hard for a man to describe us women."

The Captain nodded approvingly; Mr Squills smiled; my father quietly resumed the thread of his discourse.

"To continue," quoth he. "Riccabocca has no reason to despair of success in his suit, nor any object in moving his mistress to compassion. He may, therefore, very properly tie up his garters and leave off his spectacles. What do you say, Mr Squills?—for, after all, since love-making cannot fail to be a great constitutional derangement, the experience of a medi-

cal man must be the best to consult."

"Mr Caxton," replied Squills, obviously flattered, "you are quite right: when a man makes love, the organs of self-esteem and desire of applause are greatly stimulated, and therefore, of course, he sets himself off to the best advantage. It is only, as you observe, when, like Shakspeare's lover, he has given up making love as a bad job, and has received that severe hit on the ganglions which the cruelty of a mistress inflicts, that he neglects his personal appearance: he neglects it, not because he is in love, but because his nervous system is depressed. That was the cause, if you remember, with poor Major Prim. He wore his wig all awry when Susan Smart jilted him; but I set it all right for him."

"By shaming Miss Smart into repentance, or getting him a new sweetheart?" asked my uncle.

"Pooh!" answered Squills, "by quinine and cold bathing."

"We may therefore grant," renewed my father, "that, as a general rule, the process of courtship tends to the spruceness, and even foppery, of the individual engaged in the experiment, as Voltaire has very prettily proved somewhere. Nay, the Mexicans, indeed, were of opinion that the lady at least ought to continue those cares of her person even after marriage. There is extant, in Sabagun's *History of New Spain*, the advice of an Aztec or Mexican mother to her daughter, in which she says—'That your husband may not take you in dislike, adorn yourself, wash yourself, and let your garments be clean.' It is true that the good lady adds,—'Do it in moderation; since, if every day you are washing yourself and your clothes, the world will say that you are over-delicate; and particular people will call you—TAPETZON TINEMÁXOCH!' What those words

precisely mean," added my father modestly, "I cannot say, since I never had the opportunity to acquire the ancient Azteclanguage—but something very opprobrious and horrible, no doubt."

"I daresay a philosopher like Signior Riccabocca," said my uncle, "was not himself very *Tapetzon tine*—what d'ye call it?—and a good healthy English wife, like that poor affectionate Jemima, was thrown away upon him."

"Roland," said my father, "you don't like foreigners: a respectable prejudice, and quite natural in a man who has been trying his best to hew them in pieces, and blow them up into splinters. But you don't like philosophers either—and for that dislike you have no equally good reason."

"I only implied that they were not much addicted to soap and water," said my uncle.

"A notable mistake. Many great philosophers have been very great beaux. Aristotle was a notorious fop. Buffon put on his best laced ruffles when he sat down to write, which implies that he washed his hands first. Pythagoras insists greatly on the holiness of frequent ablutions; and Horace—who, in his own way, was as good a philosopher as any the Romans produced—takes care to let us know what a neat, well-dressed, dapper little gentleman he was. But I don't think you ever read the 'Apology of Apuleius?'"

"Not I—what is it about?" asked the Captain.

"About a great many things. It is that Sage's vindication from several malignant charges—amongst others, and principally indeed, that of being much too refined and effeminate for a philosopher. Nothing can exceed the rhetorical skill with which he excuses himself for using—tooth-powder. 'Ought a philosopher,' he exclaims, 'to allow anything unclean about him, especially in the mouth—the mouth, which is the vestibule of the soul, the gate of discourse, the portico of thought! Ah, but Æmilianus [the accuser of Apuleius] never opens his mouth but for slander and calumny—tooth-powder would indeed be unbecoming to him! Or, if he use any, it will not be my good Arabian tooth-powder, but charcoal and cin-

ders. Ay, his teeth should be as foul as his language! And yet even the crocodile likes to have his teeth cleaned; insects get into them, and, horrible reptile though he be, he opens his jaws inoffensively to a faithful dentistical bird, who volunteers his beak for a toothpick."

My father was now warm in the subject he had started, and soared miles away from Riccabocca and "My Novel." "And observe," he exclaimed—"observe with what gravity this eminent Platonist pleads guilty to the charge of having a mirror. 'Why, what,' he exclaims, 'more worthy of the regards of a human creature than his own image,' (*nihil respectabilius homini quam formam suam!*) Is not that one of our children the most dear to us who is called 'the picture of his father?' But take what pains you will with a picture, it can never be so like you as the face in your mirror! Think it discreditable to look with proper attention on one's-self in the glass! Did not Socrates recommend such attention to his disciples—did he not make a great moral agent of the speculum? The handsome, in admiring their beauty therein, were admonished that handsome is who handsome does; and the more the ugly stared at themselves, the more they became naturally anxious to hide the disgrace of their features in the loveliness of their merits. Was not Demosthenes always at his speculum? Did he not rehearse his causes before it as before a master in the art? He learned his eloquence from Plato, his dialectics from Eubulides; but as for his delivery—there, he came to the mirror!"

"Therefore," concluded Mr Caxton, returning unexpectedly to the subject—"therefore it is no reason to suppose that Dr Riccabocca is averse to cleanliness and decent care of the person, because he is a philosopher; and, all things considered, he never showed himself more a philosopher than when he left off his spectacles and looked his best."

"Well," said my mother kindly, "I only hope it may turn out happily. But I should have been better pleased if Pistratus had not made Dr Riccabocca so reluctant a wooer."

"Very true," said the Captain;

“the Italian does not shine as a lover. Throw a little more fire into him, Pisistratus—something gallant and chivalrous.”

“Fire—gallantry—chivalry!” cried my father, who had taken Riccabocca under his special protection—“why, don’t you see that the man is described as a philosopher?—and I should like to know when a philosopher ever plunged into matrimony without considerable misgivings and cold shivers. Indeed, it seems that—perhaps before he was a philosopher—Riccabocca had tried the experiment, and knew what it was. Why, even that plain-speaking, sensible, practical man, Metellus Numidicus, who was not even a philosopher, but only a Roman Censor, thus expressed himself in an exhortation to the People to perpetrate matrimony—‘If, O Quirites, we could do without wives, we should all dispense with that subject of care, (*ea molestiâ careremus*;) but since nature has so managed it, that we cannot live with women comfortably, nor without them at all, let us rather provide for the human race than our own temporary felicity.’”

Here the ladies set up a cry of such indignation, that both Roland and myself endeavoured to appease their wrath by hasty assurances that we utterly repudiated that damnable doctrine of Metellus Numidicus.

My father, wholly unmoved, as soon as a sullen silence was established, recommenced—“Do not think, ladies,” said he, “that you were without advocates at that day: there were many Romans gallant enough to blame the Censor for a mode of expressing himself which they held to be equally impolite and injudicious. ‘Surely,’ said they, with some plausibility, ‘if Numidicus wished men to marry, he need not have referred so peremptorily to the dissimilitudes of the connection, and thus have made them more inclined to turn away from matrimony than given them a relish for it.’ But against these critics one honest man (whose name of Titus Castricius should not be forgotten by Posterity) maintained that Metellus Numidicus could not have spoken more properly; ‘For remark,’ said he, ‘that Metellus was a censor, not a rhetorician. It be-

comes rhetoricians to adorn, and disguise, and make the best of things; but Metellus, *sanctus vir*—a holy and blameless man, grave and sincere to whit, and addressing the Roman people in the solemn capacity of Censor—was bound to speak the plain truth, especially as he was treating of a subject on which the observation of every day, and the experience of every life, could not leave the least doubt upon the mind of his audience.’ Still Riccabocca, having decided to marry, has no doubt prepared himself to bear all the concomitant evils—as becomes a professed sage; and I own I admire the art with which Pisistratus has drawn the precise woman likely to suit a philosopher.”

Pisistratus bows, and looks round complacently; but recoils from two very peevish and discontented faces feminine.

MR CAXTON (completing his sentence,) —“Not only as regards mildness of temper and other household qualifications, but as regards the very *person* of the object of his choice. For you evidently remembered, Pisistratus, the reply of Bias, when asked his opinion on marriage: Ἦτοι καλὴν ἔξεις, ἢ αἰσχρὰν· καὶ εἰ καλὴν, εἴεις κούνη· εἰ δὲ αἰσχρὰν, ἔξεις ποινήν.”

Pisistratus tries to look as if he had the opinion of Bias by heart, and nods acquiescingly.

MR CAXTON.—“That is, my dears, ‘the woman you would marry is either handsome or ugly: if handsome, she is *koiné*, viz. you don’t have her to yourself; if ugly, she is *poiné*—that is, a fury.’ But, as it is observed in Aulus Gellius, (whence I borrow this citation,) there is a wide interval between handsome and ugly. And thus Ennius, in his tragedy of *Menalippus*, uses an admirable expression to designate women of the proper degree of matrimonial comeliness, such as a philosopher would select. He calls this degree *stata forma*—a rational, mediocre sort of beauty, which is not liable to be either *koiné* or *poiné*. And Favorinus, who was a remarkably sensible man, and came from Provence—the male inhabitants of which district have always valued themselves on their knowledge of love and ladies—calls this said *stata forma* the beauty of wives—the uxorial beauty. Eunius

says, that women of a *stata forma* are almost always safe and modest. Now Jemima, you observe, is described as possessing this *stata formâ*; and it is the nicety of your observation in this respect, which I like the most in the whole of your description of a philosopher's matrimonial courtship, Pisistratus, (excepting only the stroke of the spectacles,) for it shows that you had properly considered the opinion of Bias, and mastered all the counter logic suggested in Book v. chapter xi., of Aulus Gellius."

"For all that," said Blanche, half-archly, half-demurely, with a smile in the eye, and a pout of the lip, "I don't remember that Pisistratus, in the days when he wished to be most complimentary, ever assured me that I had a *stata forma*—a rational, mediocre sort of beauty."

"And I think," observed my uncle, "that when he comes to his real heroine, whoever that may be, he will not trouble his head much about either Bias or Aulus Gellius."

CHAPTER II.

Matrimony is certainly a great change in life. One is astonished not to find a notable alteration in one's friend, even if he or she have been only wedded a week. In the instance of Dr and Mrs Riccabocca the change was peculiarly visible. To speak first of the lady, as in chivalry bound, Mrs Riccabocca had entirely renounced that melancholy which had characterised Miss Jemima: she became even sprightly and gay, and looked all the better and prettier for the alteration. She did not scruple to confess honestly to Mrs Dale, that she was now of opinion that the world was very far from approaching its end. But, in the meanwhile, she did not neglect the duty which the belief she had abandoned serves to inculcate—"She set her house in order." The cold and penurious elegance that had characterised the Casino disappeared like enchantment—that is, the elegance remained, but the cold and penny fled before the smile of woman. Like Puss-in-Boots after the nuptials of his master, Jackeymo only now caught minnows and sticklebacks for his own amusement. Jackeymo looked much plumper, and so did Riccabocca. In a word, the fair Jemima became an excellent wife. Riccabocca secretly thought her extravagant, but, like a wise man, declined to look at the house bills, and ate his joint in unapproachful silence.

Indeed, there was so much unaffected kindness in the nature of Mrs Riccabocca—beneath the quiet of her manner there beat so genially the

heart of the Hazeldeans—that she fairly justified the favourable anticipations of Mrs Dale. And though the Doctor did not noisily boast of his felicity, nor, as some new married folks do, thrust it insultingly under the *nimis unctis naribus*—the turned-up noses of your surly old married folks, nor force it gaudily and glaringly on the envious eyes of the single, you might still see that he was a more cheerful and light-hearted man than before. His smile was less ironical, his politeness less distant. He did not study Machiavelli so intensely,—and he did not return to the spectacles; which last was an excellent sign. Moreover, the humanising influence of the tidy English wife might be seen in the improvement of his outward or artificial man. His clothes seemed to fit him better; indeed, the clothes were new. Mrs Dale no longer remarked that the buttons were off the wristbands, which was a great satisfaction to her. But the sage still remained faithful to the pipe, the cloak, and the red silk umbrella. Mrs Riccabocca had (to her credit be it spoken) used all becoming and wifelike arts against these three remnants of the old bachelor Adam, but in vain. "*Anima mia*—soul of mine," said the Doctor tenderly, "I hold the cloak, the umbrella, and the pipe, as the sole relics that remain to me of my native country. Respect and spare them."

Mrs Riccabocca was touched, and had the good sense to perceive that man, let him be ever so much married, retains certain signs of his an-

cient independence—certain tokens of his old identity, which a wife, the most despotic, will do well to concede. She conceded the cloak, she submitted to the umbrella, she concealed her abhorrence of the pipe. After all, considering the natural villany of our sex, she confessed to herself that she might have been worse off. But, through all the calm and cheerfulness of Riccabocca, a nervous perturbation was sufficiently perceptible;—it commenced after the second week of marriage—it went on increasing, till one bright sunny afternoon, as he was standing on his terrace gazing down upon the road, at which Jackeymo was placed,—lo, a stage-coach stopped! The Doctor made a bound, and put both hands to his heart as if he had been shot; he then leapt over the balustrade, and his wife from her window beheld him flying down the hill, with his long hair streaming in the wind, till the trees hid him from her sight.

“Ah,” thought she with a natural pang of conjugal jealousy, “henceforth I am only second in his home. He has gone to welcome his child!” And at that reflection Mrs Riccabocca shed tears.

But so naturally amiable was she, that she hastened to curb her emotion, and efface as well as she could the trace of a stepmother’s grief. When this was done, and a silent self-rebuking prayer murmured over, the good woman descended the stairs with alacrity, and, summoning up her best smiles, emerged on the terrace.

She was repaid; for scarcely had she come into the open air, when two little arms were thrown round her, and the sweetest voice that ever came from a child’s lips, sighed out in broken English, “Good mamma, love me a little.”

“Love you? with my whole heart!” cried the stepmother, with all a mother’s honest passion. And she clasped the child to her breast.

“God bless you, my wife!” said Riccabocca, in a husky tone.

“Please take this too,” added Jackeymo in Italian, as well as his sobs would let him—and he broke off a great bough full of blossoms from his favourite orange-tree, and thrust it into his mistress’s hand. She had not the slightest notion what he meant by it!

CHAPTER III.

Violante was indeed a bewitching child—a child to whom I defy Mrs Caudle herself (immortal Mrs Caudle!) to have been a harsh stepmother.

Look at her now, as, released from those kindly arms, she stands, still clinging with one hand to her new mamma, and holding out the other to Riccabocca—with those large dark eyes swimming in happy tears. What a lovely smile!—what an ingenuous candid brow! She looks delicate—she evidently requires care—she wants the mother. And rare is the woman who would not love her the better for that! Still, what an innocent infantine bloom in those clear smooth cheeks!—and in that slight frame, what exquisite natural grace!

“And this, I suppose, is your nurse, darling?” said Mrs Riccabocca, observing a dark foreign-looking woman, dressed very strangely—without cap

or bonnet, but a great silver arrow stuck in her hair, and a filagree chain or necklace resting upon her kerchief.

“Ah, good Annetta,” said Violante in Italian. “Papa, she says she is to go back; but she is not to go back—is she?”

Riccabocca, who had scarcely before noticed the woman, started at that question—exchanged a rapid glance with Jackeymo—and then, muttering some inaudible excuse, approached the Nurse, and, beckoning her to follow him, went away into the grounds. He did not return for more than an hour, nor did the woman then accompany him home. He said briefly to his wife that the Nurse was obliged to return at once to Italy, and that she would stay in the village to catch the mail; that indeed she would be of no use in their establishment, as she could not speak a word of English;

but that he was sadly afraid Violante would pine for her. And Violante did pine at first. But still, to a child it is so great a thing to find a parent—to be at home—that, tender and grateful as Violante was, she could not be inconsolable while her father was there to comfort.

For the first few days, Riccabocca scarcely permitted any one to be with his daughter but himself. He would

not even leave her alone with his Jemima. They walked out together—sat together for hours in the Belvidere. Then by degrees he began to resign her more and more to Jemima's care and tuition, especially in English, of which language at present she spoke only a few sentences, (previously, perhaps, learned by heart,) so as to be clearly intelligible.

CHAPTER IV.

There was one person in the establishment of Dr Riccabocca, who was satisfied neither with the marriage of his master nor the arrival of Violante—and that was our friend Lenny Fairfield. Previous to the all-absorbing duties of courtship, the young peasant had secured a very large share of Riccabocca's attention. The sage had felt interest in the growth of this rude intelligence struggling up to light. But what with the wooing, and what with the wedding, Lenny Fairfield had sunk very much out of his artificial position as pupil, into his natural station of under-gardener. And on the arrival of Violante, he saw, with natural bitterness, that he was clean forgotten, not only by Riccabocca, but almost by Jackeymo. It was true that the master still lent him books, and the servant still gave him lectures on horticulture. But Riccabocca had no time nor inclination now to amuse himself with enlightening that tumult of conjecture which the books created. And if Jackeymo had been covetous of those mines of gold buried beneath the acres now fairly taken from the Squire, (and good-naturedly added rent-free, as an aid to Jemima's dower,) before the advent of the young lady whose future dowry the produce was to swell—now that she was actually under the eyes of the faithful servant, such a stimulus was given to his industry, that he could think of nothing else but the land, and the revolution he designed to effect in its natural English crops. The garden, save only the orange-trees, was abandoned entirely to Lenny, and additional labourers were called in for the field-work. Jackeymo had discovered that

one part of the soil was suited to lavender, that another would grow camomile. He had in his heart apportioned a beautiful field of rich loam to flax; but against the growth of flax the Squire set his face obstinately. That most lucrative, perhaps, of all crops, when soil and skill suit, had, it would appear, been formerly attempted in England much more commonly than it is now; since you will find few old leases which do not contain a clause prohibitory of flax, as an impoverishment of the land. And though Jackeymo learnedly endeavoured to prove to the Squire that the flax itself contained particles which, if returned to the soil, repaid all that the crop took away, Mr Hazeldean had his old-fashioned prejudices on the matter, which were insuperable. "My forefathers," quoth he, "did not put that clause in their leases without good cause; and as the Casino lands are entailed on Frank, I have no right to gratify your foreign whims at his expense."

To make up for the loss of the flax, Jackeymo resolved to convert a very nice bit of pasture into orchard ground, which he calculated would bring in £10 net per acre by the time Miss Violante was marriageable. At this, Squire pished a little; but as it was quite clear that the land would be all the more valuable hereafter for the fruit trees, he consented to permit the 'grass land' to be thus partially broken up.

All these changes left poor Lenny Fairfield very much to himself—at a time when the new and strange devices which the initiation into book knowledge creates, made it most desirable that he should have the

constant guidance of a superior mind.

One evening after his work, as Lenny was returning to his mother's

cottage very sullen and very moody, he suddenly came in contact with Sprott the tinker.

CHAPTER V.

The tinker was seated under a hedge, hammering away at an old kettle—with a little fire burning in front of him—and the donkey hard by, indulging in a placid doze. Mr Sprott looked up as Lenny passed—nodded kindly, and said—

“Good evenin’, Lenny: glad to hear you be so ’spectably sitivated with Mounseer.”

“Ay,” answered Lenny, with a leaven of rancour in his recollections, “You’re not ashamed to speak to me now, that I am not in disgrace. But it was in disgrace, when it wasn’t my fault, that the real gentleman was most kind to me.”

“Ar—r, Lenny,” said the Tinker, with a prolonged rattle in that said Ar—r, which was not without great significance. “But you sees the real gentleman who han’t got his bread to get, can hafford to ’spise his cracter in the world. A poor tinker must be timbersome and nice in his ’sociations. But sit down here a bit, Lenny; I’ve summat to say to ye!”

“To me—”

“To ye. Give the neddy a shove out i’ the vay, and sit down, I say.”

Lenny rather reluctantly, and somewhat superciliously, accepted this invitation.

“I hears,” said the Tinker in a voice made rather indistinct by a couple of nails which he had inserted between his teeth; “I hears as how you be unkimmon fond of reading. I ha’ sum nice cheap books in my bag yonder—sum as low as a penny.”

“I should like to see them,” said Lenny, his eyes sparkling.

The Tinker rose, opened one of the paniers on the ass’s back, took out a bag which he placed before Lenny, and told him to suit himself. The young peasant desired no better. He spread all the contents of the bag on the sward, and a motley collection of food for the mind was there—food and poison—*serpentes avibus*—good and evil. Here, Mil-

ton’s Paradise Lost, there The Age of Reason—here Methodist Tracts, there True Principles of Socialism—Treatises on Useful Knowledge by sound learning actuated by pure benevolence—Appeals to Operatives by the shallowest reasoners, instigated by the same ambition that had moved Eratosthenes to the conflagration of a temple; works of fiction admirable as Robinson Crusoe, or innocent as the Old English Baron, beside coarse translations of such garbage as had rotted away the youth of France under Louis Quinze. This miscellany was an epitome, in short, of the mixed World of Books, of that vast City of the Press, with its palaces and hovels, its aqueducts and sewers—which opens all alike to the naked eye and the curious mind of him to whom you say, in the Tinker’s careless phrase, “suit yourself.”

But it is not the first impulse of a nature, healthful and still pure, to settle in the hovel and lose itself amidst the sewers; and Lenny Fairfield turned innocently over the bad books, and selecting two or three of the best, brought them to the Tinker and asked the price.

“Why,” said Mr Sprott, putting on his spectacles, “you has taken the werry dearest: them ’ere be much cheaper, and more hinterestin’.”

“But I don’t fancy them,” answered Lenny; “I don’t understand what they are about, and this seems to tell one how the steam-engine is made, and has nice plates; and this is Robinson Crusoe, which Parson Dale once said he would give me—I’d rather buy it out of my own money.”

“Well, please yourself,” quoth the Tinker; “you shall have the books for four bob, and you can pay me next month.”

“Four hobs—four shillings? it is a great sum,” said Lenny, “but I will lay by, as you are kind enough to trust me; good evening, Mr Sprott.”

“Stay a bit,” said the Tinker;

"I'll just throw you these two little tracks into the barging; they be only a shilling a dozen, so 'tis but tuppence—and ven you has read *those*, vy, you'll be a reglar customer."

The tinker tossed to Lenny Nos. 1 and 2 of Appeals to Operatives, and the peasant took them up gratefully.

The young knowledge-seeker went his way across the green fields, and under the still autumn foliage of the hedgerows. He looked first at one

book, then at another; he did not know on which to settle.

The Tinker rose and made a fire with leaves and furze and sticks, some dry and some green.

Lenny has now opened No. 1 of the tracts: they are the shortest to read, and don't require so much effort of the mind as the explanation of the steam-engine.

The Tinker has now set on his grimy glue-pot, and the glue simmers.

CHAPTER VI.

As Violante became more familiar with her new home, and those around her became more familiar with Violante, she was remarked for a certain stateliness of manner and bearing, which, had it been less evidently natural and inborn, would have seemed misplaced in the daughter of a forlorn exile, and would have been rare at so early an age among children of the loftiest pretensions. It was with the air of a little princess that she presented her tiny hand to a friendly pressure, or submitted her calm clear cheek to a presuming kiss. Yet withal she was so graceful, and her very stateliness was so pretty and captivating, that she was not the less loved for all her grand airs. And, indeed, she deserved to be loved; for though she was certainly prouder than Mr Dale could approve of, her pride was devoid of egotism; and that is a pride by no means common. She had an intuitive forethought for others; you could see that she was capable of that grand woman-heroism, abnegation of self; and though she was an original child, and often grave and musing, with a tinge of melancholy, sweet, but deep in her character, still she was not above the happy genial merriment of childhood,—only her silver laugh was more attuned, and her gestures more composed, than those of children habituated to many play-fellows usually are. Mrs Hazeldean liked her best when she was grave, and said "she would become a very sensible woman." Mrs Dale liked her best when she was gay, and said "she was born to make many a heart ache;" for which Mrs Dale was pro-

perly reproved by the Parson. Mrs Hazeldean gave her a little set of garden tools; Mrs Dale a picture-book and a beautiful doll. For a long time the book and the doll had the preference. But Mrs Hazeldean having observed to Riccabocca that the poor child looked pale, and ought to be a good deal in the open air, the wise father ingeniously pretended to Violante that Mrs Riccabocca had taken a great fancy to the picture-book, and that he should be very glad to have the doll, upon which Violante hastened to give them both away, and was never so happy as when mamma (as she called Mrs Riccabocca) was admiring the picture-book, and Riccabocca with austere gravity dandled the doll. Then Riccabocca assured her that she could be of great use to him in the garden; and Violante instantly put into movement her spade, hoe, and wheel-barrow.

This last occupation brought her into immediate contact with Mr Leonard Fairfield; and that personage one morning, to his great horror, found Miss Violante had nearly exterminated a whole celery-bed, which she had ignorantly conceived to be a crop of weeds.

Lenny was extremely angry. He snatched away the hoe, and said angrily, "You must not do that, Miss. I'll tell your papa if you—"

Violante drew herself up, and never having been so spoken to before, at least since her arrival in England, there was something comic in the surprise of her large eyes, as well as something tragic in the dignity of her offended mien. "It is very naughty

of you, Miss," continued Leonard in a milder tone, for he was both softened by the eyes and awed by the mien, "and I trust you will not do it again."

"*Non capisco*," (I don't understand,) murmured Violante, and the dark eyes filled with tears. At that moment up came Jackeymo; and Violante, pointing to Leonard, said, with an effort not to betray her emotion, "*Il fanciullo e molto grossolano*," (he is a very rude boy.)

Jackeymo turned to Leonard with the look of an enraged tiger. "How you dare, scum of de earth that you are," cried he,* "how you dare make cry the signorina?" And his English not supplying familiar vituperatives sufficiently, he poured out upon Lenny such a profusion of Italian abuse, that the boy turned red and white in a breath with rage and perplexity.

Violante took instant compassion upon the victim she had made, and, with true feminine caprice, now began to scold Jackeymo for his anger, and, finally approaching Leonard, laid her hand on his arm, and said with a kindness at once childlike and queenly, and in the prettiest imaginable mixture of imperfect English and soft Italian, to which I cannot pretend to do justice, and shall therefore translate: "Don't mind him. I dare say it was all my fault, only I did not understand you: are not these things weeds?"

"No, my darling signorina," said Jackeymo in Italian, looking ruefully at the celery-bed, "they are not weeds, and they sell very well at this time of the year. But still, if it amuses you to pluck them up, I should like to see who's to prevent it."

Lenny walked away. He had been called "the scum of the earth," by a foreigner too! He had again been ill-treated for doing what he conceived

his duty. He was again feeling the distinction between rich and poor, and he now fancied that that distinction involved deadly warfare, for he had read from beginning to end those two damnable tracts which the Tinker had presented to him. But in the midst of all the angry disturbance of his mind, he felt the soft touch of the infant's hand, the soothing influence of her conciliating words, and he was half ashamed that he had spoken so roughly to a child.

Still, not trusting himself to speak, he walked away and sat down at a distance. "I don't see," thought he, "why there should be rich and poor, master and servant." Lenny, be it remembered, had not heard the Parson's Political Sermon.

An hour after, having composed himself, Lenny returned to his work. Jackeymo was no longer in the garden; he had gone to the fields; but Riccabocca was standing by the celery-bed, and holding the red silk umbrella over Violante as she sat on the ground looking up at her father with those eyes already so full of intelligence, and love, and soul.

"Lenny," said Riccabocca, "my young lady has been telling me that she has been very naughty, and Giacomo very unjust to you. Forgive them both."

Lenny's sullenness melted in an instant: the reminiscence of tracts Nos. 1 and 2,—

"Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Left not a wreck behind."

He raised eyes, swimming with all his native goodness, towards the wise man, and dropped them gratefully on the face of the infant peace-maker. Then he turned away his head and fairly wept. The Parson was right: "O ye poor, have charity for the rich; O ye rich, respect the poor."

* It need scarcely be observed, that Jackeymo, in his conversations with his master or Violante, or his conferences with himself, employs his native language, which is therefore translated without the blunders that he is driven to commit when compelled to trust himself to the tongue of the country in which he is a sojourner.

CHAPTER VII.

Now from that day the humble Lenny and the regal Violante became great friends. With what pride he taught her to distinguish between celery and weeds—and how proud too was she when she learned that she was *useful*! There is not a greater pleasure you can give to children, especially female children, than to make them feel they are already of value in the world, and serviceable as well as protected. Weeks and months rolled away, and Lenny still read, not only the books lent him by the Doctor, but those he bought of Mr Spratt. As for the bombs and shells against religion which the Tinker carried in his bag, Lenny was not induced to blow himself up with them. He had been reared from his cradle in simple love and reverence for the Divine Father, and the tender Saviour, whose life beyond all records of human goodness, whose death beyond all epics of mortal heroism, no being whose infancy has been taught to supplicate the Merciful and adore the Holy, yea, even though his later life may be entangled amidst the thorns of some desolate pyrrhonism, can ever hear reviled and scoffed without a shock to the conscience and a revolt of the heart. As the deer recoils by instinct from the tiger, as the very look of the scorpion deters you from handling it, though you never saw a scorpion before, so the very first line in some ribald profanity on which the Tinker put his black finger, made Lenny's blood run cold. Safe, too, was the peasant boy from any temptation in works of a gross and licentious nature, not only because of the happy ignorance of his rural life, but because of a more enduring safe-guard—genius! Genius, that, manly, robust, healthful as it be, is long before it lose its instinctive Dorian modesty; shame-faced, because so susceptible to glory—genius, that loves indeed to dream, but on the violet bank, not the dung-hill. Wherefore, even in the error of the senses, it seeks to escape from the sensual into worlds of fancy, subtle and refined. But apart from the passions, true genius is the most practical of all human gifts. Like the

Apollo, whom the Greek worshipped as its type, even Arcady is its exile, not its home. Soon weary of the dalliance of Tempé, it ascends to its mission—the Archer of the silver bow, the guide of the car of light. Speaking more plainly, genius is the enthusiasm for self-improvement; it ceases or sleeps the moment it desists from seeking some object which it believes of value, and by that object it insensibly connects its self-improvement with the positive advance of the world. At present Lenny's genius had no bias that was not to the Positive and Useful. It took the direction natural to his sphere, and the wants therein—viz., to the arts which we call mechanical. He wanted to know about steam-engines and Artesian wells; and to know about them it was necessary to know something of mechanics and hydrostatics; so he bought popular elementary works on those mystic sciences, and set all the powers of his mind at work on experiments.

Noble and generous spirits are ye, who, with small care for fame, and little reward from pelf, have opened to the intellects of the poor the portals of wisdom! I honour and revere ye; only do not think ye have done all that is needful. Consider, I pray ye, whether so good a choice from the Tinker's bag would have been made by a boy whom religion had not scared from the Pestilent, and genius had not led to the Self-improving. And Lenny did not wholly escape from the mephitic portions of the motley elements from which his awakening mind drew its nurture. Think not it was all pure oxygen that the panting lip drew in. No; there were still those inflammatory tracts. Political I do not like to call them, for politics mean the art of government, and the tracts I speak of assailed all government which mankind has hitherto recognised. Sad rubbish, perhaps, were such tracts to you, O sound thinker, in your easy-chair! Or to you, practised statesman, at your post on the Treasury Bench—to you, calm dignitary of a learned Church—or to you, my lord judge, who may often have sent from your bar to the

dire Orcus of Norfolk's Isle the ghosts of men whom that rubbish, falling simultaneously on the bumps of acquisitiveness and combativeness, hath untimely slain. Sad rubbish to you! But seems it such rubbish to the poor man, to whom it promises a paradise on the easy terms of upsetting a world? For ye see, these "Appeals to Operatives" represent that same world-upsetting as the simplest thing imaginable—a sort of two-and-two-make-four proposition. The poor have only got to set their strong hands to the axle, and heave-a-hoy! and hurrah for the topsey-turvey! Then, just to put a little wholesome rage into the heave-a-hoy! it is so facile to accompany the eloquence of "Appeals" with a kind of stir-the-bile-up statistics—"Abuses of the Aristocracy"—"Jobs of the Priesthood"—"Expenses of Army kept up for Peers' younger sons"—"Wars contracted for the villanous purpose of raising the rents of the landowners"—all arithmetically dished up, and seasoned with tales of every gentleman who has committed a misdeed, every clergyman who has dishonoured his cloth; as if such instances were fair specimens of average gentlemen and ministers of religion! All this, passionately advanced, (and observe, never answered, for that literature admits no controversialists, and the writer has it all his own way,) may be rubbish; but it is out of such rubbish that operatives build barricades for attack, and legislators prisons for defence.

Our poor friend Lenny drew plenty of this stuff from the Tinker's bag. He thought it very clever and very eloquent; and he supposed the statistics were as true as mathematical demonstrations.

A famous knowledge-diffuser is looking over my shoulder, and tells me, "Increase education, and cheapen good books, and all this rubbish will disappear!" Sir, I don't believe a word of it. If you printed Ricardo and Adam Smith at a farthing a volume, I still believe that they would be as little read by the operatives as they are now-a-days by a very large proportion of highly cultivated men. I still believe that, while the press works, attacks on the rich, and pro-

positions for heave-a-hoys, will always form a popular portion of the Literature of Labour. There's Lenny Fairfield reading a treatise on hydraulics, and constructing a model for a fountain into the bargain; but that does not prevent his acquiescence in any proposition for getting rid of a National Debt, which he certainly never agreed to pay, and which he is told makes sugar and tea so shamefully dear. No. I tell you what does a little counteract those eloquent incentives to break his own head against the strong walls of the Social System—it is, that he has two eyes in that head, which are not always employed in reading. And, having been told in print that masters are tyrants, parsons hypocrites or drones in the hive, and landowners vampires and bloodsuckers, he looks out into the little world around him, and, first, he is compelled to acknowledge that his master is not a tyrant, (perhaps because he is a foreigner and a philosopher, and, for what I and Lenny know, a republican.) But then Parson Dale, though High Church to the marrow, is neither hypocrite nor drone. He has a very good living, it is true—much better than he ought to have, according to the "political" opinions of those tracts; but Lenny is obliged to confess that, if Parson Dale were a penny the poorer, he would do a pennyworth's less good; and, comparing one parish with another, such as Roodhall and Hazeldean, he is dimly aware that there is no greater CIVILISER than a parson tolerably well off. Then, too, Squire Hazeldean, though as arrant a Tory as ever stood upon shoe-leather, is certainly not a vampire nor bloodsucker. He does not feed on the public; a great many of the public feed upon him: and, therefore, his practical experience a little staggers and perplexes Lenny Fairfield as to the gospel accuracy of his theoretical dogmas. Masters, parsons, and landowners! having, at the risk of all popularity, just given a *coup de patte* to certain sages extremely the fashion at present, I am not going to let you off without an admonitory flea in the ear. Don't suppose that any mere scribbling and typework will suffice to answer the scribbling and typework set at work to demolish you—*write* down that rubbish you can't

—live it down you may. If you are rich, like Squire Hazeldean, do good with your money; if you are poor, like Signor Riccabocca, do good with your kindness.

See! there is Lenny now receiving his week's wages; and though Lenny knows that he can get higher wages in the very next parish, his blue eyes are sparkling with gratitude, not at the chink of the money, but at the poor exile's friendly talk on things apart from all service; while Violante is descending the steps from the terrace, charged by her mother-in-law with a little basket of sago, and suchlike delicacies, for Mrs Fair-

field, who has been ailing the last few days.

Lenny will see the Tinker as he goes home, and he will buy a most Demosthenean "Appeal"—a tract of tracts, upon the "Propriety of Strikes," and the Avarice of Masters. But, somehow or other, I think a few words from Signor Riccabocca, that did not cost the Signor a farthing, and the sight of his mother's smile at the contents of the basket, which cost very little, will serve to neutralise the effects of that "Appeal," much more efficaciously than the best article a Brougham or a Mill could write on the subject.

CHAPTER VIII.

Spring had come again; and one beautiful May-day, Leonard Fairfield sate beside the little fountain which he had now actually constructed in the garden. The butterflies were hovering over the belt of flowers which he had placed around his fountain, and the birds were singing overhead. Leonard Fairfield was resting from his day's work, to enjoy his abstemious dinner, beside the cool play of the sparkling waters, and, with the yet keener appetite of knowledge, he devoured his book as he munched his crusts.

A penny tract is the shoeing-horn of literature: it draws on a great many books, and some too tight to be very useful in walking. The penny tract quotes a celebrated writer, you long to read him; it props a startling assertion by a grave authority, you long to refer to it. During the nights of the past winter, Leonard's intelligence had made vast progress: he had taught himself more than the elements of mechanics, and put to practice the principles he had acquired, not only in the hydraulical achievement of the fountain, nor in the still more notable application of science, commenced on the stream in which Jackeymo had fished for minnows, and which Lenny had diverted to the purpose of irrigating two fields, but in various ingenious contrivances for the facilitation or abridgment of labour, which had excited great wonder and praise in the neighbourhood. On the other

hand, those rabid little tracts, which dealt so summarily with the destinies of the human race, even when his growing reason, and the perusal of works more classical or more logical, had led him to perceive that they were illiterate, and to suspect that they jumped from premises to conclusions with a celerity very different from the careful ratiocination of mechanical science, had still, in the citations and references wherewith they abounded, lured him on to philosophers more specious and more perilous. Out of the Tinker's bag he had drawn a translation of Condorcet's *Progress of Man*, and another of Rousseau's *Social Contract*. These had induced him to select from the tracts in the Tinker's miscellany those which abounded most in professions of philanthropy, and predictions of some coming Golden Age, to which old Saturn's was a joke—tracts so mild and mother-like in their language, that it required a much more practical experience than Lenny's to perceive that you would have to pass a river of blood before you had the slightest chance of setting foot on the flowery banks on which they invited you to repose—tracts which rouged poor Christianity on the cheeks, clapped a crown of innocent daffodillies on her head, and set her to dancing a *pas de zephyr* in the pastoral ballet in which St Simon pipes to the flock he shears; or having first laid it down as a preliminary axiom, that

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself—
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,"

substituted in place thereof Monsieur Fourier's symmetrical phalanstere, or Mr Owen's architectural parallelogram. It was with some such tract that Lenny was seasoning his crusts and his radishes, when Riccabocca, bending his long dark face over the student's shoulder, said abruptly—

"*Diavolo*, my friend! What on earth have you got there? Just let me look at it, will you?"

Leonard rose respectfully, and coloured deeply as he surrendered the tract to Riccabocca.

The wise man read the first page attentively, the second more cursorily, and only ran his eye over the rest. He had gone through too vast a range of problems political, not to have passed over that venerable *Pons Asinorum* of Socialism, on which Fourier and St Simons sit straddling and cry aloud that they have arrived at the last boundary of knowledge!

"All this is as old as the hills," quoth Riccabocca irreverently; "but the hills stand still, and this—there it goes!" and the sage pointed to a cloud emitted from his pipe. "Did you ever read Sir David Brewster on Optical Delusions? No! Well, I'll lend it to you. You will find therein a story of a lady who always saw a black cat on her hearth-rug. The black cat existed only in her fancy, but the hallucination was natural and reasonable—eh—what do you think?"

"Why, sir," said Leonard, not catching the Italian's meaning, "I don't exactly see that it was natural and reasonable."

"Foolish boy, yes! because black cats are things possible and known. But who ever saw upon earth a community of men such as sit on the hearth-rugs of Messrs Owen and Fourier? If the lady's hallucination was not reasonable, what is his, who believes in such visions as these?"

Leonard bit his lip.

"My dear boy," cried Riccabocca kindly, "the only thing sure and tangible to which these writers would lead you, lies at the first step, and that is what is commonly called a Revolution. Now, I know what that is. I have gone, not indeed

through a revolution, but an attempt at one."

Leonard raised his eyes towards his master with a look of profound respect, and great curiosity.

"Yes," added Riccabocca, and the face on which the boy gazed exchanged its usual grotesque and sardonic expression for one animated, noble, and heroic. "Yes, not a revolution for chimeras, but for that cause which the coldest allow to be good, and which, when successful, all time approves as divine—the redemption of our native soil from the rule of the foreigner! I have shared in such an attempt. And," continued the Italian mournfully, "recalling now all the evil passions it arouses, all the ties it dissolves, all the blood that it commands to flow, all the healthful industry it arrests, all the madmen that it arms, all the victims that it dupes, I question whether one man really honest, pure, and humane, who has once gone through such an ordeal, would ever hazard it again, unless he was assured that the victory was certain—ay, and the object for which he fights not to be wrested from his hands amidst the uproar of the elements that the battle has released."

The Italian paused, shaded his brow with his hand, and remained long silent. Then, gradually resuming his ordinary tone, he continued—

"Revolutions that have no definite objects made clear by the positive experience of history; revolutions, in a word, that aim less at substituting one law or one dynasty for another, than at changing the whole scheme of society, have been little attempted by real statesmen. Even Lycurgus is proved to be a myth who never existed. They are the suggestions of philosophers who lived apart from the actual world, and whose opinions (though generally they were very benevolent, good sort of men, and wrote in an elegant poetical style) one would no more take on a plain matter of life, than one would look upon Virgil's *Eclogues* as a faithful picture of the ordinary pains and pleasures of the peasants who tend our sheep. Read them as you would read poets, and they are delightful. But attempt to shape

the world according to the poetry—and fit yourself for a madhouse. The farther off the age is from the realisation of such projects, the more these poor philosophers have indulged them. Thus, it was amidst the saddest corruption of court manners that it became the fashion in Paris to sit for one's picture, with a crook in one's hand, as Alexis or Daphne. Just as liberty was fast dying out of Greece, and the successors of Alexander were founding their monarchies, and Rome was growing up to crush in its iron grasp all states save its own, Plato withdraws his eyes from the world, to open them in his dreamy Atlantis. Just in the grimmest period of English history, with the axe hanging over his head, Sir Thomas More gives you his *Utopia*. Just when the world is to be the theatre of a new Sesostris, the dreamers of France tell you that the age is too enlightened for war, that man is henceforth to be governed by pure reason, and live in a paradise. Very pretty reading all this to a man like me, Lenny, who can admire and smile at it. But to you, to the man who has to work for his living, to the man who thinks it would be so much more pleasant to live at his ease in a phalanstere than to work eight or ten hours a day; to the man of talent and action and industry, whose future is invested in that tranquillity and order of a state, in which talent and action and industry are a certain capital;—why, Messrs Countts the great bankers had better encourage a theory to upset the system of banking! Whatever disturbs society, yea, even by a causeless panic, much more by an actual struggle, falls first upon the market of labour, and thence affects prejudicially every depart-

ment of intelligence. In such times the arts are arrested; literature is neglected; people are too busy to read anything save appeals to their passions. And capital, shaken in its sense of security, no longer ventures boldly through the land, calling forth all the energies of toil and enterprise, and extending to every workman his reward. Now, Lenny, take this piece of advice. You are young, clever, and aspiring: men rarely succeed in changing the world; but a man seldom fails of success if he lets the world alone, and resolves to make the best of it. You are in the midst of the great crisis of your life; it is the struggle between the new desires knowledge excites, and that sense of poverty, which those desires convert either into hope and emulation, or into envy and despair. I grant that it is an up-hill work that lies before you; but don't you think it is always easier to climb a mountain than it is to level it? These books call on you to level the mountain; and that mountain is the property of other people, subdivided amongst a great many proprietors, and protected by law. At the first stroke of the pick-axe, it is ten to one but what you are taken up for a trespass. But the path up the mountain is a right of way uncontested. You may be safe at the summit, before (even if the owners are fools enough to let you) you could have levelled a yard. *Cospetto!*" quoth the Doctor, "it is more than two thousand years ago since poor Plato began to level it, and the mountain is as high as ever!"

Thus saying, Riccabocca came to the end of his pipe, and, stalking thoughtfully away, he left Leonard Fairfield trying to extract light from the smoke.

CHAPTER IX.

Shortly after this discourse of Riccabocca's, an incident occurred to Leonard that served to carry his mind into new directions. One evening, when his mother was out, he was at work on a new mechanical contrivance, and had the misfortune to break one of the instruments which he employed. Now it will be re-

membered that his father had been the Squire's head-carpenter; the widow had carefully hoarded the tools of his craft, which had belonged to her poor Mark; and though she occasionally lent them to Leonard, she would not give them up to his service. Amongst these, Leonard knew that he should find the one that

he wanted; and being much interested in his contrivance, he could not wait till his mother's return. The tools, with other little relics of the lost, were kept in a large trunk in Mrs Fairfield's sleeping room; the trunk was not locked, and Leonard went to it without ceremony or scruple. In rummaging for the instrument, his eye fell upon a bundle of MSS.; and he suddenly recollected that when he was a mere child, and before he much knew the difference between verse and prose, his mother had pointed to these MSS. and said, "One day or other, when you can read nicely, I'll let you look at these, Lenny. My poor Mark wrote such verses—ah, he *was* a scollard!" Leonard, reasonably enough, thought that the time had now arrived when he was worthy the privilege of reading the paternal effusions, and he took forth the MSS. with a keen but melancholy interest. He recognised his father's handwriting, which he had often seen before in account-books and memoranda, and read eagerly some trifling poems, which did not show much genius, nor much mastery of language and rythm—such poems, in short, as a self-educated man, with poetic taste and feeling, rather than poetic inspiration or artistic culture, might compose with credit, but not for fame. But suddenly, as he turned over these 'Occasional Pieces,' Leonard came to others in a different handwriting—a woman's handwriting—small, and fine, and exquisitely formed. He had scarcely read six lines of these last, before his attention was irresistibly chained. They were of a different order of merit from poor Mark's; they bore the unmistakeable stamp of genius. Like the poetry of women in general, they were devoted to personal feeling—they were not the mirror of a world, but reflections of a solitary heart. Yet this is the kind of poetry most pleasing to the young. And the verses in question had another attraction for Leonard: they seemed to express some struggle akin to his own—some complaint against the actual condition of the writer's life, some sweet melodious murmurs at fortune. For the rest, they were characterised by a vein of sentiment so elevated that, if written

by a man, it would have run into exaggeration; written by a woman, the romance was carried off by so many genuine revelations of sincere, deep, pathetic feeling, that it was always natural, though true to a nature from which you would not augur happiness.

Leonard was still absorbed in the perusal of these poems, when Mrs Fairfield entered the room.

"What have you been about, Lenny?—searching in my box?"

"I came to look for my father's bag of tools, mother, and I found these papers, which you said I might read some day."

"I doesn't wonder you did not hear me when I came in," said the widow sighing. "I used to sit still for the hour together, when my poor Mark read his poems to me. There was such a pretty one about the 'Peasant's Fireside,' Lenny—have you got hold of that?"

"Yes, dear mother; and I remarked the allusion to you: it brought tears to my eyes. But these verses are not my father's—whose are they? They seem a woman's hand."

Mrs Fairfield looked—changed colour—grew faint—and seated herself.

"Poor, poor Nora!" said she falteringly. I did not know as they were there; Mark kep 'em; they got among his—"

LEONARD.—"Who was Nora?"

MRS FAIRFIELD.—"Who?—child,—who? Nora was—was my own—own sister."

LEONARD (in great amaze, contrasting his ideal of the writer of these musical lines, in that graceful hand, with his homely uneducated mother, who can neither read nor write.)—"Your sister—is it possible? My aunt, then. How comes it you never spoke of her before? Oh! you should be so proud of her, mother."

MRS FAIRFIELD (clasping her hands.)—"We were proud of her, all of us—father, mother—all! She was so beautiful and so good, and not proud she! though she looked like the first lady in the land. Oh! Nora, Nora!"

LEONARD (after a pause.)—"But she must have been highly educated?"

MRS FAIRFIELD.—“’Deed she was!”

LEONARD.—“How was that?”

MRS FAIRFIELD (rocking herself to and fro in her chair.)—“Oh! my Lady washer godmother—Lady Lansmere I mean—and took a fancy to her when she was that high! and had her to stay at the Park, and wait on her ladyship; and then she put her to school, and Nora was so clever that nothing would do but she must go to London as a governess. But don’t talk of it, boy!—don’t talk of it!”

LEONARD.—“Why not, mother?—what has become of her?—where is she?”

MRS FAIRFIELD (bursting into a paroxysm of tears.)—“In her grave—in her cold grave! Dead, dead!”

Leonard was inexpressibly grieved and shocked. It is the attribute of the poet to seem always living, always a friend. Leonard felt as if some one very dear had been suddenly torn from his heart. He tried to console his mother; but her emotion was contagious, and he wept with her.

“And how long has she been dead?” he asked at last, in mournful accents.

“Many’s the long year, many; but,” added Mrs Fairfield, rising, and putting her tremulous hand on Leo-

nard’s shoulder, “you’ll just never talk to me about her—I can’t bear it—it breaks my heart. I can bear better to talk of Mark—come down stairs—come.”

“May I not keep these verses, mother? Do let me.”

“Well, well, those bits o’ paper be all she left behind her—yes, keep them, but put back Mark’s. Are *they* all here?—sure?” And the widow, though she could not read her husband’s verses, looked jealously at the MSS. written in his irregular large scrawl, and, smoothing them carefully, replaced them in the trunk, and resettled over them some sprigs of lavender, which Leonard had unwittingly disturbed.

“But,” said Leonard, as his eye again rested on the beautiful handwriting of his lost aunt—“but you call her Nora—I see she signs herself L.”

“Leonora was her name. I said she was my Lady’s godchild. We called her Nora for short”—

“Leonora—and I am Leonard—is that how I came by the name?”

“Yes, yes—do hold your tongue, boy,” sobbed poor Mrs Fairfield; and she could not be soothed nor coaxed into continuing or renewing a subject which was evidently associated with insupportable pain.

CHAPTER X.

It is difficult to exaggerate the effect that this discovery produced on Leonard’s train of thought. Some one belonging to his own humble race had, then, preceded him in his struggling flight towards the loftier regions of Intelligence and Desire. It was like the mariner amidst unknown seas, who finds carved upon some desert isle a familiar household name. And this creature of genius and of sorrow—whose existence he had only learned by her song, and whose death created, in the simple heart of her sister, so passionate a grief, after the lapse of so many years—supplied to the romance awaking in his young heart the ideal which it unconsciously sought. He was pleased to hear that she had been beautiful and good. He paused from his books to muse on her,

and picture her image to his fancy. That there was some mystery in her fate was evident to him; and while that conviction deepened his interest, the mystery itself, by degrees, took a charm which he was not anxious to dispel. He resigned himself to Mrs Fairfield’s obstinate silence. He was contented to rank the dead amongst those holy and ineffable images which we do not seek to unveil. Youth and Fancy have many secret hoards of idea which they do not desire to impart, even to those most in their confidence. I doubt the depth of feeling in any man who has not certain recesses in his soul into which none may enter.

Hitherto, as I have said, the talents of Leonard Fairfield had been more turned to things positive than to the

ideal; to science and investigation of fact than to poetry, and that airier truth in which poetry has its element. He had read our greater poets, indeed, but without thought of imitating; and rather from the general curiosity to inspect all celebrated monuments of the human mind, than from that especial predilection for verse which is too common in childhood and youth to be any sure sign of a poet. But now these melodies, unknown to all the world beside, rang in his ear, mingled with his thoughts—set, as it were, his whole life to music. He read poetry with a different sentiment—it seemed to him that he had discovered its secret. And so reading, the passion seized him, and “the numbers came.”

To many minds, at the commencement of our grave and earnest pilgrimage, I am Vandal enough to think that the indulgence of poetic taste and reverie does great and lasting harm; that it serves to enervate the character, give false ideas of life, impart the semblance of drudgery to the noble toils and duties of the active man. All poetry would not do this—not, for instance, the Classical, in its diviner masters—not the poetry of Homer, of Virgil, of Sophocles—not, perhaps, even that of the indolent Horace. But the poetry which youth usually loves and appreciates the best—the poetry of mere sentiment—does so in minds already over predisposed to the sentimental, and which require bracing to grow into healthful manhood.

On the other hand, even this latter kind of poetry, which is peculiarly modern, does suit many minds of another mould—minds which our modern life, with its hard positive forms, tends to produce. And as in certain climates plants and herbs, peculiarly adapted as antidotes to those diseases most prevalent in the atmosphere, are profusely sown, as it were, by the benignant providence of nature—so it may be that the softer and more romantic species of poetry, which comes forth in harsh, moneymaking, unromantic times, is intended as curatives and counter-poisons. The world is so much with us, now-a-days, that we need have something that

prates to us, albeit even in too fine an euphuism, of the moon and stars.

Certes, to Leonard Fairfield, at that period of his intellectual life, the softness of our Helicon descended as healing dews. In his turbulent and unsettled ambition, in his vague grapple with the giant forms of political truths, in his bias towards the application of science to immediate practical purposes, this lovely vision of the Muse came in the white robe of the Peacemaker; and with unpraised hand, pointing to serene skies, she opened to him fair glimpses of the Beautiful, which is given to Peasant as to Prince—showed to him that on the surface of earth there is something nobler than fortune—that he who can view the world as a poet is always at soul a king; while to practical purpose itself, that larger and more profound invention, which poetry stimulates, supplied the grand design and the subtle view—leading him beyond the mere ingenuity of the mechanic, and habituating him to regard the inert force of the matter at his command with the ambition of the Discoverer. But, above all, the discontent that was within him finding a vent, not in deliberate war upon this actual world, but through the purifying channels of song—in the vent itself it evaporated, it was lost. By accustoming ourselves to survey all things with the spirit that retains and reproduces them only in their lovelier or grander aspects, a vast philosophy of toleration for what we before gazed on with scorn or hate insensibly grows upon us. Leonard looked into his heart after the enchantress had breathed upon it; and through the mists of the fleeting and tender melancholy which betrayed where she had been, he beheld a new sun of delight and joy dawning over the landscape of human life.

Thus, though she was dead and gone from his actual knowledge, this mysterious kinswoman—“a voice, and nothing more”—had spoken to him, soothed, elevated, cheered, attuned each discord into harmony; and, if now permitted from some serener sphere to behold the life that her soul thus strangely influenced, verily, with yet holier joy, the saving and lovely

spirit might have glided onward in the Eternal Progress.

We call the large majority of human lives *obscure*. Presumptuous

that we are! How know we what lives a single thought retained from the dust of nameless graves may have lighted to renown?

CHAPTER XL

It was about a year after Leonard's discovery of the family MSS. that Parson Dale borrowed the quietest pad mare in the Squire's stables, and set out on an equestrian excursion. He said that he was bound on business connected with his old parishioners of Lansmere; for, as it has been incidentally implied in a previous chapter, he had been connected with that borough town (and, I may here add, in the capacity of curate) before he had been inducted into the living of Hazeldean.

It was so rarely that the Parson stirred from home, that this journey to a town more than twenty miles off was regarded as a most daring adventure, both at the Hall and at the Parsonage. Mrs Dale could not sleep the whole previous night with thinking of it; and though she had naturally one of her worst nervous headaches on the eventful morn, she yet suffered no hands less thoughtful than her own to pack up the saddlebags which the Parson had borrowed along with the pad. Nay, so distrustful was she of the possibility of the good man's exerting the slightest common sense in her absence, that she kept him close at her side while she was engaged in that same operation of packing up—showing him the exact spot in which the clean shirt was put, and how nicely the old slippers were packed up in one of his own sermons. She implored him not to mistake the sandwiches for his shaving-soap, and made him observe how carefully she had provided against such confusion, by placing them as far apart from each other as the nature of saddlebags will admit. The poor Parson—who was really by no means an absent man, but as little likely to shave himself with sandwiches and lunch upon soap as the most commonplace mortal may be—listened with conjugal patience, and thought that man never had such a wife before; nor was it without tears in his own

eyes that he tore himself from the farewell embrace of his weeping Carry.

I confess, however, that it was with some apprehension that he set his foot in the stirrup, and trusted his person to the mercies of an unfamiliar animal. For whatever might be Mr Dale's minor accomplishments as man and parson, horsemanship was not his forte. Indeed, I doubt if he had taken the reins in his hand more than twice since he had been married.

The Squire's surly old groom, Mat, was in attendance with the pad; and, to the Parson's gentle inquiry whether Mat was quite sure that the pad was quite safe, replied laconically, "Oi, oi, give her her head."

"Give her her head!" repeated Mr Dale, rather amazed, for he had not the slightest intention of taking away that part of the beast's frame, so essential to its vital economy—"Give her her head!"

"Oi, oi; and don't jerk her up like that, or she'll fall a doincing on her hind-legs."

The Parson instantly slackened the reins; and Mrs Dale—who had tarried behind to control her tears—now running to the door for "more last words," he waived his hand with courageous amenity, and ambled forth into the lane.

Our equestrian was absorbed at first in studying the idiosyncrasies of the pad, and trying thereby to arrive at some notion of her general character: guessing, for instance, why she raised one ear and laid down the other; why she kept bearing so close to the left that she brushed his leg against the hedge; and why, when she arrived at a little side-gate in the fields, which led towards the home-farm, she came to a full stop, and fell to rubbing her nose against the rail—an occupation from which the Parson, finding all civil remonstrances in vain, at length diverted her by a timorous application of the whip.

This crisis on the road fairly passed, the pad seemed to comprehend that she had a journey before her, and giving a petulant whisk of her tail, quickened her amble into a short trot, which soon brought the Parson into the high road, and nearly opposite the Casino.

Here, sitting on the gate which led to his abode, and shaded by his umbrella, he beheld Dr Riccabocca.

The Italian lifted his eyes from the book he was reading, and stared hard at the Parson; and he—not venturing to withdraw his whole attention from the pad, (who, indeed, set up both her ears at the apparition of Riccabocca, and evinced symptoms of that surprise and superstitious repugnance at unknown objects which goes by the name of “shying,”)—looked askance at Riccabocca.

“Don’t stir, please,” said the Parson, “or I fear you’ll alarm this creature; it seems a nervous, timid thing;—soho—gently—gently.”

And he fell to patting the mare with great unction.

The pad, thus encouraged, overcame her first natural astonishment at the sight of Riccabocca and the red umbrella; and having before been at the Casino on sundry occasions, and sagaciously preferring places within the range of her experience to bournes neither cognate nor conjecturable, she moved gravely up towards the gate on which the Italian sat; and, after eyeing him a moment—as much as to say, “I wish you would get off”—came to a dead lock.

“Well,” said Riccabocca, “since your horse seems more disposed to be polite to me than yourself, Mr Dale, I take the opportunity of your present involuntary pause to congratulate you on your elevation in life, and to breathe a friendly prayer that pride may not have a fall!”

“Tut,” said the Parson, affecting an easy air, though still contemplating the pad, who appeared to have fallen into a quiet doze, “it is true that I have not ridden much of late years, and the Squire’s horses are very high fed and spirited; but there is no more harm in them than their master when one once knows their ways.”

“Chi v piano, v sano,
E chi v sano v lontano,”

said Riccabocca, pointing to the saddle-bags. “You go slowly, therefore safely; and he who goes safely may go far. You seem prepared for a journey?”

“I am,” said the Parson; “and on a matter that concerns you a little.”

“Me!” exclaimed Riccabocca—“concerns me!”

“Yes, so far as the chance of depriving you of a servant whom you like and esteem affects you.”

“Oh,” said Riccabocca, “I understand: you have hinted to me very often that I or Knowledge, or both together, have unfitted Leonard Fairfield for service.”

“I did not say that exactly; I said that you have fitted him for something higher than service. But do not repeat this to him. And I cannot yet say more to you, for I am very doubtful as to the success of my mission; and it will not do to unsettle poor Leonard until we are sure that we can improve his condition.”

“Of that you can never be sure,” quoth the wise man, shaking his head; “and I can’t say that I am unselfish enough not to bear you a grudge for seeking to decoy away from me an invaluable servant—faithful, steady, intelligent, and (added Riccabocca, warming as he approached the climacteric adjective)—exceedingly cheap! Nevertheless go, and Heaven speed you. I am not an Alexander, to stand between man and the sun.”

“You are a noble great-hearted creature, Signor Riccabocca, in spite of your cold-blooded proverbs and villanous books.” The Parson, as he said this, brought down the whip-hand with so indiscreet an enthusiasm on the pad’s shoulder, that the poor beast, startled out of her innocent doze, made a bolt forward, which nearly precipitated Riccabocca from his seat on the stile, and then turning round—as the Parson tugged desperately at the rein—caught the bit between her teeth, and set off at a canter. The Parson lost both his stirrups; and when he regained them, (as the pad slackened her pace,) and had time to breathe and look about him, Riccabocca and the Casino were both out of sight.

“Certainly,” quoth Parson Dale,

as he resettled himself with great complacency, and a conscious triumph that he was still on the pad's back—"certainly it is true 'that the noblest conquest ever made by man was that of the horse:' a fine creature it is—

a very fine creature—and uncommonly difficult to sit on,—especially without stirrups." Firmly in *his* stirrups the Parson planted his feet; and the heart within him was very proud.

CHAPTER XII.

Lansmere was situated in the county adjoining that which contained the village of Hazeldean. Late at noon the Parson crossed the little stream which divided the two shires, and came to an inn, which was placed at an angle, where the great main road branched off into two directions—the one leading towards Lansmere, the other going more direct to London. At this inn the pad stopped, and put down both ears with the air of a pad who has made up her mind to bait. And the Parson himself, feeling very warm and somewhat sore, said to the pad benignly, "It is just—thou shalt have corn and water!"

Dismounting therefore, and finding himself very stiff, as soon as he had reached *terra firma*, the Parson consigned the pad to the ostler, and walked into the sanded parlour of the inn, to repose himself on a very hard Windsor chair.

He had been alone rather more than half-an-hour, reading a county newspaper which smelt much of tobacco, and trying to keep off the flies that gathered round him in swarms, as if they had never before seen a Parson, and were anxious to ascertain how the flesh of him tasted,—when a stage-coach stopped at the inn. A traveller got out with his carpet-bag in his hand, and was shown into the sanded parlour.

The Parson rose politely, and made a bow.

The traveller touched his hat, without taking it off—looked at Mr Dale from top to toe—then walked to the window, and whistled a lively impatient tune, then strode towards the fireplace and rang the bell; then stared again at the Parson; and that gentleman having courteously laid down the newspaper, the traveller seized it, threw himself on a chair, flung one of his legs over the table, tossed the other up on the mantel-

piece, and began reading the paper, while he tilted the chair on its hind legs with so daring a disregard to the ordinary position of chairs and their occupants, that the shuddering Parson expected every moment to see him come down on the back of his skull.

Moved, therefore, to compassion, Mr Dale said mildly—

"Those chairs are very treacherous, sir. I'm afraid you'll be down."

"Eh," said the traveller, looking up much astonished. "Eh, down?—oh, you're satirical, sir."

"Satirical, sir? upon my word, no!" exclaimed the parson earnestly.

"I think every free-born man has a right to sit as he pleases in his own house," resumed the traveller with warmth; "and an inn is his own house, I guess, so long as he pays his score. Betty, my dear."

For the chambermaid had now replied to the bell.

"I han't Betty, sir; do you want she?"

"No, Sally—cold brandy and water—and a biscuit."

"I han't Sally either," muttered the chambermaid; but the traveller turning round, showed so smart a neckcloth and so comely a face, that she smiled, coloured, and went her way.

The traveller now rose, and flung down the paper. He took out a pen-knife, and began paring his nails. Suddenly desisting from this elegant occupation, his eye caught sight of the Parson's shovel-hat, which lay on a chair in the corner.

"You're a clergyman, I reckon, sir," said the traveller, with a slight sneer.

Again Mr Dale bowed—bowed in part deprecatingly—in part with dignity. It was a bow that said, "No offence, sir, but I *am* a clergyman, and I'm not ashamed of it."

"Going far?" asked the traveller.

PARSON.—"Not very."

TRAVELLER.—“In a chaise or fly? If so, and we are going the same way—halves.”

PARSON.—“Halves?”

TRAVELLER.—“Yes, I’ll pay half the damage—pikes inclusive.”

PARSON.—“You are very good, sir. But,” (*spoken with pride*) “I am on horseback.”

TRAVELLER.—“On horseback! Well, I should not have guessed that! You don’t look like it. Where did you say you were going?”

“I did *not* say where I was going, sir,” said the Parson drily, for he was much offended at that vague and ungrammatical remark applicable to his horsemanship, that “he did not look like it.”

“Close!” said the traveller laughing; “an old traveller, I reckon.”

The Parson made no reply, but he took up his shovel-hat, and, with a bow more majestic than the previous one, walked out to see if his pad had finished her corn.

The animal had indeed finished all the corn afforded to her, which was not much, and in a few minutes more Mr Dale resumed his journey. He had performed about three miles, when the sound of wheels behind made him turn his head, and he perceived a chaise driven very fast, while out of the windows thereof dangled strangely a pair of human legs. The pad began to curvet as the post horses rattled behind, and the Parson had only an indistinct vision of a human face supplanting these human legs. The traveller peered out at him as he whirled by—saw Mr Dale tossed up and down on the saddle, and cried out, “How’s the leather?”

“Leather!” soliloquised the Parson, as the pad recomposed herself. “What does he mean by that? Leather! a very vulgar man. But I got rid of him cleverly.”

Mr Dale arrived without farther adventure at Lansmere. He put up at the principal inn—refreshed himself by a general ablution—and sate down with good appetite to his beef-steak and pint of port.

The Parson was a better judge of the physiognomy of man than that of the horse; and after a satisfactory glance at the the civil smirking landlord, who removed the cover and set

on the wine, he ventured on an attempt at conversation. “Is my lord at the park?”

Landlord, still more civilly than before: “No, sir, his lordship and my lady have gone to town to meet Lord L’Estrange.”

“Lord L’Estrange! He is in England, then?”

“Why, so I heard,” replied the landlord, “but we never see him here now. I remember him a very pretty young man. Every one was fond of him, and proud of him. But what pranks he did play when he was a lad! We hoped he would come in for our boro’ some of these days, but he has taken to foren parts—more’s the pity. I am a reg’lar Blue, sir, as I ought to be. The Blue candidate always does me the honour to come to the Lansmere Arms. ‘Tis only the low party puts up with The Boar,” added the landlord with a look of ineffable disgust. “I hope you like the wine, sir?”

“Very good, and seems old.”

“Bottled these eighteen years, sir. I had in the cask for the great election of Dashmore and Egerton. I have little left of it, and I never give it but to old friends like—for, I think, sir, though you be grown stout, and look more grand, I may say that I’ve had the pleasure of seeing you before.”

“That’s true, I daresay, though I fear I was never a very good customer.”

LANDLORD.—“Ah, it is Mr Dale, then! I thought so when you came into the hall. I hope your lady is quite well, and the Squire too; fine pleasant-spoken gentleman; no fault of his if Mr Egerton went wrong. Well, we have never seen him—I mean Mr Egerton—since that time. I don’t wonder he stays away; but my lord’s son, who was brought up here,—it an’t nat’ral like that he should turn his back on us!”

Mr Dale made no reply, and the landlord was about to retire, when the Parson, pouring out another glass of the port, said,—“There must be great changes in the parish. Is Mr Morgan, the medical man, still here?”

“No, indeed; he took out his ploma after you left, and became a real doctor; and a pretty practice he

had too, when he took, all of a sudden, to some new-fangled way of physicking—I think they call it homy-something—”

“Homœopathy!”

“That’s it—something against all reason: and so he lost his practice here and went up to Lunnun. I’ve not heard of him since.”

“Do the Avenels keep their old house?”

“Oh yes!—and are pretty well off, I hear say. John is always poorly; though he still goes now and then to the Odd Fellows, and takes his glass; but his wife comes and fetches him away before he can do himself any harm.”

“Mrs Avenel is the same as ever?”

“She holds her head higher, I think,” said the landlord, smiling. “She was always—not exactly proud like, but what I call gumptious.”

“I never heard that word before,” said the Parson, laying down his knife and fork. “Bumptious, indeed, though I believe it is not in the dictionary, has crept into familiar parlance, especially amongst young folks at school and college.”

“Bumptious is bumptious, and gumptious is gumptious,” said the landlord, delighted to puzzle a Parson. “Now the town beadle is bumptious, and Mrs Avenel is gumptious.”

“She is a very respectable woman,” said Mr Dale, somewhat rebukingly.

“In course, sir, all gumptious folks are; they value themselves on their respectability, and looks down on their neighbours.”

PARSON, still philologically occupied. — “Gumptious — gumptious. I think I remember the substantive at school—not that my master taught it to me. ‘Gumption,’ it means cleverness.”

LANDLORD, (doggedly.) — “There’s gumption and gumptious! Gumption is knowing; but when I say that sum un is gumptious, I mean—though that’s more vulgar like—sum un who does not think small beer of hisself. You take me, sir?”

“I think I do,” said the Parson, half-smiling. “I believe the Avenels have only two of their children alive still—their daughter, who married Mark Fairfield, and a son who went off to America?”

“Ah, but he made his fortune there, and has come back.”

“Indeed! I’m very glad to hear it. He has settled at Lansmere?”

“No, sir. I hear as he’s bought a property a long way off. But he comes to see his parents pretty often—so John tells me—but I can’t say that I ever see him. I fancy Dick doesn’t like to be seen by folks who remember him playing in the kennel.”

“Not unnatural,” said the Parson indulgently; “but he visits his parents: he is a good son, at all events, then?”

“I’ve nothing to say against him. Dick was a wild chap before he took himself off. I never thought he would make his fortune; but the Avenels are a clever set. Do you remember poor Nora—the Rose of Lansmere, as they called her? Ah, no, I think she went up to Lunnun afore your time, sir.”

“Humph!” said the Parson drily. “Well, I think you may take away now. It will be dark soon, and I’ll just stroll out and look about me.”

“There’s a nice tart coming, sir.”

“Thank you, I’ve dined.”

The Parson put on his hat and sallied forth into the streets. He eyed the houses on either hand with that melancholy and wistful interest with which, in middle life, we revisit scenes familiar to us in youth—surprised to find either so little change or so much, and recalling, by fits and snatches, old associations and past emotions. The long High Street which he threaded now began to change its bustling character, and slide, as it were gradually, into the high road of a suburb. On the left, the houses gave way to the moss-grown pales of Lansmere Park: to the right, though houses still remained, they were separated from each other by gardens, and took the pleasing appearance of villas—such villas as retired tradesmen or their widows, old maids, and half-pay officers, select for the evening of their days.

Mr Dale looked at these villas with the deliberate attention of a man awakening his power of memory, and at last stopped before one, almost the last on the road, and which faced the broad patch of sward that lay before the lodge of Lansmere Park. An old pollard oak stood near it, and from

the oak there came a low discordant sound; it was the hungry cry of young ravens, awaiting the belated return of the parent bird. Mr Dale put his hand to his brow, paused a moment, and then, with a hurried step, passed through the little garden and knocked at the door. A light was burning in the parlour, and Mr Dale's eye caught through the window a vague outline of three forms. There was an evident bustle within at the sound of the knocks. One of the forms rose and disappeared. A very prim, neat, middle-aged maid-servant now appeared at the threshold, and austere inquired the visitor's business.

"I want to see Mr or Mrs Avenel. Say that I have come many miles to see them; and take in this card."

The maid-servant took the card, and half-closed the door. At least three minutes elapsed before she reappeared.

"Missis says it's late, sir; but walk in."

The Parson accepted the not very gracious invitation, stepped across the little hall, and entered the parlour.

Old John Avenel, a mild-looking man, who seemed slightly paralytic, rose slowly from his arm-chair. Mrs Avenel, in an awfully stiff, clean, and Calvinistical cap, and a gray dress, every fold of which bespoke respectability and staid repute—stood erect on the floor, and, fixing on the Parson a cold and cautious eye, said—

"You do the like of us great honour, Mr Dale—take a chair! You call upon business?"

"Of which I have apprised you by letter, Mr Avenel."

"My husband is very poorly."

"A poor creature!" said John feebly, and as if in compassion of himself. "I can't get about as I used to do. But it ben't near election time, be it, sir?"

"No, John," said Mrs Avenel, placing her husband's arm within her own. "You must lie down a bit, while I talk to the gentleman."

"I'm a real good blue," said poor John; "but I an't quite the man I was;" and, leaning heavily on his wife, he left the room, turning round at the threshold, and saying, with great urbanity—"Anything to oblige, sir?"

Mr Dale was much touched. He had remembered John Avenel the comeliest, the most active, and the most cheerful man in Lansmere; great at glee club and cricket, (though then stricken in years) greater in vestries; reputed greatest in elections.

"Last scene of all," murmured the Parson; "and oh well, turning from the poet, may we cry with the disbelieving philosopher, 'Poor, poor humanity!'"*

In a few minutes Mrs Avenel returned. She took a chair at some distance from the Parson's, and, resting one hand on the elbow of the chair, while with the other she stiffly smoothed the stiff gown, she said—

"Now, sir."

That "Now, sir," had in its sound something sinister and warlike. This the shrewd Parson recognised with his usual tact. He edged his chair nearer to Mrs Avenel, and placing his hand on hers—

"Yes, now then, and as friend to friend."

* Mr Dale probably here alludes to Lord Bolingbroke's ejaculation as he stood by the dying Pope; but his memory does not serve him with the exact words.

LEGENDS OF THE MONASTIC ORDERS, AS REPRESENTED IN THE FINE ARTS.

LOVERS of the Fine Arts—and they ought to be the whole civilised world—owe an especial regard and reverence to the Monastic Orders, without whom there would have been, and would be now, no Art at all. Taking the Fine Arts at their lowest value, as a mere source of pleasure, from the love of imitation or representation of agreeable objects—the remembrancer of scenes of interest, the elegant accomplishment by which homes are embellished and made more beautifully homely—surely some little gratitude is due, where it has been the fashion to be sparing of any praise, to those good and pious men who in their convents prepared, improved, and invented colours as well as implements of Art; were themselves the early painters, and by their extensive patronage may be called the Fathers of the Arts. Had the world derived from the monastic orders no other good, that one should have insured them a perpetual respect.

But the Arts do not stand alone—are themselves a sisterhood, if we may so speak—many orders, but one religion; one bond binding them together—the culture of humanity.

History has unfortunately too often been the work of infidel hands and hearts. Whatever is of religion has been viewed with a prejudice; the vices of mankind at large have been tenderly treated; while such as could with truth or untruth be charged upon religious orders, have met with little mercy, and have been exempted from the common apology of the age. In this, little candour has been shown. It would be fairer, speaking of any class of men, to inquire whether they were worse or better than others—a benefit or a plague-spot on society; and it would be fairer to see what efforts they made for their own and for the general improvement, and rather to estimate their success, where few but themselves struggled for amelioration, than to single out every fault, every corruption, and of every age, and to bring the accumulation to

bear upon the head, as it were, of one generation. The monastic orders have been the theme of general abuse by many a flippant writer, as if they lived but at one particular period, and were but examples of ignorance and vice—the encouragers of superstition for their own selfish ends. The “dark ages” have been indeed dark to those who have shut their eyes to the light which, small and glimmering though it appeared from our broad and open way of life, might, if followed with a gentle curiosity, have led into undreamt-of recesses, found to contain great treasures; and as the bodily, so the mental eye would have accommodated its vision to the degree of light given, and would have seen distinctly both form and beauty, which would have burst with a kind of glory upon them through the gloom, and met them as goodness would meet willing seekers.

“Virtue makes herself light, through darkness for to wade.”

“I know nothing,” says one writer, “of those ages that knew nothing.” As it has been justly retorted—how did he, knowing nothing of them, know that they knew nothing? It might be more easy to show that, if he knew anything about anything, he was mainly indebted to those very ages which kept within them the light of knowledge, preserved and cherished from utterly going out with the sanctity of a vestal fire. Turn where we will, we see the monuments of the labour of the monastic orders—wonderful monuments. And surely if any age may be said with truth to be dark, dark were those of the two last centuries which, with the wondrous edifices before their eyes, saw not their beauty mutilated, and with most unwarrantable conceit thought they had improved upon them. Whose was the ignorance? Look at our architecture. Great advancement has been made, and is making daily; and what is the consequence of this revived taste? A proper appreciation of the architecture

of the "dark ages." Our best hope is, to imitate successfully. Who were they who designed these miracles of art? Devout men—the monastic orders! Who furnished every species of decoration—the sculpture, the painted glass, the pictures, that were a language? Men who themselves lived humbly and sparingly, that they might devote themselves, their talents, and their possessions to make an exalted and visible religion upon earth, as the one thing needful for future generations of men. Such, undoubtedly, was the one mind of the great religious orders—we speak of their purpose and of their doings. It was their mission over every land: we say not that corruption did not find them out, that there was no canker in their fruit. The enemy knew where to sow his tares; but perverse people tore, uprooted, and cast from them the wheat, and loved to lay waste; and, as is ever the case, hating whom they injure, they vilified *per fas et nefas*; and, upon the plea of others' corruption, became themselves robbers, plunderers, and, too often, assassins.

It has been charged against these orders, that from the extreme of poverty they became rich. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*. But how did they so increase? Because toil and labour were their law: they brought wealth out of lands chosen for their sterility, that their rule of toil might be the more continually exercised. Industry had its natural fruits, and spread its influence: they taught as well as practised; and their object, how they disposed of that which they gained, is now well known. The monuments, long unheeded, are before us. That we may not be unjustly thought, in what we have said, to favour Romish institutions, we would make a distinction, too little observed,—we would not confound the retired, the benevolent, the religious lives of those benefactors in the monastic orders, with the political tyrannical Papacy in Rome itself. There was ambition and avarice—a worldliness, at the instigation of the "Prince of this world," working out a system whose necessities begot the vilest superstitions and idolatries for unholy gain, and disseminated corruption instead of life. The history

of the Popes is not the history of the devout and laborious of the monastic orders at all times. They were indeed within the pale of the Church of Rome, for there was then no other; but they who cultivated wastes, taught the people, and preserved and invented arts and literature, were far other men. The evil of Papacy had not reached them at once in their wildernesses. When the corrupt system did reach them, it bore its fruit. But even then, and among such, be it remembered, arose those who were still pure, and above the corruptions—and from them originated the Reformation. In reasoning upon past institutions, consideration must be had of the peculiar phase of the world when they arose. The whole altered condition of society would make that a positive evil which was once a positive good. Monastic institutions have done their work;—they cannot be restored, in a healthy state, in a Protestant country, whose constitution, and the laws that both make and support it, and the habits, manners, and feelings of the people, are entirely repugnant to them. Romanism is antagonistic with everything that is not of it. It demands at all times and everywhere to be the dominant power. To give it more than toleration, is to put into its hands that fulcrum which will be incessantly employed to subvert every institution that cannot be resolved into itself. Neither governments nor homes can escape its snares and its tyranny.

"Inspectam domos venturaque desuper urbi."

And here we would offer a quotation from Mrs Jameson's introduction to this her third volume of the Series on Religious Art; and we cannot but think that the scrutiny her subject has led her to make, into the real character of the religious orders of the middle ages, has given a more serious, we would say solemn, respect for them than was perceptible in the two former volumes. Not that we would charge any levity upon her in them: the reverse; but we do think that the reverence and respect for the subjects generally have fallen advantageously upon the "orders" themselves.

"In the first place, then, monachism in art, taken in a large sense, is historically interesting, as the expression of a

most important era of human culture. We are outliving the gross prejudices which once represented the life of the cloister as being from first to last a life of laziness and imposture. We know that, but for the monks, the light of liberty and literature and science had been for ever extinguished, and that for six centuries there existed for the thoughtful, the gentle, the inquiring, the devout spirit no peace, no security, no home but the cloister. There learning trimmed her lamp, there contemplation 'pruned her wings;' there the traditions of art, preserved from age to age by lonely studious men, kept alive in form and colour the idea of a beauty beyond that of earth—of a might beyond that of the spear and the shield—of a Divine sympathy with suffering humanity. To this we may add another and a stronger claim on our respect and moral sympathies. The protection and the better education given to women in these early communities—the venerable and distinguished rank assigned to them when, as governesses of their order, they became in a manner dignitaries of the church—the introduction of their beautiful and saintly effigies, clothed with all the insignia of sanctity and authority, into the decoration of places of worship and books of devotion—did more, perhaps, for the general cause of womanhood than all the boasted institutions of chivalry."

Now, be it remembered that all this was effected in the midst of a hostile and turbulent world, whom they thus subdued by their sanctity to an awe and respect, without which there would have been no peace to them, no shelter to the pure and the weak from injury and wrong. Do we not see here the strongest proof of their earnestness, their piety, their charity, and that they were, under Heaven, the ministers of blessings to mankind? There was a period, however, when the entire seclusion of the cloister ceased to be beneficial—the contemplative life must be succeeded by the active. From that period must we date the promise of all that is great and good in art, science, and every effort of human genius, which burst winged out of darkness into day, with the rise of the Mendicant orders.

"If the three great divisions of the regular ecclesiastics seem to have had each a distinct vocation, there was at least one vocation common to all. The Benedictine monks instituted schools of learning; the Augustines built noble

cathedrals; the Mendicant orders founded hospitals: all became patrons of the fine arts, on such a scale of munificence that the protection of the most renowned princes has been mean and insignificant in comparison. Yet, in their relation to art, this splendid patronage was the least of their merits. The earliest artists of the middle ages were the monks of the Benedictine orders. In their convents were preserved, from age to age, the traditional treatment of sacred subjects, and that pure unworldly sentiment which in later times was ill exchanged for the learning of schools and the competition of academies; and as they were the only depositories of chemical and medical knowledge, and the only compounders of drugs, we owe to them also the discovery and preparation of some of the finest colours, and the invention or the improvement of the implements used in painting: for the monks not only prepared their own colours, but when they employed secular painters in decorating their convents, the materials furnished from their own laboratories were consequently of the best and most durable kind. As architects, as glass-painters, as mosaic workers, as carvers in wood and metal, they were the precursors of all that has since been achieved in Christian art; and if so few of these admirable and gifted men are known to us individually and by name, it is because they worked for the honour of God and their community—not for profit, nor for reputation."

Mutability is written upon the face of all earthly things, whether they be good or evil in themselves. We progress and we retrograde according as influences act upon us. If we would judge in candour, we cannot take any class of facts of things or persons by themselves—all are parts of one whole; but how made one, is a speculation of a deep philosophy. It is hard to place upon the map of understanding the hidden causes, and their relation to each other, which make up the general social aspect at any one period. However we may advance in knowledge, however that knowledge may operate as a check, mankind are in heart intrinsically the same they ever were—they have within them the same passions, the same instincts; and though we are daily pronouncing, as we look back upon past ages, that such and such things never can be again, that we cannot have the same superstitions, nor exercise the same cruelties, what-

ever we may hope, we do in fact say but this, that the identical facts and identical personages will not come again upon the stage of life. Of this we may be sure, that under certain influences, always within the sphere of our liabilities, the passions of men will lead them to the same excesses, the same fanaticism, the same crimes. The plot of the drama may be somewhat varied, or even new, but tragedy and comedy will still designate the play of human actions. We may have crusades without a Holy Land to recover—as we have had a Bartholomew massacre; we have had, and may have again, in civilised Europe, the political massacres which, in reading history in our closets in our own peaceful homes, we had fondly deemed passed away for ever. Fanaticism in religion and politics is still a human instinct—the sleeping volcano in every man's breast, though he knows it not, believes it not. "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" Who can answer for himself? It is wiser, far better to bow the head in humility—"Lead us not into temptation." As the times are, as people are, in peace or in suffering, will be their religious hopes or their religious fears—a gloom or a comfort, a wholesome practical virtue or a feverish excitement, a personal selfishness, a frenzy of despair—intolerance and persecution the result. The civil troubles of England made our religion, or that which passes for religion among the masses, gloomy and morose on the one hand, and, on the other, an awful conceit of self-righteousness. There was the asceticism of the early ages, but in a new form: there were no deserts, no dens into which fanatics could fly from worldly pleasure: compelled to live in its sight, they persecuted it to the death, and took their own insane pleasure in denying pleasure to others. General distress will naturally engender unwholesome excitement, and it will infect invariably the religious mind. These remarks are not superfluous—they arise out of the subject. Mrs Jameson herself sees analogies of times, which it may be worth our while to pause and consider.

"It seems to me that in the movement of the thirteenth century there was something analogous to the times through

which we of this present generation have lived. There had been nearly a hundred years of desolating wars. The Crusades had upheaved society from its depths, as a storm upheaves the ocean, and changed the condition of men and nations. . . . A generation sprang up physically predisposed to a sort of morbid exaltation, and powerfully acted on by the revelation of a hitherto unseen, unfeared world of woe. In the words of Scripture 'men could not stop their ears from hearing of blood, nor shut their eyes from seeing of evil.' There was a deep, almost universal, feeling of the pressure and burden of sorrow—an awakening of the conscience to wrong, a blind anxious groping for the right, a sense that what had hitherto sufficed to humanity, would suffice no longer. But in the uneasy ferment of men's minds, religious fear took the place of religious hope, and the religious sympathies and aspirations assumed, in their excess, a disordered and exaggerated form. . . . But what was dark misery and bewilderment in the weak and ignorant, assumed in the more highly endowed a higher form; and to St Francis and his order we owe what has been happily called the mystic school in poetry and painting—that school which so strangely combined the spiritual with the sensual, the beautiful with the terrible, and the tender with the inexorable—which first found utterance in the works of Dante and of the ancient painters of Tuscany and Umbria. It has been disputed often whether the suggestions of Dante influenced Giotto, or the creations of Giotto inspired Dante; but the true influence and inspiration were around both, and dominant over both, when the two greatest men of their age united to celebrate a religion of retribution and suffering—to solemnise the espousals of sanctity with the self-abnegation which despises all things, rather than with the love that pardons and the hope that rejoices—and which, in closing the gates of pleasure, 'would have shut the gates of mercy on mankind.'"

Dante himself, the great man of his age, the deep in soul and intellect, but individualises the character of an age; and, as far as individual character can portray a general, tends to confirm the observations into which the nature of our subject led us. Dante lived a whole life of injury and wrong, of sorrow, of persecution, which doubtless darkened and embrowned every faculty of his consummate genius. The persecutions of the early Christians drove men into solitudes, where

the tumult and fear of the world was exchanged for tumult and fear within; for they were where nature, ordaining every man to work for a common good, never intended them to be, and therefore would not give them peace. No wonder, if, in their bewildered fancies, they were haunted by demons, and took their fevered visions for realities. No wonder if they enacted the extravagant vagaries of insanity, and their faith (still faith) became mixed with a fabulous superstition. The anchorite was sought as a holy man; people believed in his miraculous powers as people have believed since—and people believe now, though no longer in anchorites. There are even Protestant miracle-workers, and thousands who have a kind of belief in their hearts which they will not acknowledge in words; and, while they ridicule the Romish calendar, have their own Protestant saints, and worship them, too, with an idolatry perhaps not less in reality than that which they so vehemently condemn in others. It is well to discountenance seriously and gravely the lying legends of Rome, and to sift from the fables the evil purpose with which they are fabricated or propagated, to expose the hidden design—a dominant power over minds and persons. But, to be candid, there was a time when legends of miracles were household words, and yet had nothing to do with priestcraft and Popery. Such things were before Popery; and that corrupt Church but took advantage of a human propensity, which they could not hope to eradicate. It would indeed be wonderful if there was not at all times a ready belief in them, as long as people believed anything, and that there might be powers above the human. And be it remembered, that many legends of miracles are of that early date which may be said to have begun ere miracles had ceased—ere the belief, not in the possibility, but in the present existence, could be well worn out. The necessity of keeping up the show of them has indeed been the crime, and is the crying disgrace, of the Romish Church. All we mean to assert is, that, considering the contiguity of the true and the false, in point of time, there is at least a great diminution of disparage-

ment of intellect in those who, in the earliest times, took visions and dreams for facts, and events, that happened to be simultaneous, for miracles. Then, again, we know that many of these legends were but repetitions, and in their origin not intended to pass for truth. The lives of saints were the school-themes in convents—the only schools. The names and a few leading lines of life of saints given, scholars were to fill up, as their imaginations could supply detail; consequently we see many of them to be of a puerile and even infantine fancy, and taken from nursery tales enlarged—a kind of 'raw-head and bloody-bones'—children boiled in a pot, the Thyestean supper, and the children leaping whole out of the dish. And here we would ask the Romish clergy, who certainly in their accredited books propagate fables scarcely less ridiculous, if the being ridiculous is not a test of their falsity? We cannot, while we are reasonable, suppose otherwise than that the Author of miracles would at least guard them from contempt of this kind; that, as they are intended for the conversion of mankind, they should not present themselves in a ridiculous posture, or under ridiculous coincidences. Such was not the pattern of the Scripture miracles. We would, however, make a great distinction between the fraudulent (that is, having a fraudulent purpose) legends, and those which are merely exaggerations or repetitions, readily and naturally applied under congenial circumstances, and for the most part allegorical of the Christian charities, and inculcating Christian virtues. Shall we shock the reader if we add, too, that there may be a very innocent superstition? Since bloody persecution has ceased, superstition in the eyes of this wise-growing age is like the dog that the member of a Peace Society rebuked thus, "Friend, I won't beat thee, but I'll cry mad dog." Should a child, now-a-days, on lying down in bed, say, as children did say in our younger days—

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on,"

there may be grounds for fear that, should ever the Government inspectors of schools hear of it, the poor innocents would be put to an incon-

venient questioning ; and it is possible that these inspectors, or multitudes of men equally learned, discreet, and wise, may, after lecturing the school teachers and scholars on superstition, go directly, with as great credulity, to a lecture of another kind, and to witness mesmeric experiments, which assume powers far beyond those of any miracles whatever. Those who would smile at the tale of a holy man healing the sick by a word, will credit a somnambulist who, upon a physician's fee, professes to look blindfolded into the inside of his credulous patient, and, without knowing anything whatever about medicine, say what drug will effect a cure ; who advertises to be at home for consultation upon people's most private affairs—to tell them of unknown, unsuspected, important papers and documents—to tell the past, the present, and, more wonderful, *the future*. And, with a wonderful inconsistency, there are men who, having entire faith in these assumptions, and on the infallibility of their science, have no belief whatever in a soul, scoff at spirituality, and boldly pronounce the phenomena of seeing without eyes, travelling without feet, bidding doors, whether of mansion or of cabinets, open to them, and, being obeyed, of knowing all secrets which were never told ; of knowing what is passing thousands of miles off with persons never before seen, by holding any person's hand ; of entering into that person ; of prophesying ; of knowing thoughts and their consequences, as to be shown in events ;—audaciously, we say, pronouncing these phenomena to arise from materialism.

While such things are, and things as strange, who can hope to expel superstition from the stronghold of man's belief? and who would wish to do it altogether, if the vacant citadel is to be taken possession of by such philosophy as this—the fanaticism of science? And whilst we condemn, as it must be confessed we ought, but duly and discreetly, the greater part of the Romish saintology, their legends and the works of art relating to them, as all belonging to “ages dark” and obsolete, it may not be altogether amiss to turn over some of the old and new pages of the

evangelical magazines, where modern saints figure in portraiture and biography—that is, in our enlightened art and literature ; and it is more than probable we shall be humbled and disgusted, and be charitably disposed to make some apologies even for the *aurea legenda*. And should any, in their folly or in their wickedness, desire to set up a new idol, to rival or obliterate the memory of St Johanna Southcote the immaculate, or St Huntingdon, for whom the fishes leaped voluntarily from the ponds into his sanctified hands, and for whose sake sudden death came upon the man who would not receive him as a tenant, let such person or persons not despair of collecting a household of “Latter-day Saints” after the authorised manner of Joe Smith the Mormonist. It may be read in modern biographies, that children almost infants have been miraculously converted whilst in idle play, and have gone back to their homes and converted their great-grandfathers. Poor good John Wesley believed many of these absurd things. He assented to the assertion of the profligate who courted his sister, that it was by “the Lord's directions ;” and again, that suddenly “the Lord” had told him to transfer his affections to John's other sister. The published *Sancta sanctorum* of religious sects are nigh forgotten now-a-days ; but they still exist, as did other legends, to be collected in form, should a seeming necessity or a cunning purpose require it : for there are multitudes who credit them now, and many more who might, without much difficulty, be made strenuous to establish them for “their Church.”

We must not, however, forget, that the subject of Mrs Jameson's book before us is the legends of the monastic orders in their connection with art. And here modern superstition or fanaticism is at a desperate disadvantage. Modern art itself is far too worldly, too material a thing for spirituality, real or assumed. In those evangelical portraits to which we have already alluded, gross, and, as it would almost seem, studiously ugly similitudes, lest the flesh should boast, shining with an unction too human, and with the conceit of self-applause escaping from every pore, and redolent of congre-

gational adoration, vulgar personifications of peculiar and hostile sectarianism, the material man has been alone the aim of the artist. There is no tale told—no act of devotion represented—no religious procession, no temple spirituality,—but the man alone; not as he might be seen—humble, devout towards God, but, as it were, with his back to sacred things, and his face towards *his* people, as if he were the sole or chief recipient of worship. How different in character were the works of Angelico, Il Beato, of Giotto, and those great and pious men, who with their wondrous genius adorned the cloisters of the monastic orders—not with the portraiture of the monks of the day, but with devout and holy processions, acts of their founders, and incidents of sacred history! They taught by the eye; and it possessed, in some respects, a charm above that of the being taught by books. Picture, at once, is able to imbue the spectator with a kind of spirituality ere it touches the understanding; whereas, in reading, it is the uninformed and grosser imagination supplies the portraiture from scenes of a narrow experience, and personages of a homely familiarity.

Yet even in very many of the monastic pictures Mrs Jameson finds a defect, in the too human purpose of the painters and their patrons: she ascribes somewhat of a vain-glorious and exclusive, where the chief object was to exalt a St Benedict, a St Francis, or St Dominick, not as men, but as saints of their respective orders, and for those orders. Still, we think this objection is carried too far. The purpose was, at least, no present portraiture; and surely the subjects did often convey precept, and were calculated to touch the heart, and kindle devotion, and encourage human charities. Undoubtedly, far higher in the poetical scale were those themes of an actual Divinity, of which she treated so enthusiastically in the first part of her former volumes—ascending from angels and archangels, from the heavenly host, to the precincts around the throne of the Divine glory. Yet be it duly weighed, in favour of the patronage of the monastic orders, that this exaltation of art in its theme was not altogether ever abandoned; and

upon the whole, we doubt if advantages were not in some degree gained by the admixture of things more comprehensible, and more directly appealing to natural sensibilities. Besides, there was a class of paintings which arose out of our human affections, and which, therefore, led to a pious trust, through our common sympathies: we allude to votive pictures, which were of the earliest and latest date—pervading, indeed, the whole religion; for it was, in truth, a practice continued from the heathen worship.

“The pictures, too,” says our authoress, “which are suspended in churches as votive memorials of benefits received, are often very touching. I recollect such a picture in the gallery of Vienna. A youth about fifteen, in the character of Tobias, is led by the hand of his guardian angel Raphael; and on the other side is St Leonard, the patron of captives, holding his broken fetters; Christ the Redeemer appears above; and below in a corner kneels an elderly man, his eyes fixed on the youth. The arrangement of this group leaves us no doubt of its purpose. It was the votive offering of a father whose son had escaped, or had been redeemed from captivity. The picture is very beautiful, and either by Andrea del Sarto, or one of his school. If we could discover where it had been originally placed, we might discover the facts and personages to which it alludes; but, even on the walls of a gallery, we recognise its pathetic significance: we read it as a poem—as a hymn of thanksgiving.”

Mrs Jameson makes a very good remark upon a deficiency in catalogues of galleries and collections—the omission of the name of the church or chapel, or the confraternity, whence the pictures were purchased, and such history as might be known respecting them. Our collectors, indeed, are not without their picture-pedigrees; but they are of a curious kind—rather too expressive of a fear of dupery of dealers, and implying but little good foundation of taste in purchasers. Picture-pedigrees refer not to an inherent virtue, visible as the pure blood of the Arabian courser, but to the supposed taste or better known wealth of the last possessor. Few pictures stand on their own merits—they acquire a virtue from the hands or houses they have passed through, more than from the hands that

worked them. Indeed, the known collector is generally the only authenticity of the painter, and stamps the value. But to say somewhat of pictures of sacred subjects—and they are by far the finest in known collections—from this deficiency in the catalogues much of their interest is lost; not only so, but we see them in the midst of strange incongruities, as well as injured in their effect by locality, and by light unsuited to them. We cannot judge fairly of their real excellence, nor understand the actual religious power they once possessed. Many of them were painted for private chapels or oratories, and purposely, perhaps, for dim religious light; for an intimate communion of the devout with the one sentiment and with it alone. We have often earnestly wished that, in building national galleries, the large and ostentatious display, at one view, were not the object, and that the particular character of our greatest works were well considered, and fit positions given, and proper lights adjusted. It would be a great thing, for instance, to see the "Raising of Lazarus" of Sebastian del Piombo, in our National Gallery, in a room by itself, and under a studied and arranged light. It is now where it is not all, and at all times, visible; and it is far too important in itself, of too impressive a character, for the look of one passing moment, and the distraction of many things. In the Vatican the Apollo has a room to himself. Picture galleries should not emulate the show-rooms of trade. If the pictures are irrecoverably removed from their own birthplace, from their own home, separated from their local history and interest, much may still be done, in some degree, to preserve for them their general character, and to allow them to make the intended general impression. And it is in fact for this purpose that we highly estimate this work of Mrs Jameson, that, in referring to these legends, we may read the productions to which they have given rise.

"What a lively, living, really religious interest is given to one of these sacred groups when we know the locality, or the community for which it was executed; and how it becomes enriched as a production of mind when it speaks to the

mind through a thousand associations, will be felt, I think, after reading the legends which follow."

The Benedictine order stands first in point of time and in interest, not as regards art only, but as the great civilising order of the world. The Benedictines were the early missionaries of the north of Europe; they banished the impure and inhuman rites of heathenism, by conveying, regardless of peril, the light of the gospel into the wilds of Britain, Gaul, Saxony, and Belgium. They gave security to the oppressed, rescued from the spoiler, and were a refuge to the poor in times of tyranny and barbarism. They were the sole depositaries of learning and of the arts; collected and transcribed books—particularly the Scriptures—which were charitably bestowed or deposited as precious gifts. We owe to them not only the diffusion of the Scriptures, but the preservation of classical literature. To them we owe the recovery of the works of Pliny, Sallust, and Cicero.

"They were the fathers of Gothic architecture; they were the earliest illuminators and limners; and, to crown their deservings under this head, the inventor of the gamut, and the first who instituted a school of music, was a Benedictine monk, Guido d'Arezzo."

They were the great civilisers, by bringing science to bear upon agriculture; the authors of experimental farming and gardening; the cultivators of new fruits and herbs. They cleared and cultivated; science and the plough went with them wherever they planted the cross. We cannot forbear quoting the words of Sir James Stephen:—

"The greatness of the Benedictines did not, however, consist either in their agricultural skill, their prodigies of architecture, or their priceless libraries, but in their parentage of countless men and women illustrious for active piety, for wisdom in the government of mankind, for profound learning, and for that contemplative spirit which discovers, within the soul itself, things beyond the limits of the perceptible creation."

The Benedictines were introduced into England about fifty years after the death of their founder, in A.D. 543. Augustine the monk, however, was not the first Christian missionary

to this country, as it has commonly been represented. The Benedictine order was established here by him. The whole Christian world was then divided upon the question, whether the Eastern or Western Patriarch should be acknowledged head of the universal church. Under him England was subjected to Rome. St Benedict was of a noble family, and born at Norcia, in the duchy of Spoleto, about A.D. 480. Sent to Rome to study literature, and disgusted by the profligacy of his companions, at a period when opinions as to the efficacy of solitude and penance were prevalent, he separated himself from vicious contagion in a hermitage, at fifteen years of age. He would probably have died under suffering and privation had not his nurse, doubting, perhaps, between the idea of his inspiration or his insanity, followed him, begged for him, and administered to his wants. Benedict thought to deny himself this comfort—escaped, and hid himself among the rocks of Subiaco, about forty miles from Rome. He here met with a hermit, and lived three years in a cavern, unknown to his family, and shared with the hermit the scanty fare of bread and water. In this solitude he was not without temptations; visions too earthly, and such as well might assault his age, were rendered vain by increased penance. He is said to have rushed from his cave, and to have thrown himself into a thicket of briars and nettles, until the blood flowed. They still show at Subiaco the rose-bushes propagated from those which wounded the saint.

The scenery about Subiaco has even now a monastic charm; it has its lonely recesses, its silent dells. We have ourselves threaded its deep valley, and laying aside the pencil, been the hermit of an hour by the side of its clear mountain river—and then ascended the rocky heights to visit the convents of St Benedict and Santa Scholastica. We well remember to have taken shelter from a laud-storm, such as Poussin has painted, and probably from this spot, in a cave which had heretofore doubtless been the home of more than one follower of St Benedict.

He became so holy, in the estimation of the villagers and shepherds,

that they brought their sick to his cavern to be healed by him. A neighbouring society of hermits prayed him to put himself at their head. He knew the morals of the monastery, and, with the intention of reforming them, he yielded to their solicitation. The strictness of life required by him alarmed and excited the envy of these men, and poison was given him in a cup of wine. It is told that upon his blessing the cup, it fell from the traitor's hands. Upon this he left them, and again retired to his cave at Subiaco. But the fame of his sanctity brought many to Subiaco, which became crowded with huts and cells. Among those who came to him were two Roman senators, Anicius and Tertullus, who brought their sons, Maurus and Placidus, to be educated by him in the way of salvation. He had now induced his followers to build twelve monasteries, in each of which he placed twelve disciples and a superior. One Florentius, through envy at seeing so many of his own followers drawn away from him, maligned Benedict, and endeavoured to destroy him by means of a poisoned loaf. Not succeeding in this, the same Florentius introduced into one of the monasteries seven young women, in order to corrupt the monks. Benedict now, as was his wont, fled from evil, and left Subiaco; but soon Florentius was crushed by the fall of a gallery of his house. His disciple, Maurus, who sent to acquaint Benedict of the fate of his adversary, was enjoined a severe penance for his too triumphant expression, that a judgment had overtaken his enemy. Here was Christian forgiveness and Christian charity, worthy of imitation in these enlightened days.

Paganism was not yet extinct. Benedict hearing that, while the bishops were extending Christianity in distant regions, idolatry was practised near to the capital of Christendom—the worship of Apollo on Monte Cassino—repaired thither, and by his preaching prevailed upon the people to break their statue and the altar, and burn the consecrated grove; and here he built two chapels in honour of St John the Baptist and St Martin of Tours.

On the same mountain he built the celebrated monastery, the parent institution of his order.

"Hence," (we quote from Mrs Jameson,) "was promulgated the famous rule, which became, from that time forth, the general law of the monks of western Europe, and which gave to monachism its definite form. The rule given to the Cenobites of the East, and which, according to an old tradition, had been revealed to St Pachomius by an angel, comprised the three vows—of poverty, of chastity, and obedience. To these Benedict added two other obligations: the first was manual labour with their hands seven hours in the day: secondly, the vows were perpetual; but he ordained that these perpetual vows should be preceded by a noviciate of a year, during which the entire code was read repeatedly from the beginning to the end, and, at the conclusion, the reader said, in an emphatic voice, 'This is the law under which thou art to live, and strive for salvation; if thou canst observe it, enter; if thou canst not, go in peace—thou art free.' But the vows once taken were irrevocable, and the punishment for breaking them most severe. On the whole, however, and setting apart that which belonged to the superstition of the time, the rule given by St Benedict to his order was humane, moderate, wise, and eminently Christian in spirit."

Towards the close of his long life, Benedict was joined at Subiaco by his sister Scholastica, who had also devoted herself to a religious life. She retired to a cell near his convent, and is generally considered the first Benedictine nun. It is said that Totila, king of the Goths, visited him in the year 540, and, casting himself at his feet, entreated his blessing, but was reproved by Benedict for his cruelties; and it is said that he became from that time more humane. Shortly after, Benedict died of a fever, caught by visiting the poor. In his last illness he ordered his grave to be dug. Supported by his disciples, he stood upon the brink to contemplate his last earthly home—was carried by his desire to the foot of the altar in the church, where he received the last sacrament, and expired on the 20th March 543. It is natural to expect that legends of so remarkable a man should abound; and it is to the credit of the ecclesiastics of his order that they reproach the

legendary writers for their improbable stories. Benedict saw his order spread during his life; but so widely did this rule supersede all others, that when Charlemagne made inquiry throughout his empire, if other monks existed, none were found but of the Benedictine order. St Maurus, his early disciple, introduced the order into France; the other, St Placidus, was sent into Sicily, where he was joined by his sister Flavia. They were, it is said, massacred at Messina, in front of their convent, with thirty others, by an irruption of pirates. We the more notice the latter statement, because it is the subject of a celebrated picture by Correggio in the gallery at Parma, and of which copies are frequently met with. We dwell at some length on the order of St Benedict, because of its chief importance. All the monasteries already in existence, from the time of St Augustine, accepted the rule; and, during the next six hundred years, the grand ecclesiastical edifices which rose in England were "chiefly founded by or for the members of this magnificent order." The information concerning the works of the Benedictines in our country will be found extremely interesting in this new volume by Mrs Jameson. Space will not allow us to do more than refer the reader to its pages. Mrs Jameson eloquently deploras the mutilation and destruction of so many great memorials of the Benedictines, under the rapacity of Henry VIII. and his minion plunderers; and of the ferocious and degradingly-fanatic Puritans she thus speaks:—

"When I recall the history of the ecclesiastical potentates of Italy in the sixteenth century, I could almost turn Puritan myself; but when I think of the wondrous and beautiful productions of human skill, all the memorials of the great and gifted men of old, the humanisers and civilisers of our country, which once existed, and of which our great cathedrals—noble and glorious as they are even now—are but the remains, it is with a very cordial hatred of the profane savage ignorance which destroyed and desecrated them."

We are not sure that what yet remains is safe. We are surrounded with political fanatics, who hate

everything ecclesiastical; and the people are not taught sufficiently to be lovers of art to wish to preserve what belongs to it. We cannot but remember that at the Bristol riots, for the furtherance of the Reform mania, attempts were made to burn down the cathedral, and that the bishop's palace was actually burnt to the ground, and the good bishop was in great hazard of his life. The Bible and all his library were ostentatiously destroyed.

Heterogeneous parliaments grant no money for the building and decorating churches; it were well if they did so, as a public act, that the people might feel that these places of worship are their own, and with that feeling understand and venerate every art which, in the chain of decoration, might receive a sanctity thereby.

To return. One or two noted characters of the English saintology we cannot omit to mention. St Neot and St Swithin had the glory of educating our Alfred. St Neot gave his name to two towns in England.

"He was a monk of Glastonbury; and it is recorded of him, that he visited Rome seven times, was very learned, mild, religious, fond of singing, humble to all, affable in conversation, wise in transacting business, venerable in aspect, severe in countenance, moderate even in his walk, sincere, upright, calm, temperate, and charitable. This good man is said to have reproved Alfred for his faults, and to have consoled him in his misfortunes."

St Swithin still lives in popular superstition; and is perhaps the object of prayer or deprecation among the ignorant, according as they may lack rain for their fields, or dread the pains of rheumatism. He was Bishop of Winchester. He accompanied Alfred to Rome. His character resembled that given of St Neot: he was a devout champion of the church. Perhaps the reader is not acquainted with the origin of the popular superstition with regard to this saint. We give it in Mrs Jameson's words:—

"He had ordered that his body should be buried among the poor, outside the church, 'under the feet of the passengers,

and exposed to the droppings of the eaves from above.' When his clergy attempted to remove the body to a more honourable tomb inside the church, there came on such a storm of rain as effectually stopped the procession; and this continued for forty days without intermission, till the project was abandoned, and his remains were suffered to rest in the humble grave he had chosen for himself."

Such is the story of this Jupiter Pluvius of our Saxon ancestors, and of our Protestant calendar.

We cannot be allowed altogether to pass by St Dunstan. Mr Turner, in his Anglo-Saxon history, represents him as having introduced the Benedictine order into England: the fact being that there had been no other order from the time of St Augustine of Canterbury. St Dunstan is chiefly known in popular belief for his treatment of Elgiva. The story of Edwin and Elgiva is of too romantic a cast to be willingly abandoned. He is quoted also as an object of ridicule, whenever ridicule of ecclesiastical matters or personages is thought desirable. He was, however, as Mrs Jameson justly considers him, "one of the most striking and interesting characters of the times." He was himself an artist, as well as the subject of art. He was born in 925. He gained instruction at the great seminary, Glastonbury, of which he afterwards became a professed monk. A painter, a musician, and a skilful artificer in metal, he followed strictly the industrial rule of his order. Learned in books, he was also an accomplished scribe. He constructed an organ "with brass pipes, filled with air from the bellows, and which uttered," says Bede, "a grand and most sweet melody." He was made successively Bishop of Worcester, of London, and at length Archbishop of Canterbury. If he did not introduce, he at least reformed the Benedictine order in England: he founded monasteries and schools, promoted learning, and a taste for science and the arts. Like other saints, he has his fabulous history of miracles.

"He relates himself a vision in which he beheld the espousals of his mother—for whom he entertained the profoundest love and veneration—with the Saviour of the world, accompanied with all the circumstances of heavenly pomp, amid a

choir of angels. One of the angels asked Dunstan why he did not join in the song of rejoicing, when he excused himself on account of his ignorance. The angel then taught him the song. The next morning St Dunstan assembled his monks around him, and, relating his vision, taught them the very hymn which he had learned in his dream, and commanded them to sing it. Mr Turner calls this an impious story; whereas, it is merely one form of those old allegorical legends which are figurative of the mystic espousals of the soul, or the church (as in the Marriage of St Catherine) and which appear to have been suggested by the language of the Canticles."

In our view, Mrs Jameson might have made quite a more simple solution; for it is altogether offensive if his earthly mother is meant, (as the words "for whom he entertained," &c., would imply); but if he thereby expressed, that he had by his vow but one mother, the Church, and the Canticle was an Evangelical one—and therefore that he was angel-taught—we see nothing in the story but a quaintness belonging to the age, and by no means derogatory to the character for piety of St Dunstan.

Concerning St Thomas-à-Becket, we cannot but quote the eloquent words of our authoress:—

"Lord Campbell, in his recent and admirably written life of Becket, as chancellor and minister of Henry II., tells us that his vituperators are to be found among bigoted Protestants, and his unqualified eulogists among intolerant Catholics. After stating, with the perspicuity of a judge in Equity, their respective arguments and opinions, he sums up in favour of the eulogists, and decides that, setting aside exaggeration, miracle, and religious prejudice, the most merciful view of the character of Becket is also the most just. And is it not pleasant, where the imagination has been so excited by strange vicissitudes and picturesque scenes of his various life—the judgment so dazzled by his brilliant and generous qualities, the sympathies so touched by the tragic circumstances of his death—to have our scruples set at rest, and to be allowed to admire and to venerate with a good conscience; and this, too, on the authority of one accustomed to balance evidence, and not swayed by any bias to extreme religious opinions? But it is not as statesman, chancellor, or prelate that Becket takes his place in sacred art. It is in his character of

canonised saint and martyr that I have to speak of him here. He was murdered or martyred because he pertinaciously defended the spiritual against the royal authority; and we must remember, in the eleventh century, the cause of the Church was, in fact, the cause of the weak against the strong, the cause of civilisation and of the people against barbarism and tyranny; and that by his contemporaries he was regarded as the champion of the oppressed Saxon race against the Norman nobility."

Why is the enlogy of the Church confined in this passage to the eleventh century? It was, and is, and ever will be, the cause of the people. We mean the Church as the Church should ever be, cleansed from every superstition, every impurity, the Reformed Church of England, or even that ancient Church which existed in this our land before Popery was—emphatically the Church of England in this *our*, not a Pope's England, free from superstitions, in principle unpersecuting. With regard to Becket, he was a sincere man, nor did he disparage the Benedictines in his own character. The strong man—the man of vigorous intellect and of direct purpose—will ever find in all minds but the mean a ready reception and excuse for actions which, in their nature distasteful, would not be tolerated in the weak, the vacillating, though even the more virtuous. Becket's history is well adapted to historical art. His mother, daughter to the Emir of Palestine, delivering his father from captivity, seeking him in England, knowing no English words but London and Gilbert, is of the richest tissue of old romance.

From the seventh to the twelfth century almost all the men distinguished as statesmen, or as scholars, or as churchmen, were of the Benedictine order. And when their influence declined, owing to the disorders and neglect of the primitive rule which crept into religious houses, there were not wanting men who conscientiously opposed the corruption. Many retired again to the hermit's cell, the wild and the forest, till numerous communities at length arose to re-establish the strictness of the rule, and constituted the reformed Benedictines.

The origin of the Augustine order lies in much obscurity. We are told

that Augustine assembled together persons disposed to a religious and charitable life; but it does not appear that he himself instituted a religious order. About the middle of the ninth century, Pope Leo III. and the Emperor Lothaire incorporated all the various denominations of Christian clergy who had not entered the ranks of monachism, and gave them the rule of discipline promulgated by St Augustine. Under Innocent IV., after much difficulty, and not without the assumption of no less a miracle than the re-appearance of St Augustine himself, all those recluses, and hermits, and fraternities, bound to no discipline, were brought under that rule, and enjoined to wear the habit in which the saint had appeared—the sign of poverty and humility. Such were the “Austin Friars” in England. St Patrick and St Bridget of Ireland were of this order; who, though every vestige of them has been destroyed or mutilated, still live in story and legend in the faith of the people of Ireland.

“To the Augustines belong the two great military orders, the Knights Templars (1118) and the knights of St John of Jerusalem, afterwards styled of Malta (1092.) The first wear the red cross on the white mantle, the second the white cross on the black mantle or cassock. They may thus be recognised in portraits; but in connection with sacred art I have nothing to record of them here.”

With us their architecture is still the monument of their greatness and their piety.

Of the Mendicant orders—the Franciscans, the Dominicans, and the Carmelites—it will be in place to speak only of the two first: the Carmelites, though claiming Elijah himself as their founder, never having been an influential order. The strong religious movement of the thirteenth century exhibited no results more important than the rise of the two great mendicant communities of St Francis and St Dominick.

“In the year 1216, Dominick the Spaniard and Francis of Assise met at Rome. They met and embraced, each recognising in the other the companion predestined to aid the Church in her conflict with the awakening mental energies so long repressed, and in her attempt to guide or crush the aspiring, inquiring,

ardent, fervid spirits of the time. Some attempts were made to induce them to unite into one great body their separate institutions. Dominick would have complied: it may be that he thought to find in Francis an instrument as well as an ally. Francis, perhaps from an intuitive perception of the unyielding dogmatic character of his friend, stood aloof. They received from Innocent III. the confirmation of their respective communities, ‘and parted,’ as it has been well expressed, ‘to divide the world between them;’ for before the end of the century, nay, in the time of one generation, their followers had spread themselves in thousands and tens of thousands over the whole of Christian Europe, and sent forth their missionaries through every region of the then known world.”

The rule of St Augustine was the adoption of both. The stricter Benedictine rule, though as we have seen how departed from, enjoined a seclusion from the world. They had, as Mrs Jameson expresses it, “wherever their influence had worked for good, achieved that good by gathering the people to them, not by lowering themselves to the people.” The Franciscans and Dominicans, on the contrary, were to mingle with the people, even in all their domestic concerns and affections: they were, in this more intimate connection with the people, to comfort, to exhort, to rebuke. The ministering the offices of religion was not at first conceded to them. They took the more humble title of brothers and sisters of mankind—*frati* and *suori*—instead of that of fathers, *padri*. The Dominicans called themselves “preaching friars;” the Franciscans, with greater humility, called themselves *Frati Minori*, “lesser brothers.” In England they were known as the black and grey friars; but they never reached the popularity or power of the Benedictines in this country. The remarkable feature in the institution of these communities was their admittance of a third class of members, called “the Tertiary Order, or the Third Order of Penitence.” These were of both sexes, and of all ranks: they were not bound by vows, nor required to relinquish their secular employments. They were, however, to be strictly moral, and, as far as they might be, charitable. They were never to take up weapon except

against the enemies of Christ. "Could such a brotherhood," says Mrs Jameson, "have been rendered universal, and have agreed on the question, 'Who, among men, Christ himself would have considered as His enemies?' we should have had a heaven upon earth." The Franciscans and Dominicans may be considered as one body, the difference being not in essentials, but in points of discipline and dress.

The characters of these two founders of their communities have the distinguishing stamp of Dante's genius,—

"Hath two ordained, who should on either hand
In chief escort her; one seraphic all
In fervency; for wisdom upon earth
The other, splendour of cherubic light!
I but of one will tell: he tells of both
Who one commandeth, which of them soe'er
Be taken; for their deeds were to one end."

Of Dante's description of St Dominick, that he was—

"Benigno ai suoi ed ai nemici erudo,"
we think Mrs Jameson's paraphrastic translation a little unwarrantable—"unscrupulous, inaccessible to pity, and wise as a serpent in carrying out his religious views and purposes."

Shakspeare was more true,—
"Lofty and sour to those that loved him not,
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer."

Greater learning and energy characterised the Dominicans; sanctity and humility and self-denial the Franciscans. The good of both communities is eloquently set forth by Sir James Stephen, and quoted in this volume:—

"So reiterated and so just have been the assaults on the Mendicant friars, that we usually forget that, till the days of Martin Luther, the Church had never seen so great and effectual reform as theirs. . . . Nothing in the histories of Wesley or of Whitfield can be compared with the enthusiasm which everywhere welcomed them, or with the immediate and visible result of their labours. In an age of oligarchal tyranny, they were the protectors of the weak; in an age of ignorance, the instructors of mankind; and in an age of profligacy, the stern vindicators of the holiness of the sacerdotal character and the virtues of domestic life."

Two remarkable things are spoken of both. One, that after fasting, and being rapt in a vision, St Francis was seen with the "Stigmata," (the miracle of the present day,) the wounds of the Saviour in his hands, his feet, and his side. St Dominick invented the Rosary; which, like most inventions of the Romish Church, and from the nature of its claim, is perpetuated to this day. Of the artistic treatment of the mysteries of the rosary, Mrs Jameson professes to have much to say, when she comes to the legends of the Madonna. The cruelties towards the Albigenes—ascribed apparently with too much reason to St Dominick—shows that when religion descends to fanaticism, persecution becomes a tenet; and in this, politics and religion, when both lose their reliance on Providence to guide all things to an end, are of one character, and make the interference of man's oppressive and bloody hand the only instrument.

One of the order of St Dominick has been immortalised by Titian, in perhaps the finest work of his hands—St Peter Martyr. Fra Bartolomeo, in painting this martyr, took the portrait of that extraordinary fanatic, his friend, Jerome Savonarola, who, too successful in the destruction of works of art that did not come up to his religious mark, met with a terrible fate—being strangled, and then burned in the great square at Florence, in 1498. The face is striking, and indicative of the impetuosity of a fanatic and religious demagogue. We should be glad to treat of many of the characters, members of these communities; but space, and the difficulty of selection, where there is so much of interest, will not allow us. We therefore pass on to the Jesuits.

This most remarkable order have had little influence on art. They neglected it as a means of teaching. Their great wealth was lavished in gorgeous ornament: but few pictures, and they not of the best, are to be found in their churches. Nor, though they can justly boast of men of science, classical learning, mathematicians, astronomers, antiquarians, have they produced one painter. The Jesuits' perspective is still a standing work; but Father Pozzi can scarcely

merit the name of artist,—“who used his skill less as an artist than a conjuror, to produce such illusions as make the vulgar stare.” The fact is, art had long declined before the canonisation of their saint. Mrs Jameson thinks them unfortunate in this; yet it may be doubted if the genius of their order is not in a degree adverse to art, and would not at all times have disregarded it. The secret working of their system—the depositing their influence in every house, in every bosom—their ubiquity, their universal aim, required neither the particular circumstances and incidents, nor the localities of art. It was the insidious “teaching through the ear, and by their books, upon which they relied for success.” Nor can it be said of them that they have been doomed to a long night of forgetfulness: in this their lack of sacred art they have not perished—*Carent quia vate sacro*—for they are indestructible, intangible. They have been nominally suppressed, but spring up in full vigour at the first call, and everywhere; for they exist everywhere, known and unknown. And one clause in their regulations greatly favours them in this, that they are permitted to assume the dress of the country in which they may be, whenever they shall deem it expedient. And it has been asserted that they are at liberty to assume much more than the dress, and that Jesuits are to be found among the functionaries in Protestant countries, and at Protestant courts. We have only to see the nature of their vows; and if we give them credit for zeal and honesty in fulfilling them, certainly we must be alive to the danger of such a society, whose movements are secret, and whose conscience is in implicit obedience organised throughout the body.

“They were to take, besides, a vow of special obedience to the head of the Church for the time being, devoting themselves, without condition or remuneration, to do his pleasure, and to go to any part of the world to which he should see fit to send them. . . . The essential duties of the new order were to be three: preaching in the first place; secondly, the guidance of souls through confession; and thirdly, the education of the young.”

Surely this is a wise scheme, to prepare the kingdoms of the earth and subdue them, not to their Divine master, but to their temporal, and, through their temporal, to themselves. Their founder, Ignatius Loyola, was one of the most remarkable men of the world. His life is too well known to admit of our dwelling upon any of its incidents. He died first General of his order, 1556, and was canonised by Gregory XV. in 1622. Although the Jesuits were not conspicuous as patrons of art—nor has sacred art done much for them—yet the gorgeous pencil of Rubens, of a more material than spiritual splendour, has to a considerable degree brought them within pictorial notice and celebrity. Mrs Jameson thinks that no portrait was taken of their founder during his life. We are surprised she does not notice that wondrously fine portrait at Hampton Court, by Titian.

In the histories of religious orders, it is a striking fact that the founders never failed to unite themselves with one or more congenial spirit, ready to co-operate with them, and doubtless, as they thought, by a Divine appointment. As St Francis and St Dominick, different as they were in individual character, had the one great sympathy under which they met, embraced, and then parted—as for one end to divide the world between them—so did Ignatius Loyola find in Francis Xavier a friend and associate, and subsequently in Francis Borgia, a no less willing disciple. One is perfectly astonished at reading accounts of the entire devotion of the whole man to the law of obedience, and the more than satisfaction, the joy, at being selected to suffering and death. It had been the dream of Francis Xavier to die a martyr in the Indies for the conversion of mankind; and when chosen to that end by Ignatius,—

“When the clearer sense and approaching accomplishment of those dark intimations were disclosed to him, passionate sobs attested the rapture which his tongue was unable to speak. He fell on his knees before Ignatius, kissed the feet of the holy father, repaired his tattered cassock, and, with no other provision than his breviary, left Rome on the 15th March 1540, for Lisbon, his destined port of embarkation for the East.”

Nor is the story of St Francis Borgia less strange, showing the sudden impulse, yet continued purpose, executed after many years—never for a moment lost sight of. A grandee of Spain, high in honour and office, in his twenty-ninth year, as her master of horse he attends the funeral of the Empress Isabella, first wife of Charles V. The ceremonial required that he should raise the lid of the coffin, remove the covering, and see the face, to swear to the identity of the royal remains committed to his charge. He beheld in the solemn paleness of death the face of his beautiful and benign empress, and from that hour made a vow to dedicate himself to the service of God. Nevertheless, he repaired to his active duties—conscientiously performed them—and after the death of his wife, and six years spent in settling his affairs and providing for his children, and “bidding a farewell to every worldly care and domestic affection, departed for Rome, to place himself, and every faculty of his being, at the feet of St Ignatius.” It was in the character of the humble Father Francis he visited his cousin Charles V., soon after his abdication.

How unlike are times and personages at various periods! Yet, doubtless, what man does at any time is in the man to do at all times. The influences set in in various directions: now we sail in another current and *under trade-winds*—and must go that course; but while we look back upon the history of our own and other countries, and read the doings of men, we marvel, and for a moment ask if they were of our flesh and blood.

A personal security has given us the experience of ease. It is not the temple but the home is in every man's thought. Let security be removed, our god Mammon be dethroned, and poverty be upon us—not as a vow, but an enforcement of the times—distress bring violence and persecution, and persecution the fever of excitement—the now sleeping capabilities of our nature would be roused to an energy which would make another generation as unlike the present as ours is to that which has been under contemplation.

The whole subject of this volume belongs to ecclesiastical history, and

it is a strange one—how difficult to read to our actual knowledge, and to receive with candour. How much is there to condemn, to abhor—how much to admire, to love, to venerate. Sincerity, zeal, piety, and charity ought always to claim our sympathies, when our understandings reject a creed. If rising from contemplative communion with the saints and martyrs of the Romish calendar, with such mixed feelings, yet in which, we confess, a loving admiration preponderates, let us not come under a suspicion, so common in these days, of “tendencies to Rome.” We have not the shadow of a thought that way—we utterly abominate and abhor Popery as a system, its frauds, its idolatry, or idolatries—for they are many—and the bondage which it would impose upon the necks of all people. But forbid it, charity—Christian charity above all—that we should join in a bestial persecution, and sit, as we were gods, and as some do, in severe judgment on, and denounce as children of perdition, and as doomed, all simple and innocent, virtuous and pious, members of that Church. To do this would, we conceive, be the part of a bad Protestant, for it is not the part of a Christian. But to return. It is remarkable of the Jesuits that they have no female saint. Yet, if there be truth in history, they have dealt cunningly and widely in female agencies.

We have too hastily passed by the Carmelites, and without noticing that extraordinary woman St Theresa—at a very early age a candidate for martyrdom—who with her brother, when they were children of eight and nine years of age, went begging into the country of the Moors, in hopes of being martyred for their faith at the hands of the infidels. At her death she had founded fifteen convents for men, and seventeen for women. We refer to the volume of Mrs Jameson for a larger notice of this saintly and sainted woman. We merely mention her slightly ourselves, that we may pass to her eulogy from the pens of two eloquent writers of her own sex—Mrs Jameson and Miss Martineau.

“It is impossible,” says the former, “to consider, in a just and philosophic spirit, either her character or her history, without feeling that what was strong,

and beautiful, and true, and earnest, and holy, was in herself, and what was morbid, miserable, and mistaken, was the result of the influences around her."

Oh, how does this eloquent apology cover with the mantle of charity, and embrace with the arms of love, many more personages than poor St Theresa, whose effigies may be seen in this volume.

We must not forget, before we lay down the pen, that not only the religious orders, but art also is a main object of this work.

We have said much to the credit of many pious, zealous, charitable, and good personages of the several orders, and will conclude with an anecdote creditable to Art; and the more willingly, as it brings us gently down to our own times—for we believe anecdotes of similar generosity may be told of many living men of the profession.

Annibal Caracci, suffering from illness and disappointment, and tempted by the promise of two thousand crowns, accepted an order from a certain Don Diego Herrera, to paint a picture in honour of a saint, in a church. He was, however, so ill that he could not perform the task. His pupil Albano nursed him, comforted him, cheered him; and between his attendances on his sick master, ran backward and forward to the church, and painted the frescoes with the greatest care—as they were to pass for the work of the master. Annibal every now and then rose from his bed and retouched and in part finished the painting. Don Diego refused the payment, as the work was not all by Annibal's hand.

But the work being greatly admired, he consented to pay the two thousand crowns. And here a generous contest arose between the master and pupil; and this we give in the words of Mrs Jameson:—

"Annibal insisted on giving twelve hundred crowns to Albano, and keeping only four hundred for himself, which he said overpaid him for the little he had executed, and a few sorry drawings, (*miseri disegni*) not worth the money. Albano, not to be outdone in generosity, absolutely refused to take anything; saying, that he was only his master's creature and disciple, working under his orders, and profiting by his instructions. At length they agreed to submit to the arbitration of Herrera, who decided that the sixteen hundred crowns (four hundred had been paid,) should be divided between them. Even then it was with the greatest difficulty that Annibal could be persuaded to receive his share; and when he did, it was with a certain air of timidity and bashfulness—*mostrando in certo modo temersene e vergognarsene.*"

In taking leave of Mrs Jameson's volume, the third of her series, we do so with the hope that she will speedily fulfil her promise and bring out the fourth part, relating to the Madonna, as connected with art.

The whole series we strongly recommend to the connoisseur at home as to the traveller abroad; for as the best pictures in the world are of subjects treated of by her, it is most desirable to have such a key to them as she has given, and promises further to give. The woodcuts and etchings are excellent, and maintain her reputation for judgment shown in the selection, and her skill as an artist.

LAVENGRO.

WE are glad to observe, from sundry symptoms which have of late been manifested, that the taste for the supernatural is again reviving amongst us. It is not safe now to deny miracles, to sneer at stories of winking images, or to speak lightly of the liquefaction of the blood of St Januarius. Cardinal Wiseman, in his future attempts to familiarise us with the doctrines of saintly interference, will find a good deal of work already cut and dry for his hand. Pious young noblemen, whose perversion is only of a few weeks' standing, have already laid in such a stock of exuberant faith, that all Europe rings with the fame of their pilgrimages; and the chain in the church of St Peter ad Vincula has already been suspended around more than one English neck, in token of the entire submission of the proselytes to the spiritual yoke of Rome.

Nor is the hankering after the supernatural confined only to the sphere of religious belief. Were it so, we should not have ventured even to allude to the subject; for it matters nothing to us what amount of pilgrims may choose to press forward to Loretto, with or without the salutary but inconvenient impediment of pease. But we are going a great deal faster and farther. We have renewed some of the popular beliefs of bygone centuries; and in a short time we may hope to discover a few of the lost secrets of the Chaldeans and the Magi. Astrology, never wholly extinguished as a science, is again beginning to look up. Raphael and Zadkiel—we ask pardon of the latter gentleman if we have mistaken his name, for we quote merely from memory, and have none of his invaluable treatises lying on our table—will calculate your nativity for a trifle, and give you in January a shrewd hint as to the aspect of public matters at the ensuing Christmas. Reichenbach will tell you all about ghosts, luminous children, and such-like apparitions as seem perpetually

to have disturbed the repose of the gifted Lady Fanshawe. By a little fasting and maceration, and possibly a course of purgatives, you may even succeed in reducing yourself to a state of clairvoyance, in which case your curiosity will be amply gratified by a visit to the nearest churchyard. You will then thoroughly understand the occult theory of corpse-candles, and various other things undreamed of in your philosophy, so long as you adhere to your present gross diet of beef-steaks and porter, and pride yourself on your Particular Madeira. Almost any lubberly boy can now discover you a spring by means of the divining-rod. Travelling is no longer a luxury confined to the rich. If you wish to be transported to any known part of the earth with a rapidity greater than that of Malagigi's flying demon, who conveyed Charlemagne on his back from Pampeluna to Paris in the course of a summer's night, you have only to go to a biologist, and your desires are at once accomplished. He will request you to sit down and favour him for a few minutes with the inspection of a button which he places in your fist—a strange sensation of drowsiness steals over your brain—and you are instantly in the power of the sorcerer. He will set you down wherever you please. You may either gather grapes in the vineyards of sunny Tuscany, or take an airing on the top of the Pyramids, or wander in a buffalo prairie, or study the habits of the walrus and white bear on the frozen shores of Nova Zembla. We have ourselves seen an enthusiastic sportsman, whilst under the influence of this magical delusion, stalk an imaginary red-deer with considerable effect through the midst of a crowded lecture-room; and, had he been armed with a proper *couteau-de-chasse*, we entertain little doubt that he would have galloped a gaping urchin who happened to be standing in real flesh and blood close to the

spot where the spectral stag rolled over at the discharge of his walking-stick. After this, who shall deny magic? James VI. was right after all, and we ought to be put in possession of a cheap reprint of his treatise on Demonology. Everybody recollects Lord Prudhoe's account of the wonder-working magician of Cairo, who required nothing more than a few drops of ink, and the aid of a child, to conjure up the phantoms of living persons from any quarter of the globe. The necessity of resorting to Cairo for a repetition of that phenomenon is now superseded. One of the magic crystals, known to Albertus Magnus and Cornelius Agrippa, has lately been recovered, and is now preserved in London. It has its legendary history, known to Horace Walpole, who kept it among his other curiosities at Strawberry Hill; but its miraculous powers seem to have been dormant, or, at all events, to have been unobserved, until a very recent date. In short, we are gradually working our way to a region which lies beyond the ken of science—a circumstance which cannot fail to give intense gratification to poets and novelists, who have been grievously trammelled for a long time in their legitimate functions, by the priggish scrupulousness and materialism of the votaries of exact science and analysis. Land we the gods therefor! We may hope once more to see poetry disentangled from the thraldom of the Philosophical Institutions.

We have made this preface less in application to the work which we are about to notice, than from a certain feeling of disappointment which came over us during its perusal. It is not at all the kind of book which we expected from Mr Borrow. His previous writings had prepared us for a work of extraordinary interest, and the preliminary advertisement stimulated our curiosity to the highest pitch. Lavengro; the Scholar—the Gipsy—the Priest! Not for years have our eyes lighted on a more fascinating or mysterious title. Who, in the name of Mumbo Jumbo, we thought, can this Lavengro be? Cagliostro we know, and Katterfelto we have heard of, but Lavengro is

altogether a new name for a conjuror. From what country does he come—in what favoured land is laid the scene of his exploits? Is he a Moldavian, a Wallachian, a Hungarian, a Bohemian, a Copt, an Armenian, or a Spaniard? The mystery grew deeper as we pondered: we could hardly sleep of nights for thinking of this Lavengro. Then what a field for cogitation was presented by the remainder of the suggestive title! The Scholar—the Gipsy—the Priest! Dr Faustus—Johnnie Faa—and Friar Bacon! Why, the whole title was as redolent of magic as a meadow in summer-time of myrrh! Then we thought over the hints which Mr Borrow had thrown out in his earliest volume. We recollected his mysterious intercourse with the gipsies, and his reception by that fraternity in Spain. We were aware that he had not yet explicitly accounted for his trafficking with the outcasts of Egypt, and we looked for some new revelations on the subjects of fortune-telling, hocus-pocus, and glamour. Lavengro, with his three attributes like those of Vishnu, might possibly be the Grand Cazique, the supreme prince of the nation of tinkers!

We have read the book, and we are disappointed. The performance bears no adequate relation to the promise. The story—if that can be designated as a story which the author describes as “a dream, partly of study, partly of adventure,” is in the form of an autobiography, in which we recognise Mr Borrow in the characters of Lavengro and the Scholar. The Gipsy is a horse-couper, with a tolerable taste for the ring; and the Priest a Romish Jesuit, with a decided taste for gin and water. The scene is laid in the British islands; and the adventures, though interesting in their way, neither bear the impress of the stamp of truth, nor are they so arranged as to make the work valuable, if we consider it in the light of fiction.

Of Mr Borrow personally we know nothing. In common with many others, we admired the lively style and freshness of his earlier book, *The Bible in Spain*; and, without altogether swallowing as genuine the whole of its details, we were willing

to believe that the author was a person of uncommon attainments, energy, and perseverance; a good philologist, and an intimate acquaintance of the gipsies. This much we were ready to concede. But ever and anon there occurred oblique hints and obscure inuendoes, which seemed to point at some secret or mystery pertinent to the author, just as, in a melodrama, it is common for an individual in a slouched hat and russet mantle to insinuate that he is somebody in disguise, without condescending to favour us with a glimpse of his visage. These we set down at their proper value—that is, we considered them sheer humbug. It was Mr Borrow's own fault if we did him wrong. He may be, for aught we know, as notable a personage as Paracelsus; but if so, he ought to claim his honours boldly, not copy a trick which is now somewhat stale through repetition.

In *Lavengro* the same thing occurs, and even more conspicuously. We cannot, by possibility, separate the ingredients of fact from those of fiction. Mr Borrow will not permit us to know whether it is an autobiography or a pure romance. In all probability it partakes of the nature of both. Enough of reality is retained to identify it with the actual author; enough of fiction introduced to make that author appear a most singularly gifted being. If Apollonius of Tyana had undertaken the task of compiling his own memoirs, instead of trusting to the pen of Damis, he could not have hit upon a better plan. Benvenuto Cellini and Vidocq, by adopting this method, have each of them earned a very fair portion of celebrity; and we do not in the least degree doubt that Mr Borrow will be equally successful. His situations are often striking; the characters which he introduces must have the charm of novelty to the great majority of readers; his descriptive powers are above the common mark; and his ideas are frequently original. If, in the more ambitious passages, his style is occasionally turgid, we are inclined to overlook that blemish in consideration of his other accomplishments; if the humour of his characters is sometimes

forced and tiresome, we are ever and anon repaid by sketches which would do credit to the skill of a more refined artist. Yet, with all this, the original fault remains. We cannot yield to Mr Borrow that implicit credence which is the right of a veracious autobiographer; we cannot accord him that conventional credence which we give to the avowed romancer. The fact destroys the fiction; and the fiction neutralises the fact.

Is it fact or fiction that Mr Borrow is a snake-tamer, a horse-charmer, and something more? These qualities certainly are claimed by the hero of this autobiography, who, before he was three years of age, could handle a viper without injury, and even, as the following extract will show, caused a Jew to stand aghast at the superhuman extent of his acquirements.

“One day a Jew—I have quite forgotten the circumstance, but I was long subsequently informed of it—one day a travelling Jew knocked at the door of a farm-house in which we had taken apartments; I was near at hand sitting in the bright sunshine, *drawing strange lines on the dust with my fingers, an ape and dog were my companions*; the Jew looked at me and asked me some questions, to which, though I was quite able to speak, I returned no answer. On the door being opened, the Jew, after a few words, probably relating to pedlery, demanded who the child was, sitting in the sun; the maid replied that I was her mistress's younger son, a child weak *here*, pointing to her forehead. The Jew looked at me again, and then said: ‘Pon my conscience, my dear, I believe that you must be troubled there yourself to tell me any such thing. It is not my habit to speak to children, inasmuch as I hate them, because they often follow me and sling stones after me; but I no sooner looked at that child than I was forced to speak to it—his not answering shows his sense, for it has never been the custom of the wise to sling away their words in indifferent talk and conversation; the child is a sweet child, and has all the look of one of our people's children. Fool, indeed! did I not see his eyes sparkle just now when the monkey seized the dog by the ear!—they shone like my own diamonds—does your good lady want any—real and fine? Were it not for what you tell me, *I should say it was a prophet's child*. Fool, indeed! he

can write already, or I'll forfeit the box which I carry on my back, and for which I would be loth to take two hundred pounds!" He then leaned forward to inspect the lines which I had traced. All of a sudden he started back and grew white as a sheet; then, taking off his hat, he made some strange gestures to me, cringing, chattering, and showing his teeth, and shortly departed, muttering something about 'holy letters,' and talking to himself in a strange tongue. The words of the Jew were in due course of time reported to my mother, who treasured them in her heart, and from that moment began to entertain brighter hopes of her youngest born than she had ever before ventured to foster."

This beats Benvenuto hollow! Nay, we are not quite certain that it does not distance the celebrated experiment of Psammetichus, king of Egypt, who, in order to ascertain which was the original language of the world, separated two infants from their mothers, intrusting them to the care of a dumb person, who daily fed them with milk. The first word which they uttered, and perseveringly reiterated, was "Beccos," which in the Phœnician language signified bread; and as nothing could be more natural than that children should clamour for their porridge, the speech of the Phœnicians was acknowledged as the native dialect of mankind. Wee Georgy Borrow, however, in company with Jocko and Snap, seems to have outstripped in precocity the Psammetichian foundlings. What "holy letters" from the Talmud the "prophet's child" inscribed, which had such a marvellous effect upon the mind and conscience of Ikey Solomons we know not, and perhaps ought not even to guess. Perhaps it was some sentence from Rabbi Jehuda Hakkadosh, bearing upon the real value of the diamonds which the impostor was proffering for sale.

A few years afterwards he becomes acquainted with an old man, whose principal occupation consisted in catching snakes, and who, upon one occasion, had enjoyed the inestimable privilege of an interview with "the king of the vipers." Practised as he was at pouching the vermin, old Adderley could teach nothing to his pupil, who, from the hour of his birth, was privileged to take a cocka-

trice by the tail, and seize on a cobra with impunity. He gifts him, however, with a pet viper, a fellow of infinite fancy, who nestles in Georgy's bosom, and whose timely apparition from beneath the folds of the vest not only saves him from a threatened drubbing at the hands of a Herculean gipsy, but introduces him to the acquaintance of a young gentleman of that nomad persuasion, one Jasper Petulengro, who is also the representative of the Pharaohs! More unmingled rubbish than is contained in this part of the book, it never was our fortune to turn over; and Mr Borrow must have a low estimate indeed of the public taste, when he ventures to put forward such twaddle. Fancy the intrepid snake-charming urchin of some nine or ten years' standing, thus defying Gipsy Cooper.

"*Myself.* I tell you what, my chap, you had better put down that thing of yours; my father lies concealed within my tepid breast, and if to me you offer any harm or wrong, I'll call him forth to help me with his forked tongue!"

Ancient Pistol could not have spoken more magnanimously; indeed, both in rythm and rhyme, this challenge is conceived in the style of Pistol's strophe. But we shall skip this absurd passage, with all its accompaniments of candied nutmegs, and the dispersion of the Egyptian encampment.

Mr Borrow was the younger son of an officer in a marching regiment; and in the course of the peregrinations of the corps, found himself located in Edinburgh Castle. His father, though somewhat appalled at the notion of his children acquiring the fatal taint of a Scottish dialect, determined, very wisely, to send both his boys to the High School; which circumstance calls forth the following magnificent apostrophe:—

"Let me call thee up before my mind's eye, High School, to which every morning the two English brothers took their way from the proud old Castle, through the lofty streets of the Old Town. High School!—called so, I scarcely know why; neither lofty in thyself nor by position, being situated in a flat bottom; oblong structure of tawny-stone, with many windows fenced with iron-netting—with thy long hall below, and thy five chambers

above, for the reception of the five classes, into which the eight hundred urchins, who styled thee instructress, were divided. Thy learned rector and his four subordinate dominies; thy strange old porter of the tall form and grizzled hair, hight Boee, and doubtless of Norse ancestry, as his name declares; perhaps of the blood of Bui hin Digri, the hero of northern song—the Jomsborg Viking, who clove Thorsteinn Midlangr asunder in the dread sea-battle of Horunga Vog, and who, when the fight was lost, and his own two hands smitten off, seized two chests of gold with his bloody stumps, and, springing with them into the sea, cried to the scanty relics of his crew, ‘Overboard, now, all Bui’s lads!’ Yes, I remember all about thee, and how at eight of every morn we were all gathered together with one accord in the long hall, from which, after the litanies had been read, (for so I will call them, being an Episcopalian,) the five classes from the five sets of benches trotted off in long files, one boy after the other, up the five spiral staircases of stone, each class to its destination; and well do I remember how we of the third sat hushed and still, watched by the eye of the dux, until the door opened, and in walked that model of a good Scotchman, the shrewd, intelligent, but warm-hearted and kind dominie, the respectable Carson.”

Generally we abominate apostrophes; but this is not so bad. We are glad to observe a tribute, even lightly paid, from an old pupil to the merits of that excellent and thoroughly learned man, Dr Carson, whose memory is still green amongst us, and on that subject we shall say nothing farther. But old Bowie! ye gods! how he would have stared at the magnificent pedigree chalked out for him by the enthusiastic Borrow! Little did the worthy janitor think, when exchanging squares of “lick” or “gib,”—condiments for the manufacture of which the excellent man was renowned—for the coppers of the urchins in high-lows, that in future years, after he was borne to his honoured rest in the Canongate churchyard, the “gyte,” or rather “cowley,” whose jaws he had seen so often aggluminated together by the adhesive force of his saccharine preparations, should proclaim his descent from one of the starkest of the Norse Berserkars! Great is the power of gib—irresistible the reminiscence of

lick! We remember no instance of gratitude like to this, except, indeed, Sir Epicure Mammon’s gratuitous offer to his cook, of knighthood in return for the preparation of a dish of sow’s teats,

“Dressed with a delicate and poignant sauce!”

But enough of old Bowie, the representative of the Jomsborg Vikings!

During his residence in Edinburgh, Master Borrow became acquainted with a young man, who afterwards attained considerable though unenvied notoriety. He appears to have been tolerably hand-in-glove with David Haggart, and to have fought side by side with him in sundry “bickers,” which at that time were prevalent on the salubrious margin of the Nor’ Loch. We never enjoyed the advantage of an interview with David, and consequently cannot speak to the accuracy of Mr Borrow’s portrait of him; but we are not in the least surprised at the almost affectionate terms which our author uses in regard to the grand evader of the Tolbooths; having been assured by several of our legal friends, who knew him well, that he was a person of considerable accomplishment and rather fascinating manners, a little eccentric perhaps in his habits, but decidedly a favourite with the bar. Some of our readers may possibly think that Mr Borrow’s comparative estimate of the merits of Tamerlane and Haggart is slightly overwrought; and that his early prepossessions in favour of David may have led him to exalt that personage unduly. The bias, however, is pardonable; and, sooth to say, were it not for the Dumfries murder, which was a bad business, we also should be inclined to rank Haggart rather high in the scale of criminals. He is still regarded as the Achilles of the Caledonian cracksmen, and legends of his daring, prowess, and ingenuity, are even yet current in the northern jails. During the literary epidemic which raged in this country some ten years back, occasioning such a demand for tales of robbery and assault, we remember to have received a MS. drama, in which Haggart was honourably mentioned. In that play, a prejudiced and narrow-minded

burglar expressed his conviction that
 "There never yet was cracksman worth a
 curse,

But he was English bred from top to toe!"

To which injurious assertion Eph-
 raim the resetter, a more diligent
 student of history than his customer,
 thus replied—

"All honour to the brave, whate'er their
 birth!

I question not the greatness of the soil

That bred Dick Turpin, and the wondrous
 boy

Sheppard, whom iron bars could ne'er
 contain;

Yet other lands can boast their heroes too:
 Keen David Haggart was of Scottish blood,
 Left-handed Morgan was a Welshman born,
 And kindred France claims honour for
 her own,

That young Iulus of the road, Duval!"

We hardly know which most to
 applaud—the total freedom from pre-
 judice, or the poetry of this exquisite
 passage.

We have not space to insert a
 dialogue touching the merits of Sir
 William Wallace held between the
 two promising youths, Borrow and
 Haggart, in the airy vicinity of the
 "kittle nine-steps." Suffice it to say,
 that the former uttered such heterodox
 opinions regarding the great deliverer
 of Scotland, that Haggart threatened
 to pitch him over; and if he should
 ever chance to revisit Edinburgh, and
 drop into the studio of our friend
 Patric Park, who has just completed
 his magnificent and classic model of
 Wallace—a work which would con-
 fer honour upon any age or country—
 we would earnestly caution him, for
 his own sake, to avoid a repetition of
 the offence. The scene is then trans-
 ferred to Ireland, and we have some
 rough-riding and horse-taming, with
 a glimpse of a rapparee; all which is
 exceedingly commonplace. Back
 again to England goes young Borrow,
 and at a horse-fair he encounters his
 old acquaintance Jasper Petulengro,
 now fairly installed and acknow-
 ledged as the reigning Pharaoh, his
 father and mother having been
 "bitchadey pawdel." This, in the
 Rommany or gipsy tongue, corres-
 ponds to the emphatic term of "her-
 ring-ponded," by which facetious male-
 factors are wont to indicate the com-
 pulsory voyages of their friends. Mr
 Borrow is always great upon the sub-

ject of the gipsies, who, in fact, con-
 stitute nine-tenths of his stock in trade;
 and, if we are to believe him, such
 lapses as popular song attributes to a
 former Countess of Cassilis are by
 no means unusual at the present day.
 Here is a sketch of a fascinating horse-
 stealer.

"And that tall handsome man on the
 hill, whom you whispered! I suppose
 he's one of ye. What is his name?"

"Tawno Chikno," said Jasper, "which
 means the Small One; we call him such
 because he is the biggest man of all our
 nation. You say he is handsome; that is
 not the word, brother; he's the beauty
 of the world. Women run wild at the
 sight of Tawno. An earl's daughter, near
 London—a fine young lady with diamonds
 round her neck—fell in love with Tawno.
 I have seen that lass on a heath, as this
 may be, kneel down to Tawno, clasp his
 feet, begging to be his wife—or anything
 else—if she might go with him. But
 Tawno would have nothing to do with
 her."

A shrewd, sensible, and well-be-
 haved fellow, this Tawno, in so far at
 least as the ladies are concerned.
 When a horse was to be picked up on
 the sly, he does not seem to have
 been so particular. The gipsies be-
 ing encamped near the town where
 the author was then residing, an in-
 timacy is struck up between them;
 Mr Borrow takes lessons in Rommany
 from the respectable Jasper, very
 much to the disgust of his mother-in-
 law, a certain Mrs Herne, who "comes
 of the hairy ones," and who ultimately
 secedes from the kraal, rather than
 receive the stranger into the tribe.
 The others entertain no such scruples.

"I went on studying the language, and,
 at the same time, the manners of these
 strange people. My rapid progress in the
 former astonished while it delighted
 Jasper. 'We'll no longer call you Sap-
 engro, brother,' said he, 'but rather Lav-
 engro, which in the language of the gorgios
 meaneth Word-master.' 'Nay, brother,'
 said Tawno Chikno, with whom I had
 become very intimate, 'you had better
 call him Cooro-mengro; I have put on *the*
gloves with him, and find him a pure fist-
 master; I like him for that, for I am a
 Cooro-mengro myself, and was born at
 Brummagem.'"

There is a deal more of the same
 talk, tending to the laudation of the
 author. Our taste may be perverted

and unusual, but we really cannot discover any merit whatever in the gipsy dialogues which occur throughout these volumes. Mr Borrow ought to reflect that he has already treated the public to a sufficiency of this jargon. What on earth are we to make of "dukkeripens," "chabos," "poknees," "chiving wafado dloova," "drabbing bawlor," "kekaubies," "drows," and "dinelos?" Possibly these terms may be used in the most refined Rommany circles, and enliven the conversation around the kettle in which the wired hare or pilfered capon is simmering, but such exotics can hardly be considered as worth the pains of transplantation. When Mr Borrow, in a moral reflection of his own, observes, "softly, friend; when thou wouldst speak harshly of the dead, remember that thou hast not yet fulfilled thy own dukkeripen!"—he is penning absolute nonsense, and rendering himself supremely ridiculous. Then, as to the scraps of song which are here and there interspersed, we cannot aver that they either stir our bosoms like the call of a trumpet, or excite the tears of pity. However, as we said already, our taste may be in fault; and it is just possible that we may hear the following ditty warbled in many a drawing-room:—

"The Rommany chi
And the Rommany chal,
Shall jaw basaulor
To drab the bawlor,
And dook the gry
Of the farming rye.

"The Rommany chi
And the Rommany chal,
Love Luripen,
And dukkeripen,
And hokkeripen,
And every pen
But Lachipen,
And Tatchipen."

Certainly we never had, on any previous occasion, the dukkeripen to copy such jargon.

However pleasant it may be—and proverbs tell us that it is so—to go agipsying, it is manifest that this mode of life, unless professionally adopted, cannot keep the pot boiling. It is one thing to be an amateur, and another to be a thorough-paced practitioner. Mr Borrow, though tempted by his associates to adopt the latter

course, and ally himself in marriage with a young fortune-teller of the name of Ursula, had the firmness and good sense to decline the proposal; and, accordingly, we presently find him ostensibly engaged in the study of law under the tutelage of an attorney. Young gentlemen so situated, are, we fear, but too apt to overlook the advantages within their reach, and to cultivate the Belles Lettres secretly when they should be immersed in Blackstone. If they do nothing worse, we may indulge the charitable hope that there is mercy for them in this world and the next. Mr Borrow did like his neighbours; with this difference that, instead of concealing the last new novel in his desk, he began manfully to master the difficulties of the Welsh language, and became an enthusiastic admirer of the poetry of Ab Gwilym. This, at all events, was a step in the right direction. Next, by one of those extraordinary accidents which, somehow or other, never occur except in novels, he became possessed of a copy of the Danish ballad-book—we presume the *Kjæmpeviser*—and mastered the language by means of a Danish bible. To this he added afterwards a knowledge of German, and German literature; so that, when compelled to go forth and struggle single-handed with the world, his accomplishments were of a varied, if not a very marketable kind.

We are here treated to a description of a prize-fight, which, if we recollect right, has been already sketched by Mr Borrow in his "Gipsies in Spain." It is rather too bombastic for our taste, though it is worked up with considerable effect, both as regards action and accessories. It is introduced, we presume, principally on account of an individual who was present, and who took a prominent part in the proceedings of the day—we mean the notorious Thurtell. That Mr Borrow should have added Thurtell to the list of his acquaintances,—for it seems the grim murderer of Weare was wont to bestow upon him a nod of recognition,—after having known Haggart, is certainly remarkable, and testifies, at all events, his superiority to vulgar prejudice. There is a clever scene at the house of a magistrate, where Thurtell intro-

duces a prize-fighter to the notice of the *Custos Rotularum*, a portion of which we are tempted to quote:—

“In what can I oblige you, sir?” said the magistrate.

“Well, sir, the soul of wit is brevity; we want a place for an approaching combat between my friend here and a brave from town. Passing by your broad acres this fine morning, we saw a pigstie, which we deemed would suit. Lend us that pigstie, and receive our thanks; ’twould be a favour, though not much to grant: we neither ask for Stonehenge nor for Tempe.”

“My friend looked somewhat perplexed; after a moment, however, he said, with a firm but gentlemanly air, ‘Sir, I am sorry that I cannot comply with your request.’

“‘Not comply!’ said the man, his brow becoming dark as midnight; and with a hoarse and savage tone, ‘Not comply! why not?’

“‘It is impossible, sir; utterly impossible.’

“‘Why so?’

“‘I am not compelled to give my reasons to you, sir, nor to any man.’

“‘Let me beg of you to alter your decision,’ said the man in a tone of profound respect.

“‘Utterly impossible, sir; I am a magistrate.’

“Magistrate! then fare-ye-well, for a green-coated buffer and a Harmanbeck!”

Lavengro—our fine fellow—it is not a thing to boast of, that you have occasionally put on the gloves with Jack Thurtell!

Rejecting the profession of the law, our author, after the death of his father, started for London, in the hopes of a literary engagement; his sole credentials being a letter to a publisher from an eccentric German teacher, and two bundles of manuscript—being translations respectively from the Welsh and the Danish. Of course nobody would publish them; and the bookseller to whom he had been recommended would do nothing better for him than give him an order to compile a new series of the *Newgate Calendar*, at worse than hodman’s wages. This portion of the story is very dull, and abounds in silly caricature. The struggles of the aspirant to literary distinction fail to excite in us the slightest degree of commiseration, because they are manifestly unreal; and the episodes of

London life, though intended to be startling, are simply stupid. Thus, we have an Armenian merchant, whose acquaintance Mr Borrow makes by apprehending a thief while making free with his pocket-book—a merchant, only less sordid and fond of money than a Jew, whom, nevertheless, the author persuades to employ the whole of his realised fortune in making war upon the Persians! It is to be regretted that Mr Borrow does not favour us with his dukkeripen. Then there is the aforesaid thief, whom Mr Borrow again encounters at Greenwich fair, in the possession of a thimble-rig table, and who makes confidential proposals to him to act the subsidiary part of “bonnet.” It was perhaps as well that Tawno Chikno’s idea of investing the author with the honorary and fistic title of Cooro-mengro was not adopted, seeing that Mr Borrow abstained from doubling up the scoundrel at the first hint of the kind. Then there is an applewoman who kept a stall on London Bridge, at which stall the aforesaid Armenian was wont to eat apples, and to which Mr Borrow occasionally repaired—for what purpose, does the reader think? Why—simply to read the history of Moll Flanders, a copy of which enticing work the old woman had in her possession!! This excellent creature, when Mr Borrow first knew her, was a receiver of stolen goods, and, in fact, hinted that, if Lavengro could pick up in the course of his peregrinations any stray handkerchiefs, she would be happy to give the highest available price for the same. There is some awful trash about her conversion having taken place in consequence of this copy of Moll being filched from her stall; but we have neither stomach nor patience to dwell upon this maudlin episode. The extract or essence of the whole, in so far as we can understand it, appears to be this—that by the perusal of Moll Flanders, Mr Borrow acquires a knowledge of the artistical skill of Defoe, and avails himself of that knowledge by writing an entire work of fiction within a week! We have never happened to fall in with this book, which is funnily entitled “*The Life and Adventures of Joseph Sell*,” and therefore we can-

not say whether or not it was limited to a single volume. In charity, we shall assume the smallest bulk; and if it be indeed true that Mr Borrow accomplished this task within the above time, feeding, moreover, all the while on nothing stronger than bread and water, we are ready, for the honour of our country, to back him for a heavy sum, not only against Fenimore Cooper, but even against the redoubted and hitherto unvanquished Dumas. We shall merely stipulate that the respective authors shall be securely and properly locked up, so that all communication from without may be effectually prevented. Cooper shall have as many sherry-cobblers, and Dumas as many bottles of Pomard or Chambertin, as they please. Lavengro shall be supplied with ale by the pitcherful; and we have no fears of the result. Only—let him establish his antecedents; and the challenge may be given, and the contest fixed, in time for the approaching “Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations.”

These women are the very devil at driving bargains! The bookseller, to whom Lavengro sent the manuscript, might easily have been persuaded to come down with a cool five-and-twenty for the adventure; but his wife asked the author to tea, and between the relays of butter and toast, buttered the original Sap-engro so effectually, that he accepted the twenty, minus the five. And with this plentiful supply—from which the payment of accounts past due had to be deducted—Lavengro valorously determined to cut the trade of authorship, on the eve of his first success, and follow out his dukkeripen among scenes and sounds which were more congenial to his taste than the crowded streets and busy din of London.

Somehow or other an author always falls upon his feet. If you, dear reader, without any other recommendation than the figure and countenance which nature has bestowed upon you—even though you have never been solicited to join a gipsy encampment, or to participate in the mysteries of thimble-rig—should start upon a pedestrian expedition through these islands, rather

shabbily attired, and carrying your bundle on the end of your stick, the odds are that you do not meet at every turn with a beneficent squire of considerable fortune, but eccentric literary habits, to invite you to make his house your home so long as you may please to honour it. This may be a reflection on modern hospitality; however, try the experiment for yourself, and you will find that we are right in our assumption. But, if you are an author, the case is very different—at least it will be different when you print. The *mens divini* will have come out in some way which passes human understanding. You may have been standing flattening your nose against an alehouse window, thinking perhaps intently on the means of liquidating your reckoning, when a chariot shall arrest itself at the door; a metaphysical gentleman steps out, for the apparent purpose of regaling himself with a glass of bitters; and in the course of five minutes' conversation, you so gain his heart, that you are whirled off to the mansion-house or the lodge, and forced to submit, for the next fortnight, to a regimen of turtle, venison, and claret. Such are the horrid but unavoidable nuisances of superior mental cultivation. It is no use struggling against the stream—you must perforce submit to it. And accordingly, when you publish, you enter a proper protest against the violence which has been done to your feelings, by removing you from a damp truckle-bed to a couch of eider down; and by forcing down your throat abhorred foreign luxuries, in place of that bread-and-cheese which you patriotically preferred as your nutriment.

No long time elapses before our friend Lavengro encounters his predestined squire. In the interim, however, he visits Stonehenge, and encounters a returned convict, who of course is the son of the applewoman. Shortly afterwards Amphytrion appears, just as Lavengro is sitting down to a buttock of beef and accompaniments in a cheerful inn. The character has been so often drawn, that it is rather difficult to chalk out a new branch of eccentricity for the gentleman who is about to convey the author to his house, in order that he

may confide to him the details of his personal history: we are bound, however, to confess that Mr Borrow has managed this very cleverly. The new comer is afflicted with the mania of "touching"—not for any pleasurable sensation conveyed to the sensorium through the medium of the tips of the fingers, but for luck, or as a charm against the influence of the evil eye! For example, his mother being extremely ill, he finds himself irresistibly impelled to climb a large elm-tree and touch the topmost branch, as the means of averting the crisis. He does so, and sustains a severe fall, to the detriment of his nether-man, but is rewarded by finding that his filial piety has saved his mother, for the fever departed the moment that he clutched the gifted twig! Genius has no limits. After this it is not impossible that a gooseberry bush may be found available machinery for adding to the interest of a tale.

The story is told at the Squire's house during a thunder-storm; and another character, a certain Rev. Mr Platitude, is introduced solely, we presume, to lay a foundation for the subsequent appearance of a Roman Jesuit, to whom the said Platitude is in bondage. Having delivered himself of his touching history, the Squire, like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, feels himself considerably easier in his mind, and Lavengro takes his leave. Led by his dukkeripen, he next falls in with a disconsolate tinker, Jack Slingsby by name, whom he finds with his wife and children sitting over an empty mug, "which, when filled, might contain half-a-pint." Lavengro is perfectly orthodox on the subject of malt liquor. He understands, appreciates, and even venerates its virtues; so, like a kind Christian, he orders a double jorum, and requests the woe-begone Jack to insinuate his whiskers therein. Slingsby complies, nothing loath; for grief is notoriously dry: and we are presently informed that he is sore at heart, in consequence of having been beaten off his bent by a rival, yeelped the Flaming Tinman, who travels the country, accompanied by his wife, Grey Moll, and a young woman of more than amazonian proportions. This Ajax having conceived an intense hatred of the pacific Slings-

by, has first given him an unmerciful hiding; and, secondly, compelled him to take his Bible-oath that he will immediately vacate the country. Cause enough of sorrow, to be sure, the district being rife in frying-pans, and the kettles, generally speaking, of reasonable antiquity. Having delivered himself of this tale, the soft-hearted Slingsby weeps once more, and refuses to be comforted.

"*Myself.*—Take another draught—stout liquor."

"*Tinker.*—I can't, young man, my heart's too full, and, what's more, the pitcher is empty."

Nature! thou art always the same. Under whatever garb—but we crave pardon. We have already condemned apostrophes.

An idea occurs to Lavengro. What if he were to become the proprietor, by purchasing Slingsby's stock in trade, and the goodwill of the district, and start on his own account as a regenerator of fractured pans? Of course he must be prepared to encounter the opposition of the Flying Tinner; but that was only a contingent hazard; and should it occur, why—our friend flattered himself that he had not looked upon the "terrible Randall" for nothing. In days of old, his sire had encountered Big Ben Brain the Bruiser "in single combat for one hour, at the end of which time the champions shook hands and retired, each having experienced quite enough of the other's prowess;" and the memory of that glorious deed was glowing in the bosom of the son. Free of the forge also was he, as one of Tubal Cain's apprentices; and if not quite an adept in the mysteries of solder, likely enough to become so with the help of a little practice. So Slingsby sold his cart, pony, and apparatus, for the sum of five pounds ten shillings, and our author was metamorphosed into a tinker. The account of his first night encampment is rather picturesque, and we shall insert it here, as a good specimen of Mr Borrow's powers of description.

"How long I continued in that state I am unable to say, but I believe for a considerable time. I was suddenly awakened by the ceasing of the jolting to which I had become accustomed, and of which I

was perfectly sensible in my sleep. I started up and looked around me; the moon was still shining, and the face of the heaven was studded with stars. I found myself amidst a maze of bushes of various kinds, but principally hazel and holly, through which was a path or driftway, with grass growing on either side, upon which the pony was already diligently browsing. I conjectured that this place had been one of the haunts of his former master; and, on dismounting and looking about, was strengthened in that opinion by finding a spot under an ash-tree, which, from its burnt and blackened appearance, seemed to have been frequently used as a fire-place. I will take up my quarters here, thought I; it is an excellent spot for me to commence my new profession in; I was quite right to trust myself to the guidance of the pony. Unharnessing the animal without delay, I permitted him to browse at free will on the grass, convinced that he would not wander far from a place to which he was so much attached; I then pitched the little tent close beside the ash-tree to which I have alluded, and conveyed two or three articles into it, and instantly felt that I had commenced housekeeping for the first time in my life. Housekeeping, however, without a fire is a very sorry affair, something like the housekeeping of children in their toy-houses. Of this I was the more sensible from feeling very cold and shivering, owing to my late exposure to the rain, and sleeping in the night air. Collecting, therefore, all the dry sticks and furze I could find, I placed them upon the fire-place, adding certain chips and a billet which I found in the cart, it having apparently been the habit of Slingsby to carry with him a small stock of fuel. Having then struck a spark in a tinder-box, and lighted a match, I set fire to the combustible heap, and was not slow in raising a cheerful blaze. I then drew my cart near the fire, and, seating myself on one of the shafts, hung over the warmth with feelings of intense pleasure and satisfaction. Having continued in this posture for a considerable time, I turned my eyes to the heaven in the direction of a particular star; I, however, could not find the star, nor indeed many of the starry train, the greater number having fled, from which circumstance, and from the appearance of the sky, I concluded that morning was nigh. About this time I again began to feel drowsy; I therefore arose, and having prepared for myself a kind of couch in the tent, I flung myself upon it and went to sleep.

“I will not say that I was awakened in the morning by the carolling of birds,

as I perhaps might if I were writing a novel. I awoke because, to use vulgar language, I had slept my sleep out—not because the birds were carolling around me in numbers, as they probably had been for hours without my hearing them. I got up and left my tent; the morning was yet more bright than that of the preceding day. Impelled by curiosity, I walked about, endeavouring to ascertain to what place chance, or rather the pony, had brought me. Following the drift-way for some time, amidst bushes and stunted trees, I came to a grove of dark pines, through which it appeared to lead. I tracked it a few hundred yards; but, seeing nothing but trees, and the way being wet and sloughy, owing to the recent rain, I returned on my steps, and, pursuing the path in another direction, came to a sandy road leading over a common, doubtless the one I had traversed the preceding night. My curiosity satisfied, I returned to my little encampment, and on the way beheld a small footpath on the left, winding through the bushes, which had before escaped my observation. Having reached my tent and cart, I breakfasted on some of the provisions which I had purchased the day before, and then proceeded to take a regular account of the stock formerly possessed by Slingsby the tinker, but now become my own by right of lawful purchase.

“Besides the pony, the cart, and the tent, I found I was possessed of a mattress stuffed with straw, on which to lie, and a blanket to cover me—the last quite clean, and nearly new. Then there was a frying-pan and a kettle—the first for cooking any food which required cooking, and the second for heating any water which I might wish to heat. I likewise found an earthen tea-pot and two or three cups. Of the first, I should rather say I found the remains, it being broken in three parts, no doubt since it came into my possession, which would have precluded the possibility of my asking anybody to tea for the present, should anybody visit me—even supposing I had tea and sugar, which was not the case. I then overhauled what might more strictly be called the stock in trade. This consisted of various tools, an iron ladle, a chafing-pan and small bellows, sundry pans and kettles—the latter being of tin, with the exception of one which was of copper—all in a state of considerable dilapidation, if I may use the term. Of these first Slingsby had spoken in particular, advising me to mend them as soon as possible, and to endeavour to sell them,

in order that I might have the satisfaction of receiving some return upon the outlay which I had made. There was likewise a small quantity of block-tin, sheet-tin, and solder. 'This Slingsby,' said I, 'is certainly a very honest man; he has sold me more than my money's worth; I believe, however, there is something more in the cart.' Thereupon I rummaged the further end of the cart, and, amidst a quantity of straw, I found a small anvil, and bellows of that kind which are used in forges, and two hammers, such as smiths use—one great and the other small."

Here the author remains for a few days tinkering at his kettles, and wholly uninterrupted, until he is surprised by the visit of a young gipsy girl. The scene which follows is sufficiently absurd. The girl wants to get a kettle from him, and patters Rommany, which choice dialect Mr Borrow pretends not to understand. At last, however, he presents her with the culinary implement, and astonishes her by singing a part of that dainty ditty about dukkeripen, hokkeripen, and lachipen, which we have inserted above. He had much better have kept his accomplishments to himself; but we suppose the temptation was irresistible. Indeed, judging from the various instances which are chronicled in this book, it would appear that Lavengro made a regular practice, in his intercourse with every one, to maintain the semblance of considerable ignorance and simplicity, until some opportunity occurred, when he could let off his bottled knowledge with astounding effect. We question the wisdom of this method in any point of view, and under any circumstance. In the present case he paid dear for the untimely exhibition of his lore.

"The girl, who had given a slight start when I began, remained for some time after I had concluded the song, standing motionless as a statue, with the kettle in her hand. At length she came towards me, and stared me full in the face. 'Grey, tall, and talks Rommany,' said she to herself. In her countenance there was an expression which I had not seen before—an expression which struck me as being composed of fear, curiosity, and the deepest hate. It was momentary, however, and was succeeded by one smiling, frank, and open. 'Ha, ha, brother,' said she, 'well, I like you all the

better for talking Rommany; it is a sweet language, isn't it?—especially as you sing it. How did you pick it up! But you picked it up on the roads, no doubt! Ha, it was funny in you to pretend not to know it, and you so flush with it all the time; it was not kind in you, however, to frighten the poor person's child so by screaming out; but it was kind in you to give the rikkeni kekaubi to the child of the poor person. She will be grateful to you—she will bring you her little dog to show you—her pretty juggal; the poor person's child will come and see you again; you are not going away to-day, I hope, or to-morrow, pretty brother, grey-haired brother—you are not going away to-morrow, I hope?'

"'Nor the next day,' said I; only to take a stroll to see if I can sell a kettle. Good-bye, little sister, Rommany sister, dinky sister.'

"'Good-bye, tall brother,' said the girl as she departed, singing—

"The Rommany chi," &c.

"'There's something about that girl that I don't understand,' said I to myself—'something mysterious. However, it is nothing to me; she knows not who I am; and if she did, what then!'"

Lavengro, however, was doomed to become the victim of misplaced confidence. The young lady in question was the grand-daughter of Mrs Herne "of the hairy ones," who, as the reader will recollect, abandoned the society of her kin rather than associate with the gorgio, as, we presume, we ought to call Mr Borrow. This old woman, who was resolved to have her revenge should any opportunity occur, was encamped somewhere in the neighbourhood; and in the dusk of the evening Lavengro beheld "a face wild and strange, half-covered with grey hair," glaring at him through a gap in the bushes. It disappeared, and Lavengro went to bed. A day or two afterwards he received a second visit from the gipsy girl, who presented him with a species of bun, prepared, as she said, by her "grandbebee," for the express consumption of the "harko mescro" who had been so liberal of the "kekaubi." His evil dukkeripen induced the author to eat, and, as the reader must have already anticipated, the cake proves to have been poisoned.

Lavengro, in great agony, crawls into his tent, and has just sunk into

a kind of heavy swoon, when he is aroused by a violent thump upon the canvass; and, opening his eyes, beholds Mrs Herne and the girl standing without. They have come to gloat over his dying pangs.

It has been our fortune to peruse several of the romances of M. Eugene Sue, and of his followers, as also divers of those interesting and improving fictions which issue, in a serial form, from Holywell Street; but we are not sure that we can recall to our memory any passage culled from these various sources, which is more unnatural, distorted, and purely disgusting, than the conversation between the two females. We give a very small portion of it—for it extends to ten or twelve pages—and what we do quote is, perhaps, the most natural of the whole:—

“Halloo, sir! are you sleeping? you have taken drows. The gentleman makes no answer. God give me patience!”

“And what if he doesn’t, bebee; isn’t he poisoned like a hog? Gentleman! indeed; why call him gentleman? if he ever was one he’s broke, and is now a tinker—a worker of blue metal!”

“That’s his way, child; to-day a tinker, to-morrow something else: and as for being drabbed, I don’t know what to say about it.”

“Not drabbed! what do you mean, bebee? But look there, bebee—ha, ha—look at the gentleman’s motions.”

“He is sick, child, sure enough. Ho, ho! sir, you have taken drows; what, another throe! writhe, sir, writhe, the hog died by the drow of gipsies; I saw him stretched at evening. That’s yourself, sir. There is no hope, sir, no help; you have taken drow. Shall I tell your fortune, sir—your dukkerin? God bless you, young gentleman, much trouble will you have to suffer, and much water to cross; but never mind, pretty gentleman, you shall be fortunate at the end, and those who hate shall take off their hats to you.”

“Hey, bebee!” cried the girl, “what is this? what do you mean? you have blessed the gorgio!”

“Blessed him! no, sure; what did I say? Oh, I remember; I’m mad. Well, I can’t help it; I said what the dukkerin dook told me. Woe’s me! he’ll get up yet.”

“Nonsense, bebee! look at his motions; he’s drabbed, spite of dukkerin.”

“Don’t say so, child; he’s sick, ’tis true; but don’t laugh at dukkerin; only

folks do that that know no better; I, for one, will never laugh at the dukkerin dook. Sick again; I wish he was gone.”

“He’ll soon be gone, bebee; let’s leave him. He’s as good as gone; look there—he’s dead!”

“No, he’s not; he’ll get up—I feel it. Can’t we hasten him?”

“Hasten him? yes, to be sure; set the dog upon him. Here, Juggal, look in there, my dog.”

“The dog made its appearance at the door of the tent, and began to bark and tear up the ground.

“At him, Juggal, at him; he wished to poison, to drab you. Halloo!”

“The dog barked violently, and seemed about to spring at my face, but retreated.

“The dog won’t fly at him, child; he flashed at the dog with his eye, and scared him. He’ll get up.”

“Nonsense, bebee! you make me angry. How should he get up?”

“The dook tells me so; and what’s more, I had a dream.”

But the gentle Leonora—which was the name of the girl—has a strong tendency towards the practical. She would have been an invaluable assistant at the inn of Terracina—which hostelry the dramatic writers of the Surrey side used to select as the scene of their most appalling tragedies; representing the landlord as an unhappy misanthrope, who could never sleep unless he had poniarded his man; and the head-waiter as a merry creature, who wore two brace of stilettoes in his girdle, and lurked at the bottom of the pit, to receive the visitors when the bed tumbled through the trap-door. Miss Leonora, we say, becomes impatient at the exceeding dilatoriness of Lavengro in giving up the ghost, and entreats her bebee, notwithstanding the dukkerin, to finish him at once by poking her stick into his eye! The venerable descendant of the hairy ones attempts to carry this humane advice into effect, but, at the second lounge, the pole of the tent gives way, and she issent sprawling under the canvass.

At this juncture, the sound of wheels is heard, and the girl has work enough to extricate her bebee, and hurry her off, before a car arrives. It is pulled up by the fallen tent. Lavengro hears a sound of voices; but the language is neither Rommany nor English: it is Welsh.

The Samaritan—who immediately

doctors Lavengro with oil, and relieves him from the effect of the poison—is a Methodist preacher, who, in company with his wife, pays an annual visit to certain stations, where his ministry is greatly prized. The portrayal of this family—Peter, and his helpmate Winifred—would have been nearly perfect, had Mr Borrow not chosen to represent the man as haunted by the most horrible and overwhelming remorse for an imaginary sin of childhood. The idea is evidently taken from a melancholy passage in the life of Cowper, who, as every one knows, was, owing to constitutional hypochondria, the victim of hideous delusions. To select such themes wantonly and unnecessarily, argues the worst possible taste. They ought not, on any account, to have been introduced in a work of this kind; and Mr Borrow must not be surprised if very grave objections should be urged against his book, arising from the manner in which he has chosen to treat of so awful and inscrutable a dispensation. It will be no apology to say that the thing actually occurred, and that the writer is merely relating what passed under his own observation. No man is bound to set down and publish everything which he hears or sees. On the contrary, he is bound to use a just discretion, in order that he may not profanely enter on forbidden ground, or cruelly parade confessions and doubts which, surely, were never intended for the public ear.

But, as we have already indicated, we have no belief in the reality of the preacher's story. Even had the main incidents of the episode been true, it is not only improbable, but incredible, that a person, such as the preacher is represented to be, would have confided his history to Lavengro, who had certainly few recommendations as a spiritual adviser. We are thoroughly convinced that our hypothesis is correct, and that Mr Borrow—whose birth-place was Dereham, the town in which Cowper was buried—has been led, through a diseased and vicious taste, to reproduce a picture which no one can contemplate without a shudder. But enough on this painful subject. There is, however, a point of minor morals

which we must notice. Is Mr Borrow aware that the conduct of his hero in concealing his knowledge of the Welsh language from the people who had just rescued him from death, so as to induce them to utter their most private thoughts and feelings within his hearing, was, to say the least of it, a very ungrateful return for all their kindness? It would appear not. However, we are tolerably certain that no one who peruses the book will differ from us in this opinion.

The preacher and his wife persuade Lavengro to travel with them as far as the boundary of Wales, where he stops, refusing to set foot on the land of Cadwallader. According to his usual custom, he petrifies them at parting by exhibiting his intimate knowledge of the Welsh language and literature. Just as they are taking leave, Petulengro makes his appearance, emerging from Wales, and Lavengro turns with him. Now, what does the reader think the respectable Jasper had been doing? Neither more nor less than assisting at the interment of Mrs Herne, who had herself anticipated the last tender offices of the executioner! The fraternal pair jog on for a while amicably, Petulengro beguiling the way by a sprightly narrative of blackguardism, until they reach a convenient piece of turf, when he expresses a strong desire to have a turn-up with the rather reluctant Lavengro. As the Rommany code of honour is but little understood, we may as well give Petulengro's reasons for defying his brother to the combat:—

“There is a point at present between us. There can be no doubt that you are the cause of Mrs Herne's death—inno-
cently, you will say; but still the cause. Now, I shouldn't like it to be known that I went up and down the country with a pal who was the cause of my mother-in-law's death—that's to say, unless he gave me satisfaction. Now, if I and my pal have a tussle, he gives me satisfaction; and if he knocks my eyes out—which I know you can't do—it makes no difference at all; he gives me satisfaction: and he who says to the contrary knows nothing of gipsy law, and is a dinelo into the bargain.”

So, there being no other mode of

adjustment, a stand-up fight took place, in which it would appear that Lavengro received the largest share of pepper. Petnlengro at last declared himself satisfied, and the affiliated couple set forward as if nothing had happened to disturb the harmony of the afternoon. When they separate, Lavengro takes his way in a secluded dingle, five miles distant from the nearest village, and there encamps, makes horse-shoes, and has a fit of the horrors. Just as he is recovering from this attack, who should appear in the dingle but the Flying Tinman, with Grey Moll, and the amazon whom Slingsby had mentioned—"an exceedingly tall woman, or rather girl, for she could scarcely have been above eighteen." The Tinman himself was no beauty.

"I do not remember ever to have seen a more ruffianly-looking fellow. He was about six feet high, with an immensely athletic frame; his face was black and bluff, and sported an immense pair of whiskers, but with here and there a grey hair; for his age could not be much under fifty. He wore a faded blue frock-coat, corduroys, and high-lows; on his black head was a kind of red nightcap, round his bull-neck a Barcelona handkerchief. I did not like the look of the man at all."

Two bulls are as likely to be amicable on one pasture as two tinkers on the same beat. There is some surly chaffing. Lavengro tries to conciliate the big girl by telling her that she is like Ingeborg, Queen of Norway—which must have been an exceedingly intelligible compliment—and then by pouring into her ear the following Orphean strain:—

"As I was jawing to the gav yeck divvers,
I met on the drom miro Rommany chi."

The minstrel's reward was a thnndering douse on the chops. Then stood forth the Tinman in his ire, and a battle-royal commenced. Belle—for such was the name of the big girl—was, however, an admirer of fair play, and though she had been the first to strike him, volunteered her services as Lavengro's second—Grey Moll doing the needful for her spouse. After several sharp rounds, the Tinman misses a blow, smashes himself against a tree, and goes down like a

ninepin, insensible to the call of time. There is honour among the tinkers, as there was law among the cutters. The defeated warrior retires with his mort, leaving Belle, whom he now abandons, to the protection of the victorious Lavengro.

And what follows? No sniggering, young gentleman, if you please. You never were more entirely mistaken in your life. It is true that Belle—or to give her her proper title—Miss Isopel Berners, was a young lady of doubtful origin, who had been educated in the workhouse. Why not? The only three noble names in the county were to be found there. "Mine was one, the other two were Devereux and Bohun." And she was independent as she was strong. Being apprenticed out at fourteen years of age to a small farmer and his wife, she knocked down her mistress for ill-using her, and, at sixteen, knocked down her master for taking improper liberties. Shortly afterwards, having taken service with a lady who travelled the country selling silks and linen, Belle thrashed two sailors who wanted to rob the cart; so that, upon the whole, she was by no means the *Næra* with the tangles of whose hair it was safe to play, unless with her entire consent. Therefore the twain tarried in all amity and honour together in the dingle, making themselves, upon the whole, remarkably comfortable. An occasional visit to an alehouse, where politics and polemics were discussed, relieved Lavengro from the vapours; and of an evening in the dingle, he occupied himself by adding to the stock of accomplishments possessed by Miss Isopel Berners. The reader will naturally be anxious to know the nature of the lessons. Did he teach her ciphering, or French, or cross-stitch, or cooking according to the method of Mrs Glass, or philosophy, divinity, or calisthenics? Nothing of the kind. Lavengro gave her "LESSONS IN ARMENIAN!"

Nor were they altogether without visitors. The priest appears upon the stage, or rather comes to the dingle—a red-haired, squinting Jesuit, who, very unnecessarily, expounds his method for converting England to the faith of Rome, over several tumblers of Hollands-and-water, sweetened

with a lump of sugar. It is a curious fact, that he preferred the water cold. Then, during a thunder-storm, a postilion makes his appearance in consequence of a capsizing of his postchaise, and relates the history of his travels to Rome, where it appears that he also had known the red-haired Jesuit. The said postilion, by the way, is an accomplished rhetorician, for he divides his discourse into the three parts of exordium, argument, and peroration. And so the book ends; Lavengro and Miss Berners still remaining in the dingle, the latter having evidently conceived a tender interest for her teacher in Armenian lore.

Such are the contents of the book, which, most assuredly, will add but little to Mr Borrow's reputation. That he has seen a great deal of strange vagabond life, is certain; and it is equally plain that he is gifted with adequate powers for depicting it. But he is no artist as respects arrangement, and his anxiety to represent himself, or Lavengro, as a character altogether without a parallel, has led him into the most gross exaggerations and the most absurd positions. We were willing to accept his former works as valuable contributions to philology, and as containing sketches, vivid, if not true, of gipsy life and manners. But this must have a limit somewhere. We are sick of the Petulengros and their jargon, and Mr Borrow ought now to be aware that he has thoroughly exhausted that

quarry. He is mistaken if he supposes that he has caught the secret of Defoe, who, like him, introduced the reader to scenes and characters which were not usually selected for portraiture and illustration. Defoe's excellence lies in his extreme truthfulness, his homely manner, and his total freedom from exaggeration; and until Mr Borrow is master of these qualities, he can never hope to succeed in this line of composition. We strongly suspect that, in the course of the composition of this book, which, unless our memory strangely deceives us, was announced more than two years ago, considerable changes have taken place in its plan and disposition. We cannot read the preface in connection with the latter part of the third volume, without thinking that much has been added and interpolated to suit the occasion of the recent Papal aggression; and that we are indebted to that circumstance for the introduction of the Jesuit, and the rhetorical postilion's story, so strangely dragged in as an episode to conclude the narrative. If we are right in this conjecture, a great deal of the incongruity which is apparent throughout the work is explained. But the faults still remain; and, while it is impossible to deny that Lavengro contains some spirited passages and many indications of talent, we cannot pronounce such a general verdict in its favour as would be at all satisfactory either to the author or his admirers.

THE ARTS IN PORTUGAL.

THIS portly volume, by the accomplished author of *Modern Art in Germany*, is not so wise as it looks. Its bulk, like that of Minerva's bird, of much feather and little weight, proves delusive when it comes to be handled. This is not a history of the arts in Portugal, but an accumulation of materials, whereof nine-tenths are either extraneous to the subject or indirectly connected with it. A glance at the contents may give an idea of the incongruity and unmethodical arrangement of the book, in reference to its professed object. It consists of twenty-nine letters. The second and third, occupying seventy-five pages, are extracts from a MS., dated 1549, and chiefly relating to Italian art, by Francisco de Hollanda, an architect and illuminator, a Dutchman by race, but by birth a Portuguese, who resided for some time at Rome. Highly interesting these extracts are; for the writer was intimate with Michael Angelo, and gives a lively though somewhat showy report of conversations with him on painting and sculpture, in the presence of Victoria Colonna. But of the state of art in Portugal, Francisco de Hollanda affords the scantiest information; he complains much, indeed, that art was there disregarded. From his laboured and tedious remonstrance on this neglect, addressed to the young King Sebastian in 1571, Count Raczynski has been overliberal in citation. Among the reasons urged by the memorialist for royal encouragement of the science of design and colouring, one is that the king might be thereby instructed "how to choose hares, partridges, sporting-dogs, camels, lions, tigers, and *other domestic animals*." Both MSS. are in the library of the Academy of Sciences at Lisbon. In the fifth letter, an extract from *The Lisbon Nosegay*, O Ramalhete, introduces us to an old history of the order of Dominic, and to its editor,

Frei Luiz de Sousa, a Portuguese classic, who is thus singularly recommended to notice,—“You will perceive that the extracts which I have taken from him do not mention a single fact that can throw light upon the history of the arts in Portugal: not a name, and few interesting particulars.”

In default of the information wanted, we find, however, an anecdote of Sousa, which might be no mean subject for the pencil. Manuel de Sousa - Coutinho, a nobleman, proud of his talents and jealous of his dignity, having set fire to his residence at Almada, to get rid of importunate visitors from Lisbon during the plague, withdrew into Spain. On his return he rebuilt his house, and married Magdalen, the widow of Don John de Portugal, who had been reported among the slain with Sebastian in Africa. Don Manuel had a daughter by this union, and his domestic content was untroubled for some years, till a stranger presented himself at Almada, and obtained an interview with the Lady Magdalen. “I am a Portuguese,” he said, “just returned from captivity in Palestine. At the moment of my departure, one of my countrymen charged me to seek you out, and to inform you that a person who had not forgotten you was still in existence.” The alarmed matron demanded a minute description of that person, and the answer strengthened a terrible suspicion. To remove all doubt, she led the stranger to a room where the likeness of her first husband was suspended among many other family portraits. The messenger at once recognised the portrait of Don John of Portugal as that of the individual on whose errand he had come. Manuel de Sousa was no sooner apprised of the fact, than he resolved to take the cowl. He assumed the name of Luiz, and became a friar in the Dominican convent at Bemfica. The lady also retired into

a religious house, and never saw him more.* The story would have been as satisfactory if the captive husband had been ransomed by those who had so unwittingly wronged him.

In the next letter we find Monsieur Raczyński, catalogue in hand, giving an account of his visit to a triennial exhibition of modern paintings. On those or any other productions of art, even out of their turn, we willingly listen to him; though his opinion only leads us to the conclusion that revolutionary turmoils do not make painters. But we protest against his budget of extravagancies from the *Lisbon Diary*, and flowery tropes from *The Universal Review*, which is or was edited by an ingenious poet, A. F. Castilho, who has the misfortune to be blind, and has been so from his youth, and is nevertheless a critic on art, who resents "the presumption of frivolous and impertinent foreigners!" We might have been spared, too, the dull discourse pronounced before their Majesties, by the late venerable Director of the Academy. As a specimen of Senhor Loureiro's oration, in which the glories of the *German easel* are the main topic of panegyric, take the following compliment to King Ferdinand Saxe Kohary:—"After Louis XIV., who bowed to all the ladies he met on his ride, and after Frederick II., no king nor prince in Europe returns the salute of by-passers, except our much esteemed king, Don Ferdinand, as you all must have often witnessed." This delicate flattery is insinuated *à propos* of a portrait by Frank, in the Berlin Cabinet, of "Frederick the Great passing on horseback, and lifting his hand to his classical hat, garnished with feathers, to salute the inhabitants of Potsdam, who offer him their tribute of homage." Then follow ten letters, full of capital blunders, for which M. Raczyński is no otherwise responsible than that he has printed them; for these letters are principally made up of communications from respectable but most inaccurate correspondents, and of gatherings from more obscure and

not less questionable sources. That such a mass of absurdities, especially those on Gran Vasco—the great name among Portuguese artists—should have been retained is the more remarkable, because the Count, by his laudable diligence, timely discovered that he had been misled on many particulars, and finally tells us so himself. As to Gran Vasco, in search of whose disputed identity his blind guides had led him floundering through a weary morass—now after one will-o'-the-wisp, now after another—he at last finds himself on *terra firma* at Vizen, whither he had repaired on the sensible advice of Viscount Juromenha, and thus announces his success (Letter 16,)—"Fica revogada toda a legislação em contrario!—that is to say, I retract all that I have said or cited about Gran Vasco, and whatever is contrary to what I am now going to tell you!" From Vizeu we are conducted, by shocking bad roads, to Lamego and Regoa, and hence down the Douro to Oporto. The 20th Letter is a postscript to the 11th, and we are again among objects of art at Lisbon. Here the modesty of the king-consort is put to the blush by one of those awkward compliments which personages of the highest rank are born to suffer, and to which they become callous in time. But the Prince is young, and courtiers should be merciful. We have just heard the president of the Academy proclaiming him as the only mannerly prince in Europe since the days of the Great Frederick of Prussia. M. Raczyński throws the strong light of his admiration on another and a greater excellence in the German husband of Donna Maria da Gloria, though, inferentially, it is no compliment either to Her Faithful Majesty or her subjects,—“The King is, to my knowledge, endowed with more taste than any other person in this country; beyond every other individual, he possesses true feeling for the arts. He is the owner of a pleasing collection of paintings, besides a rich album of drawings and water-colours, pretty pictures in German, French, and

* Sr. J. B. Almeida Garrett, one of the most distinguished living writers of Portugal, has produced an effective and popular drama on this subject.—See vol. iii. of his collected works, in 7 vols. Lisbon, 1844.

English!" The 21st Letter is "the continuation of my letter the 14th," that is, a resumption of the subject of Portuguese architecture. The 22d Letter is a corollary to the 10th, "to serve as a sequel to my 10th letter;" and so, throughout the work the reader is fiddled to and fro, down the middle and up again—now at Coimbra, now at Marseilles, back again to Barcelona and Seville, and other places where he has no business—and at last sits down to cool in a printing-office at Paris. In short, if only what fairly relates to the arts in Portugal had been admitted into this publication, with a due regard to method, five score pages would have served the purpose of above five times that number, and Monsieur Renouard's types would have been more profitably employed—for the reader at least, if not for the printer. Even as it is, however, the book is an improvement on Taborde and Cyrrillo, the latter of whom the Portuguese have hitherto been contented to take for their Vasari. There is no reasonable doubt that attempts at the revived art of painting were practised in Portugal as early as in Spain, though so vastly in favour of the latter nation is the balance of pictorial wealth. Rudiments of the art seem faintly discernible in the very infancy of the Portuguese monarchy. There is a tradition of a portrait of Count Henry, who died in 1112. In the Lisbon duplicate of the *Livro-preto*—the Black-Book of Coimbra cathedral, a collection of ancient documents—there is one dated 1168, setting forth sundry payments to artificers in the church; and in that memorandum, mention is made of an altar-picture, The Annunciation to the Virgin. Among the royal archives at Lisbon is a book of charters, one page of which is wholly occupied by a drawing of our Saviour, coloured in red and blue. This MS. bears date 1277. That Portugal was early rich in illuminated manuscripts, is proved by the existence of many very old bibles, missals, breviaries, books of armorial blazonry, and other gorgeous quaintnesses, on much and long enduring vellum. Garcia de Resende, in his Chronicle of John II., at whose court he was brought up, says that he employed much of his

leisure in painting, to the great satisfaction of his royal master, who often suggested subjects for his pencil, and would frequently sit by him watching the progress of his pleasant labours. The Castle of Belem, as it stands at this day, was constructed, in the following reign, from a plan designed by Garcia for John II., in whose time also, as we learn from that chronicler, and from Ruy de Pina—both eye-witnesses—scene-painting was executed on a large scale, for the court pantomimes and spectacles, before a stage for the written drama was known in the kingdom. It was by John II. that the Florentine Andrea Contucci, called Il Sansovino, was invited to Portugal, where he remained nine years—chiefly employed, however, in architecture and wood-sculpture—although his example as a painter is supposed to have had some corrective influence on the rudeness of pictorial notions in this country.

In the reigns of Emanuel and John III., 1495 to 1557, artists both native and foreign were numerous in the land; and hagiologies were ransacked for appropriate subjects of decoration for the churches and monasteries, and other important edifices. Most of those painters are forgotten. Few of their names have been preserved in connection with their works; so that these, of which many are still extant, and might bear honourable testimony to their skill, have incurred the singular fate of being almost universally attributed to one artist, who was five years old at the decease of John III., and who ought to have lived to more than twice the age of man, and have been a Proteus in varieties of style, to make it possible that he should have completed one-half the number of the works imputed to him. Every Gothic picture of any pretension found in Portugal is called a Gran Vasco. Even that fine painting, The Fountain of Mercy, in the sacristy of the Misericordia at Oporto, has been pronounced a Gran Vasco. It was indeed painted thirty years only before he was born; it has some historical features that pretty nearly fix the date. King Emanuel gave that picture to the brotherhood of the Misericordia at Oporto. It contains portraits of himself, his third wife,

several of his children by his second wife, and other personages of his family and court. He died in 1521. Vasco Fernandez, the true Gran Vasco, was baptised at Vizen in 1552. Senhor J. Berardo has the honour of this discovery. After many a weary research among piles of records in the Vizen Cathedral, he there detected a document which destroys delusions that had become national, leaves scores of old pictures fatherless, and yet detracts but little, if at all, from the reputation of the great master. In the very church where he was christened, several of the best compositions of Fernandez remain as vouchers for the integrity of his genius. The antiquary of Vizen, Ribeiro Pereira, whose MS. is dated 1630, and who might have personally known him, and must have well known the principal works executed by him for their native town, specifies the large picture of Calvary, in the Jesus Chapel of the cathedral, as by Gran Vasco. The pictures in the sacristy are by the same hand; and, though the cathedral is of very ancient foundation, this sacristy, in its present form, was not finished till 1574, as we learn from the inscription "Georgius Ataide Episcopus vicensus faciendum curavit MDLXXIII;" and by the position of the pictures, in regard to the light from the windows, it is evident that they were prepared for the places they occupy. M. Raczynski has not only seen and scrutinised those paintings, but he has examined the baptismal entry above spoken of, and he has likewise inspected a copy of the MS. of the Vizen antiquary. Of the register of baptism he says,—“M. Berardo has shown me the voucher, which is almost in tatters. Nothing can be more authentic, more incontestable. You have no idea of the vividness of tradition, among all the inhabitants at Vizeu, respecting Gran Vasco. One would say that all the world here has been personally acquainted with him, that every man in the place has had some heritable share in him. For me, the question is decided.” On the extract, first communicated to him by the Visconde de Juromenha, from the MS. of the Vizeu antiquary, Vasco's contempo-

rary and fellow-townsmen, he observes, after comparing it with the original in the Oporto Library,—“The extract is perfectly accurate. M. Gandra, Librarian of Oporto, has given me a sight of the MS., which is as genuine as the register of Vizen. In the MS., the painter is once styled ‘The Great Vasco Fernandez;’ and the second time, ‘Vasco Fernandez.’” It is curious that the celebrity of a quiet artist should have been of such speedy growth as to obtain for his name the popular prefix of “Great” during his lifetime. The Count's judgment on the Vizen paintings is as follows:—“The picture of ‘Calvary’ is of high merit, but in bad condition. I should have supposed it older; but, in fine, documents are a stronger authority than my impressions. Moreover, the draperies and the architecture in the paintings of Gran Vasco are of a style that well accords with the epoch to which we are now certain they belong. Not only is the large picture of ‘Calvary’ of great merit, but as much must be said of those that form the *predella*,” (that is, those on each side of the steps to the altar,) “representing the sufferings of our Lord. The pictures in the sacristy are—The Baptism of Christ, The Descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles, St Peter, The Martyrdom of St Sebastian, and thirteen smaller pieces, half-length portraits of various saints. Nothing can be more magnificent than the St Peter. Attitude, drapery, composition, drawing, touch, colouring, architecture, accessories, landscape, the small figures in the distance—all are fine, all faultless. I cannot express to you what joy I felt when, on entering the sacristy, I at once beheld, fronting the door, this superb painting of St Peter. The effect on me was decisive; all doubt was over. Every work by Gran Vasco has a solemn and elevated character, which I do not recognise to the same extent in any of the Gothic pictures that I have seen in Portugal. The style of Gran Vasco is not ascribable, as I had imagined it to be, to Italian influence, but, very peremptorily, to that of Albert Durer; and it is plain that this influence had continued to inspire Portuguese artists, though working side by side with the imita-

tors of Gaspar Diaz and Campello," (two of the several Portuguese painters who were sent by King Emanuel to study at Rome,) "who had imported into their country the Italian style and tendencies of the classic era. I will even affirm, that the influence of Flanders and Germany produced better results than that of the classic painting of Italy." This notion of the superiorem efficacy of Flemish and German over Italian influence on Portuguese art, in the first half of the sixteenth century, is a favourite one with our author; and not unreasonably so, for the palmy days of Emanuel and his successor were also the days of Charles V., the kinsman of those princes. Many Flemish and German subjects of the great emperor found ready access to the court of Portugal, and a favourable reception there; and their manner must have been pretty generally adopted, and very closely imitated too, for in multiplied instances it perplexed connoisseurs to distinguish the native from the northern workmanship of that period.

Between Vasco Fernandez of Vizeu and any legitimate successor to his supremacy as a Portuguese artist, the interregnum is far longer than the duration of the Spanish tyranny. After the death of Sebastian, no Portuguese painter of any recognised eminence appears for nearly a century and a half. During all that time, producers of pictures were numerous; there was plenty of artists, but little or no art. At last, about 1715, John V., the mighty builder, willing to hope that his projected temples and palaces were destined to be worthily adorned by native talent, if stimulated by the best models, sent several youths to the schools of art in Italy; herein repeating the experiment of the old kings of the race of Avis, but without much success. The only very distinguished painter of this reign and the next, "O Insigne Pintor," Vieira Lusitano, owed his opportunities of professional instruction at Rome to the patronage of a nobleman rather than to that of the King himself, though he was afterwards much employed both by John V. and his successor Joseph.

The story of Francisco Vieira, popularly called the Lusitanian, and self-styled "The Admirable," is one of

the most curious on record. It is an autobiography in verse, a lyrical poem in quatrains without rhyme. His self-esteem is immense, as may be inferred from his title-page, *Vieira the Lusitanian, the famous Painter and faithful Husband*. In the preface he loads himself with honour; through the fourteen cantos, six hundred pages, of his poem (which is but a portion of what he intended to give to the world, though it was published three years before his death, and he died at the age of eighty-four,) he puffs his own praises with all the simple untiring energy of a boy blowing bubbles; yet it is as clear that he was no fool as that he was a prodigious coxcomb. Measureless vanity does sometimes co-exist with vigorous ability. There is no doubt whatever of the genuineness of the production, for it was published in his lifetime, and he signed his name to the dedication. Being the hero of his own story, he speaks of himself all through in the third person; and it was perhaps his intention, when he composed the work, to publish it anonymously, and let the public suppose that it was written by some friend. But he no doubt thought himself the *præclarus vates* as well as the *pictor insignis*, and could not finally make up his mind to lose the honours, poetical and chivalrous, of his work, though it is in truth as wretched a poem as it is a rare and most captivating biography. Robert Southey, a name not to be mentioned without respect, yet a critic by no means to be implicitly followed on questions of Portuguese literature, says that this is the best book of Portugal. If he simply meant that it is the most attractive biographical production, he was probably right, (if we set aside old Mendez Pinto, the marvellous and the delightful,) for we doubt whether a more striking personal narrative of genuine love-adventure is extant in any language. But if Southey intended to say that it was the best Portuguese poem, the eulogy is utterly absurd. There is but little unborrowed poetry in it, and his countrymen, who should be the best judges—justly proud as they are of him as an artist—do not admit him to any rank even among their numerous minor poets. There is, it is true, in one of the volumes of

Southey's Life, recently published, a favourable specimen of this poem—a translation by Southey of a few lines, which are pleasing enough; but the version is an improvement on the original. Vieira gave indications of his talent for drawing by chalking figures on the floor before he could walk alone; and he proved his genius for intrigue by winning the heart of a damsel, not less juvenile than himself, but of far higher rank, and by completely hoodwinking her parents and his own, before he was eight years old. But the constancy of this infant passion on both sides is the marvel of his life. At ten years of age he gained a patron in the Marquis of Abrantes, who, being appointed ambassador from John V. to Pope Clement XI., took him to Rome, where he resided seven years, always devoted to his art and to the Fidalgo's daughter. He was at first a pupil of Lutti, and afterwards of Trevisani. He mentions the latter with respect and affection. He obtained considerable distinction as a student of painting, and was befriended by Cardinal Barberini. On his return to Lisbon, whither his reputation had preceded him, he was welcomed by none of his friends more cordially than by the parents of Dona Agnes Helen De Lima e Mello, who was now a blooming and beautiful young woman, for whom several offers of suitable marriage had been already made, all of which she had evaded by the plea that it was her intention to take the veil. On his first visit he was followed by a porter with a box full of relics that he had brought from Rome—beads blest by the Pope, bones of saints, a chip of the true cross, and many other inestimable things of the kind, *all warranted—tudo com seus diplomas authenticos!* These he presented to the father and mother, who were more than delighted with such gifts, and could not but attribute a hopeful measure of sanctity to the young virtuoso who had collected them. He was thenceforward a frequent guest at the Quinta da Luz, the residence of the De Limas, and continued to be encouraged by the elders of the family, till they found out—not by their own wit—that the humble youth whom they had so graciously countenanced fully intended

to do them the favour of becoming their son-in-law. The presumption was inconceivable, the humiliation of having been outwitted by two children was intolerable. Vieira had secretly consulted the Judge of Marriages (O Juiz dos Casamentos,) an official as formidable to hard-hearted parents in Portugal as a Greta Green parson to guardians of heiresses in England. By his advice, the young gentleman had secured his lady-love's signature to a formal declaration of her engagement to him; and, on the strength of this document, the same obliging functionary had easily obtained the Patriarch of Lisbon's certificate of approval, which was necessary to perfect the legality of the contract. A page, in attendance on the Patriarch when the matter was discussed, happened to be acquainted with the family of De Lima, and hastened to reveal to the astonished parents the transaction that he had witnessed. In strict law, they had now no remedy—the parties were betrothed. But the lady's father possessed a power greater than the law in the friendship of the Minister, the formidable Pombal; and before any further communication could pass between her and her lover, she was shut up in a nunnery, the convent of St Anne. As she had avoided marriage by asserting her intention to become a nun, it was now resolved that she should keep her word. She resisted to the uttermost; and even after she was immured in the convent, it was only by main force that the novice's dress was put on her, though her aunt and two other grim duennas assisted in the operation. Vieira appealed to the King; but it was too delicate an affair to be interfered with, even by an absolute monarch. He retired from the royal presence in anything but a loyal mood, and tasked his wits from day to day, but all in vain, to devise some means of communication with the prisoner. That convent, he says, baffled all his approaches, as if it were an enchanted castle. He determined, however, that if she could not see him she should hear him; so he seized his guitar, repaired to the convent walls at midnight, and serenaded her with passionate songs—walking round and

round the gloomy den like Blondel round the Fortress Tenebreuse, the cage of Lion Richard; or, as the painter himself expressed it in one of his pictures, like Orpheus at the gates of hell demanding his Eurydice. He was for the third or fourth time turning a corner of the convent chapel when he was pounced upon by the police, and forthwith lodged in prison, and would inevitably have been transported, in a ship ready to depart for one of the Indian settlements, had not one of his patrons, the Conde del Assumar, afterwards Marquis de Alorna, interfered, and procured his release. The noviciate of Agnes expired, and she was compelled to take the veil. Her relations now thought that they had her safely settled for life, and the lady abbess thought so too. Agnes, making a virtue of necessity, pretended to be reconciled to her fate; and thenceforward the restraints on the seemingly submissive nun were far less stringent than those that had been imposed on the rebellious novice. A correspondence between the married nun and her husband was now effected through a third party, who had access to the convent. It was written in a cipher invented by Vieira, as a sure precaution against mischance or impertinent curiosity.

“Heaven first taught letters for some wretch’s aid,
Some banished lover, or some captive maid.”

But this sort of communication only inflamed their impatience for freer intercourse. By the death of one of the sisterhood, a cell became vacant which might be very convenient for a vestal whose heart was unconsecrated. It was in a retired part of the building, and the window was in an outer wall, separated from some of the city gardens by an unfrequented thoroughfare. It was the custom to set a price upon the new tenancy of any void cell, so that the nun who wished to possess it must pay for the privilege. The price set upon this apartment was three hundred milreas, about £70. Vieira procured the money, and passed it to Agnes, who was thus enabled to become mistress of the room; and the superior seems to have had no suspicion that the

gold was not supplied by some one of the young lady’s wealthy relatives. The window was high, but the spaces between the iron grates were not so narrow as to forbid the passage of a faithful Mercury, in the shape of a basket secured by a string. When it could be prudently let down, a palm branch put out between the bars was a signal. Vieira, taught by his former misadventure, no more approached the walls as an unarmed minstrel, but silently, and furnished with munitions of war—*mas munido com seus marciaes petrechos*—a good sword at his side, a pair of loaded pistols in his belt, and a cloak of black taffeta over all. After a hundred plans for her rescue had been mutually discussed and abandoned, she thus addressed him,—“My beloved, I am withering here. You must deliver me from this horrid prison, from these dismal rules which I am forced to obey—though I protest that I am no nun, never was, and never will be. *Freira nao sou, nem fui, nem ser quero.* I am assured that nothing short of a decree by the Pope will avail us. I know that certain immunities may be bought and obtained by deputy from the Holy See; but I would trust no agent in such an affair as ours. I confide in the proverb—‘He who wants a thing goes for it; he who would miss it sends for it.’—(*Quem quer vai, quem nao quer manda.*)” He received the young lady’s orders without winking, *sem pestenejar*; and, leaving two large pictures, commissions from the king, unfinished, he set off on the forlorn hope to the Vatican, with a good chance of ending his career in the Castle of St Angelo. He got to Rome, he says, as if by magic. Cardinal Barberini was dead: this news was a shock to him, for on his protection he had mainly relied. The resolute lover, however, by dint of importunity, obtained from the Pope an order addressed to the Patriarch of Lisbon, requiring him to cause the lady to be interrogated, and to report the result. Months passed away, but no answer came.

He obtained another order, an exact duplicate, also signed by the Pope, and forwarded it with an explanatory letter to the Conde de

Assumar. The Count willingly carried the paper to the Patriarch, who was much offended, and refused to receive it, saying, that such matters were not to be disposed of in a hurry. He had received the Supreme Pontiff's first letter, and had, in consequence, personally visited the convent, and questioned Donna Agnes. Further investigations were on foot, and the case could not yet be decided.

A friendly Portuguese Jesuit gave Vieira warning that he was in danger, and that, if he persisted in his appeals to the Pope, he would be quickly and summarily silenced. Baffled at all points, and ashamed to go home, he continued in Italy for six years, during all which time he maintained a correspondence with Agnes, by the aid of a friend at Lisbon, a well-known brother artist, André Gonçalves. He also laboured assiduously in his profession, and became famous as a painter in the land of painters. His works were purchased as fast as he could produce them, and many of them were engraved. Finally, he was elected member of the Academy of St Luke, and was honoured with a diploma or certificate of especial merit. He now thought he might return to Lisbon, and look after his impounded treasure—his *tesouro imprisonado*. On the arrival of the ship in the Tagus, he remained on board till he could be smuggled ashore at night. His enemies imagined him to be still at Rome when he was once more plotting under the convent walls, and thus announcing himself to the faithful object of so much constant love—"Here I am again! All the doors of justice are closed against us, and we have nothing but our own wits to help us; yet I am more resolved on your deliverance than ever." He proposed to supply her with files and aquafortis to cut through the bars of her cell, and a rope-ladder to let her down. But she rejected that expedient. "Through the gate by which I entered, and through that only, will I go out," she said. *Pois só pela portaria, por onde entrei, sair quero*. Repairs were going on in the house; many masons were employed there daily. "Get me," said she, "a hodman's dress and a half-mask, and I will walk out of the convent. Do

not look so mistrustful; I am not without courage; I know myself well. I rely, too, on higher strength than my own for aid. God does not require violent sacrifices: I am here against my will; my stay in these cloisters is not self-devotion, but sacrilege." Seeing that she had made up her mind to the adventure at all hazards, Vieira lost no time in furnishing her with the required disguise. He prides himself particularly on his skill in the fabrication of the half-mask, which he describes as a miracle of art. It fitted her exactly, and the false nose was provided with hooks to be inserted in the nostrils of the true nose, to prevent it from betraying itself by any eccentric movement,

"Porém no nariz fingido
Lhe armou de arame hum remedio
Para poder segurar-se
Nas ventas do verdadeiro."

The hour was come for the perilous attempt. It was a summer evening, light as noon, when the chapel bell rang for the Ave Maria. Donna Agnes left her cell and gained a covered courtyard, where she passed some of the sisters, who bade the supposed workman good evening. She was a little too soon, for the labourers were not yet assembled to retire. But, being so far committed, she could not retreat; she must proceed alone to the porter's gate. It chanced that several ladies of the city were standing by the lodge, in conversation with the superior. It was therefore requisite, according to custom, that the person going out should ask leave to pass with all respect, *licença para passar, com respeito*. She did so, and the lady abbess herself answered, "Pass," making way for her. Donna Agnes, in her agitation, stumbled against an angle of the wall, and heard one of the party she had just left behind her, perhaps the abbess, exclaim—"Ah, can't you see, you clumsy fellow?" She moved on into the street, where Vieira, also in disguise, was anxiously waiting. He would not have known her had he not recognised his own handiwork, the mask. He seemed not to notice her till she had turned down a lane at some distance: he then followed her, and in a few minutes they were out of immediate danger. The com-

motion in the nunnery, when her flight was known, may be imagined. The king, when informed of an escape which was speedily the talk of the town, applauded the act for its spirit and cleverness, though he had declined to enforce the law on behalf of the aggrieved pair. They proceeded with all despatch to verify the contract made between them before her incarceration. After this formal attestation of the illegality of her enforced vows, they were formally married, and their triumph was complete. Here, according to rule, where connubial bliss begins, the story should end, for it is very like a novel; but it is nevertheless a true tale, *huma historia verdadeira*, and something darker remains behind. They took a house in the Hortas da Cera, and were happy for some months. But the rage of her family was unappeasable. While the painter was pursuing his professional avocations with honour and profit, they were secretly busy with machinations against his life. On the morning of Whitsunday he had set out from home, to hear mass in the nearest church. His wife, attended by a servant, followed him some minutes later. At the top of an obscure alley, communicating with the street just where it made a bend, stood a man whose face was muffled up in his cloak. Vieira had passed but a little way beyond him, when he was fired at and severely wounded by this person. The pistol had been loaded with slugs, one of which pierced the artist's right cheek, and another was lodged in his shoulder. Turning round, he caught a glimpse of the face of the assassin, in whom he recognised his own brother-in-law, the brother of Donna Agnes. Vieira, supposing himself mortally hurt, called out for a confessor, staggered back to meet his wife, and fell bleeding at her feet. Both were carried half dead into their house. His wounds, though so serious that the last sacraments were administered to him, were skilfully and prosperously treated by Felucci, an Italian leech, and by the king's German surgeon, who was ordered to attend to him. His wife was nearer death from terror and anxiety, than he from his wounds; but no sooner was he de-

clared out of danger than she recovered, and was his best nurse. As soon as he could be safely moved, he proceeded in a chair to the palace, and craved audience of the king, before whom, after he had knelt and kissed hands, he was permitted to produce the clothes in which he had been shot. They were stained with blood that told its own story. The king and the gentlemen present seemed much affected; and an order was given, somewhat late it would seem, for the apprehension and punishment of the assassin. Family interest, nevertheless, smothered up the inquiry, and the criminal was not even imprisoned; but the mark of Cain was on him, and the general odium that he had incurred soon compelled him to leave the kingdom. It is a sort of satisfaction to know that he fell into poverty, and was even at last reduced to the ignominious condition of a pensioner on the bounty of the man whose life he had attempted. The fact is not recorded in the poem, as it ought in poetical justice to have been; but Cyrillo asserts that he had it from Vieira's own mouth, in these words,—“He came at last to beg his bread from me, whom he had outraged so cruelly.”

Vieira, soon after his complaint to the king, being apprehensive of further molestation from the family of his wife, placed her with some of his own relations, and took sanctuary, for a while, in the convent of the Paulistas; and there, in 1730 and 1731, he painted his famous Hermits, as appropriate ornaments for the church of their patron, St Paul the Eremite. In 1733, willing to live tranquil, says Cyrillo, he resolved on a third visit to Rome, with the view of ending his days there. Guarienti, the curator of the Dresden Gallery, who came to Lisbon in 1733, and remained there till 1736, was personally acquainted with Vieira, and asserts that his motive for expatriating himself was disgust at an insult that had been put on him through the malice of his rivals, by the removal of one of his works from the recently completed pile of Mafra, and the substitution of a picture by an inferior artist. He got no farther, however, than Madrid or Seville, (Cyrillo names the latter

city,) when he was recalled by his sovereign, who well knew his value, and appeased him with honours and a fixed salary as Royal Painter, exclusive of payment for works supplied by command.

Vieira Lusitano lived admired and honoured, to a venerable age, eighty-four; and his constant heroine, the Lady Agnes, also reached a good old age, and shared prosperity which could hardly have been real, or of any value, without her. She died at Mafra in 1775, and from the day of her death he never again touched a pencil. To the last, says Cyrillo, he idolised her memory; and, no doubt, the strength of his affection for her was the governing motive of his publication of their strange history, five years after her decease, and but three before his own. Both his own portrait and hers were often introduced into his paintings. Many of his works perished in the earthquake, with the temples and mansions they adorned. He particularises, as thus destroyed, "his grand picture of the Martyrs—the inestimable portrait of the first Patriarch of Lisbon, Don Thomas Almeida," (who figures as an important influence, for and against him, in the narration of his love adventure;) "the portraits of the Royal Children, and that sublime idea," (the words are his own,) "the Meeting of the Blessed Mother with her Son, after her assumption—the Death of Moses—Pluto and the Court of Hell listening to the suit of Orpheus." He says he designed the last-named performance as an allegorical plea for the restoration of his wife, to whom the convent was a hell. In another composition, which he calls "a stupendous work," and which was also demolished—Perseus exhibiting the Gorgon's head to Phineus—he represented his own effigy as that of the Greek hero, and the image of his cloistered wife, as a winged Victory, hovering over him, and about to drop a laurel wreath on his helm, &c.

But in spite of the earthquake in his own day, and the later *razzias* of the French in their Pyrennean Algiers, —in spite, too, of civil convulsions, spoliation of convents and convent churches, and all the various causes of dispersion or wanton destruction of works of art in this fair but un-

happy land—there is a sufficient number left of those by Vieira Lusitano to show, on better authority than his poetical self-celebration, that he was in truth a fine artist, though not quite a Gran Vasco. The dignity of his St Augustine, and the elegance of his Madonna of the Rosary, both in the Academy of Art at Lisbon, might be evidence enough to prove that the Italians made no great mistake when they conferred a first-class medal on him in his boyhood, nor when they elected him member of the Academy of St Luke after his return, an unprotected emigrant, to Rome. St Augustine is trampling on heresy, while an angel in the foreground burns a pile of heretical writings. This is generally admired as the most powerful of those works by F. Vieira that are in possession of his countrymen. Count Raczynski prefers the other—a Virgin and Child,—in which the infant Jesus stands on a pedestal, surrounded with figures excellently grouped. It must be a fastidious taste that can look coldly upon either. A St Antony in the Church of St Francisco de Paula bears Vieira's signature, and the date 1763. It shows that his hand had lost nothing of its cunning at the age of sixty-four. The Church of St Roque and that of the Paulistas, and some other Lisbon churches, contain important specimens of his skill. They are all more or less remarkable, not only for correctness of drawing, and for breadth of well-harmonised colouring, but for a peculiar grace of touch—a feeling of the versifier and the lover—that seems never to have forsaken him to the last. Even in the countenances of his hermits, the sanctity of expression is heightened, not enfeebled, by a sentiment of human tenderness and regret, as if the day-dreams of their youth in the world were not utterly forgotten. M. Raczynski, though usually chary of commendation in these latitudes—for his predilections are manifestly, and perhaps naturally enough, far north,—has always a good word for this artist, and now and then even grants him a down-feather from the nest of the Black Eagle itself. "As to Vieira Lusitano," says the Count, "he is truly a distinguished artist; and at the time in which he lived we

were very poor in Prussia: we were very far from possessing a painter of his value. Wherever I meet with his works, I feel myself attracted by the nature that he infuses into art."

The alphabetical table (which, by-the-by, sadly wants the revision of an index-maker,) gives references to Vieira Lusitano and Francisco Vieira, as if the two designations did not belong to one and the same person.

There is a second Francisco Vieira, also a historical painter; but, to distinguish him from his predecessor, he is called Vieira Portuense—Vieira of Oporto, the place where he was born, 1765. In 1789 he went to Rome. After about two years' study there, he repaired to Parma, where he was elected one of the directors of the Academy, and gave lessons in drawing to a daughter of the Duke. In 1794 he returned to Rome, where he staid three years more, and then proceeded to Dresden. Few of his works are found in his native city. Mr Allen possesses two or three. There is one at the house of the British Association—Eleanor of Castille extracting the poison from the arm of our Edward the First. The outline of the two figures is not ungraceful, but the effect is tame. The queen looks more asleep than the king; her lips do not touch the wound, yet are so close to it as to seem to express that action. In this, as in most of this artist's productions, the colouring is fluent but weak. Yet some of his church-pictures at Lisbon, and one also of the few at Oporto—St Margaret on her deathbed confessing to a Monk—are stamped with a holy fervour of intention, a deep and unaffected sentiment of piety, that is strength in itself, and not always to be found in religious paintings of higher name. Of his lighter performances, a Cupid and Venus in a landscape, very elegant, and not unworthy of Albani, was engraved at Lisbon by his friend Bartolozzi. His life, it is said, was embittered by the malice of Sequeira his rival. They went to Rome about the same time. Taborda, Fusquini, and Cyrillo, their cotemporaries, also studied at Rome. We agree with M. Raczyński in his estimate of Sequeira, whose St Bruno and other ambitious displays are so highly extolled by his countrymen. He is a

clever and disagreeable performer on canvass, except in some few of his minor pictures, such as the Translation of St Francis. In his large and finished works he strains at intensity of effect, and vulgarises his art. But his numerous sketches have quite a contrary character. They appear to have cost him no trouble; and the best of them, if always true to proportion, would be almost as valuable as those of the elder Vieira, the Lusitanian, of which many, in red crayon, are preserved in the library at Evora. As to Taborda, Fusquini, and Cyrillo, and some other recent artists, we would say to the inquirer, "Go to the palace of Ajuda, and by their works you shall know them! They are as precious there as flies in amber."

M. Raczyński's desultory notices touch on architecture, sculpture, terracotta figures, glazed tiles, and many other things besides painting—that portion of his inquiries to which we have of necessity confined our remarks. Of the actual condition of this art in the city of Ulysses, the Academy, instituted in 1780, presents, we fear, no very hopeful indications, though it has many young students as well as many old members. "Numerous are the persons," Count Raczyński observes, "who are enthusiastic in their praise of the Arts in Portugal. But with the honourable exceptions of the Duke of Palmella and the Count de Farrobo, not one will expend a sou, not one will take any trouble for their advancement. It is true, however, that in the actual position of affairs, it would be no easy matter to know how to set about such a service to the nation. *The country is in a state of revolution.* These few words explain all; and we have only to accuse modern constitution-mongers, and the confusion of ideas and the disorderly spirit that are the consequence of their machinations, here and in Spain, for more than twenty years."

The worthy diplomatist from Prussia, when he wrote the last quoted sentence, seems to have had no notion of the force of pestilent doctrines that were at work on the other side of the Pyrenees, nor how soon the revolutionary mania was to shake the Transmontane thrones, and all but annihilate even his own master's.

SOUTHEY.

So good, so estimable, so eminent a man as Southey—one whose moral character was perhaps as near to perfection as it is given to humanity to attain, and whose literary works, if not of the very highest order of genius, fall short only when compared with those few which are of the very highest—such a man as Southey, it was not likely we should allow to pass from amongst the living without some tribute bestowed upon his memory, or some attempt made to appreciate the value of his long and illustrious labours. We have been somewhat tardy, it may be thought, in fulfilling this duty. But we do not regret the delay. Our topic is not one of an ephemeral nature, and the delay may perhaps have instructed us in those points of view in which it is most needful that our subject should be placed.

There is nothing, for instance, so well known of Southey—if we may be allowed to anticipate a little, and to plunge, like the epic poets, *in medias res*—nothing so notorious as the change which his political and social opinions underwent; the sentiments of his youth upon government, and the organisation of society, being almost diametrically opposed to those of his maturer years. The contrast is great between the young republican, the ardent communist, the bold experimenter in *Pantisocracy*, the author of the *Book of the Church*, and the celebrated champion of Conservative principles in the *Quarterly Review*. But often as the contrast has been held up to notice, the time has only just arrived when it can be surveyed in the right spirit. *The whole life of the man is now before us; and, contradictory as the parts may have appeared as the long picture was slowly unrolled to the eyes of contemporaries, it now becomes possible for us to see the real coherence that existed between the several parts, and to trace throughout their very inconsistencies a unity, and an honourable unity, of character. The en-*

thusiasm of the youth enables us to understand whatever was peculiar in the maturer man. The earlier mind of Southey throws light, we think, upon the later. It was the same mind, it was the same man, young and old.

We learn from the biography before us, that the imagination of Southey had been early and too exclusively developed; and whether from this circumstance, or from natural temperament, a close, systematic, scientific mode of reasoning was the mental quality or mental exercise in which, throughout life, he least distinguished himself. His affections were ardent and generous, his moral sentiments invariably pure and noble, his piety unalterable; his judgment, wherever abstract and general principles were to be dealt with, was, to the last, often hasty, incomplete, vague, uncertain. But if his reasoning was never that "dry light" of which Bacon speaks, it never, in his case, was mingled with other passions or feelings than those which did honour to his nature. Above all, there was throughout his career the utmost sincerity in the expression of his opinion; no taint of hypocrisy, no reserve, no timidity—a want sometimes of caution, never that prudence which is the disguise of cowardice,—you had at all times the genuine unaffected utterance of the man. He was not even the least apprehensive of ridicule. He would have borne martyrdom before a host of jesters, which some have thought to be not the lightest species of martyrdom. If astrology had found favour in his sight, he would have expressed his belief in it before the whole conclave of the Royal Society. Whatever seemed truth to him, had its clear, manly, unhesitating avowal. Of an ardent disposition, impatient of slow thinking or of long and intricate reasoning, eager, confident, somewhat too self-relying, his was not the mind peculiarly fitted for expounding abstract principles;—we note no extra-

ordinary deficiency in this respect, but we can easily conceive of minds better trained and disciplined for the discovery of great elementary truths;—but few men in our age and generation have manifested a warmer or more generous attachment to whatever assumed to them the shape of truth. For this he was ready to do battle to the utmost. No crusader could be more valiant, or go forth with fuller faith, or be more resolved at all hazards to drive out the infidel, and take possession of the Holy City. His geography was once at fault, or the territory and scene curiously shifted, and his Jerusalem was at one time due west, and at another due east; but it was the same devoted uncompromising knight that was seen marching towards it.

Those only who have never thought at all, or who have quite forgotten their past efforts at thinking, will throw blame upon another because the opinions of his youth were different from those of his manhood. Such difference is almost the necessary attendant upon progress and mental development. The ardour and the candour of Southey's nature made the difference in his case singularly conspicuous. He lived, too, at that epoch when the French Revolution made and unmade so many enthusiasts. This may be thought a sufficient vindication of his memory. But there remains to add one very honourable distinction. Many of those whom the French Revolution had made enthusiasts in the cause of human progress, became cold and dead and utterly indifferent to that cause—selfishly callous, or quite sceptical as to the *possible* improvements which might be effected in society. Now, Southey changed his opinion on many subjects, but he never deserted the cause of human improvement. He would have promoted very different measures at different periods, but he had the same cause always at heart. He never sank into a cold and selfish indifference; nor was it a mere passive conservatism that he ever advocated. His son has here very justly pointed out that, as a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, in which character he was thought to have consummated his apostasy, it

was *the renegade Southey* who drew attention to the state of the poor, who called on the Government for a scheme of national education, who pointed out the folly of neglecting our great colonial possessions, and the necessity of adopting some large and judicious plan of emigration. Of the topics which occupy reflective and philanthropic men at this moment, pauperism, national education, and emigration are three of the most conspicuous; and in each of these Southey may claim to have led the way, in drawing towards them that public attention which they so eminently deserve. He is always alive to whatever seems to him a feasible scheme for the improvement of society. If he goes abroad, and visits the *Beguines* in Belgium, he thinks whether a like institution might not be introduced into Protestant England, for the benefit of a class of women, whether single or widowed, who with difficulty find any active employment—who are not paupers, but whose poverty condemns them to a cheerless, solitary existence. If Robert Owen of Lanark comes across his path, no fear of having his own early dream of Pantisocracy revived before him, of being reproached for an old abandoned faith, (the constant terror of men who feel themselves apostates,) prevents him from expressing the natural interest which such a man, and the projects he *then* had in view, naturally excited within him. His *Colloquies* may not earn him a reputation amongst political economists; but no one will deny the philanthropic spirit which they breathe. In his *Life of Wesley*, and all his religious or theological publications, however devoted he may show himself to the Church of England, he never fails to inquire how this great institution may be made still more serviceable to the nation at large, and this, too, by embracing within its pale those very sectaries towards whom he was accused of having so bigotted and unfriendly a feeling.

Those of his opponents who, in the later part of his career, were accustomed to represent Southey as the unscrupulous, drilled, formal advocate of a party in Church and State, ready for his pension and his pay, for court

honours and the praise of bishops, to espouse its cause to the utmost, never made a greater mistake in their lives. Innumerable proofs are here before us in his letters, if we did not find them in his works, that he retained to the last a certain bold, erratic, independent manner of thinking, quite his own.

Always was he Robert Southey, and no representative of a party. At one time of his life he contemplated the profession of the law, and studied for the bar. What sort of lawyer he might have made, if he had been able to give up his mind to the study, or what the practice of Westminster Hall might have made of him, there is no saying; but there was never any literary man, earning subsistence by his pen, who had less of the spirit of the retained advocate. A self-willed, untamed, quite individual manner of looking at things, is always breaking out. If he had taken that seat in Parliament which, without any consultation of his wishes, was so strangely bestowed upon him, he would, we are persuaded, have greatly disappointed any party that might have relied upon his steady and unswerving co-operation. He would often have deserted them for the cross benches, and as often perplexed them by his uncompromising zeal. No whipper-in would have been quite sure of him, or kept him steady in the ranks. In that position where he was most subject to restraint—as a writer in the *Quarterly*—it is amusing to see how restive he is, how he rears and plunges at first starting, how he chafes at that harness which each one in such a team must be content to wear, though every steed were a veritable Pegasus, and Apollo himself in the editorial car. He thinks “a sprinkling of my free and fearless way of thinking would win friends” for the *Review*. “It is my nature and my principle,” he says, “to speak and write as earnestly, as plainly, and as straight to the mark as I think and feel. If the editor understands his own interest, he will not restrict me.” We must confess, judging by the ebullitions he sometimes gives vent to in these letters, that the most indulgent editor must have been occasionally called upon to “restrict” a certain impetuosity of

manner, which, it may be observed, would have embarrassed Mr Gifford almost as much as it would have done Mr Jeffrey.

But from this somewhat rash incursion into the very centre of our subject, it would be wise—since we are not, in fact, epic poets—to effect a timely retreat; let us recommence, after the more legitimate manner of prosaic reviewers, with some account of the work immediately before us.

The Life and Correspondence of Dr Southey, which is here presented to the public, answers fairly to the description which the author, or editor, himself gives of it in his preface. A number of letters are arranged according to their dates, and are connected together with just such intimations of a biographical nature as enable them to tell their own story. The life of Southey, meaning thereby a skilful narrative and analysis of incident and character, remains, of course, to be written; and a very interesting work it will prove, if it falls into fortunate hands. Meanwhile, this collection of letters, many of them delightful compositions, and perfect models of epistolary style, gives us such an insight into, and appreciation of the man Southey, as was previously impossible to any one who did not know him personally and intimately. The editor has performed his part in a very creditable and judicious manner. It would have been very difficult for the son to conduct a rigid and impartial scrutiny into the literary merits of the father, and he has not attempted it; but it would have been the easiest thing in the world for that son, or for any other editor, to have spoilt such a work as this by intrusive panegyric, by constant controversy with old and hostile criticisms, by perpetual contest for place and pre-eminence for his biographical idol. The mere vanity of authorship, or an officious spirit, might have given a repulsive air to what is now a most agreeable book. There are cases, and this is one of them, where, considering the temptations that beset an editor, the absence of cause for censure becomes no slight ground of commendation.

The letters of Southey are preceded by the fragment of an autobiography. Would it were more than a fragment! The author, we are told, had looked

forward to this task as one of a very agreeable nature; and, so far as he proceeded with it, appears to have found it such; for he revels in the reminiscences of childhood and his school-days, and describes the old house in Bristol in which he lived when a boy, with a loving minuteness that is in danger of outrunning the interest which any one but himself could feel in such a locality. But even before his school-days are quite over, he drops the pen. To one who had so much necessary employment for that pen, a supererogatory labour of this description ought to be very attractive, and apparently he found in his task, as he advanced, increasing difficulties and decreasing pleasure.

The reminiscences of childhood, of boyhood, and even of the first entrance into youth, have to almost all men an indescribable charm. Up to this time, we look back upon ourselves with a curious feeling, as if it were not altogether ourselves we were contemplating, but rather some *other being* who preceded us, and whose thoughts and feelings are the sole remembrance of them we have inherited. We look back upon the frailties of that other self with an unlimited indulgence; we smile at his errors, at his passions, at his griefs; we even sport with his absurdities, and can afford to throw a playful ridicule over all the follies he committed. This child that we are playing with is ourself, but still it is only a child; and we have the fuller right to play with it because it is ourself. No sense of responsibility intervenes to disturb this singular amusement, where the adult is seen toying with and holding in his arms the image of his own infancy. But when this early pre-existent state has passed in review, and the real man is summoned forth upon the scene, we begin to feel that this is indeed ourselves; and we become too implicated and too much involved in the part he performs, to enjoy any longer the position of an imaginary spectator. We are sensitive to the errors, and responsible for the faults, of this other self; we cannot treat him with cavalier indifference; we must be his advocate or his censor.

The retrospect assumes a quite different character. Formerly we called up a departed self from some half-fabulous region of the past, and questioned it as to its ways of thinking and acting; we now stand ourselves in the witness-box, and give our testimony; and the best of us must occasionally assume the sullen aspect of an unwilling witness. Formerly we sported with the past absurdity, ridiculed and laughed at it; but now the remembered folly, the sentimental effusion of the youth, the absurd oratorical display, the ridiculous exhibition, of whatever kind it may have been, affords us no amusement. It matters not what the distance of time, the cheek tingles with the reminiscence. What is still more to the purpose, the griefs and afflictions which we have now to summon up are the same in character as those we continue to feel, and their recollection is but a renewal of suffering. The affliction of the child rarely revives an affliction in the man—very often calls up a smile at the idea that so much distress had been felt at so trivial a cause. This is one reason why childhood appears, in our review of human life, so much happier than any other portion of it. We find a mirth in its remembered tears which assuredly we never discovered when they were flowing. But the remembrance of the sorrows of a later period is but sorrow itself, and we only taste again the bitterness of grief.

To Southey, whose disposition rendered him peculiarly susceptible to those domestic losses which death occasions, this last appears to have been one chief reason for the distaste he felt for his task as he proceeded in it. Certainly it soon lost its zest. During the early and playful portions of the biography, he holds on his way with alacrity and delight; he ransacks his memory, and brings out with great glee whatever odd and strange things he finds there; but the Westminster boy has not run his career before the theme has changed its aspect. At all events, it has no longer sufficient interest to *make* a time and leisure for itself amongst the crowded occupations of the author.

In the record of his childhood which Southey has given us, we have no reason, as we have intimated, to complain of the want of detail. Indeed, some circumstances are related which at first we thought might as well have been passed over in silence. It appeared to us that everything which a person can possibly recollect of his own childhood, cannot be interesting to others, although every such effort of recollection may be extremely amusing to the reminiscient himself; and we were prepared to read a lecture to all future autobiographers, and to remind them that they must distinguish between the pleasure of memory, of rescuing the half-forgotten incident from threatened oblivion—a pleasure which must be exclusively their own—and the value which the rescued fact itself may possess in the estimation of the world at large. But while we were preparing this lecture, a little incident occurred which gave us a lesson ourselves, and induced us to withhold this part of our criticism. Such details as we have alluded to, not only give pleasure to the reminiscient, but occasion exactly the same pleasure to those in whom they call up similar recollections; and we had overlooked the extreme difficulty the critic, or any one reader, must have in determining which of such details is absolutely without this species of interest for other readers. What seems to him as really “too absurd” to be worth mentioning, may awaken vivid emotions in another in whom it calls up a similar remembrance from the all-but-forgotten past: *he* shares in the very pleasure of the original reminiscient. Whilst we were perusing this autobiography, and our pencil was straying down the margin of a passage we intended to quote as an example of a quite superfluous effort of recollection, a friend called in upon us. We read to him this identical passage. To our astonishment, it had thrown him into a perfect ecstasy of delight. It had recalled an image of his schoolboy days which had never once been revived since he left school, and which he was certain would never again have occurred to him but for the paragraph we had read. Here is the passage:—

“One very odd amusement, which I

never saw or heard of elsewhere, was greatly in vogue at this school. It was performed with snail shells, by placing them against each other, point to point, and pressing till the one was broken in, or sometimes both. This was called conquering; and the shell that remained unhurt, acquired esteem and value in proportion to the number over which it had triumphed, an accurate account being kept. A great conqueror was prodigiously prized and coveted—so much so indeed, that two of this description would seldom have been brought to contest the palm, if both possessors had not been goaded to it by reproaches and taunts. The victor had the number of its opponent's triumphs added to its own; thus, when one conqueror of fifty conquered another which had been as often victorious, it became conqueror of an hundred and one. Yet, even in this, reputation was sometimes obtained upon false pretences. I found a boy one day who had fallen in with a great number of young snails, so recently hatched that the shells were still transparent, and he was besmearing his fingers by crushing these poor creatures one after another against his conqueror, counting away with the greatest satisfaction at his work. He was a good-natured boy, so that I, who had been bred up to have a sense of humanity, ventured to express some compassion for the snails, and to suggest that he might as well count them and lay them aside unhurt. He hesitated, and seemed inclined to assent, till it struck him as a point of honour, or of conscience, and then he resolutely said, No! that would not do, for he could not then fairly say he had conquered them. There is a surprising difference of strength in these shells, and that not depending on the size or species; I mean whether yellow, brown, or striped. It might partly be estimated by the appearance of the point or top, (I do not know what better term to use;) the strong ones were usually clear and glossy there, and white if the shell were of the large, coarse, mottled brown kind. The top was then said to be petrified; and a good conqueror of this description would triumph for weeks or months. I remember that one of the greatest heroes bore evident marks of having once been conquered. It had been thrown away on some lucky situation, where the poor tenant had leisure to repair his habitation, or rather where the restorative power of nature repaired it for him, and the wall was thus made stronger than it had been before the breach, by an arch of new masonry below. But in general I should think the resisting power of the shell

depended upon the geometrical nicety of the form."—(Vol. i. p. 55.)

This odd amusement, it seems, was not monopolised by young Southey's school. "Oh, I remember it well!" cried my enraptured auditor. "Yes, conqueror was the word. But Southey is wrong! It was the *empty* shell only that we used. How distinctly I remember it!—and it must be thirty years ago—and never once till this moment have I thought of it since. How strange a thing is memory! You hold the shell, you see, between your forefinger and thumb, the forefinger being bent to receive it. Your adversary did the like with his shell. Then you applied the boss of your little shield to the boss of his—quite fairly, you understand, boss to boss, otherwise the strongest part of one shell would come in contact with the weaker part of the other. Silently, but with all your might, you pressed them together. The one which broke through its antagonist's was, of course, the conqueror. But Southey is wrong! It was only the empty shell we used. Consider, if the animal was there—what a horrible mess!"

We ventured to suggest to our friend, as soon as his impetuosity permitted us, that Southey was describing *his* school, and no other school whatever; and as to the horrible mess which boys might delight in, it would be difficult to say, in such a matter, what would pass the bounds of credibility.

After this unintentional experiment, we gave up all idea of determining what might or might not be interesting amongst details of such a description. If this story of the snail-shells found its ardent admirer or sympathiser, what other could possibly be pronounced to be superfluous? or down the margin of what other passage could our critical and expurgatorial pencil have safely strayed? To as little purpose, we apprehend, should we undertake to examine such stories on the grave historic ground of their perfect credibility. When "Uncle William," who is half an idiot, plays a trick upon the servant Thomas, and substitutes a dead mouse for his quid of tobacco, the thought did occur to us, that although a mouse is a very small animal, it would

surely make an enormous quid—altogether a most extraordinary substitute for a quid—and that the servant Thomas must have been the greatest idiot of the two to have been deceived by it. But such carping criticism, we repeat, would be altogether out of place; and this fragment of autobiography is really too amusing to excite any other feeling than that of regret at its sudden termination.

We learn from it that Southey was born on the 12th August 1774. His father was a linendraper at Bristol, and by no means prosperous in his calling. He passed his childhood, however, for the most part under the roof of a maiden aunt, Miss Tyler, who resided at Bath. To this house at Bath we must, therefore, betake ourselves, if we would learn the circumstances which assisted in forming the mind of the future poet and historian. To be born the son of a linendraper we hold to be no evil; but to have been bred up in the shop at Bristol would have been to Southey a real calamity. From this he was spared. The linendraper's shop may figure on his shield, if the malicious herald is disposed to place it there; it had nothing to do with his head, or his heart, or his manners; he was bred a gentleman. Moreover, he had exactly that sort of breeding which is calculated to foster the imagination, and develop whatever there was of poetry within him. Miss Tyler had two passions—one for order and cleanliness, the other for the theatre. She had, too, a free admission; and young Southey, at an age when other little boys are fain to content themselves with turning over the leaves of the great picture-book, was seated, night after night, in the front row of the boxes, a delighted spectator of the performances of one of the best companies in England. His first library—and this he possessed as soon as he could read—was a whole set, more than twenty in number, "of Mr Newbury's fairy tales, or other wonderful stories; delectable histories in sixpenny books for children, splendidly bound in flowered and gilt Dutch paper, of former days." This library, and free admission to the theatre, and, for the rest, much idleness, few companions, and a world of dreams,—such is the

opening scene of Southey's mental history.

"I had seen more plays before I was seven years old," he says, "than I have seen since I was twenty." Miss Tyler, it seems, was living at one time with some ladies whose property was vested in the theatre. From their house—

"A covered passage led to the play-house, and they very rarely missed a night's performance. I was too old to be put to bed before the performance began, and it was better that I should be taken than left with the servants; therefore I was always of the party; and it is impossible to describe the thorough delight which I received from this habitual indulgence. No after-enjoyment could equal or approach it; I was sensible of no defects either in the dramas or in the representation; better acting, indeed, could nowhere have been found: Mrs Siddons was the heroine; Dimond and Murray would have done credit to any stage; and among the comic actors were Edwin and Blanchard—and Blisset, who, though never known to a London audience, was, of all comic actors whom I have seen, the most perfect. But I was happily insensible to that difference between good and bad acting, which in riper years takes off so much from the pleasure of dramatic representation; everything answered the height of my expectations and desires. And I saw it in perfect comfort, in a small theatre, from the front row of a box, not too far from the centre. The Bath theatre was said to be the most comfortable in England; and no expense was spared in the scenery and decorations."—(Vol. i. p. 71.)

Frequenting the theatre soon introduced him to far other literature than Mr Newbury's publications. Shakespere was in his hands, he says, as soon as he could read. He went through Beaumont and Fletcher before he was eight years old. What hosts of plays beside he may have devoured, it was probably beyond his power to recall. And he early began to imitate what he read. In one passage he leaves us to gather that his first attempts at *poetry* were so early, that they went beyond the time of memory.

Miss Tyler had all along intended to give her *protégé* a systematic education, and for this purpose she had purchased a translation of Rousseau's *Emilius*. The systematic education,

however, was never commenced. In 1782 he was placed—for what reason we are not told—as a day-boarder in a school at Bristol. He then necessarily resided with his father. Two years after, Miss Tyler herself removed to Bristol, and again received her nephew. But in this interval of two years, the holidays were always spent with his aunt, wherever she might be. It was in these holidays that his real education was carried on.

At home he was on very short allowance of books. His father read nothing but the *Bristol Journal*. A small glass cupboard in the back parlour, fastened up against the wall, was sufficient to hold the wine-glasses and all the library. But in the holidays he gets back again to Bath, and to Bull's circulating library. He meets, at his aunt's, people who talk about authors—even sees an author or two—learns that they are greater personages even than the players. In one of these holidays a lady gives him a copy of Hoole's translation of the *Jerusalem Delivered*. This led him into a new course of poetical reading; it converted the budding dramatist into an epic poet. The *Tasso* introduced him to the translation of the *Orlando Furioso*, and this to Spenser's *Fairy Queen*. How he read, how he revelled in these books!

"The copy of Hoole's version (of Tasso) which Mrs Dolignon sent me, is now," he says, "in my sight upon the shelf, and in excellent preservation, considering that when a schoolboy I perused it so often that I had no small portion of it by heart. Forty years have tarnished the gilding upon its back, but they have not effaced my remembrance of the joy with which I received it, and the delight which I found in its repeated perusal. . . . Hoole, in his notes, frequently referred to the *Orlando Furioso*. I saw some volumes thus lettered on Bull's counter, and my heart leaped for joy. They proved to be the original; but the shopman, Mr Cruett, (a most obliging man he was,) immediately put the translation into my hands; and I do not think any accession of fortune could now give me so much delight as I then derived from that vile version of Hoole's. There, in the notes, I first saw the name of Spenser, and some stanzas of the *Fairy Queen*. Accordingly, when I returned the last volume, I asked if that work was in the library. My

friend Cruett replied that they had it, but it was written in old English, and I should not be able to understand it. This did not appear to me so much a necessary consequence as he supposed, and I therefore requested he would let me look at it. It was the quarto edition of '17, in three volumes, with large prints folded in the middle, equally worthless (like all the prints of that age) in design and execution. There was nothing in the language to impede, for the ear set me right where the uncouth spelling (orthography it cannot be called) might have puzzled the eye; and the few words which are really obsolete were sufficiently explained by the context. No young lady of the present generation falls to a new novel of Sir Walter Scott's with keener relish than I did that morning to the *Fairy Queen*."—(Vol. i. p. 83.)

He had commenced poet, as we have said, at an earlier age than he can call to mind, so that his first rhymes are utterly lost in the oblivion of childhood. He can only remember that this discovery that he could rhyme gave him great pleasure, and that his mother seemed equally gratified, and still more proud of the achievement. When in the habit of reading and witnessing so many plays, he of course wrote dramas. His first subject was "The Continnence of Scipio!" Now that Tasso and Ariosto were his great delight, he commenced the epic or the metrical romance. He would graft a story upon the *Orlando Furioso*. *Arcadia* should be the scene and give the title to the poem. There he would bring the Moors, and there should his hero Astolfo, riding on a Hippogriff, &c. &c. This must have been, he says, when he was between nine and ten, for some verses of it were written on the covers of his *Phædrus*. They were in the heroic couplet.

It is curious to notice that, although writing heroic couplets on the covers of his *Phædrus*, his first task in prose composition was accomplished with extreme difficulty. The master, Mr Williams, would sometimes tell the boys to write a letter upon any subject that they pleased. Nothing had ever perplexed our young poet so much as this task. He actually cried for perplexity and vexation. At last he set to work. A *Salisbury Guide* had fallen in his way; he wrote a long

description of Stonchenge, and his master was not less surprised than delighted with it. He himself was unconscious of having done anything extraordinary, till the envy of his schoolfellows made him aware that he had surpassed them all. On coming to school next morning, some half-dozen of them beset him, and demanded "whether he, with all his learning, could tell what the letters *i. e.* stood for? You have written a description of Stonehenge, now tell us what *i. e.* stands for." Southey dashed at an answer, "John the Evangelist, I suppose." They shouted with triumph.

In after years, when Southey had written *Don Roderick*, there were many pedants disposed to ask him what *i. e.* stands for.

But now his maternal uncle, the Reverend Herbert Hill, always his kind friend and benefactor, determines to send the intelligent lad to Westminster school, and then to the University of Oxford. By way of preparation, he is removed from Mr Williams' academy, and placed under the care and tuition of a clergyman. We have not traced him through the various schools he attended—it would be waste of time; we have seen what was the real process of his education. Here, also, according to his own account, the progress of his mind was very little connected with the formal tuition he received.

"I do not remember," he says, "in any part of my life, to have been so conscious of intellectual improvement as I was during the year and a half before I was placed at Westminster; an improvement derived not from books or instruction, but from constantly exercising myself in English verse; and from the development of mind which that exercise produced, I can distinctly trace my progress by help of a list, made thirty years ago, of all my compositions in verse, which were then in existence, or which I had at that time destroyed."—(Vol. i. p. 117).

Before entering Westminster, our autobiographer takes a retrospective glance at his home in Bristol, and gives a most graphic description of his aunt, Miss Tyler. That lady has earned an immortality which she little dreamt of, and would have hardly coveted. Already every English

reader knows Miss Tyler. She will live for ever as a type of that class of ladies, whether spinsters or married, who let their love of order and cleanliness grow into a disease—ladies who keep the best rooms in their house in such a superstitious neatness, that they are no longer habitable. The disorder usually drives people from their pleasant and spacious drawing-room into close back-parlours, deserving of a visit from the Sanitary Commission. In the case of Miss Tyler, it drove her from the parlour to the kitchen, from the best kitchen into what should have been the scullery. We hope those ladies in whom the disease has not yet attained such a height may take warning by the terrible example of Miss Tyler. For the rest, she was a woman of violent temper, and of a proud imperious disposition.

Of course, in a house kept with so much neatness as Miss Tyler's, *no other boy* was likely to be admitted; no other specimen of that race whose shoes no quantity of mats or matting could have rendered clean, or afforded sufficient protection against; and who might have even placed his corduroys on the lady's own chair—an offence which, we are assured, would have excited the highest indignation. Young Southey, therefore, had few playmates. *Shad*, a handy lad, kept for all manner of garden or out-of-door work, was his chief companion. He might well say that "few boys were ever less qualified for the discipline of a public school." He had, however, an elastic and buoyant spirit, which, notwithstanding this unsuitable preparation for such a scene, enabled him to meet the trials and the turmoil of Westminster school. It was on the 1st April 1788 that he entered there. A rough apprenticeship to life it seems to have been. One boy holds our epic poet out of window by the leg, to the manifest peril of his skull. Another appoints him, "by the law of fist," to write all his Latin exercises, with the special injunction that they shall be always "bad enough" to pass muster as the composition of the bully and the dunce. We suppose all this has been reformed since Southey's time, and that the following picture is curious only as a record

of the past. In this "interior" the Westminster scholars look very much like a buccaneer's crew:—

"Our boarding-house was under the tyranny of W. F—. He was, in Westminster language, a great beast; that is, in plain truth, a great brute—as great a one as ever went upon two legs. But there are two sorts of human brutes; those who partake of wolf nature, or of pig nature; and F— was of the better breed, if it be better to be wolfish than swinish. He would have made a good prize fighter, a good buccaneer, or, in the days of *Cœur de Lion*, or of my *Cid*, a good knight, to have cut down the misbelievers with a strong arm and a hearty good will. Everybody feared and hated him; and yet it was universally felt that he saved the house from the tyranny of a greater beast than himself. This was a fellow by name B—, who was mean and malicious, which F— was not: I do not know what became of him; his name has not appeared in the *Tyburn Calendar*, which was the only place to look for it; and if he has been hanged, it must have been under an *alias*—an observation which is frequently made, when he is spoken of by his schoolfellows. He and F— were of an age and standing, the giants of the house; but F— was the braver, and did us the good office of keeping him in order. They hated each other cordially, and the evening before we were rid of 'Butcher B—,' F— gave the whole house the great satisfaction of giving him a good thrashing."—(Vol. i. p. 150.)

Then follow some other and more amusing accounts of his schoolfellows, and of their after position and fortunes in the world, and the fragment concludes. It does not even relate the history of his expulsion from Westminster—apparently a very severe punishment for the offence he had committed. The boys had set up a paper called *The Flagellant*. In one of the numbers, which Southey had written, the subject of corporal punishment was handled in a manner which by no means pleased the headmaster; and for this offence he was, as is here expressed, privately expelled. The first appearance in print of our voluminous author was not fortunate.

With this event, therefore, Mr Cuthbert Southey commences the slight thread of biography on which

these letters are strung. How far this expulsion from Westminster, by exasperating the mind of our young author, tended to foster a certain democratic and rebellious mode of thinking, we have no accurate means of judging; we can only guess that it would have some such tendency. He was now to proceed to Oxford; but the expelled of Westminster was rejected at Christ Church, in which college his uncle had particularly wished him to enter. He found refuge at Balliol, where he was admitted Nov. 3, 1792.

We have lost our guide, and the only guide that could have traced for us the course of his reading and the progress of his mind. Southey now somewhat abruptly appears before us as the ardent republican, and something verging on the communist. We left him with Tasso and the *Fairy Queen*, inditing or planning innumerable epics. We find him writing *Wat Tyler*, that poem whose singular history we shall have, by and by, to allude to. From intimations scattered through these letters, we learn that he had dieted rather freely upon Rousseau; that he had "corrected" this diet by a course of Godwin; and that with Godwin he had united Epictetus and Stoic morality. As aunt Tyler had purchased a translation of Rousseau's *Emilie* in order to educate her pupil, it is probable that he had heard of the philosopher of Geneva at a very early period. Perhaps it was the *Contrat Social* that first received him when he stepped from poetry to philosophy. At all events, the captivating ideas of perfect liberty and equality, which are there set forth, had taken full possession of his youthful mind.

At college his industry was still of the same vagrant self-directed description that it had hitherto been. He read much, but he did not distinguish himself in the special studies of the place, nor desired to do so. Now his uncle, the Rev. H. Hill, had designed that his nephew should enter the Church, where only he had the means of assisting his future advancement in life. When Southey first came to Oxford, he contemplated this as his future destination, though probably with no very good will.

But it is quite evident that his course of reading and thinking has not been fitting him for the Church; and we are not at all surprised to find that this disinclination to take holy orders amounts at length to a decided and unconquerable repugnance. We might be rather surprised to find, as we do, that, throughout this era of the reign of liberty and equality, he retains his fervent and deep-rooted sentiments of piety. What exactly his theological creed had become, we have no distinct evidence before us: probably it was unsettled enough. But it is quite remarkable how strong a faith he has, throughout the whole of his career, in the great fundamental doctrine of religion—a future state of existence. It is no mere doctrinal belief, no dim and shadowy foreboding; it was such a belief as a European has in the existence of the continent of America. No emigrant can have a stronger conviction that he shall reach the new country he has embarked for, or that he shall meet such of his friends as have preceded him on the same voyage, than Southey has in that future world to which we are sailing over the ocean of time.

Mr Cuthbert Southey very wisely refrains from speaking decidedly upon his father's religious opinions. He leaves the impression on our mind that, according to his view, the Unitarian heresy was the utmost limit of his divergence from the orthodox standard. We doubt if Southey, at this time, had formed any doctrinal system full and precise enough to be classed under the name of Unitarianism. However that may be, it was impossible for him, with his relaxed creed, and his high sense of moral rectitude, to think of entering the Church. Such unhappily being the state of his opinions, he very properly abandoned all idea of taking orders. At a subsequent period of his life, we may remark that his repugnance to subscribe the articles of the Church of England may very fairly be attributed far more to the moral feelings than to the religious opinions of the man, far more to an extreme scrupulosity and the reluctance to fetter himself, than to any absolute heresy. This we may have an opportunity of

showing as we advance farther in the correspondence.

But the Church being resigned, it was necessary to look out for some other career. He thinks of physic, and studies anatomy for a short time, but the dissecting-room disgusts him. He thinks, as doubtless many others have thought, and are thinking still, that some official appointment which would occupy his mornings with business, and leave his evenings for philosophy and poetry, would be a very suitable position, and he writes to his friend Bedford for his advice and interest in the matter. His friend bids him reflect whether he, with his burning republicanism, was exactly the person most likely to obtain the much sought for patronage of Government. At last he thinks of emigration. Rousseau and Coleridge convert the scheme of emigration into the project of *Pantisocracy*. Here is the provision for life, and liberty, and equality. The scheme is perfect. It will be house and home—it will be philosophy put in action.

The letters of Southey are not at this time the interesting compositions which some may have expected to find them; neither do they give us much insight into the details of this great scheme (though tried on a small scale) of a community of goods. The earlier letters—say those which, immediately succeeding the autobiography, occupy the remaining part of the first volume of the work—are indeed anything but pleasing or agreeable. The editor himself speaks of them in the following manner: "His letters, which at this time seem to have been exercises in composition, give evidence of his industry, and at the same time indicate a mind imbued with heathen philosophy and Grecian republicanism. They are written often in a style of inflated declamation, which, as we shall see, before many years had passed, subsided into a more natural and tranquil tone under the influence of his matured taste." They are the letters of a clever confident youth, and quite as disagreeable as such effusions usually are; full of flippant absurd judgments on men and things, varied with that affected self-disparagement which never fails to form a conspicuous part

of such compositions. Their writers are profound philosophers at one moment, and rail at philosophy the next; full of their future fame, yet despising the only occupation that they love. "I am ready," says Southey, "to quarrel with my friends for not making me a carpenter, and with myself for devoting myself to pursuits certainly unimportant, and of no real utility either to myself or to others." One gets nothing from letters of this description. Our account of Pantisocracy we must take from the words of the editor himself:—

"We have seen," he says, "that in one or two of his early letters my father speaks of emigration to America as having entered his mind; and the failure of the plans I have just mentioned now caused him to turn his thoughts more decidedly in that direction; and the result was a scheme of emigration, to which those who conceived it gave the euphonious name of 'Pantisocracy.' This idea, it appears, was first originated by Mr Coleridge and one or two of his friends; and he mentioned it to my father, on becoming acquainted with him at Oxford. Their plan was to collect as many brother adventurers as they could, and to establish a community in the New World upon the most thoroughly social basis. Land was to be purchased with their common contributions, and to be cultivated by their common labour. Each was to have his portion of work assigned him; and they calculated that a large part of their time would still remain for social converse and literary pursuits. The females of the party—for all were to be married men—were to cook, and perform all domestic affairs; and having even gone so far as to plan the architecture of their cottages, and the form of their settlement, they had pictured as pleasant a Utopia as ever entered an ardent mind."—(P. 211.)

We nowhere gather what provision was made for any other branch of industry than the agricultural. Was each man to be his own tailor, shoemaker, carpenter, &c.? Or was each Pantisocrat to train himself for one special art, to be practised for the benefit of the whole? Or were they to export raw produce, or poetry, the results of their much literary leisure, and so obtain from the old civilised countries the necessary articles for a commodious life? If the last was their plan, their colony, by still being

dependent upon other countries, would lose its character as a complete experiment of a new social organisation. The projectors seem to have thought of nothing beyond the cultivation of the soil, (if they had even studied this,) and the building or the architecture of their cottages. Never surely was such a scheme of colonisation devised. Amongst the whole number of emigrants, there were only two who, apparently, had ever handled anything but books. *Shad*, the servant lad, and one "Heath an apothecary!" They were all students, poets, or scholars; if they had ever reached the banks of the Susquehanna, they would have found, on unpacking their boxes, that they had all brought nothing but books.

Southey having had some notions of emigrating before he became a Pantisocrat, is heard now and then to talk about the price of "blue trousers and cloth jackets;" but Coleridge had a fixed idea, that all was to be done—at least all his part was to be done—by irresistible force of argument. "Pantisocracy!" he exclaims, in a letter which is here quoted; "Oh! I shall have such a scheme of it! My head, my heart, are all alive. *I have drawn up my arguments in battle array.*" His head and his heart! As to what *hands* could do, that was to be left to others. He, on the banks of the Susquehanna, would still draw up arguments in battle array. "Up I rose," he says a little further on, speaking of one who had ventured to laugh at their project, "up I rose terrible in reasoning!" We can well believe it; and if terrible reasoning would have founded a colony, he would have been the most successful of emigrants. But it is palpable that in no other way, and by no other labour, would he have assisted the new settlement. Yet when Southey, coming to his senses, relinquished the scheme, Coleridge was grievously offended. He might well, indeed, be the last to resign the project. He would have gloriously defended the little band of zealots to the latest hour of their departure; he would have stood upon the beach, and protected their retreat from every logical assailant; he would have seen the last man safely on board; and

still he would have stood, and reasoned, till the vessel was out of sight; then would he have returned home, and triumphed in the great Pantisocratic settlement he had founded in America!

Very absurd, indeed, was this scheme—very like what children plan after reading *Robinson Crusoe*. But we must observe, that there was nothing in it worse than its folly. There was no moral obliquity. If these enthusiasts formed a perilous scheme, they took upon themselves the whole of the peril. In these days, when bold theories of social organisation are more rife than ever, it may be well to remark, that this is the only honest way to put such theories to the test of experiment. It is not fair of the speculative man to sit at home, secure of the enjoyments which the present order of things procures for him, and, from his library-table and his easy-chair, to promulgate doctrines that may be preparing the way for future revolutions of the most disastrous description. Unless he is *quite sure* of his speculations, such an act is of the nature of a crime. But to go forth, as Southey and Coleridge, and the rest of the fraternal band intended, to the banks of the Susquehanna, and there, unaided and uninterrupted, reduce into practice their own theories, this would be of the nature of heroism. Now, if there are a certain number of thinking intelligent men and women, who have a firm faith in the possibility of a communistic organisation of society, we should much like them to make the experiment in the manner these Pantisocrats designed, but, of course, with vastly better preparations for their undertaking. This would be fair; and the experiment, though it failed, would not be without good result. Let a certain number of such educated men and women, willing and able to work with their hands, as well as with their brains, each one previously trained to some necessary or useful handicraft, club their fortunes together. Let them purchase a track of land on the banks of the Mississippi, or wherever they think fit, and then go forth with all the necessary implements of agriculture and manufacture, and the requisite

skill to use them, and abundant store of provision, and there let them put to shame, by their brilliant example of equality and fraternity, the old civilisation of mankind, founded hitherto on the law of individual property and self-reliance. Who would not wish them success? Even those who would prophesy nothing but failure for the experiment, would admire the courage and good faith of those who made it. There are few of us who would not like such an experiment to be made—by others—always presuming, that the worst result to those who embarked in it would be the blundering commencement of a new colony, which would soon mould itself on the pattern of the old societies of Europe.

But to return to the course of our biography. This visionary project, while it lasted, was not without its real results on the career and fortunes of Southey. Funds were to be raised, and *therefore* a poem was to be written. He composed with redoubled zeal his *Joan of Arc*, his first epic, and the first performance which rendered him famous in the world. It was not, however, published till after the vision of Pantisocracy had vanished into thin air. The history of its publication is well known, and how Joseph Cottle, who generously purchased the copyright, has for ever linked his name with those of Southey and Coleridge, by this and other good services rendered to the young poets, when as yet the world knew nothing of their greatness.

The next result of his project was of a more serious description. All the Pantisocrats were to be married. Whether, in Southey's case, a previous attachment was thus suddenly matured into a formal engagement, or whether he had been engaged to Miss Fricker even before this notable scheme had been set on foot, we nowhere learn. Nothing is said of the early love of the young poet—how it rose and grew and flourished. This momentous chapter of his life is summed up in the following brief sentence. It was all, we suppose, that the son knew of the matter.

“In the course of this month, (August 1794,) Mr Coleridge having returned from

his excursion in Wales, came to Bristol; and my father, who was then at Bath, having gone over to meet him, introduced him to Robert Lovell, (a Pantisocrat,) through whom, it appears, they both, at this time, became known to Mr Cottle; and here also Mr Coleridge first became acquainted with his future wife, Sarah Fricker, the eldest of the three sisters, one of whom was married to Robert Lovell, *the other having been engaged for some time to my father.* They were the daughters of Stephen Fricker, who had carried on a large manufactory of sugar pans or moulds at Westbury, near Bristol, and who, having fallen into difficulties in consequence of the stoppage of trade by the American war, had lately died, leaving his widow and six children wholly unprovided for.”

Whatever was the date or progress of the attachment, Southey was now engaged to be married. But there was one person whose opinion had not yet been consulted in all these momentous enterprises. “Hitherto,” says Mr Cuthbert Southey, “all had gone on pretty smoothly; the plan of emigration, as well as my father's engagement to Mary, had been carefully concealed from his aunt Miss Tyler, who, he was perfectly aware, would most violently oppose both; and now, when at last she became acquainted with his intentions, her anger knew no bounds.” In fact, she turned him instantly—though it was night, and raining hard—out of her house, and shut the door for ever upon him.

We must quote the letter in which Southey gives an account of this terrible denouement. It introduces us at once into the state of affairs, his enthusiastic project, and the associates with whom it was to be carried out. A rather different account, it will be observed, is here given of its origin, than that which we have quoted from Mr Cuthbert Southey—

“TO THOMAS SOUTHEY.

“BATH, Oct. 19, 1794.

“My Dear Brother Admiral,—Here's a row! here's a kick up! here's a pretty commence! We have had a revolution in the College Green, and I have been turned out of doors in a wet night. Lo and behold! even like my own brothers, I am penniless. It was late in the evening; the wind blew and the rain fell, and I

had walked from Bath in the morning. Luckily, my father's old greatcoat was at Lovell's; I clapt it on, swallowed a glass of brandy, and set off. I met an old drunken man three miles off, and was obliged to drag him all the way to Bath, nine miles! Oh Patience, Patience! thou hast often helped poor Robert Southey, but never didst thou stand him in more need than on Friday the 17th of October 1794.

"Well, Tom, here I am. My aunt has declared she will never see my face again, or open a letter of my writing. So be it. I do my duty, and will continue to do it, be the consequences what they may. You are unpleasantly situated, so is my mother, so were we all, till *this grand scheme of Pantisocracy flashed upon our minds, and now all is perfectly delightful.*

"Open war—declared hostilities! The children are to come here on Wednesday, and I meet them at the Long Coach on this evening. My aunt abuses poor Lovell most unmercifully, and attributes the whole scheme to him: *you know it was concerted between Burnett and me.* But of all the whole catalogue of enormities, nothing enrages my aunt so much as my intended marriage with Mrs Lovell's sister Edith: this will hardly take place till we arrive in America; it rouses the whole army of prejudices in my aunt's breast. Pride leads the fiery host, and a pretty kick-up they must make there. . . .

"*Everything is in the fairest train.* Favell and Le Grice, two young Pantisocrats of nineteen, join us; they possess great genius and energy. I have seen neither of them, yet correspond with both. You may, perhaps, like this sonnet on the subject of our emigration by Favell." [We skip the sonnet. It seems to have been held sufficient testimonial for his qualifications as an emigrant.] "This is a very beautiful piece of poetry; and we may form a very fair opinion of Favell from it. Scott, a brother of your acquaintance, goes with us. So much for news relative to our private politics.

"This is the age of revolutions, and a huge one we have had on the College Green. Poor Shadrack is left there, in the burning fiery furnace of her displeasure, and a prime hot berth has he got of it: he saw me depart with astonishment. 'Why, sir, you be'nt going to Bath at this time of night, and in this weather! Do let me see you sometimes, and hear from you, and send for me when you are going.'

"We are all well, and all eager to depart. March will soon arrive, and I hope you will be with us before that time.

"Why should the man who acts from

conviction of rectitude, grieve because the prejudiced are offended? For me, I am fully possessed by the great cause to which I have devoted myself: my conduct has been open, sincere, and just; and though the world were to scorn and neglect me, I should bear their contempt with calmness. Fare thee well.

"Yours in brotherly affection,

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

"It might have been hoped," continues the editor, "that this storm would have blown over; and that, when Pantisocracy had died a natural death, and the marriage had taken place, Miss Tyler's angry feelings might have softened down; but it was not so—the aunt and nephew never met again!"

To describe this "natural death of Pantisocracy" is hardly necessary. When the expense of a passage to America presented itself as a serious obstacle, the scene of the experiment was shifted to Wales, evidently a mere stage in the natural process of dissolution. Brought from America to Wales, the scheme looked even still more hopeless, and was finally abandoned. Mr Cuthbert Southey, in the preface to his work, says, speaking of his father—"the even tenor of his life, during its greater portion, affords but little matter for pure biography." That portion of his father's life with which he was personally acquainted, exhibited, no doubt, this even tenor; but there are few men whose lives will, upon the whole, afford more striking materials for the future biographer. He who passed the day so evenly and uniformly at Keswick, amongst his books, and with his ever-busy pen, had experienced some of the most startling vicissitudes of life, and could recall scenes in which the very strongest passions of our nature must have been called into play.

What a singular and dramatic position—how full of agitating emotions—is that which next in order reveals itself! Pantisocracy is relinquished; but he is engaged to be married. Aunt Tyler is unmitigable. What is to be done? His uncle Hill comes to the rescue. He is chaplain to the English Factory at Lisbon; is at present on a visit to England, and will shortly return. Apparently he has never interfered, by any useless re-

monstrances, with his nephew's proceedings; he now invites him to return with him to Lisbon. Here, at all events, is an asylum for the present; here he may enjoy an interval of quiet thought, may study Portuguese and Spanish if he will, may see a foreign country; above all, may pursue his cogitations remote from republican associates—so thinks the uncle—and from Miss Fricker. Southey accepts the invitation. But whatever may become of his political opinions, he is resolved to put it out of his power to commit any inconsistency towards Edith Fricker. As soon as the day was finally fixed for his departure, he also fixed his marriage-day. On the 14th of November 1795, he was married at Radcliffe Church, Bristol. “Immediately after the ceremony, they parted. Edith wore her wedding-ring hung round her neck, and kept her maiden name till the report of the marriage had spread abroad.” Writing to his friend Bedford, he says, with truth and feeling—“Never did man stand at the altar with such strange feelings as I did. Can you, Grosvenor, by any effort of imagination, shadow out my emotion? . . . She returned the pressure of my hand, and we parted in silence.”

We cannot look upon his conduct on this occasion in any other light than as the natural course of a noble and generous nature. There was nothing in it unfair to the uncle. The uncle had speculated on the probability that separation would weaken his attachment; but the nephew had never stipulated that it should have this effect. The uncle had also anticipated that a change of scene would cure him of his democratic politics, but this did not put the nephew under any obligation to renounce his politics, or to submit them as fully as possible to the experiment to be made on them. One motive for his hastened marriage, he tells us, was, that in the event of his death at Lisbon, or on the voyage, his widow might have some claim on the protection of his own relatives, some of whom were wealthy. But on these relatives he threw no unwarrantable burden—no burden whatever—unless such as pure generosity might feel. There was no

young family to be provided for. He would have left behind him a widow, whose prospects in life could not have been injured by merely having borne his name for a few months. Southey was of a confident nature, conscious of his own great abilities, of habitual and indomitable industry. Notwithstanding some occasional and very natural fits of depression, he must have felt persuaded that, sooner or later, in one way or the other, he should secure for himself a respectable position in life. He was engaged to Edith Fricker, and he was determined she should share that position with him, and that, in the mean time, she should at all events have no other doubts or fears than what the inconsistency or perversity of fortune might suggest.

Of this, his first visit to Lisbon, very little is recorded. His mind underwent no perceptible change. We have only two letters written by him at this period to his friends in England. From the last of them, he appears to have been impatient to return. It is dated thus—“Feb. 24, 1796, Lisbon, from which God grant me a speedy deliverance!”

He returned the same man, and returned to the same perplexities. Full of his poetry, occupied incessantly with literary projects, he has not yet the courage to trust to his pen for the necessary supplies. He will enter the profession of the law. From this he will extract that needful revenue which shall one day establish him in his country house, with his Edith, and amongst books of every description—except the legal.

Here follows a chapter in his history which, we think, is one of the most instructive of the whole; certainly not the less instructive because many others have been, and many others will be, submitted to the same trials. If Southey had fulfilled his design, and completed his own biography, it is probably upon this interval, between his first and his second visit to Lisbon, that he would have thought it necessary to dwell with the greatest minuteness.

“My father,” says the son, “continued to reside in Bristol until the close of the year 1796, chiefly employed in working up the contents of his foreign note-books

into *Letters from Spain and Portugal*, which were published in one volume early in the following year. This task completed, he determined to take up his residence in London, and fairly to commence the study of the law, which he was now enabled to do through the true friendship of Mr C. W. W. Wynn, from whom he received, for some years from this time, an annuity of L.160—the prompt fulfilment of a promise made during their years of college intimacy. This was indeed one of those acts of rare friendship—twice honourable—‘to him that gives and him that takes it;’ bestowed with pleasure, received without any painful feelings, and often reverted to as the staff and stay of those years when otherwise he must have felt to the full all the manifold evils of being, as he himself expressed it, ‘cut adrift upon the ocean of life.’

He was fairly to commence the study of the law, but he had not the least idea of renouncing his poetical and other literary labours. If the passion of authorship had been felt by Southey only in a slight degree—if it had been a *little book* he wanted to write, just to “exhale his soul,” and then to sober business—this scheme would have been rational enough; but authorship, with its love of fame, had become the master passion of his mind—his second nature. Of “little books” Southey never thought—all his designs were vast, and they were innumerable. His whole life was already pledged. He was then upon *Madoc*, with *Thalaba* looming in the horizon. He is writing to his friend Bedford, just before he proceeds to London to commence the study of the law; and only note the sort of *impedimenta* he carries up with him, and the very auspicious temper in which he enters on the campaign.

“I want to write my tragedies of ‘The Banditti.’

“Of ‘Sebastian.’

“Of ‘Iñez de Castro.’

“Of ‘The Revenge of Pedro.’

“My Epic poem, in twenty books, of ‘Madoc.’

“My novel, in three volumes, of ‘Edmund Oliver.’

“My romance of ‘Ancient History of Alcas.’

“My Norwegian tale of ‘— Hargagne.’

“My Oriental poem of ‘The destruction of the Dom Daniel.’

“And, in case I adopt Rousseau’s system, my ‘— Pains of Imagination.’

“There, Grosvenor, all these I want to write. . . .

“The law will neither amuse me, nor ameliorate me, nor instruct me; but the moment it gives me a comfortable independence—and I have but few wants—then farewell to London. I will get me some little house near the sea, and near a country town, for the sake of the post and the bookseller. . . . And perhaps, Grosvenor, the first Christmas-day you pass with me after I am so settled, we may make a Christmas fire of all my law-books. Amen, so be it.”

He goes to London, and is admitted of Gray’s Inn, Feb. 7, 1797. A few days afterwards, he writes in a graver mood to his early and staunch friend Joseph Cottle.

“I am now entered on a new way of life, which will lead me to independence. You know that I neither lightly undertake any scheme, nor lightly abandon what I have undertaken. . . .

“As to my literary pursuits, after some consideration, I have resolved to postpone every other till I have concluded *Madoc*. This must be the greatest of all my works. The structure is complete in my mind; and my mind is likewise stored with appropriate images. . . .

“On Tuesday we shall be settled; and on Wednesday my legal studies begin in the morning, and I shall begin with *Madoc* in the evening. Of this it is needless to caution you to say nothing, as I must have the character of a lawyer; and though I can and will unite the two pursuits, no one would credit the possibility of the union.”

What follows shows, nevertheless, the folly of attempting to combine things utterly incongruous, and the mischief that may ensue from the attempt. It was very little that Southey could have studied the law, but the effort to force his attention to one subject, while his mind was really absorbed in another, and the perpetually intruding and distracting thought that he *ought* to be studying the law, was very nearly ruining his health irretrievably, and converting one of the most buoyant hilarious of men into the confirmed hypochondriac.

It was in February he came to London. The spring no sooner appeared than he began to pine for the country; he felt his spirits exhausted; he thought his legal studies could be

as well pursued at the sea-side as in the smoke of London; he goes to Burton in Hampshire. There, or elsewhere in the country, he spends the whole summer. In December he returns to London, but "remains there only a very short time." He takes a cottage in the pretty village of Westbury, there to prosecute his legal studies. He stays a twelve-month at Westbury; nor does he again return to London to reside. He had attributed his ill-health to the smoke and confinement of the metropolis, but it is after his escape from London that his health becomes seriously deranged. He had not escaped from his legal studies, or rather from the sense of obligation constantly impending over him to pursue them, and the occasional attempts to compel his attention to the repulsive task.

The law cannot be accused of having encroached seriously on time that would have been else devoted to literature. He took long vacations, when the hated text-book and the detestable reports were banished entirely from his mind. Speaking of his residence at Westbury, he says, "it was one of the happiest portions of his life: he had never before or since produced so much poetry in the same space of time." But still the profession hung over him, urging, from time to time, its distracting obligations. Having escaped from the smoke of London, he now attributes his shattered nerves to the climate of England. But it was as little the climate of England, which his constitution afterwards endured very well in the cold and rainy regions of Cumberland, as it was any fair amount of intellectual labour, that was undermining his health. It was the sense of an *unperformed* task, and that compulsory and distracted attention, one half hour of which more tries and fatigues the brain than a whole morning spent in willing harmonious effort.

Bearing these observations in mind, the following letter will be read with peculiar interest:—

"TO GROSVENOR C. BEDFORD, ESQ.

"Kingsdown, Bristol,
Dec. 21, 1799.

"Grosvenor—I think seriously of going abroad. My complaint—so I am told by

the opinion of many medical men—is wholly a diseased sensibility, (mind you, physical sensibility,) disordering the functions, now of the heart, now of the intestines, and gradually debilitating me. Climate is the obvious remedy. In my present state, to attempt to undergo the confinement of legal application were actual suicide. I am anxious to be well, and to attempt the profession: *much* in it I shall never do: sometimes my principles stand in the way, sometimes the want of readiness, which I felt from the first—a want which I always know in company, and never in solitude and silence. Howbeit I will make the attempt; but mark you, if by stage-writing, or any other writing, I can acquire independence, I will not make the sacrifice of happiness it will inevitably cost me. I love the country, I love study—devotedly I love it; but in legal studies it is only the subtlety of the mind that is exercised.

"I am not indolent; I loath indolence; but, indeed, reading law is laborious indolence—it is thrashing straw. I have read, and read, and read; but the devil a bit can I remember. I have given all possible attention, and attempted to command volition. No! The eye read, the lips pronounced, I understood and re-read it; it was very clear; I remembered the page, the sentence—but close the book, and all was gone!

"I suffer a good deal from illness, and in a way hardly understandable by those in health. I start from sleep as if death had seized me. I am sensible of every pulsation, and compelled to attend to the motion of my heart till that attention disturbs it. The pain in my side is, I think, lessened, nor do I at all think it is consumption: organic affection it could not have been, else it had been constant; and a heart disease would not have been perceived *there*. I must go abroad, and recruit under better skies."—(Vol. ii. p. 33.)

He reads and reads, and he comprehends, but he does not remember. It would have been marvellous if he did, reading always with a divided attention. He never could bring all his mind to this task. "I would rather," he says in one place, "write an epic poem than read a brief." And in the most self-congratulatory moment, when he is the most reconciled, or in the least bad humour with the law, he writes thus: "I advance with sufficient rapidity. *Blackstone* and *Madoc!* I hope to finish my poem and begin my practice in about

two years. I am clearing a farm; I am painting a landscape that shall rival Claude Lorraine!"

Southey had resolved to be poet and lawyer both. If he had really delighted in both studies—as Sir William Jones seems to have done—he might, like Sir William, have attained a certain degree of excellence in both. We have a living example before us of a judge who has written a far more beautiful poem than half-a-dozen Sir Williams could have indited. But with Southey one of these studies was not only indifferent but intolerable, whilst the other was most delectable. Under these circumstances, the attempt to unite them was ruining one of the best constitutions that a student was ever blest with by nature. We have no doubt that, if he had much longer seriously persisted in this attempt, there would have been a general wreck and ruin of mind and body both.

"My health," he says, writing to Mr May, "fluctuates, and the necessity of changing climate is sadly and sufficiently obvious, lest, though my disease should prove of no serious danger, the worst habits of hypochondriasm fasten upon me, and palsy all intellectual power." He took the wisest resolution the circumstances of the case admitted of—he embarked for Lisbon. He threw off entirely—at all events for a season, perhaps, in secret, for ever—the anxious burden of the law. He gave his whole soul to poetry; rode about in the paradise of Cintra, and wrote the concluding books of his *Thalaba*. So was he rescued from the fate of a nervous hypochondriac patient.

It is a piece of advice we would give to every man, but especially to the student. Harmonise your labours. If ambition prompt you to mingle two conflicting studies that will not accord, that breed perpetual civil war in the mind, we charge you to fling away ambition. If the higher, and more ambitious, and more beloved study—be it science, or poetry, or philosophy—will *not* yield, then choose at once for it and poverty, if such must be the alternative. Better anything than a ruined disordered mind; or, if you prefer the expression, than a confirmed cerebral disease.

Very pleasant was the life that Southey led at Lisbon and at Cintra, and very agreeable are the letters that he writes to England during this second visit to the Peninsula.

"You would be amused," he says in one of them, "could you see Edith and myself on ass-back—I sitting sideways, gloriously lazy, with a boy to beat my Bayardo, as well adapted to me as ever that wild courser was to Rinaldo. In this climate there is no walking, a little exercise heats so immoderately; but their cork woods, or fir woods, and mountain glens, and rock pyramids, and ever-flowing fountains, and lemon-groves ever in flower and in fruit, want only society to become a paradise. Could I but colonise Cintra with half-a-dozen families, I should never wish to leave it. As it is, I am comfortable, my health establishing itself, my spirits everlastingly partaking the sunshine of the climate. Yet I *do* hunger after the bread-and-butter, and the fire-side comforts, and the intellect of England."—(Vol. ii. p. 109.)

On his return to England we hear no more of the law, or we hear only that it was entirely abandoned. We find him writing to Bedford (p. 159) about one solitary remaining law-book—"my whole proper stock—whom I design to take up to the top of Mount Etna, for the express purpose of throwing him down straight to the devil."

His sojourn in the Continent had led him to think that some foreign consulship would not be unacceptable. No appointment of this kind, however, offered itself. That of private secretary to Mr Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, was proposed to him, and he accepted it. "This had been brought about," says the Editor, "through his friend Mr Rickman, who was at that time secretary to Mr Abbot, and in consequence residing in Dublin—an additional inducement to my father to accept the appointment, as he would have to reside there himself during half the year."

He went to Dublin to take possession of his new office, but soon after returned to London, where the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer was in the habit of residing during the winter portion of the year. Mr Corry is described as a man of mild unassuming manners; and "the Chancellor

and his scribe" got on very well together. But the Chancellor discovered that he had nothing to do for his very clever secretary. Having no sufficient official employment, he proposed to him to undertake the tuition of his son. This "was not in the bond," nor at all suited to Southey's habits and inclinations. To use his own words, he therefore resigned "a foolish office, and a good salary."

This was the last serious attempt he made to obtain the necessary supplies from any other source than his pen. He betook himself steadily to reviewing and other literary work. The *Annual Register* offered him constant employment till the *Quarterly* was established. For his residence, he thought first of Richmond, on the Thames; then of the Valley of Neath in Wales; finally, he established himself at KESWICK.

We have thus brought down his biography to the period when, his political opinions considerably modified, and his literary avocations clearly defined before him, he takes up his residence at that place which will forever be associated with his name, and assumes that character and position in which he was so long known and honoured by his contemporaries. Before leaving England, on his second voyage to Lisbon, he had written *Madoc*, (that is, in its rough state,) and had composed the greater part of

Thalaba. The concluding books of *Thalaba*—that charming episode of *Laila*—were written amongst the hills and the cork forests of Cintra. The completed manuscript was sent to England, and was published soon after his own return. *Madoc* there received its last corrections and additions. The time is now come when we can take a glance at these and other poetical works, which were, and still are, the basis of his fame. The author is now himself moored safely in still waters, and his life henceforth is little more than the history of his writings, of his mind, his opinions, and his acts of beneficence; for these last occupy no small space in it. No relative can put in a claim to his assistance but it is granted to the utmost of his power, and often beyond such restrictions as prudence, and a regard to nearer claims, would suggest. He is open to the very enthusiasm of friendship, and prepared for any self-sacrifice that the most romantic sense of duty can demand. Nor is there any young poet struggling with that world which his love of letters has made appear so harsh and cruel, to whom Southey does not extend his sympathy, his guidance, and his aid. But as the remaining portion of our task would occupy more space than we could assign to it, and as we have arrived at a fair halting-place, we will here break off for the present.

THE MINISTRY AND THE AGRICULTURAL INTEREST.

IN the Speech delivered from the Throne at the opening of the present Session of Parliament, the following passage will be found :

“Notwithstanding the large reductions of taxation which have been effected in late years, the receipts of the Revenue have been satisfactory. The state of the Commerce and Manufactures of the United Kingdom has been such as to afford general employment to the labouring classes. I have to lament, however, the difficulties which are still felt by that important body among my people who are owners and occupiers of land ; but it is my confident hope that the prosperous condition of other classes of my subjects will have a favourable effect in diminishing those difficulties, and promoting the interests of agriculture.”

Without attaching too much importance to the phraseology of this Address, it will, we think, be admitted by every one who recollects the dissensions of last year, that her Majesty's Ministers, by inserting in the royal Address this acknowledgment of the difficulties under which the owners and occupiers of land are labouring, have virtually abandoned their ground ; and are not now, as formerly, prepared to maintain that agricultural depression, arising from low prices, is to be considered simply as an accident, and not as the result of legislation. Last year we were told, on high Ministerial authority, that the low prices then current were merely exceptional, and could not continue ; and that a signal check had been given to the importation of foreign grain. “Therefore,” said Sir Charles Wood, “the farmer need not apprehend that ruin from the operation of Free Trade, which he at present anticipates from prices under 40s. a quarter.” But time, more infallible than Sir Charles Wood, or any other Chancellor of the Exchequer, has proved that all these notions are fallacies. The importation continues, and prices droop. During the twelve months which have elapsed, there has been no symptom of rallying ; and it

is now almost universally admitted, that the depreciation of the value of agricultural produce is permanent, and must so continue in the absence of a protective duty.

We are always glad to see a fallacy cleared out of our path. The idea that high-farming can ever be made an adequate substitute for protection, was exploded last year ; and now the efforts of the Whigs to demonstrate that importations cannot continue, have been abandoned. The state of the case is precisely that which we laid before the public in January 1850 ; and no one thinks of denying it. Even those journals, which, from time to time, have hazarded vaticinations as to rises in the value of produce, are compelled to acknowledge their fallibility, or drop their pretensions to the mantle of the gifted seer.

The matter is, therefore, very materially simplified. We are justified in holding that henceforth, under the system of free ports, the average price of the quarter of wheat in England will not exceed 40s., and may possibly be much lower when the resources of the Continent and America, both aware of their market, are fully developed. In Scotland, the average must necessarily be two or three shillings less. A corresponding fall has taken place, and will continue, in all other kinds of cereal crop and of provisions. If these data are admitted—and a very short period will now suffice to establish or refute their accuracy—the agricultural question may be discussed without any specialities whatever. Every man throughout the country will have the means of forming his judgment upon the actual working of the measure, and its effect, both direct and indirect, upon all branches of British industry. It is most desirable, on every account, that there should be no mistake as to this. Our opponents—perhaps naturally enough exasperated at the prolongation of a combat in which they have been uniformly worsted when the weapons of argument were employed, and being more-

over aware, from symptoms which are everywhere manifested, that the period of delusion is nearly gone by—have over and over again charged the country party and its chiefs with a desire to cut short the experiment, before its results were sufficiently apparent. We need hardly say that the charge is utterly unfounded. We have no wish to precipitate matters, or to effect by a *coup-de-main* that alteration which never can be permanent unless based on the conviction of the majority of the constituencies of the Empire. We have no desire to take a leaf from the book of recent statesmen, and to induce members of Parliament to act contrary to those declarations on the faith of which they were returned. But we are entitled—nay, we are bound—to watch the experiment as it proceeds, and ever and anon to declare our honest and sincere opinion as to the nature of its working. We cannot shut our eyes to the vast injury which it is causing, and has already caused, to a most important and numerous class of our fellow-countrymen; we cannot reconcile ourselves to the operation of a system which has undoubtedly disappointed the expectations even of its founders. We have, therefore, whenever that was needful, expressed our opinion without any reservation whatever; and we shall continue to do so, not the less confidently because the views which we entertain are now openly adopted and received by many, who were heretofore unwilling to disturb a course of legislation which had been deliberately sanctioned by the State.

We beg to assure the Free-Traders that we never, for one moment, underestimated the advantages of their position. At the commencement of this Parliament, they had a majority large enough—supposing that their cause was good, and their boasted experiment successful—to render all idea of a return of protection perfectly futile and hopeless. And, therefore, we were told, day after day, and month after month, that it was in vain for us to struggle against the tide—that a course of policy such as this, once commenced, must be regarded as irrevocable—and that we were merely losing time in demonstrating, what

latterly was hardly denied, that the agricultural interest could not maintain itself under the pressure of the growing competition. But those who held such language seemed to have forgotten that the experiment, upon the success of which they had staked their reputation for sagacity, was all the while progressing before the eyes of the nation. Had its progress been successful and satisfactory, the country party must long ere this have dwindled away into nothing. Can our opponents not see that it is the failure of Free Trade alone which constitutes our strength? In the late debate upon Mr Disraeli's motion, Sir James Graham, who is certainly not apt to exaggerate the power of his opponents, spoke as follows: "I see very plainly that we are on the eve of a great and serious struggle. I see a party of gentlemen in this and the other house of Parliament, powerful in numbers, powerful in the respect in which they are held for their personal and hereditary virtues, having great influence in the country, and great possessions. They are an interest which, up to the present moment, has commanded great influence with the Government; and, with the main body of the community at their back, they exercise a power upon any question that is irresistible. . . . With such opponents it behoves us to gird up our loins. I know not whether the watchword, 'Up, guards, and at them!' may not already have been given. It is clear to me that the opponents of protection must prepare for a severe contest. They must stand upon the defensive. They must stand to their arms, and close their ranks, and prepare for a firm, manly, and uncompromising resistance!" Now, considering that not more than two years have elapsed since it was the fashion of the Liberal journals to aver that the country party was all but extinct, helpless in the House of Commons, and unsupported beyond its doors, this estimate of Sir James Graham is undoubtedly remarkable. We are naturally led to inquire how it is that the cause of protection has made so prodigious a stride—why it should now appear so formidable in the eyes of an old and experienced statesman? No other reason can be

assigned than the justice of the cause which the country party have maintained, and the failure of the experiment to which their adversaries were pledged. If there are any new "opponents" to Free Trade within the House of Commons, they have either been sent there by constituencies since the present Parliament was summoned, or they have become convinced of the error of their former views, and seceded from the Ministerial ranks. If, beyond the House of Commons, men are changing their opinions to that extent which Sir James Graham indicates, surely that is no argument in favour of the party which still is dominant—no testimony which can be adduced to support the wisdom of their policy. Rather should it be to us a great encouragement to persevere as we have begun, for it conveys a direct acknowledgment of the truth of those arguments which we have all along maintained.

Very absurd indeed is the accusation, that the Protectionists will not allow fair play to the progress of the experiment. Hitherto the promoters of the experiment have had it all their own way, and have been allowed to go on without any check or impediment. They profess themselves to be extremely well satisfied with the result; and yet, singularly enough, whenever a division occurs upon any point arising from their policy, they find their boasted majority becoming less and less. The conduct of the Protectionist party has indeed been marked by an extraordinary degree of forbearance. But the supporters of the cause without the walls of St Stephen's have full reliance on the integrity and the discretion of their champions within. They have not forgotten the distinct announcement of Lord Stanley that, "it is not in the House of Lords, nor in the House of Commons, but in the country at large that the battle must be fought, and the triumph achieved;" and they have no desire, through rash impatience, to endanger the coming victory. But, whilst refraining from a direct attack upon the principles of the Free-Trade system, our representatives in Parliament are by no means oblivious of their duty. The peculiar burdens on land and agricultural property and produce have not been re-

moved, notwithstanding the promises which were made; and as the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced that he had a surplus of revenue in hand, the Government has very naturally been called upon to consider, whether that surplus should not be applied to the alleviation of the distress among "the owners and occupiers of land," admitted, in the Royal Speech, to exist; and whether, in fact, they have not a righteous claim to a considerable reduction of their burdens?

Such was the tenor of Mr Disraeli's motion, which was negatived, in a crowded house, by a majority of only FOURTEEN. In the proposal itself there was nothing unreasonable—nothing which even faction could lay hold of. The difficulties of one class in the community were admitted by Ministers, and contrasted by them with the general prosperity which was assumed as the condition of all others. It was not denied, but rather stated as matter of exultation, that this general prosperity arose from the same cause which had occasioned the depression—that the same fountain had given forth both sweet and bitter waters, refreshing and enlivening on the one side, whilst, on the other, it spread decay. Under these circumstances, it will not be denied, by any unprejudiced person, that it was the bounden duty of Her Majesty's Ministers—not to come forward voluntarily with any remission to the suffering class, which might be construed as a favour—but seriously to consider whether or not the statement preferred on the part of the agriculturists, that they were unjustly and unequally burdened and restricted, was true; and if it were true, then to accord relief in a fair and equitable manner. Sorry are we, indeed, to say, that neither Her Majesty's Ministers, nor such of the supporters of the late Sir Robert Peel as spoke and voted on the motion, had the courage to face openly this question of abstract justice. It was enough for them that the proposition was made by a leader of the country party, and that it was generally supported by those opposed to their commercial policy. These circumstances were of themselves sufficient to secure its rejection, even had the discussion

of it not involved points to which no Free-Trader has ever yet ventured to address himself.

What these points are, we shall presently examine. But first let us go back for a little to what are matters of history.

In the first speech which he delivered in the House of Commons, during the eventful Session of 1846, the late Sir Robert Peel, while paving the way for the introduction of his Free-Trade measures, made the following remarks with regard to the peculiar burdens upon land:—"Further, it may be said that the land is entitled to protection on account of some peculiar burdens which it bears. But that is a question of justice, rather than of policy: *I have always felt and maintained that the land is subject to peculiar burdens*; but you have the power of weakening the force of that argument by the removal of the burden, or making compensation. The first three objections to the removal of protection are objections founded on considerations of public policy. *The last is a question of justice, which may be determined by giving some counterbalancing advantage.*" Further, on the very same evening, the present Premier, Lord John Russell, thought fit to read to the House of Commons a letter which had been addressed by him to Her Majesty, of which the following is an extract:—"The measures which Sir Robert Peel had in contemplation appear to have been—a present suspension of the duties of corn—a repeal of the Corn Laws at no remote period, preceded by a diminution of duties—*relief to the occupiers of land from burdens by which they are peculiarly affected*, so far as it may be practicable. Upon full consideration of these proposals, Lord John Russell is prepared to assent to the opening of the ports, and to the *fiscal relief which it was intended to afford.*" On that evening, (22d January 1846.) Lord John was in a peculiarly communicative mood; for, besides the letter of 16th December 1845, of which the foregoing is an extract, he read to the House another epistle, dated the 20th, informing Her Majesty that he had found it impossible to form an Administration. That letter, moreover, contains a sketch of

what the noble lord proposed to have done, provided it had been possible to procure the aid of that galaxy of talent with which he is now surrounded. "Lord John Russell would have formed his Ministry on the basis of a complete free trade in corn, to be established at once, without gradation or delay. *He would have accompanied that proposal with measures of relief, to a considerable extent, of the occupiers of land, from the burdens to which they are subjected.*"

Now, we beg the reader distinctly to mark the character of these several admissions made by Sir Robert Peel and by Lord John Russell. They were made five years ago—are quite unequivocal—and demonstrate the opinion of both, that, *in justice*, no alteration should be made in the laws which regulated the admission of foreign grain, without granting to the occupiers of the soil a relief from their peculiar burdens. This is a matter which it is very necessary to keep in view, inasmuch as we cannot compliment Lord John Russell on his general ethical perceptions. He has an odd way of addressing the whole agricultural body as if they were liable for the consequences of the rejection or acceptance of certain proposals, which, in office or out of it, he thought proper to make to certain members of Parliament—a mode of dealing which, in our humble mind, is more suitable to a sharp attorney than to a wise and enlightened statesman.

What followed is well known to every one. The Free-Trade measures proposed by Sir Robert Peel were carried, and Lord John Russell succeeded him in office; still, however, not one word was heard about the promised relief to the agriculturists. It is quite true that there was no explicit bargain, but justice is independent of bargains. Both Ministers had expressed their opinion that, in the event of the repeal of the Corn Laws, it was not only reasonable, but just, that the agriculturists should be relieved from certain burdens peculiar to them alone; and yet neither of them took one step in the direction of justice. At that time it was notorious that neither of them contemplated the disastrous effects of their mea-

tures upon the landed interest. They imagined—foolishly enough, it is true, but in accordance with the false data on which they proceeded—that very limited supplies of grain would be thrown into this country, and that consequently prices could not be affected to any large degree. We cannot read the different speeches of Sir Robert Peel, guarded as they were, without concluding that he never contemplated a permanent fall in the price of wheat below 50s. per quarter, if he even expected it to drop so low; and yet, these being his calculations, he admitted that it was not just to expose the agricultural body to that contingency, without giving them a measure of relief. We all know what has occurred. An average of 40s. is now considered a high price in England, as markets go; and in Scotland we are settling down to 36s.; yet still the preliminary measure of justice, which, according to both Ministers, ought to have accompanied the repeal of the Corn Laws, is withheld. With a surplus in their hands, Ministers refrain from applying it to the discharge of the just debt; and when the debt is claimed—as it was the other day by Mr Disraeli, in terms not less distinct than forcible—they give it the go-by, and commence declaiming on the impolicy of a return to protection—a point which was not before them!

It is difficult, indeed, to observe the limits of conventional decorum while commenting on conduct like this. Had Mr Disraeli demanded the reimposition of a duty, whether fixed or variable, we should of course have expected that, however strong his case, he would be met by strenuous opposition. The Whigs have committed themselves so far that, were it proved to them that, in the course of a single year, the whole agricultural interest must perish unless their whole system of commercial policy were changed, we should not expect them to step in and offer to stay the calamity. In this line of dogged inaction and obstinacy they would probably receive the congenial support of the small rump of Conservative renegades, who follow them rather through the necessity of their degraded position, than from any abstract love

they bear to the Whig dominant faction. But Mr Disraeli asked nothing of the kind. He simply pointed out the fact, which could brook no denial, that certain burdens and restrictions were still imposed upon the agriculturists, which prevented them from entering, on anything like equal terms, into that course of competition which is the glory and essence of Free Trade. He demanded the removal of these, or, at all events, an impartial adjustment of them, in order that the British agriculturist might have fair play, and not be brought into the field loaded and oppressed by a weight which no other class of the community is called upon to bear. It was no question of countervailing duties to put the British on a level with the foreign producer: it was simply a question of home taxation between class and class, and between man and man. Under the system of protection, burdens had been laid largely upon the land, and the land alone; restrictions had been laid upon the occupiers, forbidding them to grow certain valuable crops, in order that the revenue might be maintained by fixed customs-duties, levied on the same articles when imported from foreign countries; and certain other produce was placed under the fetters of the Excise. The system of protection fell, but the burdens and restrictions remain. Apart altogether from the foreign question—apart from considerations whether the owner and occupier of land in Britain can compete with foreigners in his own market on equal terms whilst the burden of British taxation remains undiminished—lies the question of fair and equal adjustment of taxation among ourselves. It may be that this is difficult—it may even prove to be impossible. The state of the public revenue may be such, that no Government can accord to the occupiers of land their natural right of producing what crops they please, or abrogate the laws which have the effect of restricting certain kinds of produce to very narrow limits. It may be that human ingenuity cannot devise a method for setting agricultural industry free in all its branches, and allowing that open competition which is not with-

held from any kind of manufacture. If so, that is the strongest of all arguments in favour of protection, and it were well if it were thoroughly understood. And understood it is by many, though some of those who understand it find it convenient to do their utmost to perpetuate an act of injustice. Sir James Graham, Mr Cobden—ay, twenty more of those who either spoke or voted against Mr Disraeli's motion, have declared themselves hostile to the continuance of the malt-tax, and yet we see the result. But there are, according to the recorded admissions of both Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell, burdens from which the agriculturists ought in common justice to be freed—or rather, from which they ought to *have been* freed long ago; and yet even this poor modicum or instalment of justice is denied. And when is it denied? At the very time when the Ministry boast of the general prosperity of the country, with the exception of one single class, at whose expense, they allow, this general prosperity has been gained! At the very time when they are in possession of a surplus of revenue, part of which is to be applied to a remission of duties on foreign timber!

We rejoice that the question has been brought forward fairly, manfully, and openly. The division, and still more the tone of the debate, must show the agriculturists how hopeless it is to expect any redress from her Majesty's present advisers. No one speaker attempted to meet Mr Disraeli on the ground to which he strictly confined himself. "If I am asked," said he, "what is my remedy for the difficulties of the owners and occupiers of land, my answer, on the part of those who sit around me, is brief. It is—We want justice. We ask that you shall not prohibit or restrain our industry. We ask that you shall not levy upon us direct burdens, for public purposes, to which very few other classes contribute. We ask that you shall not throw upon us, who, according to your own account, are the only class that is in a state of prolonged distress, the burden of your system. That is what we ask. We say—remove this enormous injustice, and let us be fairly weighted

in the race. We shrink not from the competition which you have thought fit to open to our enemies; but do not let us enter into the struggle manacled." Was there anything in this discordant with the theories of Free Trade? Was there any claim advanced for the maintenance or the imposition of burdens pressing upon the rest of the community to the advantage of the agricultural class? Nothing of the kind. It was, on the contrary, a demand which, if the Free-Traders had an atom of principle, could not be refused, unless they were prepared to maintain that they alone had a right to immunity of taxation. So strong was Mr Disraeli's argument—so irresistible were his conclusions, that no one orator on the other side ventured to meet him fairly. The Chancellor of the Exchequer brought forward statistics, letters, reports, newspaper articles, and all the other gallimaufry which elaborate subordinates are expected to supply on such occasions, for the purpose of showing that trade was in a healthy condition, exports increasing, and what not;—things, even supposing them to be true, quite as relevant to the matter in dispute, as if he had read a statistical account of the commerce of China. One point he certainly did touch, and that was the saving clause in the Speech from the Throne, expressing "my confident hope that the prosperous condition of other classes of my subjects will have a favourable effect in diminishing those difficulties, and promoting the interests of agriculture." Upon this text Sir Charles Wood chose to dilate, asking, "Is it possible that the agricultural interest can stand so much separated from the rest of the community as not to be benefited by their prosperity, and derive advantage from the great and increasing demand for their produce which that prosperity must create?" *Great and increasing demand FOR THEIR PRODUCE!!* Why, according to the same authority, the prosperity of the said classes has been created, or, at all events, augmented, by their deriving their supplies abroad, from the foreign producer who can afford to undersell the overburdened British farmer! Something like ten or twelve millions of quarters

of grain are now annually forced into this country, whatever be the quality of the harvest; as also provisions enough to feed the army, victual the navy, and supply the sea-coast towns; and live cattle innumerable are shipped for our eastern ports. And this, according to Sir Charles Wood, is to create a great and increasing demand for British agricultural produce! We may say frankly, that although we never entertained a high estimate of the intellectual powers, acquirements, or sagacity of this member of the Cabinet, we should not have ventured to accuse him of such sheer imbecility as this speech of his betrays, save on his own evidence. We believe him to be perfectly sincere. Even had he the desire to practise it, nature has fortunately denied him the possession of the talent of casuistry. His optics are like those of the owl in daylight, utterly irreconcilable with the common standard of vision, and therefore we need not wonder if, ever and anon, he dashes himself unconsciously against a tree.

Neither have we much to say to the speech of the Premier. If we are to consider it in the light of a hortatory warning against any future attempt to regain protection, it is not without its value. We know very well that it is much easier and more popular to remit, than to impose a duty; and the ancient experiences of the noble lord in fostering democratic agitation, make him a valuable witness in all that relates to the probable causes of tumult. But Lord John Russell, in his forcible sketch of the awful consequences of any return to the protective system, did, as it seems to us, not only mistake the question before him, but overlook, whether wilfully or casually, the express statement of Mr Disraeli, which embodies the declared views of the chiefs of the country party. Let us see what that statement was:—"I am extremely anxious that I should obtain no support to-night under a false pretence, and that I should not incur any opposition by the same means. I trust no honourable gentleman will rise to-night and say that this motion is a direct or an indirect attack on our new commercial system. Far

from it. It is in consequence of your new commercial system that I have felt it my duty to make this motion, and to try to adapt, if I can, the position of the owners and occupiers of land to that new commercial system you have introduced. Nor let any honourable gentleman support me to-night in the idea that this is an attempt to bring back protection in disguise. Nothing of the kind. I last year said what I now adhere to severely, strictly, even religiously. I said then that I would not, in this Parliament, make any attempt to bring back the abrogated system of protection, and I gave my reasons for that course. I deeply deplored at the time the circumstances of the change. I deeply deplored that a Parliament and a Ministry, which, if not formally, at least virtually—and that is of much more importance in the opinion of the constituencies—were pledged to uphold the system of protection, should have abrogated it. I think there was in that circumstance a clear plain cause of quarrel between Parliament and the constituencies; but I cannot forget what passed after that great change. The general elections took place; that opportunity was afforded to the constituencies, even if they were betrayed, to recall the legislation the abrogation of which they deplored. I cannot forget that the agricultural body in particular were warned by their best and most powerful friend—now lost to us—not to lose that opportunity, because it was their only one. I cannot forget that they rejected that counsel; that, misled by the superficial circumstances of the moment, the prices of the year, which were undoubtedly the result of exceptional circumstances, they did not support us in the policy we recommended; and I for one, sir, cannot consent that the laws which regulate the industry of a great nation should be made the shuttlecock of party strife. I say that, if I thought I might, by a chance majority, bring back the system called 'protection,' I would shrink from it. That is a thing which must be done out of the House, and done out of the House by no chance majority, but by the free unfettered expression of public opinion; and no other result can be satisfactory

to any class, or conducive to the general welfare. I have expressed this opinion before, and honourable gentlemen opposite, if they will condescend to recollect what I have said, will do me the justice of admitting I have done so. I repeat it now, because I wish no one to be in error with respect to my motives, my object, and the policy I wish Government to pursue."

As to the distinctness of this statement in all its parts, there can be no difference of opinion. Some who are not merely smarting, but writhing under the injuries inflicted by Free Trade, may think that Mr Disraeli has taken too dispassionate a view of the case, and that the line of conduct which he has announced, and which he declares himself determined to follow, is less energetic than suits the emergency of the present crisis. Deeply as we deplore the misery which exists, and the evils which have been occasioned, we cannot do otherwise than express our entire concurrence with the views so ably stated. Protection cannot be regained by a side-wind, or a mere casual and hasty vote. It must be brought in by the voice of the constituencies, and according to the forms of the Constitution, or not at all; and he is no friend of the agricultural body who would counsel otherwise. Therefore we say, that Mr Disraeli performed a most manly, proper, and timely act in making that distinct declaration; and we verily believe that nothing could have galled the Free-Traders more, or struck greater consternation into their ranks, than the simple and clear avowal of the principles by which the advocates of native industry are determined to abide. Lord John Russell evidently felt himself placed in an awkward position. He was of course prepared to combat any proposal for a return to protection, but he had not one argument to meet the demand for justice which Mr Disraeli so strongly urged on the part of the agricultural body. Where could he find any? We have seen that, five years ago, he acknowledged the justice of the claim, and, by a broad admission of agricultural distress in the Speech from the Throne, he virtually confessed that

the time had arrived when all fair remissions should be made, more especially as he had the means to do so. But, finding it impossible to meet Mr Disraeli on the only ground which he occupied, the shifty Premier thought fit to evade the question altogether, and, under the sheltering shield of Sir James Graham, who preceded him in the debate, to utter a harangue upon the dangers to which the country would be exposed should protection carry the day. Now, we have nothing whatever to say upon the subject of Lord John Russell's vaticinations, simply considered as such. A return to protection may be bad, or it may be good; it may make us poorer or richer; it may involve us in new difficulties, or it may free us from those which confessedly exist at present. All that is matter of opinion. But has Lord John Russell so far forgotten his old constitutional creed, as to maintain that, if the majority of the constituencies should declare in favour of protection, and the majority of the House of Peers adopt the same view, the present commercial system is not to be reversed? And if he does not mean that, why all this empty bluster and ridiculous vapouring upon a point which has not yet been mooted? There is no Guy Fawkes' conspiracy going on in the cellars to blow the Treasury benches, with their occupants, into the air; there is no intention on the part of the Protectionists to call the yeomanry of England together, and march them upon Westminster, to see their wrongs redressed by force of arms. If the noble lord dreads anything, it is a moral reaction on the part of the people—on the part of the voters throughout the country, who hold the franchise, and return members to the House of Commons; and if he denounces the acts of a majority so obtained,—why, we must even seek out a new interpreter of the mysteries of the British Constitution!

In sober sadness, we could almost find it in our heart to be sorry for Lord John Russell. For years past he has had it in his power very materially to strengthen his position, by acting up to the tenor of those

letters which we referred to in the commencement of this article. We do not say that any such arrangement would or could have satisfied the agricultural interest; for the vicissitude which they have experienced has proved so tremendous, that no adjustment of taxation could act as a remedy for the evil. Nevertheless, it was perfectly open to the Premier to have freed himself at once from the trammels of party—to have taken a high, honourable, and bold position—and to have insisted that the interest which was made the subject of experiment should be placed as nearly as possible, in so far as regards taxation, on an equal footing with the other interests of the country. To that line of conduct, indeed, his credit, if not his honour, was pledged; and we confess that we cannot fathom the motive which has led him first to delay, and then directly to refuse, what he once acknowledged to be an act of simple justice. What ulterior views the Whig Cabinet may entertain, we have no means of guessing; but if it should be, as has already been surmised, that they calculate on maintaining their supremacy through the ruin of the most important branch of the producers of the United Kingdom, they may look for a struggle not less desperate than that which Lord John Russell has predicted as the consequence of a constitutional return to the protective system.

But, to keep to the actual question which was before the House of Commons—the question as to the peculiar burdens imposed upon the land—let us see Lord John Russell's opinion in 1851, contrasted with his opinion in 1846. He thus speaks in reply to Mr Disraeli:—"Well, but it is said that land is burdened in a special manner, and that the owners should receive compensation. Why, I remember when a friend of mine, who is now Governor-General of the Ionian Islands, year after year attempted to gain a Select Committee for the purpose of considering what were the burdens upon the land; that those gentlemen who are the most clamorous for protection never could bear to consent, and used to come forward to beg that there might

be no inquiry, and to stop all attempts at investigation; and now it appears that, without any investigation at all, we are to suppose those great and unfair burdens are placed on the land." Without any investigation at all! What reduction, then, was Lord John Russell willing to have given in 1846? Was he, an ex-Prime Minister, so entirely ignorant of our fiscal system, that he did not know what were the peculiar burdens upon land? If so, it is manifest that he had not passed his apprenticeship when he was pretending to act as a master. But, in reality, the subterfuge is as mean as it is ridiculous. Never was a promise to pay more clumsily and disgracefully eluded; and we only regret that the stamp duties are not sufficiently comprehensive to include within their reach, in a legally binding form, the promises or offers of an ex-Minister who is making a violent effort to re-establish himself, his relations and friends, in the highest offices of these kingdoms.

Absolutely, however, we care nothing for what was said in this discussion by Lord John Russell or his colleagues. They have taken their part, and they are determined to abide by it; and from their hands the agriculturists need not look for the slightest measure of relief. According to the Whig creed, each fresh importation of corn, flour, provisions, and cattle, must tend to "diminishing the difficulties, and promoting the interests of agriculture," since by those means the general prosperity of the country has been attained, and it is through that general prosperity alone that agriculture is hereafter to profit. In short, the doctrine is, that an increased consumption of foreign produce in Great Britain must materially tend to the prosperity of the British agriculturist! Truly, political economy, as thus interpreted, is a great and wonderful science!

But we have a few words to say with regard to another section of politicians, who were represented on this occasion by their present chief Sir James Graham. Notwithstanding the violent efforts which have been made to keep it together, that

party has undergone, during the last twelve months, a very considerable modification. The great head and originator of it has been removed from this world, and many who were content to fight under his banner have not cared to renew their oath of allegiance to a less trusted and popular captain. Sir James Graham has some excellent qualities and accomplishments, but he is wanting in others. He is the very Reuben of politics; unstable as water, uncertain as the winds of heaven. With the fussy assistance of his primejanissary, Mr Cardwell, he has been attempting for some time back to intrench himself in a small camp, apart from the larger leaguers, and to maintain such a semblance of exact neutrality, that neither party, on the eve of joining battle, can confidently reckon on his support. It must be acknowledged that he is true to his hereditary traditions. The Grahams of "the Debateable Land," as that tract of country occupied by the clan was denominated, were, in the days of Border warfare, accounted neither Scots nor English. One day they appeared on the one side, and on the next they showed face on the other. That method, however, though it may have its conveniences, is not likely to meet with much approval at the present day. The Free-lance system has gone out of fashion; and we confess that we are not sorry to observe that Sir James Graham has at last committed himself so decidedly, that the country party must hereafter regard him in the light of a permanent foe. Do not let us be misunderstood. We acknowledge the great advantage of his services as a friend: we have not the least desire to depreciate or undervalue his abilities as a debater. But now, more than ever, it is important to know distinctly who are for us, and who against us. Sir James Graham, in so far as his own opinions are concerned, has left no doubt whatever on the matter. He has not only joined with Lord John Russell in denying the justice of any claim whatever on the part of the agricultural interest, but he has taken the bolder step of practically denying the existence of agricultural distress. We cannot attach any other meaning

to that portion of his speech, in which he alludes to the state of his own tenantry, and the condition of the Scottish farmers. We shall transcribe it here, in order that our readers may fully understand the views of the right honourable baronet:—

"I pass from the handloom weavers to the farmers and landlords of Cumberland. I know none of the cases to which the honourable member alluded of my own knowledge; but he adverted to a farm which has been recently relet in Cumberland at a considerable diminution of rent. The noble marquis has spoken of his labourers. Perhaps I may here be permitted to say a few words of mine. I have already stated to you the infinite obligations I am placed under by the conduct of my tenantry, but I stand here this moment without an acre of land unlet which I wish to let. I have not for the last five years changed two tenants who pay me above £100 a-year, and I have not an arrear of £300 on my whole rental. That is the state of my county, so far as I am concerned. But I look to the estate of my neighbour, of my colleague, and of my friend, as I am proud to call him, the Duke of Buccleuch, one of the greatest proprietors in the south of Scotland, and one who differed from me as to the policy of Free Trade. He has not, in Roxburghshire and Dumfries, let land falling out of lease—and those leases are usually for nineteen years—at any diminution of rent. A case has been mentioned, again, of a farm in East Lothian; and I dare say some hon. member more conversant with the details of that property than I am will speak upon that point; but, as I am informed, the farm in question had been previously in the hands of the owner, and had never been let before the last letting—that it was never calculated to be worth more than £1800 a-year—that some speculative farmer took it at £2200—that he made an imprudent and improvident bargain—and that a remission, therefore, has taken place, reducing the rent below £1800 a-year, but not much. I have friends in East Lothian, and I have made it my business to inquire into these matters, and I am told farms let freely as they fall out of lease, without any diminution of rent whatever; and also I am informed that the value of the fee-simple, which is the real test among the shrewd and sagacious people of Scotland, has increased since the repeal of the Corn Laws. I have said I have no farms to let; but I have perceived that, since the repeal of the Corn Laws, there has been a competition for land, arising

among a class of persons with whom there was formerly no desire to occupy land, while there was the uncertainty which attended the operation of these laws."

The natural inference from this is, that Ministers have been entirely deceived as to the condition of the owners and occupiers of land—that, notwithstanding the great fall of prices, agriculture is flourishing—and that the whole of the agitation which has been got up on the subject is no better than a gigantic imposture. We call this "the natural inference," because such undoubtedly would be the impression conveyed to the mind of any unprejudiced reader. It is very much to be regretted that such statements should go forth to the public on the authority of Sir James Graham. In so far as Scotland is concerned, they are calculated to lead to a conclusion directly opposite to the truth. It is always a delicate thing to allude to individual instances; but we cannot help observing, that when Sir James Graham cites the case of the Buccleuch property in "Roxburghshire and Dumfries," he does not add, for the information of those who are unacquainted with the locality, that the great bulk of these possessions consists of sheep-farms; and it is notorious that, owing to the price of wool, the sheep-farmers constitute the only agricultural class which has not suffered severely from the introduction of the Free-Trade measures. Of the Buccleuch estates in Mid-Lothian, where the land is entirely arable, Sir James Graham makes no mention. In the south-eastern districts of Scotland, the fall in the value of farms has latterly been remarkable. To this point we may have occasion to recur hereafter; for although we do not think that the letting of particular farms is to be taken as a criterion of the general condition of agriculture, still we are desirous that the public should know how the case really stands. It is quite true that, until lately, instances have occurred of farms being let without any diminution of rent; nor is this the least surprising, considering the language which was employed so late as last spring by Lord Lansdowne and other members of the Govern-

ment, as well as by individuals of considerable station, influence, and intelligence, like Mr W. E. Gladstone. The whole tenor of their addresses was calculated to persuade the farmers that the depreciation of prices then existing was attributable to an excellent harvest in 1849, and not at all to foreign importation. They scouted the idea that the averages of wheat could remain permanently at or near 40s.; and they prophesied a speedy rise. It is no great marvel if these representations induced some people to offer for farms which were falling out of lease. A farmer cannot, from the nature of his profession, be idle. He must have ground whereon to place his stock, unless he chooses to sell it off; and as the value of stock had also greatly fallen in the spring of last year, few were willing to part with theirs, and so virtually to abandon their profession. But it is a gross mistake to suppose that, in the majority of cases, the reletting of a farm in East Lothian or Roxburghshire, at the same rent as formerly, is to be taken as evidence of continued agricultural prosperity. During the last nineteen years, the common period of the endurance of a lease, the land in these counties has been so much improved by a liberal expenditure of capital, that a considerable rise of rent was anticipated, and would have been obtained but for the operation of the new commercial measures. Be that as it may, we are assured by the most competent authorities, that since last harvest there has been a general disinclination on the part of farmers to offer for land, except at greatly reduced rates; and we have heard of instances in which the highest offers did not reach two-thirds of the previous rental. We are speaking just now of the best arable land in Scotland. It is commonly and currently stated, and has never yet been contradicted, that elsewhere the depreciation is at least as great. Earl Grey, perhaps, may be able to afford some rather startling instances of the decline of rents in Northumberland. In the cattle-breeding districts of the north and Argyleshire, tenants have almost entirely ceased offering for vacant farms. They consider their occu-

pation gone; and many of the best and most prudent of them are either on their way or preparing to emigrate to America. As for the islands, they are now no better than so many districts of pauperism.

Perhaps, however, we are attaching too much importance to this statement by Sir James Graham. So far as we can see, he now stands alone, a solitary believer in agricultural prosperity, whilst every one else has admitted the distress, though differing as to the nature of the remedy, or even denying the propriety of administering a remedy at all. From what is passing in England, we should imagine that the distress among the agricultural classes there is of unexampled severity. We read in the *Times* of 17th February—the last number which has reached us—a curious account of the South Nottinghamshire election, which has resulted in the return of Mr Barrow. As one paragraph bears directly upon the point which we are now discussing, and as it, moreover, contains a wholesome warning to such landlords throughout the country as have chosen to stand aloof from the tenantry during this momentous struggle, we shall here extract it.

“The result astonishes everybody, even here; and that, in the most aristocratic county of England, with the landlords almost to a man banded together in support of their nominee, —a scion of one of the largest landed proprietors in the county should be defeated by a plain country gentleman, a retired solicitor, with scarcely an acre of his own in the county, appears truly marvellous. *It can only be accounted for by the fact of the losses of the occupiers during the last two years rendering them indifferent as to whether they be expelled from their homesteads or not; even though Mr Barrow has for many years presided at and taken part in their farmers' clubs and other meetings, and Lord Newark has never been seen by one elector in a thousand until this contest.*”

Assuming this account to be true—for we have no other knowledge of the case—we rejoice that the electors of Nottinghamshire have acted so

independent a part, and returned to Parliament a gentleman who has made their grievances and condition his especial study. Such men are wanted at the present time, and it is to such we look for the firm vindication of the rights of an injured tenantry. But what degree of agricultural prosperity is implied by the previous statement?

Of course it is very easy for Sir James Graham, holding such views, to descant on the impolicy of any return to protection. If no injury has been inflicted upon any one, and if all interests are prospering, there certainly can exist no conceivable motives for a change. For, not to mention the obvious difficulties which lie in the way of a reversal of the present commercial system, what chance should we have of persuading any one to join us in such a mad crusade, if there indeed exist no grievances of a weighty and intolerable character? According to Sir James Graham, the landlord is receiving the same rent as before, the tenant is equally comfortable, the labourer much more comfortable than he was under the system of protection—grant all this, and no censure, no reproach, can be severe enough to stigmatise our conduct. Unfortunately for his theory, the Knight of Netherby has to contend against something more stubborn than arguments. Before he can establish his conclusions, he will in the first place demonstrate that 38s., the present average price of the quarter of wheat, is equal to 56s., the former remunerative rate. Next, he must explain and make clear to the comprehension of the farmer, how all public and private taxes, imposts, and obligations, can be discharged by the same amount of produce as formerly, that produce having fallen upwards of thirty-five per cent in value. And lastly, rising to economics, he must show us how the home trade can be improved by the depression of the principal customer. When these points are satisfactorily disposed of, we promise to give in; for why should we prolong a contest, to our own great discomfort, for no substantial reason?

But we must now allude to a

passage in the speech of Sir James Graham, far too serious to be passed over without indignant commentary. Irish iteration may of late years have somewhat blunted the nicer sensibility of the ear of the House of Commons, once painfully acute to the remotest whisper of sedition; but we certainly never expected to see the time when such language as the following, from the lips of a Privy Counsellor, should be allowed to pass without rebuke:—

“Now, I will not venture to make any prediction with respect to the price of corn in future; but this, sir, I say, that, be the price what it may, the time has arrived when it must be left to its natural level; and that for any Government or for any Legislature artificially, and by power of law, to enhance it,—I say the day is past. And why do I say so? I say there is not a ploughboy who treads the heaviest clay in England, who does not feel practically his condition improved within the last three years—and he knows the reason why. I tell you there is not a shepherd on the most distant and barren hill of Scotland, who does not now have daily a cheaper and a larger mess of porridge than he ever had before—and he also knows the reason why. I tell you, again, there is not a weaver in the humblest cottage in Lancashire who has not fuller and cheaper meals, without any fall in his wages, than he had before—and he knows the reason why. *Now I must tell you the whole truth.* The time has arrived when the truth fully must be spoken. *There is not a soldier who returns to England from abroad, that does not practically feel that his daily pay is augmented, that he has a cheaper, larger, and a better mess, and that he enjoys greater comforts,—and he also knows the reason.* Now, sir, I entreat my honourable friends who sit below me to be on their guard. You may canvass the country—you may endanger property—you may shake our institutions to the foundation, (hear, hear, from Lord John Russell, and cheers from the Government benches); but I am persuaded that there is no power in England which can permanently enhance by force of law the price of bread. Now, that is my honest and firm conviction. The peace of this country, my own possessions, are as dear to me as any honourable gentleman who sits on the benches below me; but I feel that we have arrived at the period when it is necessary to speak the truth, and I have spoken it without reservation.”

It is much to be regretted that Sir James Graham did not choose to speak the truth at an earlier stage of his career. Since the clatter of the muskets of Pride's detachment of soldiery was heard in the House of Commons, no more insolent sound has jarred on the ear of that popular assembly than this suggestive harangue. We pass over the declamatory passages about the ploughboy and the shepherd without comment, as mere bombast; but Sir James Graham ought to know, and if he does not he should be made to know, that such language as he used with respect to the British army is not more offensive than it is greatly dangerous to the State. Are gentlemen of the House of Commons, acting upon their own honest convictions of what is best for the interests of the State, and deputed by constituencies to represent their feelings and opinions, to be threatened by a Privy-counsellor and Ex-minister with the attack of a Prætorian guard? Anything so monstrous—so unpardonable as this, it has never been our lot to comment upon. Not only the dignity of the law, but the liberty of the subject, and the prerogative of the Crown, are here passed over as matters of no account; and a presumption is directly reared—that the soldier is a political functionary, and may exercise his judgment as to what side he should adopt, or what course he should pursue, in the event of any legislative enactment whatever! Grant but that, and we are indeed on the verge of anarchy. Now, we entreat our readers and the public to weigh well the meaning of this language, considering the quarter from which it came. It is no trifling matter. Those sentences were not the rapid conceptions of an orator in the heat of debate. Their context shows that they were prepared, studied, and committed to memory, with a serious intent and purpose; and the sooner we understand their entire significance the better. This gentleman, Sir James Graham, after having assumed all the postures of the weathercock—after having looked, in the maturity of his years, all winds of political doctrine in the face—finds himself at last in the position

of a Cabinet Minister, pledged to his constituents to uphold a certain line of commercial policy. The head of the Cabinet, equally, or even more, deeply pledged, wavers, turns round, belies his former profession, and carries his colleague along with him. Having carefully ascertained that a considerable number of the representatives of the people, though pledged directly or indirectly to an opposite course, are ready to obey their orders; and being thus certain of a majority, these statesmen refuse an appeal to the country, and proceed to obtain the sanction of the law for certain measures diametrically opposite to the opinions which they formerly professed. They are so far successful, that the measures are carried, but the Cabinet shortly afterwards falls, in consequence of the treachery of its members. A new Parliament is summoned, and the members of that Parliament are bound, not more by pledges than by evident considerations of the public welfare, to give a fair trial to the working of the new commercial system. The Cabinet, and the majority of the members of Parliament, believe in the excellence of that system: the minority do not. Time rolls on, and the system develops itself. No attempt is made to impede it: it is left as free as the metal is to run into the mould. But in the course of its progress it crushes and breaks down various of those interests which were always considered the most important in the British commonwealth; and a cry is heard, that to persevere is to ensure destruction. Still no attempt is made towards a retrograde movement. The experiment was asked for—demanded—let it be seen in its true colours. The cry, however, is not altogether without its effect. The majority is weakened—the minority materially increased. Beyond the walls of Parliament the ferment increases daily. The anticipations and the prophecies of the supporters of the new system prove to be not only inaccurate, but so wholly contrary to the real result that no one can venture to defend them. The small party rapidly swells into importance, because it has public opinion with it. Almost each casual election is

given in its favour. And at last the leader of that minority comes forward and, without requiring a total change of system, requests that Parliament should at last take into consideration the unjust, peculiar, and unequal burden of taxation, which the most suffering interest is still compelled to bear, notwithstanding that it has been deprived of that position which alone could justify the imposition of peculiar burdens. Whereupon this quondam Minister and adviser of the Crown, avoiding the question before him, and practically denying that need of justice which his former colleague, the head and front of the whole offending, had directly admitted to be due, stands up in his place, and warns the opposite party to desist from the course which they are pursuing; not because their case is hopeless, for he acknowledges their power and the extent of their support; but because he foresees a rebellion looming in the distance, with the soldiery arrayed against them! We say deliberately, that such language as this is eminently and grossly mischievous. It presupposes, what we certainly never expect to see in this country, the masses of the nation and the army drawn out, not against the House of Commons, or the House of Lords, or the Sovereign individually, but against all these three estates in the exercise of their undoubted functions. The Protectionists do not propose to imitate the example of Sir James Graham and his friends, by perverting the House of Commons against the will of the constituencies. Even were that in their power, they would abstain from doing so, for the nation has already suffered by far too much from the consequences of such a total abandonment of principle. The success of the country party depends solely upon the will of the constituencies. Nothing shall be done illegally—nothing deceitfully. When an appeal shall be made to the electoral body of these kingdoms, they will have it in their power to decide, whether the nation is to persevere in a system which has already proved so disastrous to many interests, or whether British industry is to be again protected to the extent, at all events, of

its burdens. And if the constituencies decide in our favour, and the two other estates of the realm act in accordance with the opinion of the House of Commons, what is it that we have to fear? Not certainly the dark hints and insinuations of Sir James Graham. When the two Houses of the legislature are divided in opinion, and when neither of them will yield, or, when the Sovereign authority is broadly opposed to the declared will of the Commons, it is perfectly possible that a most serious and lamentable struggle may ensue. But so long as the three great estates act together in harmony and concord, there is no power in the land that can set their councils at defiance. Therefore, when Sir James Graham sketches his imaginary league of ploughboy, shepherd, weaver, and soldier, against the resolutions of the Imperial Parliament, he is contemplating an anomaly which never has occurred, and which never can occur in Great Britain. Why or wherefore should we accept his affectionate entreaty, and be on our guard? How are we to convulse the country—endanger property—or shake our institutions to the foundations? Are we plotting? Are we conspiring? Do we destroy the law? Are we doing anything, or do we propose to do anything, contrary to the spirit of the Constitution? And if not, why are these big words thrown at our heads? We may be quite wrong in our anticipations. The country may not accord us its support. The electors may determine that henceforward and for ever Free Trade shall remain the sole and dominant system. If so, we shall submit, as is our bounden duty. We shall rear up no phantom armies, such as are said at times to be seen skirting the hills of Cumberland, to oppose to the levies of Sir James Graham; but whilst we are acting constitutionally and openly, let us hear no more of such language, which is somewhat worse than offensive.

We observe from the report, that these passages in the speech of Sir James Graham were cheered emphatically by the Premier. Indeed, in his own address to the House, he touched upon similar topics: "I should be most grieved if I thought

the great mass of the people of this country were induced, by the restoration of laws which enhance the price of food, to consider that, by imitating the example of the democracies on the Continent, they could gain any advantage which they could not now obtain, or increase the prosperity they are deriving from the ancient institutions of this country." We cannot of course presume to say that we distinctly apprehend the meaning of this complicated sentence, which we now put upon record for the benefit of future students of composition; but it sounds very like a hint of civil insurrection. Now, we take leave to say, once for all, that such hints and inuendoes are excessively indecorous and improper when emanating from any Minister of the Crown; and that Lord John Russell, in particular, considering his antecedents, is a vast deal too fond of indulging in this sort of dubious talk. His business and his duty is to inculcate respect for the laws, not to contemplate their infraction. If he entertains, as he professes to do, a deep regard for the Constitution, he should cautiously abstain from hinting that there is a power beyond the Constitution which may possibly be called in to control it. Certainly we are not inclined to submit ourselves to this sort of despotism, or to be deterred from doing our duty, and expressing our opinions, by vague threats of future consequences. There is another passage in Lord John Russell's speech which is open to peculiar animadversion. He, the champion of popular opinion, deprecates any appeal to the country on the subject of import duties, on account of the damage which might thereby arise to trade! Does the noble lord think that the great body of the British agriculturists now under the pressure of the screw, and with the prospect of ruin before them, will be deterred from prosecuting their demand for what they conceive to be their just rights, by any such considerations as these? Are the yeomanry to suffer themselves to be crushed and expatriated without a murmur, simply for the sake of putting the manufacturers to no temporary or extra inconvenience? The Premier may depend upon it that

he will never save himself in an emergency by putting forward such worthless and shallow arguments. Why, if he, like Sir James Graham, recognises the great and growing power of the country party, can he shut his eyes to the fact, that that power is simply the embodiment of public opinion, without which to back him, Mr Disraeli's speeches and motions would be as innocuous as the sheet lightning of a summer's evening?

There are several other points arising out of this memorable debate, to which we intended to refer had our limits permitted. We cannot, however, avoid noticing the prosperity terms of the Royal Speech delivered at the opening of the Session.

It is a very remarkable circumstance, that the trade and manufactures of Great Britain, however much they may have been depressed at different periods of the previous year, are always marvellously resuscitated towards the opening of the Session. Thus, in December 1849, the cotton trade was, according to the confession of the Free-Trade organs, in a very bad condition. Less business than formerly had been done during the year; and even the *Economist* questioned "whether 'the power of purchase,' on the part of the British community, is nearly equal to what it was in 1845." In February thereafter, under the medical treatment of Ministers, all kinds of manufactures received an amazing fillip. Mr Labouchere almost wept for joy at the amazing prosperity of the shipowners, who, ungrateful villains as they were, instantly and unanimously repudiated the soft impeachment. This year there has been the same burst of sunshine precisely at the same season. Everything is *couleur de rose*. We were exceedingly delighted to hear it. In our ignorance we had been led to believe that the iron trade was nearly in a state of stagnation, and the cotton-mills not remarkably remunerative; but it appeared that we were wrong. However, a day or two afterwards, in turning over the *Times*, we lighted upon a paragraph which did not appear to us indicative of a high degree of prosperity in one important branch of manufactures. It is as follows:—

"STATE OF TRADE. MANCHESTER, Feb. 13.—The continued decline of cotton places our spinners and manufacturers in a very awkward and critical position. The market appears to have lost all confidence, for the present, in the maintenance of prices, and heaviness and gloom are its prevailing characteristics. There has scarcely been business enough to-day to determine what rates would be acceded to; but there can be no doubt that, for any considerable order, a modification of price equal to 3d. per piece on cloth on the nominal rates, or of 4½d. to 6d. on the prices of Thursday last, would be accepted. The decline on yarn is to a proportionate extent."

Messrs Littledale's circular of 20th February is not much more cheerful in its tone. It opens thus:—"The dulness which has pervaded our different produce markets since the opening of the year still continues, but with little change in prices during the last fortnight." As regards the article of silk, we are told that—

"Since the commencement of the month, several parcels of China raw silk have changed hands at rather lower prices than in December last. The manufacturers, finding a great falling off in the sale of their goods, have shown but little disposition to purchase. This, with the announcement of the public sales which are now in progress, has caused great dulness throughout the manufacturing districts. East India and China piece-goods—the demand for which has suddenly diminished; and prices for all sorts are lower, except good and fine Corahs (which for some months past have been very scarce.) These have sold at previous rates; but all other descriptions have been unsaleable."

This is at best but April prosperity—gloom and brightness, intermingled sunshine and showers.

In a very few days we shall learn how Ministers are to meet the opposition which the absurd and incoherent financial statement of Sir Charles Wood has provoked. We have seen bad budgets before, but this is incomparably the worst that was ever devised. The obnoxious and unjust Income Tax is to be renewed, solely for the purpose of bolstering up Free Trade, and the removal of the Window Duties is to be nearly neutralised by the imposition of a house tax! The "happy family," it must be owned, have an especial

talent for making themselves universally unpopular.

The result of the division on Mr Disraeli's motion cannot fail to be very cheering to those who look for the advent of better times, and more enlightened legislation. It marks the progress which has been made, even in the present Parliament, from which we had so little to expect; and it will be our own fault if the advantage is not pursued. We would earnestly recommend to the serious perusal and consideration of all, but more especially the landlords of Great Britain, the emphatic peroration of Mr Disraeli in his admirable reply:—"I hope honourable gentlemen will not be frightened by threats, from whatever quarter they may come. I hope there is still so much spirit in gentlemen of the United Kingdom, that they will not be daunted even by the mystical reference of the First Minister, or the more authoritative, more decided threats that may reach them from any other quarter. I hope honourable gentlemen, if they believe they

are doing their duty by supporting this motion—and let no man support it who does not believe that he is doing his duty—will feel in future that their part is one of more activity in defending the interests of the tenantry of this country. This is mainly a farmers' question. No one has met my argument about rent, which showed the fallacy of that barbarous slang that has been too long prevalent. It is a farmers' question. Upon the farmers the pressure for years has been too severe; it is now increasing. From motives I can appreciate, and feelings of delicacy I can comprehend, the owners of the soil have not stood forward to vindicate, as they ought to have done, the interests of the tenantry. I hope that this is the commencement of a new era in that respect; and that no man, whether owner or occupier, will hereafter be ashamed or afraid of asking from an English Parliament that justice to which every English subject is entitled."

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VOL. LXIX.

SOUTHEY.

PART II.

IN surveying the literary character of Southey, one is immediately struck with the magnitude of his undertakings—with the vast scale on which his operations are conducted. The dramas, epics, romances, histories, novels, biographies, poems, and books of all descriptions which he at different times projected, it is beyond our power and our space to enumerate. But these designs, though far more numerous than any one life, though extended to patriarchal limits, could have accomplished, were yet not the dreams of a mere projector: he had the daily untiring industry which works out the scheme, as well as the bold facility which designs it. What he really has accomplished it takes away our breath to contemplate. But such was the manner of our artist. His work did not grow up, from small and timid commencements, into a magnitude which afterwards surprised the author himself. It was already an epic in twenty books before a line was written. He delighted in a large canvass; and, give him but daylight enough, it should every inch of it be filled. Whilst he was still finishing the groups of one picture, he had already drawn the outline of another

equally colossal. We find, from the letters before us, that, beyond the present epic on which he is labouring, there is always another rising into view. *Madoc* is not completed before *Thalaba* is half written. *Thalaba* is the first in a series of mythological epics, each of which is to illustrate a different creed or superstition. *The Curse of Kehama* is but No. 2 of this gigantic series; and all the while his great Spanish and Christian epic, *Roderick the Last of the Goths*, is growing up into maturity.

It follows from this description of his style and manner of composition, that he was not one of those poets who dwell with intense interest on some one portion of their own personal experience, or some one aspect of human life that has almost exclusively attracted them. Such poets work, as it were, entirely *from within*. In all they write, they are uttering themselves. Honey and wax, whatever they store, or build with, it is all their own: it has all passed through some quite personal process of elaboration. Southey was one of those who appropriate materials from all sides, and materials ready for use; his eye delighted in great propor-

The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey. Edited by his Son, the Rev. CHARLES CUTHBERT SOUTHEY.

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tions; he must have the forest and the quarry put at his disposal; and if there should be timber at hand already hewn, or blocks of stone from some overthrown temple, he knows how to take and apply them to his purpose. He is not the enamoured sculptor who is satisfied if in one beautiful figure he can carve out his own ideal; nor would one groupe suffice, or one niche in the temple, to occupy the labours of his hand and his heart. He must be architect and sculptor both; he must have a hundred niches, and a hundred pinnacles, to fill and to adorn with his statuary. Nor does repetition of the same figure displease him. In such a man you do not expect to find a Praxiteles. It is not a Medicean Venus, it is rather a cathedral of Milan that he dreams of creating.

Southey loved great designs, and many of them—he liked the large book—and from this it followed also that he demanded of his readers large share of their time and patience. This confident claim to the prolonged attention of the reader becomes noticeable as a kindred peculiarity of his mind, growing partly out of a confident temper, and partly from the manner in which he prosecuted his art. Prolixity was his besetting sin—prolixity of detail, prolixity of style. On this rock the vessel of his fame has touched. Will it go down? Will it sink in the mighty waters of oblivion? If so, it is the most costly treasure that has yet enriched the deep. Oblivion will grow very wealthy if such a freight as this can be claimed as its due; and very rich, indeed, must that literature be which can afford to lose such a poem as *Roderick*. Prophecies, literary as well as political, are dangerous things to meddle with. *All* that Southey has written, whether of poetry or prose, cannot possibly endure; but much may live in fragment and in extract; and the stately vessel of *Roderick*, we think, though somewhat heavily built, will “ride tilting o’er the waves,” and live upon the waters to the last.

This prolixity, this unscrupulous demand upon the patience of his reader, was in some measure connected with his highest attributes as a poet; and it was also, unfortunately

and most unnecessarily, favoured by certain critical theories he appears to have adopted.

The noblest attribute of Southey’s poetry—that which, in our opinion, elevates it, at times, to the very highest order of excellence—is the *simple power* which he manifests. Let but the occasion appear when the natural feelings of all mankind are to be strongly stirred, and Southey, without apparent effort, is always equal to the task. He can lay the naked palm upon the heart, and it always beats. Where a man of less genius would have exhausted trope and metaphor, or run into subtle refinement, Southey, depending only on the natural sympathies of all men, and confident that they will respond to his summons, pours forth his even, unadorned, melodious, and pathetic verse. Friend never meets friend after long absence, filial or maternal feelings are never to be expressed, nor any shade of home-bred tenderness, or pure or gentle love, or any of the strong natural emotions of anger or revenge, but this poet touches the theme with that simple power which goes at once to the heart, because it comes directly from the heart. Fond as he is of vast machinery, and of startling and supernatural incident, it is this grand and simple pathos, this power over the natural sympathies of men, this vivid portraiture of what every eye has seen and every heart has felt, which gives the peculiar charm, and constitutes the high excellence, of his poetry. Southey himself felt this—he knew his power—and when, in the unrestrained intercourse of letter-writing, he claims for himself a certain kindred and alliance with Homer, as sharing in his simplicity, he advances no unjustifiable claim; although the great difference between the Christian and the Pagan poet renders any comparison very difficult. That simplicity which consists in a power to control our emotions, without apparent artifice or labour, belongs to both. Whether Southey here had Homer in his view or not, he was clearly in the right path. But when, theorising upon his art, he allowed himself to imitate another kind of Homeric simplicity—that of mere de-

tail—a simplicity which, whether it be Homeric or not, degenerates into tediousness and triviality—he was plainly wrong. Let the poet be as simply pathetic as he pleases, but not surely as simply wearisome—and about matters of a palpably uninteresting nature. Now we do not say that Southey *confounded* these two different kinds of simplicity; but he mingled them together—he adopted both. He possessed the power to stir the heart with simple language; but what had he to do with that simplicity which gives us “a catalogue of the ships?”

In *Madoc*, the earliest of his epics which it would be fair, perhaps, to criticise, we find striking examples of both these most opposite kinds of simplicity. We have many a noble description, whether of grand objects in nature or of situations where the strong feelings of man break forth; and we have also more lists of Welsh names, terrible to the ear, and narratives that emulate in weariness those of the most veracious chronicler. He seems to have thought that his art required this intermixture of the mere prosaic, and that it should be therefore studiously introduced. It was a great mistake. The course of a long narrative poem will bring us inevitably to many a quiet resting-place, where we may recover from the last great excitement, and prepare for the next. For this purpose of relief, there was no need to introduce a messenger in the following fashion, which we presume to be one kind of “Homeric simplicity.”

“Now the messenger

Enter'd the hall : Goagan, of Powys-land,
He of Caer-Einion was it, who was charged
From Gwyneth to Deheubarth, a brave man,
Of copious speech. He told the royal son
Of Gryffidd, the descendant of the line
Of Rhys-ab-Tudyr Mawr, that he came there
From David, son of Owen, of the stock
Of kingly Cynan. I am sent, said he,
With friendly greeting ; and as I receive
Welcome and honour, so, in David's name,
Am I to thank the lord of Dinevawr.”

—Book 12, p. 346.

Nor do we gather the least refreshment from a string of names like these—

“Tyneio, Merini,

Boda and Brenda, and Aëlgvvarch,
Gwynon and Celynin, and Gwynodyl.”

—P. 347.

This is evidently tediousness *pre-pense*, studied and plotted prolixity; the last quality our poet needed to be laboriously cultivated. It was unfortunately the natural bias he had to contend against. Where it is by no means relief or repose, but excitement that he is providing for us, we have often occasion to wish that he had more vividly appreciated the charm of brevity, and of a more rapid movement. His poems are accompanied—as we might expect from one who read so much, and calculated so liberally on the reading power of others—with very copious notes. It sometimes happens that these give us, in prose, the same idea that is wrought into the poem. We have the opportunity of seeing the “raw material,” to use a phrase that the approaching Exhibition will render familiar to all ears, and of observing the change effected in it when it has passed through the hands of the artist. Whatever may be the case at the Great Exhibition, we are sometimes here disappointed in the result. The prose at the bottom of the page has given us a more vivid image than the verse in the text. We are told in the note how there was once a wicked king called Zohak. “The devil, who had long served him, requested at last permission to kiss his shoulder. Immediately *two serpents grew there*, who fed upon his flesh, and endeavoured to get at his brain.” These two serpents, growing out of a man's own body, so that he wounds himself when he wounds them, and who yet prey upon him, form an image horrible enough. Is the effect heightened by the elaborate account in the text?

“There, where the narrowing chasm

Rose loftier in the hill,
Stood Zohak, wretched man, condemned to
keep

His cave of punishment ;
His was the frequent scream,
Which, when far off, the prowling jackal
heard,

He howled in terror back :
For from his shoulders grew
Two snakes of monster size,
Which ever at his head
Aimed their rapacious teeth,
To satiate raving hunger with his brain.
He, in the eternal conflict, oft would seize
Their swelling necks, and, in his giant grasp,
Bruise them, and rend their flesh with bloody
nails,

And howl for agony ;
Feeling the pangs he gave, for of himself
Co-sentient and inseparable parts,
The snaky torturers grew.”

Thalaba, Book 5.

The repetition of the same phrase or sentence is so frequent in Southey as to become a mannerism. It is agreeable and effective when introduced occasionally, tedious when it becomes a habit.

10.

“Woe! woe! for Azla takes her seat
Upon the funeral pile!
Calmly she took her seat,
Calmly, &c.

11.

Woe! woe! Nealliny,
The young Nealliny!”

A poem which is a very general favourite will serve as an instance of this mannerism:—

“Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Descend to contemplate
The form that once was dear,
The spirit is not there.”

And the same stanza ends—

“Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Follow thy friend beloved,
The spirit is not there.”

We are not censuring this, or other individual instances: it is the *habit* only, tending, as it does, to prolixity, which is disagreeable.

In prose, the style of Southey is blameless—no man narrates better; but then he will sometimes narrate what, for the general effect of his work, had better have been left untold. Here, also, is the same habit of drawing largely on the patience of the reader. From this, his historical works have suffered; and especially those very works where he had most original sources at command. Apparently he did not know how to select, or how to throw away. Though so well versed in Spanish and Portuguese literature, how little of this knowledge has he *popularised* amongst us! In one work, he had an opportunity of giving an unrestrained indulgence to his cherished habits and peculiarities, and need we say what a wanton, extravagant, tyrannical demand he makes upon the patience of his

readers, in the *Doctor*! When Sterne wrote his *Tristram Shandy*, he imitated the vagaries of Rabelais, and had recourse to his well-known tricks and devices, to *keep the attention* of his reader. He had no long story to tell, nor perhaps could have told one with success; but he had his characters—Uncle Toby, Mr Shandy, Corporal Trim; and he knew that if, between the intervals when these must necessarily leave the stage, he could amuse his audience, or keep them in tolerable humour, till he could bring these characters back again, all would be well. His caprices and diversions, and vagaries of all kinds, served him instead of a plot or plan in which to insert these favourite characters. But in writing the *Doctor*, Southey manifestly proceeds in a very different spirit. Not on him falls the labour of keeping the attention of the reader;—that an inexhaustible attention is already there, he makes no matter of doubt: he, quite at his leisure, amuses himself by presenting to it, one by one, his heterogeneous assortment of curiosities. His *Doctor Dove* is nobody at all—a mere shadow of Dr Southey, long or short, as the sun rides high or low. There is not a character in the book—none that you think of for a moment, when the volumes are closed, or whose reappearance you have been eagerly watching for, as you proceeded in their perusal. But there are some fragments of narrative here and there, of great beauty—there are some good stories, inimitably told; and you read on, looking about through the book for more of these precious fragments. You must really possess that indomitable patience which the author calculated on when he wrote it, if you can read it steadily through to the end.

The minor poems of Southey, his lyrics, sonnets, odes, and the like, would not in general afford favourable specimens of his genius. Some of these have become popular, as *The Dead Friend*, and *The Holy Tree*. From one of these, called *The Ebb Tide*, we cannot resist quoting a couple of stanzas which have often recurred to us as extremely pleasing. The melody is perfect as the language:—

“ With many a stroke, and strong,
The labouring boatmen upward plied their oars,
Yet little way they made, though labouring
long
Between thy winding shores.

“ Now down thine ebbing tide
The unlabour'd boat falls rapidly along;
The solitary helmsman sits to guide,
And sings an idle song.

On turning to the edition that lies before us of his collected poems, we find that all these, and some other popular favourites, bear date “ *Westbury, 1799.*” This is the period of his life which, he tells us, was the most fertile in poetry. Whether from this exuberance, or from unsettled plans of life—for he was still looking forward from his retreat at Westbury, occasionally and fearfully, to the profession of the law—he never before or since threw so much of his poetry into his shorter pieces. He scattered it with a liberality from which he afterwards refrained; reserving his best moods, henceforth, for his greatest tasks. At this period, he threw off several of those lighter pieces, half sportive and half serious, which contain a vein of poetry partly concealed by a levity of manner. Here occur the “ *Lines to the Spider,*” which conclude with a personal reference very apposite to the poet.

“ Both busily our needful food to win—
We work, as nature taught, with ceaseless
pains:
Thy bowels thou dost spin,
I spin my brains.”

Bearing the same date, also, we find a certain mock Pindaric ode to a *Gooseberry Pie*, from which some lines might be gathered worthy of a place in any true Pindaric. It is composed on the same plan as the famous riddle known in all nurseries, which shadows out a plum-pudding, under a magnificent description of its several ingredients.

“ The flour of England, and the fruit of Spain,
Met together in a shower of rain,” &c.

In like manner, the various ingredients of a gooseberry-pie transport the imagination of the poet to the corn-field, to the mill, to the ship that brings

“ The sugar for my pie ! ”

But, whilst composing in this bau-

tering mock-heroic style, the poet, as is not unusual in such cases, strikes out some lines that might take their place in his gravest efforts of descriptive poetry. What could be better than the view we catch here of the green corn-field?—

“ The rains descend, the grains they grew ;
Saw ye the vegetable ocean
Roll its green ripple to the April gale ? ”

It is not, however, to his shorter pieces, whether written at an early or late period, that any one anxious to form an accurate estimate of Southey's poetry would often have occasion to refer. He would probably be satisfied with taking for the subjects of his examination the four great narrative poems, *Madoc, Thalaba, The Curse of Kehama, and Roderick*. He would not ignore the existence of all beside; but he would be justified if—with a few exceptions—he confined his attention to these. Southey's earliest epic, *Joan of Arc*, exhibits no quality of excellence which is not shown in greater maturity in his subsequent works; and after the publication of *Roderick*, he wrote nothing which adds to his poetical reputation.

Of these four, it may be already gathered that we look upon *Roderick the Last of the Goths* as greatly pre-eminent. It is truly a grand and noble poem. The subject is one which will always command the sympathies of men—as long at least as patriotism and Christian piety are sentiments which may be safely appealed to. The character and position of the hero are as happily adapted to the purposes of poetry as it is possible to conceive. A discrowned monarch, driven from his throne by invaders whom his own crime has called into the country; a monarch repentant, who has become a monk, and who in the garb of a priest returns to rescue Spain from its Infidel oppressors—returns, not to place the crown upon his own brow, but to liberate his country—king, patriot, and priest, it would be difficult to unite legitimately in any one person deeper and more numerous sources of interest. This monarch-monk returns to the scene of his past glories and his past transgressions, mingles with those whom he had ruled, with those

whom he had loved, with those whom he had injured. In a disguise which grief and penance, more than change of garment, have made complete, he encounters old associates, hears his own name honoured or accursed, meets his friend, his mother, his enemy, and hears the confession of her whom he had so passionately loved, and so deeply wronged. On every one of these occasions, and though the situation in each is somewhat similar, the poet is always equal to the demand made upon him. Our heart never fails to beat at the trying moment. At the last revelation of himself, when the spirit of the monarch and the warrior breaks through all disguise, and in the thick of the battle he shouts his war-cry, "Roderick the Goth!" all our blood is stirred; a noble termination is secured to the poem, yet still in perfect harmony with the whole. No long poem could be mentioned, where this harmony of all the parts is so well sustained. All is in keeping, from the time when we first see the steed Orelia standing alone on the banks of the river, and follow its late master to his solitary penance and his hermit's cell, to the time when we see the same steed again deserted, standing again by the river-side, but not till its master had accomplished his penitential and patriotic purpose.

In other cases, we do not apprehend that Southey has been fortunate in the plot or story of his epics. In *Madoc*, he comes into most unfortunate competition with history. The poem is tame in comparison with the true accounts we read of the discovery of America, and of its original inhabitants. Prescott, in his *Conquest of Mexico*, has given the *coup-de-grace* to this poem. His account of the Aztecs is so wonderful, so trembles on the borders of the impossible, that it were utter folly to add anything from the stores of poetic invention. In such a case as this, the simplest prose, that which bears on it most conspicuously the character of *veracity*, is evidently the most effective vehicle. For where the truth is so extraordinary, nothing should be done by a writer to weaken the impression that *it is true*. In *Thalaba*, and *The Curse of Kehama*, he certainly

does not come in competition with history; and his theme may justify the utmost wildness and extravagance of invention. Mythology gives him his materials, his scene, and the persons of his drama; but in one of these poems, if not in both, the reader is perpetually staggered by a certain monstrosity, both in the fiction, and the theological ideas on which the fiction is founded. The *Curse of Kehama*, which is the most unfortunate in this respect, is built on the strange perversity of thought—that certain religious rites will force from the gods themselves their fixed reward, though they are even performed by an impious man. That such a doctrine was ever seriously believed by any human being, we should require very stringent evidence to prove to us; but granted that this must be registered amongst the follies of mankind, it still presents to a European reader such a desperate confusion of thought, such a dislocation of all preconceived ideas, that it becomes the source, whenever it is presented to his mind, of mere bewilderment, and cannot therefore be very fit for the purpose of the poet. We have the pious act, performed by the impious worshipper, obtaining its celestial reward against the will of the gods. One may find in Europe ignorant men who believe that certain rites and ceremonies, prayers and observances, have a virtue in themselves apart from the sentiment of piety they demonstrate or express; but the most ignorant of the populace of Naples or Castile would start with horror at the idea that prayers, or the wax taper, would operate in their favour *against the will of the saints*, or of the Virgin.

In *Roderick*, however, he has been as fortunate in the construction of his design as he has been, in general, successful in its execution. The story and the hero are one. The narrative is simple and stirring, yet it aims at no other interest than what it acquires from, or participates with, the great hero of the piece. This is as it should be. Mere plot, the turns of fortune, or surprising events, should be left to the novelist: the poet seeks in his story only a stage and scene for his great actors. Roderick is seen moving

through these incidents, for he could not be Roderick without them, but the incidents are not there for themselves, but for *the man*; nor do they ever distract our attention from him.

To quote individual passages from a poem so well known is unnecessary. Neither have we space. We wish, moreover, to make a few remarks on a subject which may be interesting to writers, as well as readers of verse—on the metre of *Thalaba*—and such room as we have for quotation must be reserved for this purpose. Our extracts shall, if possible, combine the double purpose of recalling the metre, and also some of the most agreeable passages of the poem.

The *Curse of Kehama* is written in quite irregular verse, the line changing its length and cadence at pleasure, but in rhyme. The rhyme itself is often omitted, but this passes without the notice of the reader, or was intended to escape his notice. *Thalaba* is written with the same irregularity of verse and without rhyme. The experiment was a bold one. Has it been successful? Would it be wise to imitate it?

Let us first, by a few extracts, recall this metre to the reader. *Thalaba*—it may perhaps be as well to remind him—is named the Destroyer, because he is destined to destroy *Dom Daniel*, and all the powers magical or diabolical thereof. Why he in particular is destined to this task, or why, if a mere stripling could perform such a feat, *Dom Daniel* was allowed to exist so long, are questions which it would not be discreet to ask: we are here pious Mahometans, and must receive these matters with due submission and docility. The magicians, who knew that their fatal enemy would spring from the race of Hodeirah, kill the whole family—with the exception, of course, of the only one they had reason to fear. The widow flies into the desert with her one preserved child.

“Zeinab turned her eyes
To Heaven, and praised the Lord;
‘He gave, he takes away!’
The pious sufferer cried;
‘The Lord our God is good!’

v.

“‘Good is he?’ quoth the boy:
‘Why are my brethren and my sisters slain?
Why is my father killed?
Did ever we neglect our prayers,
Or ever lift a hand unclean to Heaven?
Did ever stranger from our tent
Unwelcomed turn away?
Mother! He is not good!’

vi.

“Then Zeinab beat her breast in agony;
‘O God, forgive the child!
He knows not what he says;
Thou know’st I did not teach him thoughts
like these:
O Prophet, pardon him!’”

This is only verse to the eye. Print it in a continuous form as prose is printed, and it would differ in nothing from ordinary prose.* There is, however, jingle enough in other parts. Almost every ballad metre in the language takes its turn, divested of the rhyme that usually accompanies it.

As the widow and her son wander through the desert, a city, invisible to all other mortal eyes, suddenly breaks upon their vision. They enter it; there is one old man only living there; all the other inhabitants have been destroyed for their sins. The old man says—

“Alas! in the day of my youth,
The hum of mankind
Was heard in yon wilderness waste;
O’er all the winding sands
The tents of Ad were pitched;
Happy Al-Ahkaf then!
For many and brave were her sons
Her daughters were many and fair.”

Does the reader like this tune, this ballad sing-song, without its rhyme? A young lady once compared it, in our presence, to a dance looked at without hearing the accompanying music. This jig should have had its rhyme, if jig it was to be. At the

* “‘Good is he?’ quoth the boy. ‘Why are my brethren and my sisters slain? Why is my father killed? Did ever we neglect our prayers, or ever lift a hand unclean to Heaven? Did ever stranger from our tent unwelcomed turn away? Mother! He is not good!’

“Then Zeinab beat her breast in agony. ‘O God, forgive the child! he knows not what he says; thou know’st I did not teach him thoughts like these. O Prophet, pardon him!’”

entrance of Thalaba this miraculous city disappears, and the Angel of Death takes away both the old man and his mother. He is left alone; but he soon finds friends in the desert. In the next book he is living with the old man Moath, and his daughter Oneiza. The wicked magician Abdaldar is in pursuit of him, disguised as an honest traveller. Mark the jingle of the first lines, the flow of those that follow, and the very pretty picture they give us:—

“At length to the cords of a tent,
That were stretched by an island of Palms,
In the desolate sea of the sands,
The seemly traveller came.
Under a shapely palm,
Herself as shapely, there a damsel stood;
She held her ready robe,
And looked towards a boy,
Who from the tree above,
With one hand clinging to its trunk,
Cast with the other down the clustered dates.”

How the boy escapes the malice of Abdaldar there is no need to relate, nor how he discovers that he is to depart on his dread mission, “when the sun shall be darkened at noon.” Enough for our purpose that he is watching for this eclipse, his heart beating with hope. Oneiza, the Arab maid, is watching too for the signal of departure, and her heart is beating, but not with hope. She sees it first—

xxxvi.

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

xxxvii.

“But on the noontide sun,
As anxious and as oft Oneiza’s eye
Was upward glanced in fear.
And now as Thalaba replied, her cheek
Lost its fresh and lively hue,
For in the sun’s bright edge
She saw, or thought she saw, a little speck.
The sage Astronomer
Who with the love of science full,
Trembled that day at every passing cloud:
He had not seen it, ’twas a speck so small.”

These last lines are beautiful, and we may always notice that, when the poet has anything really good, he takes care not to put it into sing-song and jingle. The signal having appeared, Thalaba departs from the

pleasant home that has been so pleasantly described, in the desert, and enters upon his career of trial and enterprise.

“In the eve he arrived at a well;
An accacia bent over its side,
Under whose long light-hanging boughs
He chose his night’s abode.”

Having nothing particularly poetic to say, the bells are set ringing. As one amongst his trials or adventures, Thalaba finds himself in a false paradise, the work of magicians. If he gives himself to the pleasures of sense, he is lost.

“The astonished Thalaba,
Doubting, as though an unsubstantial dream
Beguiled him, closed his eyes,
And opened them again;
And yet uncertified,
He pressed them close, and, as he looked
around,
Questioned the strange reality again.
He did not dream;
They still were there,
The glittering tents,
The odorous groves,
The gorgeous palaces.”

Can this be reckoned at all in the catalogue of verse? Thalaba is tempted with wine. The very idea of wine, we suppose, is associated with song, and thus dictates the metre—

“But Thalaba took not the draught,
For rightly he knew had the Prophet for-
bidden
That beverage, the mother of sins.”

He is tempted by a bevy of wanton damsels. He is saved by thoughts of his own Arabian maid; and as Southey is never at fault when a tender chord is to be touched, the lines that follow are natural and pathetic:—

“He rose, and from the banquet-room he
rushed,
Tears coursed his burning cheek;
And nature for a moment woke the thought,
And murmured that, from all domestic joys
Estranged, he wandered o’er the world,
A lonely being, far from all he loved.
Son of Hodeirah! not among thy crimes
That momentary murmur shall be written.”

His Arabian maid is nearer than he could have anticipated. She also has been driven into this false paradise. He saves her from her pursuer, and they wander together through these gardens, in vain endeavouring to find a passage out. They follow the course of a river, wisely concluding that

where the river passes they too can pass. But the river falls down a tremendous precipice.

VII.

“ ‘Allah save us !’
Oneiza cried ; ‘ there is no path for man
From this accursed place !’
And as she spoke, her joints
Were loosened, and her knees sunk under
her.
‘ Cheer up, Oneiza !’ Thalaba replied ;
‘ Be of good heart. We cannot fly
The dangers of this place,
But we can conquer them !’

VIII.

“ And the young Arab’s soul
Arose within him : ‘ What is he,’ he cried,
‘ Who hath prepared this garden of delight,
And wherefore are its snares ?’ . . .

X.

“ ‘ Woe to him !’ cried the Appointed, a
stern smile
Darkening with stronger shades his coun-
tenance.
‘ Woe to him !—he hath laid his toils
To take the antelope ;
The Lion is come in !’ ”

Try the same experiment that we suggested before with these lines. They are very pleasing to the ear ; they are perfectly unobjectionable ; they are as good prose as verse. “ ‘ Cheer up, Oneiza !’ Thalaba replied. ‘ Be of good heart. We cannot fly the dangers of this place, but we can conquer them.’ ” They escape, however, from this enchanted spot ; they are married, Oneiza dies, and Thalaba hides himself, a solitary and miserable man, amongst the tombs. What shall we say to *this* metre ?—

“ *Old Man.*

“ ‘ A stranger, did you say ?’

“ *Woman.*

“ ‘ An Arab born, like you ;
But go not among the tombs,
For the sight of his wretchedness
Might make a hard heart ache.’

“ *Old Man.*

“ ‘ Nay, nay ! I never yet have shunned
A countryman in distress !
And the sound of his dear native tongue
May be like the voice of his friend.’ ”

We have not given examples of half the varied metres that occur, and this is the only instance we have presented (there are many of them) where the line cannot be read in any metre whatever, so far as our ear can detect. But we have quoted sufficiently

to recall the general effect of the poem to the reader. The conclusion to which we think he will arrive is this—that in most cases the sing-song is disagreeable ; and that, when we escape from this unrhymed ballad metre, we fall into a strain so like to prose that it has very little other distinction than its mode of printing. There are passages, no doubt, where the flow of the metre is both agreeable and has the full effect of verse, but these passages are brief. We are either carried down a long stanza, where the ear has no resting-place, or else, in order to break up the monotony, we are teased with discords or with ballad tunes. Perhaps a better instance could not be selected of a successful adaptation of his peculiar metre than the well-known passage where Thalaba encounters the witch, spinning her wicked thread upon the wheel. Even here, the lines that are really pleasing are not many ; we mark *them* in italics :—

“ *He found a woman in a cave,
A solitary woman,
Who by the fire was spinning,
And singing as she spun.*

The pine boughs were cheerfully blazing,
And her face was bright with the flames ;

*Her face was as a damsel’s face,
And yet her hair was grey.
She bade him welcome with a smile,
And still continued spinning,
And singing as she spun.*

*The thread the woman drew
Was finer than a silkworm’s,
Was finer than the gossamer ;
The song she sung was low and sweet,
But Thalaba knew not the words.”*

It has been remarked that you may sometimes find two or three consecutive lines of blank verse in a passage of prose ; but if you are permitted, as in Thalaba, to make the pause wherever you please, there is no harmonious prose that you might not convert into verse, by merely printing it differently. Let the reader make the experiment ; let him write some stanzas of Southey’s verse, where it has not the ballad jingle, as prose is written ; let him take any passage of respectable prose, where the subject is not very discordant, and write it as verse—he will find that, so far as the ear is concerned, the verse becomes very good prose, and the prose tolerable verse, à la Thalaba. The same *dough*, if you do but draw it out in threads, and twist

it to and fro, becomes excellent *macaroni*.*

But it may be asked, if the verse is pleasing, what matters it how nearly it may be allied to prose? If the unrhymed and unrestricted metre be agreeable to the ear, why should it not answer all purposes of verse? We have not said that it may not; but, to determine the question, it is necessary to glance at some of these purposes of verse.

Since prose can be rendered almost as melodious as blank verse, and more varied in its harmonies, why not be contented altogether with prose?—why, if you have discarded rhyme, have recourse at all to metrical arrangement? To this question a reader of taste would immediately reply, that there is a certain *style* which pleases extremely in verse, and which would be extremely displeasing in prose. There are phrases, inversions, transpositions of words from the customary order in which they are used, elliptical forms of expression, omissions of small connecting words, and the like, which are permissible and graceful in a metrical composition, but which would be affected and altogether intolerable in prose. And why, again, is there this distinction? Why is that permissible and agree-

able in verse, which would be affectation in prose? For this simple reason, that, in a metrical composition, the recurrence of a certain fixed rhythm is a *recognised ostensible object*. Omissions, and inversions, and other licenses, which do not impair the lucidity and significance of the language, and which promote harmony, have therefore in verse a distinct justification which they altogether want in prose. The necessity of the metre, in the first place, justifies these slight departures from ordinary modes of speech, and their association with the pleasure of harmony secures them afterwards a stated and expected place in poetical compositions. But from this it follows, that if the harmony of verse is not more difficult than that of prose—if you should relax it gradually from all fixed rule, from the recurrence of the same line, the same pauses—you lose the original ground of justification for any departure from the ordinary forms of speech, and the *poetical style* can no longer be vindicated.

We pretend to utter no *dictum* upon the matter; but thus it stands. If any writer should adopt this irregular blank verse of *Thalaba*, and should throw aside that displeasing sing-song and jingle which Southey

* We opened Burke *On the French Revolution*, the book which happened to be nearest at hand, and resolved to write out in the metre of *Thalaba* the very first passage that the eye fell upon. Political discussion looks strange enough in verse, but into *Thalaban verse* it arranged itself directly. Here it is:—

I.

“ You would not cure these evils by resolving
That there should be no more monarchs,
Nor ministers of state,
Nor of the gospel ;
No interpreters of law ;
No general officers ;
No public councils.
You might change the names ;
The things in some shape must remain.”

II.

“ Wise men will apply their remedies to vices,
Not to names ;
To the causes of evil which are permanent,
Not to the occasional organs
By which they act,
And the transitory modes
In which they appear.
Otherwise you will be wise historically,
A fool in practice !”

occasionally, or more than occasionally, introduces, he would find that he had so approximated to plain prose, that he would be in danger of forfeiting all the peculiar distinctions and privileges of a metrical composition. In our humble opinion, the experiment has *not* hitherto been successful, and a repetition of it is *not safe*.

In discussing the subject of the metre, we fear we are in danger of leaving an impression altogether unfavorable to the poem itself. This is far from our intention. It may seem extremely inconsistent with our opinion upon this metrical experiment, but we would not wish *Thalaba* to be other than it is, or to have been written in a different form. We would deter from imitation, rather than censure what has been done here. There is a great part of the poem where thought and metre flow on most harmoniously together; and just as a stream which runs amongst rocks and stony shallows appears more calm and equable than any other stream the moment it is received into its fair meadowy channel, so the verse here is, when pleasing, extremely pleasing. How charming is the whole of that description where Laila is introduced, and where, in the form of a bird, her spirit guides *Thalaba* on his journey to *Dom Daniel*! We cannot resist the pleasure of floating in imagination down the river, with this hero, in his enchanted bark.

XXXIV.

“ He sate him on the single seat,
The little boat moved on.
Through pleasant banks the quiet stream
Went winding pleasantly;
By fragrant fir-groves now it passed,
And now through alder-shores,
Through green and fertile meadows now
It silently ran by.
The flag-flower blossomed on its side,
The willow tresses waved,
The flowing current furrowed round
The water lily's floating leaf.
The fly of green and gauzy wing,
Fell sporting down its course;
And grateful to the voyager
The freshness that it breathed,
And soothing to his ear
Its murmur round the prow.
The little boat flows rapidly
Adown the rapid stream.”

It is time that we return to the

biography of Southey—to that *Life and Correspondence* which is, indeed, our immediate subject. We left the poet and historian settled at Keswick. Henceforth the current of his life runs smooth, or is only interrupted by those disasters and afflictions which are common to all humanity. It is an anxious position, to depend on authorship for the necessary supplies; but this anxiety lay lightly upon an ever active and buoyant spirit. Upon the whole, his life, through many years, now presents a very enviable aspect. Health, an occupation not distasteful, and reciprocated affections, are the three prime elements of human happiness—the indispensable—and these he long enjoyed. He lived amongst those who loved him, employed in a task he loved, and saw his fame increasing, and his name honoured in the land. He often pronounces himself to be one of the happiest of men. Writing to his old and constant friend Bedford, he says, *à propos* of some remonstrance against the editorial power of Mr Gifford,—

“ Let not Gifford suppose me a troublesome man to deal with, pertinacious about trifles, or standing upon punctilios of authorship. No, Grosvenor, I am a quiet, patient, easy-going hack of the mule breed; regular as clock-work in my pace, sure-footed, bearing the burden which is laid on me, and only obstinate in choosing my own path. If Gifford could see me by this fireside, where, like Nicodemus, one candle suffices me in a large room, he would see a man in a coat 'still more threadbare than his own' when he wrote his 'Imitations,' working hard, and getting little—a bare maintenance, and hardly that—writing poems and history for posterity with his whole heart and soul—one daily progressive in learning—not so learned as he is poor—not so poor as proud—not so proud as happy. Grosvenor, there is not a lighter-hearted nor a happier man upon the face of this wide world.

“ Your godson thinks that I have nothing to do but to play with him; and anybody who saw what reason he has for his opinion would be disposed to agree with him. I wish you could see my beautiful boy!”—Vol. iii. p. 189.

The appointment of Southey to the laureateship is the first event which arrests us as we follow his course

through this latter period of his biography. The laurel—as we find it called—was first offered to Sir Walter Scott, who declined it in favour of Southey—declined it in a handsome, generous, gentlemanly manner. Knowing that the emolument, though small, might be serviceable to his fellow-poet, he did his best to speak well of a dignity which he himself had no reasons of any kind for coveting. He said, very truly, that, by its being conferred on Southey, the titular dignity itself would be raised. From Southey it was transferred to Wordsworth. We have seen it lately conferred on another true poet. To wear the laurel that has fallen from the brows of Southey and Wordsworth and Tennyson will become an honour similar in kind to that of being crowned on the Capitol with Tasso and Petrarch.

Southey had already received a pension from Government. It was obtained through the influence of Sir C. W. W. Wynn, and was just an equivalent for the annuity which he had received from that liberal friend, and which, of course, he at the same time resigned. In a letter to Sir W. Scott, we have an account of the annual money-value of the laureateship. After mentioning some circumstances connected with the ceremony of his installation, he continues—

“I swore to be a faithful servant of the king—to reveal all treasons which might come to my knowledge—to discharge the duties of my office—and to obey the Lord Chamberlain on all matters of the king’s service, and, in his stead, the Vice-Chamberlain. Having taken this upon my soul, I was thereby inducted into all the rights, privileges, and benefits which Henry James Pye, Esquire, did enjoy, or ought to have enjoyed. (Who has heard anything of this Pye?)

“The original salary of the office was 100 marks. It was raised for Ben Johnson to a £100 and a tierce of Spanish canary wine—now wickedly commuted for £26; which said sum, unlike the canary, is subject to income-tax, land-tax, and heaven knows what taxes besides. The whole net income is little more or less than £90. It comes to me as a godsend, and I have vested it in a life-policy; by making it up to £102,

it covers an insurance for £3000 upon my own life. I have never felt any painful anxiety as to providing for my family; my mind is too buoyant, my animal spirits too good, for this care ever to have affected my happiness; and I may add, that a not unbecoming trust in Providence has ever supported my confidence in myself. But it is with the deepest feeling of thanksgiving that I have secured this legacy to my wife and children; and it is to you that I am primarily and chiefly indebted.”—Vol. iv. p. 48.

Of this ceremony of being installed poet-laureate we find a description further on, in the next volume, which may amuse those who are curious in such matters:—

“My dear Grosvenor,—I have no written form of admission to the office of laureate, and very well remember being surprised at the thoroughly unceremonious manner of my induction. At the day and hour appointed, I went to a little low dark room, in the purlieu of St James’s, where a fat old gentleman-usher, in full buckle, administered an oath to me, in presence of a solitary clerk; and that was all, payment of fees excepted, which was not made at the time. Whether any entry was made, or whether I signed my name, I cannot call to mind, it being nine years ago. Gazetted, however, I was, and P.L. I have been from that time.”

The laureateship was not altogether a sinecure, but on the poetical duties which it devolved on him it would be rather a tedious subject to enter. Neither the *Carmen Nuptiale* nor the *Carmen Triumphale* have much attraction for us. Of all public rejoicings that we hear of in these letters, we are most taken with a certain celebration of the battle of Waterloo, by a bonfire on the top of Skiddaw, at which scene of most patriotic festivity more than one poet assisted.

“TO DR SOUTHEY.

“KESWICK, August 23, 1815.

“My dear Harry—. . . . Monday the 24th August was not a more remarkable day in your life than it was in that of my neighbour Skiddaw, who is a much older personage. The weather served for our bonfire, and never, I believe, was such an assemblage upon such a spot. To my utter astonishment,

Lord Sunderlin rode up, and Lady S., who had endeavoured to dissuade me from going, as a thing too dangerous, joined the walking party. Wordsworth, with his wife, sister, and eldest boy, came over on purpose. James Boswell arrived that evening at the Sunderlins'. With the Senhora (Miss Barker,) Edith May and Herbert were my convoy, with our three maid-servants; some of our neighbours, some adventurous lakers, and Messrs Rag, Tag, and Bobtail, made up the rest of the assembly. *We roasted beef and boiled plum-puddings there; sung 'God save the King,' round the most furious body of flaming tar-barrels that I ever saw; drank a huge wooden bowl of punch; fired cannon at every health, with three times three, and rolled large blazing balls of tow and turpentine down the steep sides of the mountain. The effect was grand beyond imagination. We formed a huge circle round the most intense light, and behind us was an immeasurable arch of the most intense darkness; for our bonfire fairly put out the moon.*

"The only mishap which occurred will make a famous anecdote in the life of a great poet, if James Boswell, after the example of his father, keepeth a diary of the sayings of remarkable men. When we were craving for the punch, a cry went forth that the kettle had been knocked over, with all the boiling water! Colonel Barker, as Boswell named the Senhora, from her having had the command on this occasion, immediately instituted a strict inquiry to discover the culprit, from a suspicion that it might have been done in mischief—water, as you know, being a commodity not easily replaced on the summit of Skiddaw. The persons about the fire declared it was one of the gentlemen, they did not know his name; but he had a red cloak on; they pointed him out in the circle. The red cloak (a maroon one of Edith's) identified him; Wordsworth had got hold of it, and was equipped like a Spanish Don—by no means the worst figure in the company. He had committed this fatal *faux pas*, and thought to slink off undiscovered. But as soon as, in my inquiries concerning the punch, I learned his guilt from the Senhora, and went round to all our party, and communicated the discovery, and getting them about him, I punished him by singing a parody, which they all joined in—

'Twas you that kicked the kettle down!
'Twas you, sir, you!'

'The consequences were, that we took

all the cold water on the summit to supply our loss. Our myrmidons, and Messrs Rag and Co. had therefore none for their grog—they necessarily drank the rum pure; and you, who are physician to the Middlesex Hospital, are doubtless acquainted with the manner in which alcohol acts upon the nervous system. All our torches were lit at once by this mad company, and our way down the hill was marked by a track of fire, from flambeaus dropping the pitch, tarred ropes, &c. One fellow was so drunk that his companions placed him upon a horse, with his face to the tail, to bring him down, themselves being just sober enough to guide and hold him on. Down, however, we all got safely by midnight; and nobody, from the old lord of seventy-seven to my son Herbert, is the worse for the toil of the day, though we were eight hours from the time we set out till we reached home."—Vol. iv. p. 121.

The loss of this son, Herbert, who has been already several times alluded to, and to whom his father was most tenderly attached, is the next in order, and one of the saddest incidents in the life of Southey. "Having been not only educated by his father," says Mr Cuthbert Southey, "but also his constant companion and play-fellow, he was associated with all his thoughts, and closely connected with all the habits of his daily life." His death, at the age of ten years, when he had already, owing to a singular precocity of mind and gentleness of temper, and an early love of books, become the dearest companion of the father, was a severe blow, and one from which he seems never entirely to have recovered. "The most ambitious founder of a family," he says, in one of his letters, "never built such hopes upon a child as I did on mine; and entirely resembling me as he did, if it had been God's will that he should have grown up on earth, he would have shared my pursuits, partaken all my thoughts and feelings, and have in this manner succeeded to my plans and papers as to an intellectual inheritance."

His letters upon this subject are very touching; here are a few extracts:—

"My dear Bedford,—Here is an end of hope and of fear, but not of suffering. His sufferings, however, are over; and,

thank God, his passage was perfectly easy. He fell asleep, and is now in a better state of existence, for which his nature was more fitted than for this. You, more than most men, can tell what I have lost, and yet you are far from knowing how large a portion of my hopes and happiness will be laid in the grave with Herbert. For years it has been my daily prayer that I might be spared this affliction.

“Wherefore do I write to you? Alas! because I know not what to do. Tomorrow, perhaps, may bring with it something like the beginning of relief. To-day I hope I shall support myself, or rather that God will support me; for I am weak as a child—in body even more than in mind. My limbs tremble under me; long anxiety has wasted me to the bone, and I fear it will be long before grief will suffer me to recruit. I am seriously apprehensive for the shock which my health seems to have sustained; yet I am wanting in no effort to appear calm and to console others; and those who are about me give me credit for a fortitude which I do not possess. Many blessings are left me—abundant blessings, more than I have deserved, more than I had ever reason to expect, or even to hope. I have strong ties to life, and many duties yet to perform. Believe me, I see these things as they ought to be seen. Reason will do something—Time more—Religion most of all. The loss is but for this world; but as long as I remain in this world I shall feel it.

“It is some relief to write to you after the calls which have this day been made upon my fortitude. I have not been found wanting; and Edith, throughout the whole long trial, has displayed the most exemplary self-control. We never approached him but with composed countenances and words of hope; and for a mother to do this, hour after hour, and night after night, while her heart was breaking, is perhaps the utmost effort of which our nature is capable. Oh! how you would have admired and loved him, had you seen him in these last weeks! But you knew something of his character. Never, perhaps, was child of ten years old so much to his father. Without ever ceasing to treat him as a child, I had made him my companion, as well as playmate and pupil, and he had learnt to interest himself in my pursuits, and take part in all my enjoyments.”

“To JOHN MAY, Esq.

“My dear Friend,— It will be long before I shall cease to be

sensible of the change in my relaxations, my pleasures, hopes, plans, and prospects; very long, I fear, will it be before a sense of that change will cease to be my latest thoughts at night, and my earliest in the morning. Yet I am certainly resigned to this privation; and this I say not in the spirit with which mere philosophy teaches us to bear that which is inevitable, but with a Christian conviction that this early removal is a blessing to him who is removed. We read of persons who have suddenly become grey from violent emotions of grief or fear—I feel in some degree as if I had passed at once from boyhood to the decline of life. I had never ceased to be a boy in cheerfulness till now. All those elastic spirits are now gone; nor is it in the nature of things that they should return. I am still capable of enjoyment, and trust that there is much in store for me; but there is an end of that hilarity I possessed more uninterruptedly, and in a greater degree, than any person with whom I was ever acquainted.”

We turn from this domestic affliction to an incident of a more public nature. As Southey was one of those who carried an uncompromising zeal into any cause he advocated, and as his present convictions in favour of the monarchy and the church were probably even more decided than those of a contrary nature which he had entertained in his youth, it was to be expected that he would bring down upon himself a host of political adversaries. Some of these took a most unwarrantable and base method of attacking him. They found the manuscript of a poem which was written when he was a student at Oxford, full of his young ardour for liberty and equality, and they published *Wat Tyler* as the production of the poet-laureate and the court pensioner!

The history of the publication is curious, and the decision of the Lord Chancellor, when applied to restrain it, still more curious. Southey's own account of the matter, in a letter sent to the Editor of the *Courier*, dated March 17, 1817, is as follows:—

“In the year 1794 this manuscript was placed by a friend of mine, long since deceased, (it was Mr Lovel,) in Mr Ridgway's hands. Being shortly afterwards in London myself for a few days, I called on Mr Ridgway in Newgate, and he and Mr Symonds agreed to publish it.

I understood that they had changed their intention, because no proof sheet was sent to me, and, acquiescing readily in their cooler opinion, made no inquiry concerning it. More than two years elapsed before I revisited London; and then, if I had thought of the manuscript, it would have appeared a thing of too little consequence to take the trouble of claiming it, for the mere purpose of throwing it behind the fire. That it might be published surreptitiously, at any future time, was a wickedness of which I never dreamt.

"To these facts I have made oath. Mr Winterbottom, a Dissenting minister, has sworn, on the contrary, that Messrs Ridgway and Symonds having declined the publication, it was undertaken by himself and Daniel Isaaq Eaton; that I gave them the copy as their own property, and gave them, moreover, a fraternal embrace, in gratitude for their gracious acceptance of it; and that he, the said Winterbottom, verily believed that he had a right now, after an interval of three-and-twenty years, to publish it as his own.

"My recollection is perfectly distinct, notwithstanding the lapse of time; and it was likely to be so, as I was never, on any other occasion, within the walls of Newgate. The work had been delivered to Mr Ridgway; it was for him that I inquired, and into his apartments that I was shown. There I saw Mr Symonds, and there I saw Mr Winterbottom also, whom I knew to be a Dissenting minister. *I never saw Daniel Isaaq Eaton in my life; and as for the story of the embrace, every person who knows my disposition and manners, will at once perceive it to be an impudent falsehood.*—Vol. iv. p. 252.

A story is told which exculpates Mr Winterbottom from the publication; but this story is very inconsistent with the part which he takes in justifying the act. This reverend gentleman, paying a visit to some friends at Worcester, is said to have taken the piece with him, to afford them a little amusement at Southey's expense. "At the house where Winterbottom was residing, two persons, keeping the piece in their reach at bedtime, sat up all night transcribing it—of course giving him no hint of the manœuvre."

Application was made to the Court of Chancery for an injunction to restrain this surreptitious and piratical publication. The injunction was refused. The principle by which this

and other kindred cases have been governed is, that the injunction, to use the words of Lord Eldon himself, "proceeds upon the ground of a title to the property in the plaintiff." There could be no property at law in a work that was seditious; the injunction therefore was refused, "until after Mr Southey should have established his right to the property by action."

The Court proceeds upon the ground that there is a property in the plaintiff. Certainly it would proceed upon no other ground. But the title to the property was clear as against the defendant; it could have been forfeited only by some public offence committed by the plaintiff. It would have been quite in harmony with all the best principles of jurisprudence, if the Lord Chancellor had presumed the plaintiff to be entitled to the property till he had been proved guilty of the offence by which the property would be forfeited.

We will not presume, however, to enter into any controversy with Lord Eldon upon *the law* of the case. Our Court of Equity has its own peculiar mode of operation: it virtually decides, by affecting a neutrality; it leaves the plaintiff to his remedy at law. In this, and the like cases, it refuses to put forth its equitable jurisdiction; it will not grant relief. We do not presume to contend with Lord Eldon upon the jurisprudence of his own court; although we have a strong persuasion that, if he had decided these cases in favour of the plaintiff, neither the public nor the profession would have detected any departure from the principles of equity. But this we may very confidently assert, if, between the combined operation of law and equity, it follows that a man may commit piracy with impunity, when, in addition to the piracy, he commits the offence against the public of printing an immoral or seditious work—it is a very bad result, and the legislature should step in to rectify it.

"It was now decided," says Mr Cuthbert Southey, "upon the advice of his legal friends, that application should be made to the Court of Chancery for an injunction to restrain the publication of *Wat Tyler*. This was done, but without

success, upon the singular ground that, as the work was calculated to do an injury to society, the author could not reclaim his property in it. *This, which would seem a just decision in the case of the piracy of an immoral, blasphemous, or seditious work, applies very differently in the case of a publication set forth without the consent or knowledge of the author, and apparently gives liberty to any scoundrel to plunder a man's writing-desk, and send forth to the public any chance squibs he may have thrown off in an idle hour for the amusement of his friends. These fellows must have reaped a rich harvest by their roguery, sixty thousand copies being said to have been sold at the time.*"
—P. 251.

The editor has failed to observe that, in the judicial view of the case which Lord Eldon took, the circumstance that the manuscript had never before been published, or had been stolen, becomes immaterial; the only question being whether the book, as it there stood, was one in which the plaintiff could vindicate his property at common law. On the other hand, he acquiesces, which we certainly do not, in the principle which governs the whole of these cases. The Lord Chancellor *ostensibly* leaves it to a jury to decide whether the plaintiff has broken the laws of his country by publishing an immoral or seditious work; but he *virtually* decides this question himself against the plaintiff, by refusing him the only existing effective protection to his property, and refusing it in favour of defendants who are themselves manifestly, and at all events, wrong-doers.

If it be said that, in acting as it does, equity only follows, to the best of its power, the common law, and that it refuses the injunction where it presumes the courts at Westminster would not give damages, we have only to repeat that the Legislature ought to interpose to regulate the combined action of both law and equity. It is monstrous that a book should be circulated more extensively simply because it is bad, and that a piratical bookseller should escape with impunity simply because he has committed two offences, and deserves a double punishment. We hear this state of the law vindicated on the ground that it deters writers from publishing immoral or seditious works,

since they lose the profits of them. The argument would be of force, if pecuniary profit were the only or the chief motive for publishing such works. With writers who are likely to break the law, the love of notoriety and the dissemination of their own opinions are the most prominent motives. Meanwhile the Court of Chancery is raised into a sort of inquisitorial power: it has to frame its *index expurgatorius*—with this peculiar anomaly, that, while it casts a stigma and inflicts a penalty upon the writer, it promotes the circulation of his works.

This publication of *Wat Tyler* may have given a triumph to his opponents; it produced no effect upon his friends, nor diminished in the least the general respect in which Southey was held. "Some have honours thrust on them." First came the Doctorship from Oxford, that same university which he had certainly entered in no very docile spirit, and quitted with no superfluous reverence. This he accepted, and was duly "ell—ell—deed," as he writes it, in an amusing letter to one of his children. Then, whilst he was on a brief trip into Belgium, he heard to his surprise that he had become a member of parliament. This honour he very wisely declined. A baronetcy followed, offered to him by Sir Robert Peel. This too he refused, on the reasonable ground that he had no corresponding fortune. The baronetcy was commuted into an additional pension.

The trip to Belgium, to which we have just alluded, was chiefly remarkable for the visit paid to his learned and friendly bookseller Verbeyst. It is delightful to see how to the last his love of books remains unimpaired; and the following letters will show that, even after the trials he had experienced, the natural buoyancy of his spirits would at times reappear:—

TO HENRY TAYLOR, Esq.

"April 13, 1829.

"My dear H. T.,—I must not let you think ill of Verbeyst. He had sundry books to provide for me, some of which are not easily found. Last year, when he had collected these, his wife fell ill and died. *Bien des malheurs*, he says, he has had since he saw me; and that they had left him in a lethargic state, from which he is only beginning to recover.

“You must not think ill of Verbeyst; he has the best stock of books I ever met with, and at the lowest prices. No, H. T., if you had bought as many books of Verbeyst as I have, and had them in your eye, (as they are now in mine,) and had talked with him as much as I have done, (and in as good French,) and had drunk his Rhenish wine and his beer, which is not the best in the world—because there is, or was as good at West Kennet—but, than which there is not, never was, and never can be better;—no, H. T., if you remembered the beer, the wine, and the man himself, as I do, you would not, and you could not, entertain even the shadow of an ill or angry thought towards Verbeyst.

“A joyful day will it be when the books come—and he promises them by the first ship,—perhaps it may be the second. But come they will at last, if wind and weather permit; and, if all be well, when they arrive I shall not envy any man’s happiness (were I given to envy) on that day.

“I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when he was about to eat cherries, that they might look the bigger and more tempting. In like manner, I make the most of my enjoyments; and though I do not cast my cares away, I pack them in as little compass as I can, carry them as conveniently as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others. God bless you!—R. S.”

To the same.

“Oct. 8, 1829.

“My dear H. T.,—I have been jumping for joy. Verbeyst has kept his word; the bill of lading is in Longman’s hands, and by the time this reaches you, I hope the vessel with the books on board may be in the river, and by this day month they will probably be here. Then shall I be happier than if his Majesty King George the Fourth were to give orders that I should be clothed in purple, and sleep upon gold, and have a chain about my neck, and sit next to him because of my wisdom, and be called his cousin.*

“Long live Verbeyst! the best, though not the most expeditious of booksellers; and may I, who am the most patient of customers, live long to deal with him.

And may you and I live to go to the Low Countries again, that I may make Brussels in the way, and buy more of his books, and drink again of his Rhenish wine, and of his strong beer, better than which Jacob von Artevelde never had at his own table, of his own *breuing*; not even when he entertained King Edward and Queen Philippa at the christening. Would he have had such a son as Philip if he had been a water-drinker, or ever put swipes to his lips! God bless you!—R. S.”

—Vol. vi. p. 41.

The letters of Southey, as we advance through these volumes, become more and more characterised by that consummate ease and unstudied elegance which are the result only of long practice in composition; for the perfect freedom and grace of the epistolary style may be described as the spontaneous expression of one previously habituated to a choice selection of terms. It requires this combination of present haste, and past study. The pen should run without a pause, without an after-thought, and the page be left without a correction; but it must be the pen of one who in times past has paused very long, and corrected very often. We have not had opportunities of quoting merely for the sake of illustrating the epistolary style of these volumes, nor perhaps was it necessary; the extracts we have made may convey as fair an impression of the whole as any we might have selected for this especial purpose.

The remaining events of the biography are few and sad. The editor himself hurries over them very briefly. It is indeed unavoidable, from the nature of his work, that incidents assume a prominent position, not according to their relative importance, but according to the space they occupy in the letters of the deceased. We, who are not writing his biography, may be excused if we hurry over them with the like rapidity.

Had we been writing his biography,

* There is a passage in *The Doctor* (which might be written about the same time as this letter) worded in so similar a manner that the resemblance might have betrayed the secret—if indeed the real author of *The Doctor* could have long been a subject of doubt. “As little should I desire that his majesty should give orders for me to be clothed in purple, to drink in gold, and to sleep upon gold, and to ride in a chariot with bridles of gold, and to have a head-tire of fine linen, and a chain about my neck, and to eat next the king because of my wisdom, and to be called the king’s cousin.”—*The Doctor*, vol. vi. p. 202.

we feel that we ought to have noticed more distinctly than we have done those many acts of kindness he performed, whether to literary aspirants, or to relatives who needed quite other than literary assistance. The names of Kirke White, Dusantoy, Herbert Knowles, and others, will suggest the one class of cases to which we allude. Some attempt, too, ought to have been made, by a study of his works, and a comparison of them with these letters, to trace the gradual change in his opinions, political and religious; an attempt which would, of course, be quite inconsistent with our limits, and which may form the task of some future biographer.

We mentioned, in the earlier part of this review, that, even before that period arrived when Southey felt himself perfectly free to subscribe (if occasion required it) the Articles of the Church of England, his hesitation rather proved the nicety of his scruples, and his love of personal liberty, than any peculiar divergence from the orthodox standard. In confirmation of this remark, we would quote the following extract from a letter dated April 2, 1816. It is addressed to his friend Sharon Turner, author of the *History of the Anglo-Saxons*.

“Time, my own heart, and, more than all other causes, the sorrows with which it has been visited, (in the course of a life that, on the whole, has been happy in a degree vouchsafed to you, even among the happiest,) have made me fully sensible that the highest happiness exists, as the only consolation is to be found, in a deep and habitual feeling of devotion. Long ere this would I have preached what I feel upon this subject, if the door had been open to me; but it is one thing to conform to the Church, preserving the freedom of mind which, in religion more than in all other things, is especially valuable; and another to subscribe solemnly to its Articles. Christianity exists nowhere in so pure a form as in our own church; but even there it is mingled with much alloy, from which I know not how it will be purified. I have an instinctive abhorrence of bigotry. When Dissenters speak of the Establishment, they make me feel like a High-Churchman; and when I get among High-Churchmen, I am ready to take shelter in Dissent.”

It must be confessed that, coupled with the sincerest piety, there was in

Southey a great reluctance to fraternise with any body or class of religious people. At no time was there any party in the Church under which he would have enrolled himself; there were, doubtless, individual clergymen, here and there, whom he cordially esteemed and honoured and agreed with. There is a passage in *The Doctor* in which he says, “Among the people who were converted to the Christian faith during the sixth century, were two tribes or nations called the Lazi and the Zani. Methinks it had been better if they had been left unconverted; for they have multiplied prodigiously among us, so that, between the Lazy Christians and the Zany ones, Christianity has grievously suffered.” Now, from the correspondence of Southey, we are led to suspect that he would have classified the evangelists of his day under the order of the *Zani*, and the Armenians under the tribe of the *Lazi*, and that between them there would be a few *Southeians* whom he would cordially shake by the hand.

We have the more willingly made this last observation, because it leads us to a point of view from which his character as an author may be very advantageously surveyed. It is precisely this union of sincere piety, with an unwillingness to arrange himself under any particular section of the religious world, which enabled Southey to perform a literary service to the cause of religion of no very ordinary description. No one party in the Church could lay exclusive claim to *The Book of the Church*, but it rallied many round the Establishment, or confirmed their attachment to it. The Wesleyans may not altogether approve the biography of their great founder, but they, and so much of the cause of religion and of tolerance as they represent, are greatly indebted to the author of *The Life of Wesley*. He it was who first introduced these sectaries *within the pale of literature*; he made the subject classical; he taught all parts of society and every order of reading and reflective men, to respect what was really excellent in the Wesleyans; and he taught the Wesleyans (if men ever learn this lesson) not to overestimate themselves, or believe

that they had a monopoly of all excellence. Any review of the prose composition of this voluminous author would be here impossible, but this aspect of his literary labours could not be entirely overlooked. The *History of the Peninsular War* may be a work of higher pretensions than the *Life of Wesley*; but there were others who could produce a history of this war; there was perhaps not another man in all England who could have written a life of Wesley, that all England should be reading. The *Life of Nelson* was more popular, and had a far more spirited theme than the *Life of Bunyan*; but what other author could castigate the extravagance, and at the same time make men of all sects and classes alive to the real merits, the virtue and the piety, of our "inspired tinker?"

We have spoken of Southey as a poet, we have glanced at most of his prose works—to analyse them more minutely would carry us out of all reasonable compass; we have noticed the peculiar service he rendered in his biographies of religious men—it remains only to say a word on his influence as a *political* writer. Of this, it will be said, men will judge according to their own political opinions; and to decide that this influence was exercised, on the whole, for the good of the country, is simply to decide that certain opinions are good and wise, and certain others are foolish and mischievous. But we are not quite reduced to this alternative—either absolute silence, or the red heat of political controversy. Some years, and many changes, already intervene between us and that epoch in which Southey was a conspicuous champion in the political arena. It is already possible to estimate his conduct, and the part he took, in something of an historical spirit.

You are a Liberal in this year 1851. Be it so. But some half century ago, with the light and experience you now possess, would you have joined what was then called the Liberal party? Do you wish that more men of intellectual and literary power had joined that party? Do you think that, if this had been the case, England would have exhibited the aspect it does now, both of stability and

progress? We were at that time in a war with France, and there were men who (because Napoleon *had been* a republican and France a republic) carried over the whole weight of their sympathies to the greatest enemy this country ever had. We were in a war with France, and there was a party at home watching to take advantage of the financial difficulties and embarrassments of the country, to excite discontent and revolution. A nation, to act with any vigour, must have a certain degree of unity of sentiment. Who that remembers the agitation, the tumult, the all but dislocation of society, which signalled the passing of the Reform Bill, would have wished *that* to have transpired whilst the French were our enemies abroad, and there was *French republicanism* in the citadel at home? For it must be remembered—and to this we would especially call the attention of the supposed Liberal whom we are addressing—that the Liberalism or Radicalism of that day, call it what you will, was of a very different complexion from that which bears the same name at present. It had come in with the French Revolution, and it included a hostility to the monarchy which is now relegated to the very lowest ranks of the lowest *Chartism*. Men of all respectable parties are now agreed, that, under the form of monarchy, we enjoy the substantial advantages of a republic. It was not so then. There was a hatred to the monarchy, and also to the church, which are not traceable now in any acknowledged representatives of the democratic party.

One other great difference there is between those times and our own. Men have not altogether lived, and written, and thought in vain; and there are certain great principles in politics better understood in our generation than in its predecessor. It has become almost a truism, to assert that you must first educate the people before you call upon them to take a part in the legislature of the country. We do not say that this great truth is always kept in view, but amongst that Liberal party which dated from the French Revolution it was almost entirely overlooked. Fascinated by certain ideal forms of

government, or theoretical principles, they never condescended to look around them at the *very men and women* who were to realise these ideal forms, and act upon these principles. The plain consequence was, that every step they took towards their fair ideals, was a step towards anarchy—mere bloodshed and confusion.

We feel that we have a right, therefore, on safe historic grounds, to assert that, when Southey assisted in rallying round the church and the monarchy, he did a great service in his day and generation. Though far unequal as a political writer, we regard him as a true successor of Burke. There is not an argument used to defend the *one-sidedness*, as it has been called, of our Irish Cicero, which might not be employed to justify the uncompromising zeal of Southey. He, too, carried over his ballast to that side of the vessel where it was wanted. On this condition only could the vessel be trimmed, and kept in sailing order. Honour, we say, to the memory of Southey!

But all these varied labours, literary and political, all this noble task-work of prose and of poetry, of epic and of history—of history civil, military, and ecclesiastical—was now drawing to a close. The illness of his wife, an illness of the most melancholy description, followed by her death, gave a severe shock to his health and spirits.

A second marriage (with Miss Bowles) is told here in the briefest possible manner. The future biographer will feel a much deeper interest, or be permitted to express it, in this part of the narrative. He will not think himself justified in passing slightly or rapidly over that which concerns a person, herself so celebrated as the authoress of *The Birthday*, and many other charming poems.

Strangers as we are, it would ill become us to dwell upon, or amplify, this part of the narrative. We have only to express our regret that, notwithstanding the sympathy and support which Southey must have received from a friend and companion of so cultivated and genial a mind, and so solicitous for his welfare, he sank gradually both in health and spirits.

Probably the effect of incessant intellectual labour began to show itself in a somewhat premature decay both of body and of mind. The following extract from the work before us, will best describe the last catastrophe:—

“Much of my father’s failure in its early stages, was at first ascribed, by those anxiously watching him, to repeated attacks of the influenza, at that time a prevailing epidemic—from which he had suffered greatly, and to which he attributed his own feelings of weakness; but alas! the weakness he felt was as much mental as bodily, (though he had certainly declined much in bodily strength,) and after his return home it gradually increased upon him. The uncertain step—the confused manner—the eye once so keen and so intelligent, now either wandering restlessly, or fixed as it were in blank contemplation, all showed that the over-wrought mind was worn out.

“One of the plainest signs of this was the cessation of his accustomed labours; but while doing nothing, (with him how plain a proof that nothing could be done!) he would frequently anticipate a coming period of his usual industry. His mind, whilst any spark of its reasoning powers remained, was busy with its old day-dreams—*The History of Portugal*, *The History of the Monastic Orders*, *The Doctor*; all were soon to be taken in hand in earnest, all completed, and new works added to these.

“For a considerable time after he had ceased to compose, he took pleasure in reading, and the habit continued after the power of comprehension was gone. His dearly prized books, indeed, were a pleasure to him almost to the end, and he would walk slowly round his library looking at them, and taking them down mechanically.”

The scene finally closed on the 21st March 1843. He was buried in the neighbouring churchyard of Cros-thwaite, and in the church itself has been placed a recumbent statue in marble, executed by Lough. This, his son assures us, is a faithful resemblance of the late poet. As such, and as a work of art, it will henceforth receive the visit of all travellers and tourists. And whatever conflicting views of praise or censure may have ascended, in his lifetime, from the arena of political controversy, from those who bend over that tomb

there will be heard only the one sentiment of esteem and admiration. Few men have left behind them the memory of so well spent a life; few men have been gifted with more varied or more eminent talents; and still fewer have used such talents with the accompaniment of more sincere convictions, or a more steadfast aim to benefit society.

Never was a man more misrepresented. We do not speak of the vulgar calumniator who pointed to his pension and the laureateship as motives for the change of his opinions; even more liberal opponents failed to do justice to his constant zeal, not only for the welfare, but for the advancement of society. In the year 1830, when he was often spoken of as the narrow and bigoted Conservative, we find him writing thus to Dr Bell:—

“The best thing I can do is to prepare a paper upon the subject (of education) as early as possible; a task the more necessary, because many persons, I perceive, are beginning to apprehend that the progress of education among the lower classes has done more harm than good. It is, you know, not a matter of opinion with me, but of feeling and religious belief, that the greater the diffusion of knowledge, the better will it be for mankind, provided that the foundation be built upon the rock, and that, above all things, the rising generation be instructed in their duties.”

If it were necessary to find any other cause for the change his opinions underwent than the gradual maturity of

his mind, we should find that cause in the sentiment of piety which from first to last kept a firm hold upon his mind. In the boldness of youth, he abstracted this sentiment from the early creed of his church and of his childhood, and thought to sustain it upon some other basis. This is an attempt which rarely succeeds. Either the sentiment of piety decays, or, if it endures, as it did in Southey, it leads back, when the hardihood and effervescence of youth has subsided, to the “ancient ways,” to the old paths.

In his private life malice itself could not find a stain. Even the failings so often detected in the literary character are absent here. No man has combined so happily what may be called the profession of literature with that other higher and more spontaneous effort made for fame, for posterity, for the love of art, or the love of man. He is “working hard and getting little, a bare maintenance,” as he tells us; and he is also “writing poems and history for posterity with his whole heart and soul.” No merchant at his desk more punctual to his task than he; no man in the three kingdoms earns his yearly income with more persevering industry; manfully he helps himself, and kindly and courageously does he stretch out a helping hand to others. Eminent as an author, if we do not pronounce him faultless as a man, it is because we know there is no such character; we do not see the blemish.

THE PEACEFUL LIEUTENANT AND HIS FRIENDS.

A THREE HOURS' PLATONIC GOSSIP.

Interloquuntur.—A naval lieutenant on half-pay, tall, thin, and elderly, in well-worn blue surtont, white trowsers, and straw hat—a smart young naval surgeon, on leave—and a Greenwich pensioner, with a wooden leg, in cocked hat and Hospital uniform.

Scene.—The wooded hill behind Greenwich Hospital, in sight of London smoke, the hazy dome of St Paul's, the reaches of the river, and its fringe of shipping; the long flat horizon of Kent and Surrey, faint in heated distance, and dotted with dim blue shapes of trees, that feather to the ground; and the wide blue sky, around and overhead, all still about them, save when a bee hums past, or the flies buzz louder than usual amongst the leaves, or a bird flutters with a chirp from one bough to another; while the dull murmur of town seems to slacken in its own turmoil below, like a self-spent fever, and far above its superincumbent cloud there is seen a speck or two of silvery vapour, silently dissolving away.

Time.—A summer noon, somewhere about the era of Free Trade, Peace Society congresses, and change of Navigation Laws. The clock of Greenwich Hospital is heard to strike one, followed five minutes afterwards, and solemnly in the distance, by St Paul's, with fainter echoes from around.

HOUR I.

CONCERNING AN UNFORTUNATE PEACE, WITH A YARN THEREON: THE LIEUTENANT PREDOMINATING, OR "HAVING POSSESSION OF THE FLOOR."

The lieutenant sits down on the wooden bench, suspended between two shadowy green limes, where the pensioner had previously been seated alone, smoking a long clay pipe. The young surgeon remains standing, full of the argument he was about to bring forward when they stopped.

SURGEON.—“Well, now, I maintain—”

LIEUTENANT (to the pensioner, who has removed the pipe from his lips, taken off his hat, and with difficulty hobbled to his foot or feet).—“Don't let's disturb you, my man! What ship did you belong to?”

PENSIONER (very respectfully).—“The *Asia*, your honour—Sir Edward Codrington's flag-ship, you know, sir.”

LIEUT.—“Why, bless me! you were at Navarino, then?”

PENS. (looking down modestly at his timber toe).—“Sartainly I was, sir. More by token, sir; there's part o' me there yet!”

LIEUT. (hastily, and with evident emotion).—“I honour you, old man, I honour you; and, what's more, I envy you! You blew a different sort

of clond *then*, old ship, for I saw it myself, but—but—” Lieutenant stops, somewhat agitated, the pensioner eyes him wistfully, the surgeon looks surprised—and two or three ancient veterans, with ribbons and medals at their breasts, iron hooks in place of hands, patches over one eye, and supported in their walk by sticks and crutches, linger near in the background to look on. “But I had been sent previously with an answer to Lord Cochrane and the Greek brigs, and got back only in time to set off again with despatches to Gibraltar. Just fancy it, sir!—I missed the battle by six hours, through going to Lord Cochrane; and scarce had I left *him*, ere he had a gallant brush with the Turks in his turn!”

PENS.—“So I've heard his lordship had, sir.”

LIEUT.—“Come, my man, give us your account of it. How did you commence—eh?”

PENS. (looking diffidently into his cocked-hat, then clearing his voice, then rubbing his hair, and then hemming a second time).—“Well, your

honour, you see I was captain of the for'ard-most lower-deck gun but one, larboard side, an' consekently didn't see much on the general bearings o' things, so to speak; but in course I takes my own observations through the port, and being the flag-ship, d'ye see, sir, why one couldn't miss having a pretty tolerable log of the matter, till such time as I receives the shot in this here starboard pin o' mine, which, I may say, it clapped a parfit stopper on all as turned up a'rterwards—so it's but half a battle, as one might say, with *me!* Hows'ever, at eight bells of the mornin'-watch, there we all was to windward of the bay, and"—

SURGEON (interrupting the speaker with obvious dismay, and seizing the lieutenant by the lappel of his coat.)—"My dear sir," in a whisper, "for heaven's sake spare us this yarn. Come home with me, and I'll show you the whole account in ever so many forms, my dear sir—gazettes, magazines, books—there are plenty of 'em, I'm sure, and you may keep them till I come back from Madras. Do, I beg of you, do!"

LIEUT. (contemptuously)—"Books! books! d'ye say? Why, my good fellow, I've read all the books in existence on the subject; and not only on *that*, but all the naval actions ever fought. Plenty of time for it on half-pay, I assure you, or in dull voyages in ships that have nothing to do. Never *was* in a ship that *had* anything to do, of a kind worth speaking about: in war-time, always chase, chase, or run, run; in peacetime, nothing but 'bout-ship, reef topsails, holystone the decks, or, at most, set storm-staysails. And *now*, with your Peace Societies, Free Trade, steamers, diplomatic correspondence, and what not, I see nothing for me but to write a book on naval battles myself!"

SURGEON.—"Do it, my dear sir, do it, if that will yield you any satisfaction."

LIEUT. (seriously).—"Doctor, I'm an unlucky man. Are you aware, sir, that although I have been thirty years in the service, I—I never was—*never*—in an action at sea, not even between so much as two frigates, two brigs, two sloops, two anything?"

A grave pause, during which the veterans in the background look to each other, and creep closer, the pensioner eyes the lieutenant with respectful wonder, and the surgeon with a scientific curiosity, not devoid of annoyance.

SURGEON (thoroughly aside, *i. e.* mentally).—"The deuce! we shall be involved in some endless narrative with these old fogies, I see: 'tis a mere monomania. Of course, nothing like unsoundness on other points—but really provoking. A man, too, quite comfortably off in the world, with a wife fit to make any one happy, and—yes! and a daughter like Emma!"

LIEUT. (looking ruefully up).—"The truth is, John, far from being an idle whimsy of mine, 'tis founded on the most reasonable of convictions. Your great climax to the seafaring life is a battle between ships; 'tis the sum of science, nature, war, tactics, history, and civilisation, and you are robbed of your whole experience in missing it. Just fancy the thing. No mere chance affair, a *melée* to be decided by press of numbers, an accidental shot, perhaps, or a sudden panic, leaving a scene of butchery behind, such as I have been in the midst of myself ashore. No; there's navigation, use of wind and weather, quickness in repairing damages, holding your weather-gage, raking your enemy, knocking away some important spar, and you have him—boarding him through the smoke, or, on a grand scale, there is, mark me, there is breaking the *LINE!*"

The pensioners in general look towards the lieutenant as to an oracle, and his eye is lighted up with visionary enthusiasm.

SURGEON.—"Pooh, pooh, my dear sir, a soldier would give you ten times as many feats of strategy!"

LIEUT.—"Tut! Don't you see that naval war is everything together—navigation, meteorology, engineering, soldiery, cavalry, siege and defence, fort and battery, and above all—above all, look you—*Humanity!*"

SURGEON.—"Ha, ha, indeed! *Humanity?*"

LIEUT.—"Yes, sir—in a thousand ways. None of your camp-followers to strip the dead—no lying all night on the ground in your agony—no burning

peasant's houses, or foraging on them, and destroying a whole country, with its harvest—nor knocking a town about the people's ears, and sacking it in hot blood, with everything horrible that follows. Only the combatants suffer—'tis neutral ground, as it were, you fight upon,—and after all's over, why the guns are run in, the vanquished have succour given them like friends; you set sail, carrying everything needful aboard of you, with the gale of wind that comes after a battle, to make common cause against! 'Tis a sort of duel, so to say, between the pick of two nations; and the beaten one, I maintain, ought to give in at once—in fact, if it's rightly fought, he *must* give in, sir! You have their commerce at your feet after that; and in my deliberate opinion, Great Britain should halve her army, and keep up her navy—yes, sir, keep it up at the very least, and quite in a different fashion from what”—

SURGEON (hastily).—“But you don't mean to say, my dear sir, that *you* actually never were in a sea-fight?”

LIEUT.—“Strange as it may seem, 'tis the case. I've knocked about in all sorts of weather, from an ordinary gale to a hurricane that has foundered sixty sail in one night—from Baffin's Bay to the Southern capes, Mediterranean and Pacific—one time shipwrecked, another frozen up—frigate or ship of the line—but I never yet happened to see shot exchanged in anger, betwixt two or more craft that were afloat and in working order. We have chased a merchantman, of course, a privateer, or something else, and taken 'em too; but they were always too weak to show fight. We have been chased, in turn, by a whole French squadron; but then all depended on legs. Perhaps I got exchanged into a seventy-four, and next news I heard was, that our old frigate had fallen in with her match, and taken the Frenchman into port after a desperate tussle: the seventy-four would go into dock, and I am turned over to a ten-gun brig for the African station; twelve months after, I find the seventy-four has been with Collingwood up the Straits, and is particularly mentioned for her behaviour between two French eighties.

Well—well”—the lieutenant bites his lip, and looks indifferent; on which the Surgeon, probably from a wish to express similar carelessness by way of sympathy, appears about to whistle.

LIEUT. (turning round a little sharply).—“Eh? what did you say?”

SURGEON.—“Oh, nothing!”

LIEUT.—“I tell you that's a mere trifle to what I could relate of the kind: my whole life is a series of such extraordinary coincidences—so much so, sir, that I have had no fewer than three duels to fight on account of a nickname, which, I must say, was naturally enough applied and circulated in my case—the *soubriquet*, sir, of—of the—Peace Officer, or something of that sort. Flesh and blood could not stand it, sir! And by the way, the only bullet-wound I ever received to speak of, was in one of these unavoidable affairs, owing to which, in fact, I missed the appointment to command a brig that took several pirates in the West Indies, for I was six or seven months laid up.”

SURGEON (turning his head away, and speaking interruptedly, as if under the influence of some emotion).—“I—I—see, my—my dear sir! It—it was natural enough, however, was it not, if—if you never were otherwise in the way of such missiles—natural you were not otherwise wounded?”

LIEUT.—“Why, you know, I don't mean to say I never was in action of any kind—far from it! The truth is, I was several times ashore on cuttings-out, and with parties taking forts or spiking guns: then I was in Lord Exmouth's fleet bombarding Algiers, when we got it hot and heavy enough—besides a few matters at the Navarino time against the Egyptians—not to speak of that amusing affair with the Chinese not long ago, the forcing of the Bogue passage, and so on, where I happened to be by a sort of accident. But don't you see what I mean, man? None of these have the least resemblance to a naval battle of any kind whatsoever, with use of water and wind, braces and bowlines; whether you bear slowly down under your three topsails, or anchor with a spring on your cable!”

SURGEON.—“Ah, I see!”

LIEUT.—“As an illustration, just

conceive the following—I say, just *conceive* it! 'Tis the last war with those impertinent snuffing Yankees, that pretended to have beat those who beat the world: we are coming up nor'-westward with a stiff breeze, somewhere off the Azores—afternoon watch, and sharp eyes looking out aloft. 'Twas a fine, new, slapping frigate, the Proserpine, built on the lines of the old ship of that name, but bigger—I do believe she was the very finest British frigate going, at the time; and she carried heavy metal, for the very purpose of matching these sly villains, with their underhand advantage-taking tricks, their bribes to English seamen, and their bragging horse-marine stories. We had a full-handed crew of as prime men as ever stepped; not a day passed without exercise at the guns—and I had the honour of being her first-lieutenant, under a captain that never feared the face of man, or looks of weather." (At this point, the pensioners form a group of heads to which a single cannon-ball would certainly deal one common fate, were such a projectile imaginable in the circumstances.)

LIEUT.—“Well, the fore-to'-gal-lant-yard reports a sail to leeward—we put up helm, sir, keep away before the wind, and in three hours' time or so are in sight of a large ship, square-yarded, heavy sparred, and altogether, I must say, a spanker to look at. As she rises on a heavy blue swell,—for there was a long sea on, and dirty weather brewing in a bank of haze to windward as the dusk came on—as she rose that time, sir, there were a dozen mouths gave voice together to the certainty of her being a Yankee. We were all clear for action long ere that, standing quietly at quarters; and the beauty of it was, owing to the dusk, with the bank of haze behind us, we had never been noticed,—seeing that we signalled and signalled with flags, and hoisted all sorts of colours, till we were tired. Never a sign gave she, nor stirred tack, sheet, brace, or halyards, being upon a taut bowline, steering across our course—till the squall came on thicker astern of ourselves, and took the Proserpine dead away before it, under reefed topsails, while we lost sight of

the stranger altogether. When we next saw the Yankee, there we were coming right down upon him over the breast of a sea, within three quarters of a mile: he was but hoisting his topsails after reefing them, and being on a wind, of course, they felt it more than we did, so as to make rather rough weather at every pitch, with spray over her forechains. One time we saw but her topmasts, then her whole hull, the lights at her binnacle and in her quarter-gallery. By heaven, sir! as one of our men said, that had seen her before—'twas the Washington frigate, larger even than ourselves, and we were rolling down upon her at that distance ere she knew aught about it! However, she saw us *then*; and even if she hadn't, we fired a bow-gun to windward, braced up a little, took off everything but the three topsails, and went surging ahead, to cross her hawse, as it were—for the squall was fast blowing off to a working breeze in the starlight. We saw the stars and stripes go up by the night-glass, and rather wondered at not hearing her drum beat, and seeing her ports keep all dark as before—but that was her own matter, no doubt, and so on we forged, every man waiting breathless for the captain's word to let drive at her, as he stood up on the hammock-cloths to windward, looking out at her across the quarter-deck. 'Hold on all!' said he to me, 'hush!—now, fire one gun across her bows!' The word passed down, and the flash followed next moment, as a ball spun right ahead of her, from one wave to another. I looked up out of the smoke, and—yes, by George! there was a *white* flag blowing out from her fore-royal mast-head! The captain looked down at me as pale as death, and I looked up at him. 'What—what can it be, Curtis!' said he, terribly taken aback, and he sprang to the lee hammocks, signing for the helm to be put a spoke down, as he set the trumpet to his mouth. The American commander was standing opposite him on his own rigging, waving his hat, and they hailed each other through the trumpets. 'Have you not heard the news?' the other shouted, the second time. 'Peace! Peace! it's all settled between us a

month ago! Signed at Ghent, December twenty-fourth!

"The captain made him no answer at the moment—he couldn't, sir—but I heard him say between his teeth something about 'guessing it was the better for you!' 'Harkye, Mr Curtis,' added he in a low voice to me, 'can this be a—what the gentleman himself would call a—*dodge*? Eh—think you?' And for my part, I must say I thought it not at all unlikely. 'I shall send a boat aboard you, if you please, sir!' hailed Captain Dudley, and accordingly both frigates hove to. But it was all up, doctor—there was nothing to be made of 'em; although to this day I have my doubts whether it wasn't all a pretty sharp guess of the Yankee, after we caught him napping. The fact is, he could only have heard of it by report at sea, from some merchantman; and the rumour goes, that this very Washington made prize of one of our traders after the treaty must have been settled!"

SURGEON.—"So much for Yankees, then!"

LIEUT.—"Ah, enough of the scam—their only hero is Paul Jones, who was a piratical Scotch renegade, more dogged than brave, more cunning than capable, and as vain as a peacock. Read his life, sir, with an eye to naval history; and above all, if you want the mock heroic, peruse his letter to the Countess of Selkirk! Pah! just to refresh one, let's return to real battles, the crown and perfection of which, mark you, is *breaking the line*!—a thing, by the way, you could never do, of course, with Yankees, seeing they never had a fleet in their existence, and never, consequently, a line to *break*!"

SURGEON.—"My dear sir, the next maritime war will change all that: steamers, steamers, as I said before, must put an end to such tricks amongst heavy craft!"

LIEUT. (rising in his eagerness, while the pensioners are wrought up to a pitch of extreme excitement.)—"Ha! As well say that light dragoons or horse-artillery make it impossible to fight! You must fall back on your infantry in the end—you must come to spirit and bottom,

sir—you—you—must tackle face to face and broadside to broadside, to finish the great battle that will yet be fought! I—I see it, sir, even if it weren't in the Revelations; I could almost describe the thing. Yonder is the combined French and Russian fleet, keeping up to windward in the North Sea, half as many again as ourselves; flanked on both wings by steamers, with charcoal in place of coke, and paddle-boxes alongside instead of screw-propellers astern. There are two admirals in command, and two sets of tactics; they keep bothering each other about the best way of crushing 'Perfidie Albion,' and so hold the weather-gage till the wind begins to fall light, which *we*, sir, have expected beforehand! We are thirty sail of the line, a few heavy fast frigates, with the black *Terrible*, the *Gorgon*, the *Cyclops*, and two or three more steamers built for the purpose, each about three hundred and thirty horse-power engines, and a couple of eighty-four pounder guns; under a *Napier* or a *DunDonald*, mark you, that has spent his whole life knocking about all latitudes. The wind shifts a bit in our favour, see you—but that is a matter which may be either here or there; and down we go in long line, as if to offer 'em battle as we go by; which, of course, the French chancier mustn't seem to be afraid of: so there we are in two strings—their steamers puffing and backing about under pillars of black smoke that drift behind them; all that they may come round, as 'twere, on our flank. Ours are under sail to windward of us, getting up their steam as they come on; our leading ships are within gunshot, when flash goes a French port-hole, thinking, no doubt, to engage in passing by; then to get higgledy-piggledy all of us together in the smoke and confusion, till numbers settle the day, or at least leave 'em room to go home and gasconade about glory, modern improvements, Nelson's unhappy shade, and such-like!

"Ha! No, sir; British seamen show themselves as often by standing fire meekly, as by commencing it, or returning it like so many bull-dogs. We hold on with every gun—every captain of a gun takes a squint along

the muzzle, and his hand makes a move of itself toward the lock—a few are carried below, but discipline prevails. Whereas the sons of fraternity and equality, forsooth, have, perhaps, taken it into their own management, or one of your Parisian socialists recollects hearing of Trafalgar, and he can't bear it; the rest follow like sheep, till their ships are blinded with the smoke that drifts back on them.

—“Our admiral has been on the look-out for an opening in it; suddenly a signal goes aloft, and by next minute or so the long black *Terrible*, with all her canvass off, a dark puff or two from her red funnel, and the white steam vanishing from her safety-valve, is seen to shoot through the gap astern of the midmost French line-of-battle ship; the *Gorgon*, the *Cyclops*, the *Hydra*, the *Devastation*, follow her as swift as arrows—shoving themselves from astern like black-whales spouting, where none but themselves could pass. The next French ship gets a glimpse of it, and luffs a little to fire her other broadside after them; meanwhile, our headmost three-decker is forging with her topsails full into the space; the bowsprit of the next is at her stern, and a dozen heavy ships, sir, in ten minutes after that, are plunging through. The wind is taken out of the sails of the enemy's rear, and they get all aback, while the rest are standing on; we have cut them off, they are split in two, and never can join company again; in short, we have broken the line. *Then—then* we let drive at 'em handsomely, the whole thirty of us, to perhaps twenty of them; 'tis all smoke, fire, raking, falling aboard, crush and confusion, with British courage to do its work in a short time—and not *that*, as too often, against an odds which makes it butchery. Our steamers are having their own way of it with the rest, peppering 'em at long range, shifting, dodging, and mauling 'em just to keep 'em in play: one time 'tis a bowsprit knocked off, another time a topmast overboard, or perhaps a shot right through the paddle-box of an enemy's smoke-jack, coming round to help. *We* have nothing but screws astern, of course, with all the best

improvements you talk of; not to mention plenty of good coal for the occasion. The Russians fight and stand to their guns like determined dog-serfs, as they are; but we don't let one single tallow-sucking fellow of 'em home to the knout, till there's a regular peace; and that's what I call the way to bring it about, by having a decisive victory. The truth is, to fight fairly against odds is stupidity, and what is *breaking the line* but the turning the odds in your own favour?”

The Surgeon starts, as from a reverie, to see the pensioners nod their heads as in delighted assent—seemingly inclined to hurrah; while pensioner the first looks back to his friends with the air of one whose exact sentiments have just been expressed.

SURGEON.—“Ah—um—this happened, you say, in the—very conveniently, I mean! But, my dear sir, two might play that manœuvre, or it might be met, you know.”

LIEUT.—“There! there! the usual cant of the day on such subjects, of course! Why, my good fellow, the point is to do it just when it *can't* be met. And as for the other objection, can't you see there are weapons and modes of attack which only one nation is fitted to use, growing out of its whole history and physical constitution, and which can't be turned upon it? The French way of charging in column, now, succeeded well enough with any enemies but the British, who stood to them in line two-deep, and mowed 'em off as they came down; while the British charge is the same as their defensive; in both which cases, General Jomini says, 'they ought to be beaten.' In the one way, 'tis the power of *legs* that is trusted to, as each man shoves his front-rank from astern, without seeing the enemy; and I say the French are wise to charge in column, and to stand it eight deep. The other way, sir, 'tis the manly feeling of *company* that drives Englishmen on, and the power of *faces* that settles the thing; for you're aware the bayonet never comes to be tried till all is an up-and-down fight, and so at present they talk of its inefficiency, quotha! No, depend on it, every

nation has its own way of fighting, which it should stick to. The French at full speed, horse or foot—and they're at the very best on horseback; the Yankees from behind walls and trees, especially the latter, where they're perfect devils; and the British—the British—”

SURGEON.—“ Ah, the British? ”

LIEUT.—“ Wherever and howsoever they need, sir; but especially on good plank, where the truly British traverse of breaking the line may be varied a thousand ways—that's to say, the *principle* of it; for observe, sir, what that principle is! 'Tis exactly that of all warfare—to bring superiority of force, as the Chevalier Folard says, to bear on a critical point at the proper time—whether in guns, men, pluck, skill, bottom, knowledge, or anything else—no matter—only *do* it! 'Twas just the one move which that fellow Buonaparte carried out all his life on a grand scale, till, in the first place, *numbers* gave him check in his own way; and, in the second place, British bottom gave him checkmate. Nothing extraordinary in it—all according to rule—only Courage is a part of your odds in force, that slips into the turning-point without a man's notice.

“ But at sea, again, seamanship—and that is a wide word—seamanship comes behind all; 'tis the soul of all—giving a beauty, and, at the same time, a nicety, to the application of the principle, that can't be conceived ashore. The whole of seamanship, sir, is a sort of war—every act of it, to the very splicing of a rope, is a bringing yourself to bear stronger upon things than you otherwise could—stronger than they bear on you, in fact, by timely skill. Why, now—between a frigate and a seventy-four, heaving in sight of each other at sea—suppose the first British, the second French; should the frigate turn tail, think you? No, by George, sir! The better man makes a seventy-four of himself—turns wind and water to his own advantage—bothers his antagonist—keeps to windward, and comes down on him when he can't perhaps open his lower-deck ports: if he contrives to knock away an important spar, or catches the other at the right moment in blowing weather, or beats

off his boat-attack with tremendous loss in a calm, after offering to it temptingly—why, 'tis neither more nor less, on a small scale, than *breaking the line!*

“ I'll be bound to say, look you, from his first fight with an oldster in the cockpit, and his whaling voyage, down to Elsinore, and even Teneriffe—from the chase of a fast merchantman in his first frigate, to the reefing of her topsails before a heavy gale, and her lying-to under storm-staysails in the trough of the sea—with every plan he used to make easy weather of it,—from the style he handled her in when a green sea washed aboard, putting up his helm cautiously to fall off and drive before the wind again, down to the way he'd receive news of fire below—in all a seaman has to do, in short, I'll be bound to say that everything Nelson did was a sort of a small Nile or Trafalgar!”

At this climax the emotion of the pensioners becomes boundless: pensioner the first starts up, and all of them take off their hats, and give three cheers. The Surgeon appears to entertain the thought favourably, while his critical eye peruses the various substitutes of the pensioners for their natural members, with possible speculation as to the respective modes of “ dressing ” employed by former practitioners.

LIEUT. (looking round in triumph.) —“ One like *him* could get experience in a tenth of the time that other men do, and use it not only a hundred times as well, but in ways they never dreamt of; and I assert he was not merely the best sailor that ever stepped a deck—the most glorious patriot that ever drew breath—but—yes, sir—I say Nelson was the greatest warrior that ever conquered! A greater general than your Buonapartes and so on, by as much as a battle afloat is more grandly complicated than one ashore!”

SURGEON.—“ Oh! oh! my dear sir, think a moment—consider whom he had to deal with. What kind of men were Villeneuve and the rest? And what stuff had he in British tars?”

LIEUT.—“ Villeneuve *was* a skilful seaman, sir; but, for heaven-sake, can't

you perceive, doctor, that if he had had *better* seamen for his opponents, (and as men they were brave enough,) why, his victories would have been so much the greater—eh?”

SURGEON.—“Of course, I see that—that is exactly what I say!”

LIEUT.—“Tut, you mistake me; hang it, man, don't a skilful antagonist draw you out, as it were, to tricks of fence you don't think worth while with a mere dogged one? You can't waste 'em on him—'twould be mere show-off and superfluity—so you just break his guard, give him a few direct facers, and down he goes. The skill lies in planting your last blow in the spot where his chance lies of rising again to time. You wait for him in a manly English way; but his spirit is gone—he wouldn't stand up to you thenceforth with the least chance—instead of your posting off to his house to seize his meat and drink,—the very plasters for his eyes—that he mayn't pluck up courage so much as to shake hands with you, which was Nap's mode of settling a nation! What did it end in? Nelson died in the arms of victory—that is to say, twenty victories—leaving as many pupils of his, capable, like himself, for anything required; besides, no doubt, bequeathing the very notion, mark you, that Napoleon could be beaten when he met a British army, as he did at Waterloo; for who was the first man ever to baffle him? Why, an Englishman and a sailor—Sidney Smith at Acre!

“And as for our tars, you say! Why, who made our tars what they were at the time, but Nelson?—as much as he made the chequer sides of our line-of-battle ships, and the tall top-masts of our cruising frigates. He knew sailors from top to bottom, in fore-castle and berth-deck—ay, a long sight better than Marryat does—and that was the way he learnt how to

put his own spirit into them, to the present hour—he got it from them, and gave it back, but ten times better. 'Tis the head makes all below it, sir: under Raleigh they were discoverers—under Morgan they were buccaners—with Blake they were bull-dogs—Benbow made 'em tars—Rodney, conquerors—and Nelson, heroes! What you'll make of 'em now, God knows, unless it be Yankees!”

Turning to the pensioners—“Old salts, I ask you what did Nelson teach you—what were his last words to British sailors?”

OLDEST VETERAN, (hoarsely, with his hat off).—“I couldn't to say read the signal myself, your honour, when it rose to the Victory's mast-head; but it flew from one to another like the thunder after the lightning—you knows what it was yourself, sir! For a twinkling you'd a'heard the surge under every ship's bows as she forged ahead—but, my eye! the cheer as came arter that was a signal back to Admiral Lord Nelson as *he* could understand! We was the Royal Sovereign, sir, and we broke the French line.”

LIEUT.—“I hear it, I hear it, though I never was there. Often and often I've heard the words on the Victory's quarter-deck—‘Do you not think, Blackwood, there's a signal wanting yet?’ ‘I think, my Lord, the whole fleet seems very clearly to understand what it's about.’ But there's a touch above strategy, Doctor, and it *comes*—none of your Suns of Austerlitz, or such quackery—but a whisper, as it were, to the heart of each one there, which none ever heard him *speak*, though it was what he was acting at the moment—‘ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY!’ Lying, at his last hour, in the midshipmen's berth below, it was ‘Thank God, I've done my duty!’”

HOUR II.

CONCERNING TRANSCENDENTAL BEANS, WITH A YARN THEREUPON; THE SURGEON CLAIMING THE “EAR OF THE HOUSE.”

A solemn silence, gently invaded by summer sounds—the sucking of the bee in the lime-trees, the Hospital clock striking two, the Green-

wich boys at cricket in a neighbouring field, the children at the distant end of the lane.

LIEUT. (raising his head again.)

—“What many people now-a-days would call impiety, sir! Fellows that have no more the heart to conceive the nature of a sailor than what religion is. They measure 'em both off, sir, like cotton. But what amuses one more than their raking up Nelson's faults, is their patronising him by way of an apology, as if he were one of themselves! Why, confound it! couldn't he afford a weakness or so, when it was that of a man and a sailor—only too fair, above-board, and open, to be tinkered up and smoothed over into a book, as I hear some fellow has done Oliver Cromwell just lately! Some Scotch parson, I hear.”

SURGEON.—“No, not a Scotch parson exactly, Lieutenant Curtis, although my own uncle, who is one, tells me this Carlyle is all the rage at present with the New Kirk. They fancy him a 'serious' person, rather ultra-Calvinist than otherwise; and one or two of the young divines are preaching in his style, (which, by the way, may mean anything or nothing at all, and might conceal all the heresies ever hatched.) My uncle has his doubts of him—the passage that stumbled him was where Oliver had a discussion with the Covenanters.”

LIEUT.—“We used to have a notion that Old Noll was a big-headed, red-nosed, cunning fanatic, that contrived to get hold, for his own ends, of all the vulgar, upsetting, canting inclinations that had brewed in England for ages—his father's trade, you know—and then, when he'd made use of 'em, turned round and laughed at his tools.”

SURGEON.—“Turned his head where his tail should be, in short, like the brewer's horse, and drank up all the beer!”

LIEUT.—“We used to fancy that Guy Fawkes had something to do with the gunpowder plot, and that this old Noll said it was 'borne in upon him' to have his King executed like a common criminal—that he wanted the crown himself—that the English, Scotch, and Irish nations hated him like hell—that he massacred the Irish—tyrannised, without even a shadow of constitution—and shipped off thousands of his fellow countrymen under hatches, to be slaves in mines and

plantations in the West Indies, at a profit to his government. However, I suppose everybody was wrong?”

SURGEON.—“Not at all—the way is, not to deny anything, but rather to bring it out stronger, you observe, and then carry the whole question up into a sort of new light, where you have a dim impression that everything is nothing, and nothing everything. You begin to be ashamed of yourself for having supposed the contrary before; for, even imagining that King Charles and the cavaliers had a side in the matter, and weren't the most arrant liars, hypocrites, rakes, and scoundrels on the face of the earth—at the same time that they were a sort of phantoms, in a certain sense never existing, as not animated by the divine breath, or something in that style. And if you don't blush for your mistaken apprehensions, or fail to see all this, you find yourself addressed in some such way as—'Alas, O lamentable friend Dunderhead, thou!—wherefore wert born? Begone! The nonentities, the ever-transpiring chaotic uninterpretabilities, serene, ineffable, awful, were not for thee! Hence, Owl!' (*Hic exeunt* second, third, and fourth pensioners hastily, and casting looks behind them from the background.) This is Carlyle, sir; and I must say, in the light of these said 'silences, awfulnesses, destinies,' and what not—granting a humbug to be at the top of creation, why, Cromwell is the most admirable character since the decease of Habakkuk, or perhaps Hazael, the servant of the King of Syria, who put a cloth over his master's face when he was sick, and then harassed the chosen people with an 'Is thy servant a dog to do this thing?' However, 'tis the most laughable treatise extant, after all—the hero is as rich a treat as the author, when he stands up to address his mock Parliament with all the gravity, the hiccupping gleams of wisdom, the helpless 'wanderings, frightful unmeaningness, and blank break-downs of a drunk man—mixed with the queerest cunning, and here and there a spark of humour. (*Exit* first pensioner, hobbling off round a tree to join his friends.) You can't deny Noll's having seen thoroughly into his men, and known how to

manage them—being the sublimest rogue of them all, and half conscious of it all the while.”

LIEUT.—“By Jove, it must have been sympathy made this fellow take him up! But what a comfort he didn't think of handling Nelson, doctor—eh? He'd have made a hash of him—shown how he went to Davy Jones for his sins—and called Southey a dunderhead! *That's* a style, by the bye, for a sailor's life to be written in—clear and straight forward, and full of an English spirit. None but a poet and a wise man, as the Doctor was, has sense enough to let actions speak for themselves, or imagination enough to let himself be carried away with them—fine sea-touches in Madoc, sir, which I read as I did the Book of the Church also, for the sake of that *Life*. It reminds me of a rare stroke in that yarn of Coleridge's—he that wrote the memoir of Captain Ball, too—where the old salt tells the fashionable gentleman who didn't like sea-narratives—

‘The hermit good lives in yon wood
That slopes down to the sea—
And loudly his sweet voice he rears—
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree!’

“I fancy Coleridge got that notion where he got the cue of his story—in old Hakluyt's black-letter collection of voyages—for what was Hakluyt, you know, but a dry, dusty Protestant preacher without a charge, that refreshed himself in this way. The great Elizabethan age of literature they talk about—and the last one too—look you, they both came after a revolution and a war—both of 'em had the air of being produced in an island—and both were thoroughly English, sensible, and grand!”

SURGEON.—“They say, though, now-a-days, that everything ought to be cosmopolitan—that foreign ideas should be introduced without alteration, to enlarge our minds—that nationality is selfish, and competition a principle tending only to private advantage. Co-operation, association, reciprocity, and so on, are the great panaceas; for you see, my dear sir, the world makes progress at railway speed just now, and you can't expect it to be contented with these slow old-fashioned plans which—”

LIEUT.—“Plans, my good fellow—what I should object to is, that the country is over-ridden with plans, instead of obeying its natural instincts—and as for the progress of the world, I don't care a button about the matter—what I've got to do with, is my *country*, and I'm not ashamed to say it! Seeing I don't happen to be one of the rulers of the universe, as it strikes me our Brummagem statesmen and your high-flying authors seem to fancy themselves, the moment they pick up some old whimsy at second-hand out of a book, or in their own conceited noddles. Nine men out of ten know nothing about the South Sea bubble, and ruin themselves by railways—nine out of ten don't know how Plato proposed that women should be in common, and children oughtn't to know their parents—or how the Pythagoreans and the primitive Christians and the monks tried a community of goods. Just as many didn't know that cheap loaves would lessen wages, and didn't care where they came from. It lowers Old England in the meantime, that's all, and gives the Continent a lift—so the only way I can think of for getting back some of our money, is this grand rarée-show they speak of, that's to bring us millions of foreigners. As for any other object it has, I really can't perceive it.”

SURGEON.—“It won't do the landlords much good, I fancy, by keeping them at home—when economy would take them to live abroad. Nor the farmers, though it make bread and beef rise in London.”

LIEUT.—“No, poor devils! Not unless this affair prove a sort of turning-point, by letting everybody else in the world carry away notes of our last inventions—in which case a long peace becomes the ruin of our commerce, probably, except amongst the niggers and South-Sea islanders—then civilisation goes back, because every country does everything for itself, and that *ill*, too—other countries have no corn to spare us—Bright and Cobden are at the head of a British Manufacture Protection Society—a colony rebels, and the Yankees help 'em; and the French, being the only nation that have no food, no money, nothing but love of glory, fraternal feelings, and hatred of England, help *them*. We

have been quietly growing our own oak, and pay for it—grow our own seamen, and pay for 'em—grow our own corn, sir, and pay for it—by the Lord Harry, doctor! we get into a fine cruising war, and come round again to the old story, both commerce and manufactures flourishing—men with the spirit of men—books straightforward and English—and the world going on. That's what *I* call progress!"

SURGEON.—“But my dear sir, the National Debt is”—

LIEUT. (warming.)—“The fact is, my good fellow, these projectors must keep the ball rolling till they're bankrupt. There was Hudson got a Duke's income, by way of testimonial, for pocketing money as fast as he could. Your philanthropic allotment man, O'Connor, makes an estate for the same; so does O'Connell; so does some scuffy newspaper editor; so does Cobden. Confound it, man, your true way of becoming a landed proprietor at present, and founding a noble family, is not to have had a Norman ancestor, but to look after your own interests properly, and make speeches about the world, against pensions, such as Nelson's—ships of the line at anchor, and so on. The million thoroughly admires it—'tis as if he had fought a great battle. At this rate all the estates in England will be testimonials in a century—if the thing could go on. They must have something to fight against, or some huge humbug to gull the mob—and there's a certain ingenuity in it. I call such a fellow a Buonaparte inverted—the very Napoleon of peace and cosmopolitanism, with his fine spectacles, his fresh wars, and his bulletin speeches. Why, if they don't well know what next to turn to, they'll get you up a great Anti-Hat League Society for the promotion of a Universal Costume, and adoption of the 'wide-awake!'”

SURGEON.—“And wearing of beards, with perhaps a common language.”

LIEUT.—“All easy enough, since I fancy we had all of these once on a time—even to the universal picturesque costume—the barter instead of commerce, and all that! 'Tis exactly the point in question—our newfangled notions go most of 'em back instead of

forward. Thorough nationality, and war when 'tis needed, are your best civilisers. Look at a mischievous lout of a boy after his first voyage, or a boor after six months' drilling, and say if he's not a better citizen. That's employment, and room made at home for women. At least half of the fellows you lock up in comfortable jails to get worse, or transport amongst decent colonists, would improve wonderfully, sprinkled about sea-going ships, and serving their country under discipline; yet they talk of hanging up the cat—of humanity—save the mark! the national debt, and financial reform, in an upside-down sort of a way; but in my opinion, the national debt teaches us chiefly not to subsidise other people's armies—to fight as little as possible ashore—not to build ships and cut 'em down again—to have an Admiralty that know their business—to put men like Pitt and Chatham and Burke at our helm—treat men like Nelson and Cochrane properly—and keep up a regular war fund for occasion. Yes, sir, a war fund—unless Jonathan, Louis, or Nicholas, is to tweak the nose of the British nation at his fancy!”

SURGEON.—“Talking of cosmopolitanism, testimonials, and the present day, I take it Carlyle must have got a kind of backward glimpse of the universal language, when he wrote his *Latter-Day Pamphlets* on these topics. 'Tis like the beginning of Babel to read him on Model Prisons. Stump Orators reminds one of a man damning his own eyes; and Hudson's Statue implies disappointment at not having had a testimonial on Cromwell's account. One fancies one hears all sorts of cries from a legion of devils when he acknowledges the truth—then every kind of savage, infuriated, obsolete notion that a Fifth-Monarchy man would have brought out in his cups; while at the back of it all you fancy the poor fellow himself, decent enough, but dyspeptic and well-meaning, seriously proposing himself as a sort of Louis-Napoleon to Old Noll's Emperor. That grim ancient seems to have fairly mastered him, as Swedenborg did a clergyman of my acquaintance. And all the while 'twas reported he was busy editing the Correspondence

of Spinoza or Voltaire, with a running commentary, quite in their style—tremendously sympathetic!"

LIEUT.—“Why, doctor, you seem to have a pique at this Carlyle! I really don't know much about the gentleman.”

SURGEON (colouring.)—“Well, Sir, I call it a kind of natural instinct against his spirit; he is a sort of modern Ishmael, that kicks at everybody—though the more he does so, the more ready are some idiots found to kiss his toe. What do you think he gravely suggests to the nation, sir? Why, to make the poor work for nothing, and shoot them if they don't—to do the same with the Irish—and to make slaves of the negroes again.”

LIEUT. (opening his eyes wide.)—“Ay!—The un-British, un-English, unprincipled son of a —. Pool, pool, doctor—he's only mistaken his field; he ought to take steamer direct for Yankeedom; bless me! they'd make him President at once! The fact is, sir, to the whole of that lot, principles are nothing. The British blood and health spent on the West African coast, and the British money that bought freedom for the slaves, are all thrown away—for *them!*”

SURGEON.—“He reminds one of the prophet Jonah, sir—after flying from orthodoxy, being pitched overboard by common sense, and thrown up from the very bowels of German transcendentalism, he sits and sulks under the decay of an ephemeral reputation, in sight of a city that won't be destroyed because he said it!”

LIEUT.—“Ay, repentance towards God will cheat many a fanciful theorist and ill-natured augur about Britain, doctor! I don't believe in its *Decadence*, because I believe there's too much of the old sense rising up in it, for it to follow these crotchets of theirs.”

SURGEON.—“Or, again, when he rides that extraordinary style of his to death, one thinks of Balaam's ass crying out against him, ‘Am I not thine ass?’”

LIEUT.—“‘Still harping on my father,’ eh? Why,” (turns sharp round on the surgeon,) “why, John, there's something at the bottom of all this—out with it, man!”

SURGEON (laughing.)—“Well, to tell the truth, sir—when I was a lad at college, I took the infection myself, wrote an essay on clinical surgery in the manner, which was easy enough to catch, especially during the epidemic—a sort of hooping-cough, as it were—once introduced. There seems to be a period of life when you can't help trying to reduce all your absurdities to a sort of method, and to dogmatise pompously about nothing, things in general, and a few others besides. Byronism, you're aware, is now a regular disease, expected in families.”

LIEUT.—“'Tis English, though, and natural. The cure is, to stop the supplies, and, if possible, send 'em to sea or the East Indies. They soon tire of turning down their shirt-collars, and the rest.”

SURGEON.—“Not only so, however—I wrote a letter or two in the same fashion to my father, with short post-scripts requesting remittances, which at last brought the good old man suddenly up to Edinburgh, in the full belief that I had gone deranged. I am ashamed to say, sir; how the height of my conceit made me look down upon what I fancied his old-fashioned ideas and trite maxims! 'Twas a reflection for my own mind afterwards, in many a quiet dog-watch at sea, when his voice spoke to me from the grave, sir!”

After a pause—“But at the time, I even went the length of writing to this author himself, with a kind of trembling doubt of his actual existence—like that of other men, at least. I had a dim notion of being allowed to become a disciple, to hear some wonderful new revelation, and help on the Millennium. To my surprise, by return of post I got back a coolly polite reply, containing, I must say, some very sensible advice, half-condescending, half-caustic—the effect of which was, that I should ‘do that which was in me; be in earnest whatsoever side of God's world thou shalt find thyself on; read few books, and that as intelligibly withal as maybe; cultivate an English style of speech; meditate on the great might of silence; endeavour to clear thy mind of cant; and lastly, friend, above all things, eschew beans!’

“ Well, sir, you may fancy my astonishment a day or two after to find both sides of the correspondence published in a newspaper, with my own name in full, and the other merely as a well-known distinguished author. Some fellow-medicals had got wind of my intention, suborned the lodging-house servant-maid on her way to the post-office, and answered me themselves, of course. I had to rusticate for six months, still supposing it a genuine autograph, and only attributing the publicity to my own folly in giving copies of both letters to a friend, while the sole point in this valuable response that seemed to redeem it from commonplace, and hold me to the oracle, was this mystical sentence about beans. Something profoundly symbolical I felt convinced it was; but one time I got doubtful whether the words read *eschew* or *chew*, which made all the difference in the world, you know, since it might either recommend deliberately chewing the cud of reflection, in the one case; or, in the other, from the kind of food adverted to, might signify that I was at present too much of an ass to do so, or else that the medical profession was worked like a horse, and on no better living. You may laugh, sir, but when one’s at college, you’ve no notion how many different thoughts a mere piece of affected obscurity in a book will stir up; in fact, ’tis happily the way an active mind often gets rid of such influence, by being made to think for itself. In my case it was nothing but the joke of some college wags, that had no meaning in the matter, but it had all the effect. Our parish minister happened to be a scholar—the same, by the way, who afterwards read ‘Cromwell,’ and found the Presbyterian part, I believe, the only beans in the corn—and I mentioned the thing to him in an off-hand way, whereupon he gave me a whole discourse on Pythagoras and vegetable diet, the ancient sacredness of the bean, its possible reference to the transmigration of souls, its use in voting, which might imply either a caution against politics in general, or universal suffrage in particular: then Plutarch’s commentary on the injunction, upon the ground of beans being windy, and engendering idle dreams.

Further, he made it illustrate the tradition of a forbidden fruit, and the origin of evil; the antipathy of Jews and Mussulmen to pigs, which naturally led to the triumph of Christianity in the union of Jews and Gentiles, as commemorated by the favourite dish, beans and bacon. This, he remarked, was an agricultural viand, which might typify innumerable truths too likely to be forgotten in the present day; but, in his opinion, the prohibition might have been an old device of Satan, permitted, for wise ends, to delay the use of the popular *veto*, as he called it, in the Church. He would next have proceeded to comment in a similar manner on the Egyptian leek, but it was quite enough, as you may imagine, to see the whole world haunted by this infernal herb of mine, growing up to heaven in all sorts of ways, esoteric and exoteric, metaphorical, allegorical, symbolical, and hieroglyphic, like the celebrated magic bean-stalk of Jack himself. Next Sunday the minister had it in his forenoon lecture on the mess of pottage for which Esau sold his birth-right, spiritually improved: everybody was talking that week of beans, till I fancied it would spread over the country. The farmers discovered that it was a plant containing more farinaceous food than any other—a progressive debating-club discussed it loftily, through a characteristic mistake in spelling, ‘avoid *Beens*,’ or former ways—yea or nay; and the Not-beens of course carried it, although next meeting, as implying the study of history by the lower classes, the decision was reversed. Our local poet, fond of old words and original fancies, considered it, in a song, as bearing some touching allusion to “bootless benes;” the old women justified themselves in preferring tea to coffee on the strength of it, which they did before; the smokers crowed over the snuffers, who snuffed the more vehemently; and the girls, who had learnt the language of flowers, said it signified neither more nor less than that bean-blossoms meant languishing love, which for their parts they’d have none of, and the more of it others had the better. In short, all sets agreed in nothing but to have their own opinion, and began to think they saw farther

through mill-stones than before; revivals, disruptions, and I don't know what else, were taking place on every side; and I absolutely can't say to this day, sir, in the dust and confusion, what hand these said innocent beans may have had in building churches thereabouts!"

LIEUT. (starting, and rubbing his eyes.)—"My good stars, Doctor, you bewildered me. I began to see a bean in each of my own eyes myself! But you don't mean to say—why, bless me! After all, I could have sworn I heard one of your new school discoursing. I fancy a button would have done just as well—eh?"

SURGEON.—"Perhaps, sir; but for my part, rid as I was of it all, through the very ridiculousness of the thing, yet the beans hadn't done with me. You're aware, when one has once noticed a coincidence, or a face, one sometimes seems pestered with it afterwards. I went to finish at London University, and after that stayed a fortnight at Erith, where I met—a young lady, whom—whom—"

LIEUT.—"I see, I see, we'll suppose it all, man; so get on to these cursed beans, and *finish* 'em, pray."

SURGEON.—"It was a delightful midsummer; there were family picnics, and so on, not to mention evening walks, always, of course, accompanied by some of the friends she was staying with. But even if I had had the opportunity, believe me, I should never have stated my feelings. I was a young surgeon, waiting for a commission in the navy, very little to depend on but my profession, and all my prospects before me; I wouldn't have said a word of the kind *then* for the world, whatever I might have done a year or two after. Still I couldn't help lingering, from one day to another. One lovely afternoon we had a stroll through the fields, which I meant for the last; the other lady had forgot to give directions about dinner, so she went back for a little to the house. We walked slowly on, I didn't exactly know where; I only *felt* she was walking beside me, and neither of us had anything to say. Once or twice I looked sideways at her face, half shadowed by her parasol, but hardened myself, sir, like desperation against the words that kept shaping them-

selves over and over again on my tongue. Suddenly, ere I could avoid the thing, I caught her eye; at that look, sir, mortal man couldn't have prevented himself repeating her name; some irresistible influence seemed to come over me, from somewhere about, but I knew nothing rightly at the moment; and when I came to my senses, not only had she listened to what I had to say, but we were pledged to each other, on condition of her father's consent when I got my commission. My heart smote me as I stood on the next stile to look for our companion, and I started; by heaven! we were in the midst of bean-fields in full bloom and fragrance! I solemnly declare to you, sir, if it hadn't been for these confounded beans, I should have stood out like a man; and not only so, but saved myself what came next. To this day I have a superstition against beans in any shape; I never eat, touch, or have to do with them; literally and allegorically I abhor them, I assure you; but somehow or other I really can't help a sort of liking for their scent in a field."

LIEUT. (sharply.)—"Confound it, sir, what is that to *me*—what have I got to do with your beans? Go on with your story, sir, if you please."

SURGEON.—"Next day, I think it was, the young lady returned to town, giving me permission, at my earnest entreaty, to write to her. What words can express my amazement and pain at having my first letter, which was pretty long and enthusiastic, enclosed back to me shortly after, accompanied by a formal note in her own handwriting, which I was fool enough at the time not to see must have been prompted by some one else. In the heat of the moment I wrote an answer, which was certainly as plain as possible, and quite different from the unlucky style of the last, which had stuck to me whenever I put pen on paper till then; but 'heartless girl,' 'false woman,' with resolutions to 'die in the service of one's country,' and 'only come back to haunt your memory,' are ideas rather too simple and strong to beat grandiloquently about the bush with! I got my appointment in a seventy-four, and went off to sea in a terrible huff, bound for the India station—the polite

little note of course being a frequent study, in such leisure as a poor devil of an assistant-surgeon could get—tormented by rascally midshipmen down in the cock-pit, when one wasn't being snubbed by the doctor because the first-lieutenant wanted his men faster out; or being sick to leeward, oneself, up on deck. I turned it over and over, seeking some loophole to creep through: trying the words as many ways as ever Mr Layard tried an Assyrian inscription, for I couldn't believe in the seeming coolness of the thing as it stood. In fact, sir, I was quite right, but it wasn't till one sick calm on the Line, of a stark-staring tropical moonlight night, sitting out alone on the seventy-four's bowsprit, that I made the discovery."

LIEUT., (having surveyed the Surgeon curiously for the last minute out of one eye, till the other is screwed quite close)—"Ah, doctor, and what was that, eh?"

SURGEON.—"I must repeat you the note first, sir, which I can easily enough do:—'Miss C— has received Mr John Randolph's letter, more highly flattering to her intellectual powers than even to her other qualities, but begs to assure him of her regret at having been so rash a party to the engagement mentioned, as Mr R. may possibly also think himself, when he reperuses his own epistle. Youth and precipitation, however, have been her full excuse—since her parents should previously have been considered, that Mr R. might so easily have saved himself this unavoidable return of his communication, by simply reserving it for some other and more romantic occasion. Mr C— will always congratulate himself that the good old English fashion of referring such addresses in the first place to the parent, has not yet been done away with—Mr J. R.'s pardon being of course humbly craved by him.—Mr C—'"

LIEUT., (falling back in his seat with a laugh)—"Ha! ha! yes, doctor; now you recall the circumstance; I recollect it! I thought at first it was some infernal French count or German baron that had entangled her; but, at any rate, I was resolved she should have nothing

to do with a fellow who couldn't even make love in plain English; so I dictated, as I walked about, and Emma herself wrote. It surprised me, by the bye, she didn't make more work about it, and even suggested a stronger word now and then; but, of course, an English girl ought to be dutiful, not to say sensible; and I really never identified you till this moment, doctor! Somehow or other, of course, all's understood between us on that point, now-a-days; but how a fellow of any spirit could get over *this*, I can't imagine—eh?"

SURGEON.—"If you'll believe me, sir, the only thing that ever stood in the way was still these abominable beans!"

LIEUT.—"The devil, Jack; what do you mean? Stuff!"

SURGEON.—"I'm quite serious, sir; 'twas simple enough. This affair, and the knocking about at sea, had effectually driven all nonsense out of me, I think; and the more did I abhor the thought of ever looking over my unlucky epistle, which was in the same envelope. Something at last struck me as equivocal, however, in the style of Emma's note, or yours, rather. Several words in it were faintly underlined, which I knew that ladies do without the slightest reason; but the hint about *reperusing* my own letter ultimately caught me. I did so, and never was man more ashamed of coming the grand; besides which, I had spun out a fine love-theory out of that mysteriously divine summer-evening-inspired bean-field, as I called it—the spiritual influence of scents—predestined moments—the symbolical meaning of flowers in all nations and ages from the Garden of Eden—male and female flowers, and souls intended for each other—botany put to use, in short, and beans at the bottom and top of all!"

LIEUT.—"Sickening enough, one would think; and I don't know but your college joker had some wisdom in him. The worst of it was, I was afraid at the time that Emma rather admired it herself."

SURGEON.—"But on a sudden, to my extreme surprise, I lighted upon a little hurried P.S. of a couple of

lines, at the end of my own epistle, which turned the fifth page or so. P.S.—“You mustn't *write* again at present; for papa is in one of his states. Leave out the *beans*. In haste.—E. C.’

“This fairy-like little appendix to my own scrawl, which I had so stupidly overlooked till then, came on me as a sign of grace: however welcome, though, neither Pythagoras' caution, nor the modern author's, ever puzzled me more than this injunction did. Both the writing and spelling of ladies, you're aware, sir, sometimes perplex one; and I naturally interpreted the whole post-script, at first, as containing a very sensible advice regarding my literary effusions—superfluous as my own taste of real life might have since made it—till at length, while still poring over the disagreeable note, apparently so conclusive against me, the truth all at once flashed on my eye: 'twas by no means so deep, in fact, as I supposed; for, by just omitting the *beans* in it, straight to the end, I saw it could bear a very different sense. Beans under strong moonlight, you know, are said to get rapidly decomposed; or, if growing, to grow faster; so that, like simples called in the lunar beams, or those old mandrakes which gave a human groan as they were pulled, and with which Leah bought Rachel's!”—

LIEUT., with extreme and natural irritation.—“In short, sir, when a man is a lunatic, he sees everything from one point! I'm afraid, my good fellow, there's still a bee in your bonnet, as they say; but unless you mean to drive *me* mad, just explain this precious discovery of yours, will you? You don't mean to say I left you an opening—much less, I hope, said anything about these cursed vegetables of yours?”

SURGEON.—“Oh, Emma's note—well it was very simple, you'll perceive, sir!” (Repeats the note, as at first, then over again, with the omissions required, as follows:—)

“Miss Curtis has received Mr John Randolph's letter, more highly flattering to her intellectual powers than even to her other qualities, but begs to assure him of her regret at having (omit *been*)

so rash a party to the engagement mentioned, as Mr R. may possibly think himself, when he *reperuses* his own epistle.” (So I did, in fact, sir; for, as I said, I never reperused it at all, till a couple of months after.) “Youth and precipitation, however, have (ditto *been*) her full excuse—since her parents should previously have (again *been* left out) considered, that Mr R. might so easily have saved himself this unavoidable return of his communication, by simply reserving it for some other and more romantic occasion. Mr Curtis will always congratulate himself that the good old English fashion of referring such addresses, in the first place, to the parent has not yet (*been*) done away with—Mr J. R.'s pardon being of course humbly craved by him.—MR CURTIS.”

LIEUT., (starting to his feet.)—“Infamous, by Jove! I declare the thing must be infectious! Shouldn't wonder if such a hanged delusion had spread over the country, by mere sound, or like St Vitus's dance! It must have been submitting myself to look over your intolerable epistle that corrupted my own; and now, I recollect, *you* had some single pet word or other occurring about three hundred times, as I counted from mere curiosity. Unless, indeed, Emma herself may have doctored my style a little, which I really hope was the case. Girls are better educated now-a-days, I suppose, than their fathers. The cunning gipsy! The sly little mix! It read well enough when I glanced it over; and as for your own trash, I bundled it up at once, sealed and sent 'em off to the post-office myself. But, after all, one can't easily weather upon the sex; a woman's 'no,' to your comfort; Jack, may generally enough be read a 'yes,' you see!”

SURGEON.—“Well, sir, I wrote as soon as we reached the Cape, at any rate; when, I believe, you were abroad yourself. At my return I found matters all as smooth as could be desired.”

LIEUT.—“Soh!—ah!—hum—well, you had seen something of real life, at any rate, before you came home. But I really hope, Doctor, we've heard the last of these confounded—these—what I don't like even to name. Eh?”

SURGEON.—“Why, sir, when a

number of us assistants happened to come together in the ante-room at a medical examination, I met one of my old fellow-students, who made me aware of the whole trick formerly played upon me; as he himself had written the oracular reply to my letter. I could tell you a dozen incidents of my first voyage, in which beans played a principal part; but with that voyage I think it ceased. All that remains of the influence on me, is a dislike—metaphorically speaking, of course, sir—to every possible kind of bean; by which I understand any affected mystical quibble with the truth and its expression; calculated not only to perplex ordinary people, but to perpetuate itself, during their efforts to get rid of it, perhaps, in a whole series of eccentricities. Your French bean, your German, your Oriental or Turkey, your Windsor or English—from field-bean to scarlet runner, without mentioning the Transatlantic crop—I consider them all equally humbug, except for the natural purposes, which are very simple indeed!”

LIEUT.—“But don’t you see, my good fellow, in caring a fig about them, you give ’em power—you’re like a South-Sea islander knocking a stone on the head. A humbug, being a humbug, isn’t worth minding.”

SURGEON.—“’Tis the general disposition to be mystified, sir, that gives certain authors their power at present. I suspect it begins to be a good deal lost more recently, just as every man gets able to be his own mystifier, and so in the end cures himself. But on account of his bad *spirit*, I must confess even to a sort of hatred of the author I alluded to.”

LIEUT.—“Never bear malice, John—’tis thoroughly un-British; and besides, it distorts your view. You should particularly suspect it in regard to one you’ve formerly run after; and I daresay ’tis often the case!”

SURGEON.—“Quite true, sir; but are you aware this style seems getting into the navy? Take the present way of naval writing, to judge from a book I read the other day, called a naval novel. It shows a fellow of some genius, I think—but full of discontented carping at authority, fine gentlemen mids who use silver forks,

sofas, hock-glasses, and so on—no sea in it at all, like Hamlet with the principal character left out—flag-officers under such names as ‘Sir Booby Booring,’ captains with family appellations like ‘Baggles’—a Pantheist lieutenant speaking American transcendentalism by heart—and a reefer led by sceptical tendencies and too much intellect to study the Roman Catholic controversy. The manners and customs of Mediterranean ports, or classical recollections of Greece, come in place of desperate adventures on an enemy’s coast, or of voyages without sight of more than a headland for months together. The author, who seems to have been a midshipman unable to stand authority, thrusts Carlyle every now and then in your nose as supreme, truckling to him wherever he can—and in short the whole thing seems to play purposely into the hands of your friends, the penny-wise economists ashore. When I was an assistant-surgeon, and there was a stir about giving us separate accommodations, I soon felt my best way was to stick without grumbling to what better men than myself had endured, for the sake of getting sooner clear of it by promotion; besides the society of such midshipmen as these ought to be rather improving to one than otherwise!”

LIEUT.—“No doubt; but what is the cure for all this, my dear fellow; what does it point to? I say, as certainly as the state of France before its Revolution—to a war!”

SURGEON.—“I think I hear the opinion some people would pronounce on you for that notion, sir!”

LIEUT.—“’Twould only remind me of the sailor’s recourse, when he was condemned for piracy. There was some delay before taking him out of court, and the judge happened to observe the criminal, as he sat between two policemen in the dock, taking out a piece of pig-tail, from which he cut off a quid with his knife, ‘Fellow!’ said the judge sternly, ‘don’t you know you’re condemned to death?’ ‘So I hear,’ was the gloomy reply. ‘And are you not aware of the necessity for preparing your soul, prisoner? Unless you repent, you’ll certainly go to hell!’ ‘Well, my lord,’ answered the con-

demned, respectfully, 'I hope I'll be able to bear it.' *That*, I think, may be called not striking one's colours to the last! And after all, a sort of a manly religion in it—as I've known a man sown up in his hammock with a bullet so fast between his teeth they couldn't get it out; his shipmates and the chaplain had very different views of his not having shown repentance in his last moments. But really, Doctor, one's mind needs some refreshment after all this sickening detail; and the only way at present is by recurring to old times. Let's see, I can't give you a story of the kind from my own experience, you know—but an important one happens to come to my recollection, through a peculiar source."

The pensioners, who have been slowly sauntering back, now draw nearer. The clock of Greenwich Hospital is heard to strike three.

LIEUT.—"But first I must ask you one question, John."

The sonorous strokes of St Paul's are heard to follow, plunging as it were into the deep hum of town; which, with the vapoury streaks of smoke, and a faint babble of bells, is borne more distinctly towards them for a few seconds through the warm air; by the light afternoon breeze that is seen at the same time wafting a large vessel with her fore-topsail loosed, downward amongst the reed-like maze of shipping on both sides of the Thames, brimful of tide. And the second hour ends.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND THE FRIAR.

SCENE.—*The Sistine Chapel at the close of day. MICHAEL ANGELO descending from the scaffolding on which he has stood while painting his frescoes on the ceiling—the FRIAR standing near him on the pavement.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

WOULD it were always day! These gathering shades
Come stealing in betwixt my work and me,
Till the same groups and faces, that I know
Better than mother knows the brood she bore,
Mock me with strange obscurity. Dost see
How the strong lights and shadows mix and melt,
And the clear outlines to confusion run,
Beneath the twilight's pencil?

FRIAR.

Ay, my son,
The faces glimmer and the picture fades.
The day hath served thee well, and night cries rest!
Night—that unbends the sinew labour-stretched,
Cools the hot brow, and shades the weary eyes.
Now the thoughts, vexed with all day sojourning
In dusty tracts, and regions far and strange,
Come trooping to their nest. I grieve to think
For thee there waits no sweet oblivious fount
Of household smiles and care-effacing love
To freshen morning toil: I grieve to think
Upon thy cheerless chamber.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

So do I.
'Tis a huge gap in life, this empty night;
A vault in Nature's palace; and my soul
Howls in its dungeon till the dawn. The thoughts
That bear me company the livelong day
Through my thin sleep look in upon me still.

And yet, methinks, the darkness seems to bring
 Light of its own; for, waking oftentimes
 In the dead lonely hush, the painted world
 I labour in by day starts suddenly
 On the dark void, as if a master-hand
 Stamped it upon the curtain of the night.
 And parts that many an hour I've wearied o'er,
 Often effaced, and vainly still renewed,
 Arrange themselves in shapes of wondrous power:
 Then I lie tossing, wearying for the sun,
 That I may haste to fix them here for ever.

FRIAR.

Thou seem'st to live but in and for thine art.
 Not of lost time, nor mettle curb'd, I reck'd,
 But of that spacious portion of thyself
 That bears nor fruit nor blossom. Other men
 Offer not all a sacrifice to fame,
 But keep a shaded nook wherein to raise
 Altars to mild domestic deities.
 A twofold worship theirs—their duty paid
 To those imperious gods whose shrines demand
 Sweat from the brow, sighs from the labouring breast;
 They turn to where the gentle Lares smile
 On the glad offerings of their worshippers.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Does the world lack begetters? Does it teem
 With Michael Angelos, that I should quit
 The porticoes of Art, now barely gained
 With ceaseless toil, privation, vigilance—
 Such as have made my seasons pass as doth
 The eve of knighthood with the neophyte
 Watching his armour, sleeplessly, with prayer—
 To join the herd of placid citizens
 Who saunter on life's thronged and common tracks?
 To call, perchance, a scold or gossip, wife?
 To be remember'd as an ancestor
 By some dull fool, my proper part in whom
 Is smother'd 'neath a load of base alloy
 Where likeness dies or is a mere grotesque?
 Would this repay the world or me? Ah, no!
 I will not smoulder 'mid the heaps whose office
 Is to transmit through generations on,
 From age to age, a glimmering spark of soul,
 Till quicker natures nurse it to a flame.
 I will not burn as tinder, but a torch
 Whose light shall shimmer on the skirts of time.

FRIAR.

There spoke proud youth and self-supporting power!
 Were youth and strength perpetual, then 'twere well
 Ever to speak so; but a season comes,
 Casting e'en now a rime upon thy beard,
 When neither youth, nor youth's companion, zeal,
 Nor hope of fame shall warm thee: 'twere good thrift
 To hive some sweets against the winter time.
 Alone with leafless age and marble art,
 Trust me, you'll find it dreary. Then you'll deem
 A loving smile outvie a world's applause,
 And think a kindred face more comforting

Than pope's or princes' round your dying bed.
 Age must be propped or fall. Even I, pursuing
 My cloistered way unto a quiet tomb,
 Leaning on hopes that reach another world,
 Shudder to think there will be no one left
 In love or duty bound to mourn for me.
 When you grow old, my son, or come to die,
 These things will surely seem so.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When I die!

I shall not die. The breathers of the air,
 Who eat and drink, and sleep, and slip away;
 And those who think their towering station shall
 Still keep their names aloft; and those who trust
 Their fame to deeds which history guesses at,
 And represents so strangely, that the doers
 Would fail to recognise their acts again—
 These are the men who sink into the stream,
 And leave no ripple. But I write myself
 In characters as permanent as broad;
 And centuries hence, when thou and I are dust,
 Crowd after crowd shall stand where we do now,
 And, gazing on these peopled walls, shall cry,
 "There lives the soul of buried Angelo!"
 Then will my listening spirit wave its wings,
 And, well-pleased, echo, "Ay, 'tis Angelo!"

FRIAR.

Fame!—and thine art!—naught else? Well, even so,
 Though thou resolve to live for fame alone,
 Yet, for that fame's sake, still I'd bid thee give
 Some vent to softer wishes. Oft I've heard
 Those who have stood to view thy great designs
 Cry, "Marvellous!" "Sublime!"—confess themselves
 Stricken with wonder mixed with awe—constrained,
 As in the presence of an austere king
 More feared than loved, to 'bate their natural mood.
 Not thus young Raphael wins a swift renown;
 His widened scope embraces gentle thoughts,
 Touches of tenderness, and forms of grace,
 Soft, yet majestic; those, who would deny
 Enforced allegiance, yield to subtler charms.
 So might'st thou charm us, too; but others thus
 Thou'lt ne'er subdue until thyself subdued.
 I would some paragon of female worth,
 Such as knight-errant deems his lady-love,
 Might, with a slender but resistless chain,
 Link thee to scorned humanity, and blend
 Her pliant nature with thy stubborn mood.
 Then wouldst thou stand in art without a peer.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Were I—instead of being, as thou seest,
 Rugged and stern—were I a gallant trim,
 With a smooth face and smoother tongue, and skill
 To win an idle woman—and were she
 All that a young and amorous poet dreams
 When he invents a mistress, patched with all
 Ideal and impossible perfections—
 How should it profit me to sit for hours

With eyes that saw not any present thing,
 Summoning upon the air her latest look,
 Shivering to think it cold, or, if 'twere kind,
 Glowing as though her smile contained the summer?
 And, while fixed eye, stooped shoulders, thews unbraced,
 Would seem to speak of meditation deep—
 The vigorous brain, like Hercules a-spinning,
 Spending its force in weaving idle words
 Into new meanings that had none at first,
 Chronicling dimples, squeezes of the hand,
 And motions of the eyebrows—would this raise
 Me nearer to my art? Are these the visions
 Wherein the mounting soul is flecked with light
 Flashed from behind Thought's summits?

FRIAR.

These, my son,
 Are but the loiterings of an idle fancy,
 All that some spirits know of love; they are
 The lightest feathers of the god's own wings,
 The very clippings of a noble passion.
 When I was young, or ere my spirit froze
 In the cold shadow of the cowl, I could
 Have told thee stranger qualities of love—
 How that, without it, all man's finest powers
 Lie hid, as courage does in time of peace,
 Or eloquence imprisoned in the dumb:
 How to the artist 'tis most requisite—
 At once his inspiration, guide, reward.
 The massive stillness of an empty church
 Overawes us with its stern solemnity—
 So does the artist-soul, self-wrapt. But mark
 The change when strains of music from the choir
 Fill the deep arches, echo from the dome!
 The sculptures wake to life—the pictured saints,
 Less stern, more earnest, seem intent upon
 A milder heaven—rays of hope divine
 Gleam through the martyr's agony, and lead
 Our thoughts from earthly pains to peace beyond.
 The Virgin's sorrow, and the penitence
 Of the poor Magdalen, more piteous seem,
 And, with our pity, wake a chord of love.
 A different soul informs the edifice,
 And sullen awe to quick devotion yields.
 So would thy genius compound influence gain,
 Echoing the strains of human sympathy;
 Powerful as now to strike the gazer's eye,
 'Twould find the secret entrance to his heart,
 And hold him doubly captive.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Friar, our minds
 Are not as stuff whereof we mould at will
 A striving wrestler or a sleeping nymph,
 But drop to earth rough-hewed; our share o' the task
 (While time and thought and chance are chiselling them)
 Is to dispose them so as they shall cast
 Their shadows on the world's disc faithfully—
 Not monstrous, nor unmeaning, nor illusive,
 But their true figure and no more. Did each
 Botch himself with all merits that he saw

Or dreamt in others, balancing his mind
 To some nice equipoise of excellence—
 Here a wart pared, a dimple added there—
 Nature's great charm, variety, were lost,
 All individual character quite merged,
 And nothing gained but tedious faultlessness,
 More hateful than a world of blemishes.
 Turning mine eye within, I cannot see
 That corner of my mind where softness dwells,
 Or laughing grace is hidden. From a child
 I loved the grandam's rhymes and ancient tales,
 That made the breath come quick with eagerness,
 Or held it checked with fear; and at this day,
 (While tales of love or sorrow touch me not,)
 The salient scenes of history and fable,
 Where pride, revenge, or fear, have played the parts,
 Rise living with the words. I see the Titan
 Lie naked on the icy mountain-top,
 And, while the avenging bird his body rends,
 And muscles writhed in knots his anguish tell,
 Frown back defiance on the frowning sky.
 I see Eurydice, whose scattered hair
 And torch-flame backward stream upon the blast,
 Hurrying along the corridors of hell.
 The legends of the city raise for me
 The heroes and the demigods of Rome,
 And matrons nerved and resolute as these.
 And when I listen to the holy book,
 'Tis not the Virgin fair, nor white-robed saint
 That visits me; but, struggling with corruption,
 Immortal sounds yet thundering in his ears,
 Comes Lazarus, staring, 'wildered, from the tomb.
 The Judgment Day—(my master-piece that shall be,
 'Twill fill the space o'er yonder altar, where
 My fancy sees it now)—I tell thee, Friar,
 Oft, when my mind hath fully fixed itself
 On that tremendous theme, the terrible day
 Hath seemed so present, that I've paused to hear
 The summoning trumpet, seen the unvestured dead
 Break through the mould I stood upon, and turn
 Their pale despairing faces to the sky.
 Such are the haunting thoughts that urge me on
 To ceaseless labour. I am bid to show
 Whate'er is grand and terrible and bold,
 The armoury and regalia of Nature,
 Whose hours of revel and unsculptured ease
 I leave to their appointed ministers.

FRIAR.

No more, my son, no more! I did not think
 A soul could thus live ever on the wing,
 Nor stoop sometimes for rest or shelter green.
 But look!—the window-spaces 'gainst the sky
 Channel the pavement now with fainter gleams,
 And to each nook the shadows thicker crowd,
 Swarming in every hollow of the roof,
 And mustering dark behind each pillar's base—
 Only our faces whitely spot the gloom.
 We'll leave the place to stillness and to shade,
 And look upon the city. Come, my son!

E. B. H.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.—PART VIII.

CHAPTER XIII.

MR DALE had been more than a quarter of an hour conversing with Mrs Avenel, and had seemingly made little progress in the object of his diplomatic mission, for now, slowly drawing on his gloves, he said,—

“I grieve to think, Mrs Avenel, that you should have so hardened your heart—yes—you must pardon me—it is my vocation to speak stern truths. You cannot say that I have not kept faith with you, but I must now invite you to remember that I specially reserved to myself the right of exercising a discretion to act as I judged best, for the child’s interests, on any future occasion; and it was upon this understanding that you gave me the promise, which you would now evade, of providing for him when he came into manhood.”

“I say I will provide for him. I say that you may ’prentice him in any distant town, and by-and-by we will stock a shop for him. What would you have more, sir, from folks like us, who have kept shop ourselves? It aint reasonable what you ask, sir.”

“My dear friend,” said the Parson, “what I ask of you at present is but to see him—to receive him kindly—to listen to his conversation—to judge for yourselves. We can have but a common object—that your grandson should succeed in life, and do you credit. Now, I doubt very much whether we can effect this by making him a small shopkeeper.”

“And has Jane Fairfield, who married a common carpenter, brought him up to despise small shopkeepers?” exclaimed Mrs Avenel, angrily.

“Heaven forbid! Some of the first men in England have been the sons of small shopkeepers. But is it a crime in them, or their parents, if their talents have lifted them into such rank or renown as the haughtiest duke might envy? England were not England if a man must rest where his father began.”

“Good!” said, or rather grunted an approving voice, but neither Mrs Avenel nor the Parson heard it.

“All very fine,” said Mrs Avenel, bluntly. “But to send a boy like that to the university—where’s the money to come from?”

“My dear Mrs Avenel,” said the Parson, coaxingly, “the cost need not be great at a small college at Cambridge; and if you will pay half the expense, I will pay the other half. I have no children of my own, and can afford it.”

“That’s very handsome in you, sir,” said Mrs Avenel, somewhat touched, yet still not graciously. “But the money is not the only point.”

“Once at Cambridge,” continued Mr Dale, speaking rapidly, “at Cambridge, where the studies are mathematical—that is, of a nature for which he has shown so great an aptitude—and I have no doubt he will distinguish himself; if he does, he will obtain, on leaving, what is called a fellowship—that is a collegiate dignity accompanied by an income on which he could maintain himself until he made his way in life. Come, Mrs Avenel, you are well off; you have no relations nearer to you in want of your aid. Your son, I hear, has been very fortunate.”

“Sir,” said Mrs Avenel, interrupting the Parson, “it is not because my son Richard is an honour to us, and is a good son, and has made his fortune, that we are to rob him of what we have to leave, and give it to a boy whom we know nothing about, and who, in spite of what you say, can’t bring upon us any credit at all.”

“Why? I don’t see that.”

“Why!” exclaimed Mrs Avenel, fiercely—“why! you know why. No, I don’t want him to rise in life: I don’t want folks to be speiring and asking about him. I think it is a very wicked thing to have put fine notions in his head, and I am sure my daughter Fairfield could not have done it herself. And now, to ask me to rob Richard, and bring out a great boy—who’s been a gardener, or ploughman, or such like—to disgrace a gentleman who keeps his carriage, as my son Richard

does—I would have you to know, sir, no! I won't do it, and there's an end of the matter."

During the last two or three minutes, and just before that approving "good" had responded to the Parson's popular sentiment, a door communicating with an inner room had been gently opened, and stood ajar; but this incident neither party had even noticed. But now the door was thrown boldly open, and the traveller whom the Parson had met at the inn walked up to Mr Dale, and said, "No! that's not the end of the matter. You say the boy's a 'cute clever lad?"

"Richard, have you been listening?" exclaimed Mrs Avenel.

"Well, I guess, yes—the last few minutes."

"And what have you heard?"

"Why, that this reverend gentleman thinks so highly of my sister Fairfield's boy that he offers to pay half of his keep at college. Sir, I'm very much obliged to you, and there's my hand, if you'll take it."

The Parson jumped up, overjoyed, and, with a triumphant glance towards

Mrs Avenel, shook hands heartily with Mr Richard.

"Now," said the latter, "just put on your hat, sir, and take a stroll with me, and we'll discuss the thing business-like. Women don't understand business: never talk to women on business."

With these words, Mr Richard drew out a cigar-case, selected a cigar, which he applied to the candle, and walked into the hall.

Mrs Avenel caught hold of the Parson. "Sir, you'll be on your guard with Richard. Remember your promise."

"He does not know all, then?"

"He? No! And you see he did not overhear more than what he says. I'm sure you're a gentleman, and won't go agin your word."

"My word was conditional; but I will promise you never to break the silence without more reason than I think there is here for it. Indeed, Mr Richard Avenel seems to save all necessity for that."

"Are you coming, sir?" cried Richard, as he opened the street door.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Parson joined Mr Richard Avenel on the road. It was a fine night, and the moon clear and shining.

"So, then," said Mr Richard, thoughtfully, "poor Jane, who was always the drudge of the family, has contrived to bring up her son well; and the boy is really what you say, eh?—could make a figure at college?"

"I am sure of it," said the Parson, hooking himself on to the arm which Mr Avenel proffered.

"I should like to see him," said Richard. "Has he any manner? Is he genteel? or a mere country lout?"

"Indeed, he speaks with so much propriety, and has so much modest dignity, I might say, about him, that there's many a rich gentleman who would be proud of such a son."

"It is odd," observed Richard, "what difference there is in families. There's Jane now—who can't read nor write, and was just fit to be a workman's wife—had not a thought above her station; and when I think of my poor sister Nora—you would not

believe it, sir, but *she* was the most elegant creature in the world—yes, even as a child, (she was but a child when I went off to America.) And often, as I was getting on in life, often I used to say to myself, 'My little Nora shall be a lady after all.' Poor thing—but she died young."

Richard's voice grew husky.

The Parson kindly pressed the arm on which he leaned, and said, after a pause—

"Nothing refines us like education, sir. I believe your sister Nora had received much instruction, and had the talents to profit by it: it is the same with your nephew."

"I'll see him," said Richard, stamping his foot firmly on the ground, "and if I like him, I'll be as good as a father to him. Look you, Mr—what's your name, sir?"

"Dale."

"Mr Dale, look you, I'm a single man. Perhaps I may marry some day; perhaps I shan't. I'm not going to throw myself away. If I can get

a lady of quality, why—but that's neither here nor there; meanwhile, I should be glad of a nephew whom I need not be ashamed of. You see, sir, I'm a new man, the builder of my own fortunes; and, though I have picked up a little education—I don't well know how—as I scrambled on, still, now I come back to the old country, I'm well aware that I am not exactly a match for those d—d aristocrats; don't show so well in a drawing-room as I could wish. I could be a Parliament man if I liked, but I might make a goose of myself; so, all things considered, if I can get a sort of junior partner to do the polite work, and show off the goods, I think the house of Avenel & Co. might become a pretty considerable honour to the Britishers. You understand me, sir?"

"Oh, very well," answered Mr Dale smiling, though rather gravely.

"Now," continued the New Man, "I'm not ashamed to have risen in life by my own merits; and I don't disguise what I've been. And, when I'm in my own grand house, I'm fond of saying, 'I landed at New York with £10 in my purse, and here I am!' But it would not do to have the old folks with me. People take you with all your faults, if you're rich; but they won't swallow your family into the bargain. So if I don't have my own father and mother, whom I love dearly, and should like to see sitting at table, with my servants behind their chairs, I could still less have sister Jane. I recollect her very well, and she can't have got genteeler as she's grown older. Therefore I beg you'll not set her on coming after me; it won't do by any manner of means. Don't say a word about me to her. But send the boy down here to his grandfather, and I'll see him quietly, you understand."

"Yes, but it will be hard to separate her from the boy."

"Stuff! all boys are separated from their parents when they go into the world. So that's settled! Now, just tell me. I know the old folks always snubbed Jane—that is, mother did. My poor dear father never snubbed any of us. Perhaps mother has not behaved altogether well to Jane. But we must not blame her

for that; you see this is how it happened. There were a good many of us, while father and mother kept shop in the High Street, so we were all to be provided for anyhow; and Jane, being very useful and handy at work, got a place when she was a little girl, and had no time for learning. Afterwards my father made a lucky hit, in getting my Lord Lansmere's custom after an election, in which he did a great deal for the Blues, (for he was a famous electioneer, my poor father.) My Lady stood godmother to Nora; and then most of my brothers and sisters died off, and father retired from business; and when he took Jane from service, she was so common-like that mother could not help contrasting her with Nora. You see Jane was their child when they were poor little shop people, with their heads scarce above water; and Nora was their child when they were well off, and had retired from trade, and lived genteel: so that makes a great difference. And mother did not quite look on her as on her own child. But it was Jane's own fault; for mother would have made it up with her if she had married the son of our neighbour the great linendraper, as she might have done; but she would take Mark Fairfield, a common carpenter. Parents like best those of their children who succeed best in life. Natural. Why, they did not care for me till I came back the man I am. But to return to Jane: I'm afraid they've neglected her. How is she off?"

"She earns her livelihood, and is poor, but contented."

"Ah, just be good enough to give her this," (and Richard took a bank-note of £50 from his pocket-book.) "You can say the old folks sent it to her; or that it is a present from Dick, without telling her he had come back from America."

"My dear sir," said the Parson, "I am more and more thankful to have made your acquaintance. This is a very liberal gift of yours; but your best plan will be to send it through your mother. For, though I don't want to betray any confidence you place in me, I should not know what to answer if Mrs Fairfield began to question me about her brother. I never had but one secret to keep,

and I hope I shall never have another. A secret is very like a lie!"

"You had a secret, then," said Richard, as he took back the bank-note. He had learned perhaps, in America, to be a very inquisitive man. He added point-blank, "Pray what was it?"

"Why, what it would not be if I told you," said the Parson, with a forced laugh—"a secret!"

"Well, I guess we're in a land of liberty. Do as you like. Now, I daresay you think me a very odd fellow to come out of my shell to you in this offhand way. But I liked the look of you, even when we were at the inn together. And just now I was uncommonly pleased to find that, though you are a parson, you don't want to keep a man's nose down to a shop-board, if he has anything in him. You're not one of the aristocrats—"

"Indeed," said the Parson with imprudent warmth, "it is not the character of the aristocracy of this country to keep people down. They make way amongst themselves for any man, whatever his birth, who has the talent and energy to aspire to their level. That's the especial boast of the British constitution, sir!"

"Oh, you think so, do you!" said Mr Richard, looking sourly at the Parson. "I daresay those are the opinions in which you have brought up the lad. Just keep him yourself, and let the aristocracy provide for him!"

The Parson's generous and patriotic warmth evaporated at once, at this sudden inlet of cold air into the conversation. He perceived that he had made a terrible blunder; and, as it

was not his business at that moment to vindicate the British constitution, but to serve Leonard Fairfield, he abandoned the cause of the aristocracy with the most poltroon and scandalous abruptness. Catching at the arm which Mr Avenel had withdrawn from him, he exclaimed:—

"Indeed, sir, you are mistaken; I have never attempted to influence your nephew's political opinions. On the contrary, if, at his age, he can be said to have formed any opinion, I am greatly afraid—that is, I think his opinions are by no means sound—that is, constitutional. I mean, I mean—" And the poor Parson, anxious to select a word that would not offend his listener, stopped short in lamentable confusion of idea.

Mr Avenel enjoyed his distress for a moment, with a saturnine smile, and then said—

"Well, I calculate he's a Radical. Natural enough, if he has not got a sixpence to lose—all come right by-and-by. I'm not a Radical—at least not a destructive—much too clever a man for that, I hope. But I wish to see things very different from what they are. Don't fancy that I want the common people, who've got nothing, to pretend to dictate to their betters, because I hate to see a parcel of fellows, who are called lords and squires, trying to rule the roast. I think, sir, that it is men like me who ought to be at the top of the tree! and that's the long and the short of it. What do you say?"

"I've not the least objection," said the crestfallen Parson basely. But, to do him justice, I must add that he did not the least know what he was saying!

CHAPTER XV.

Unconscious of the change in his fate which the diplomacy of the Parson sought to effect, Leonard Fairfield was enjoying the first virgin sweetness of fame; for the principal town in his neighbourhood had followed the then growing fashion of the age, and set up a Mechanic's Institute; and some worthy persons interested in the formation of that provincial Athenæum had offered a prize for the best

Essay on the Diffusion of Knowledge, —a very trite subject, on which persons seem to think they can never say too much, and on which there is, nevertheless, a great deal yet to be said. This prize Leonard Fairfield had recently won. His Essay had been publicly complimented by a full meeting of the Institute; it had been printed at the expense of the Society, and had been rewarded by a silver

medal—delineative of Apollo crowning Merit, (poor Merit had not a rag to his back; but Merit, left only to the care of Apollo, never is too good a customer to the tailor!) And the County Gazette had declared that Britain had produced another prodigy in the person of Dr Riccabocca's self-educated gardener.

Attention was now directed to Leonard's mechanical contrivances. The Squire, ever eagerly bent on improvements, had brought an engineer to inspect the lad's system of irrigation, and the engineer had been greatly struck by the simple means by which a very considerable technical difficulty had been overcome. The neighbouring farmers now called Leonard "*Mr Fairfield*," and invited him, on equal terms, to their houses. Mr Stirn had met him on the high road, touched his hat, and hoped that "he bore no malice." All this, I say, was the first sweetness of fame; and if Leonard Fairfield comes to be a great man, he will never find such sweets in the after fruit. It was this success

which had determined the Parson on the step which he had just taken, and which he had long before anxiously meditated. For, during the last year or so, he had renewed his old intimacy with the widow and the boy; and he had noticed, with great hope and great fear, the rapid growth of an intellect, which now stood out from the lowly circumstances that surrounded it in bold and unharmonising relief.

It was the evening after his return home that the Parson strolled up to the Casino. He put Leonard Fairfield's Prize Essay in his pocket. For he felt that he could not let the young man go forth into the world without a preparatory lecture, and he intended to scourge poor Merit with the very laurel wreath which it had received from Apollo. But in this he wanted Riccabocca's assistance; or rather he feared that, if he did not get the Philosopher on his side, the Philosopher might undo all the work of the Parson.

CHAPTER XVI.

A sweet sound came through the orange boughs, and floated to the ears of the Parson, as he wound slowly up the gentle ascent—so sweet, so silvery, he paused in delight—unaware, wretched man! that he was thereby conniving at Papistical errors. Soft it came, and sweet; softer and sweeter—"Ave Maria!" Violante was chanting the evening hymn to the Virgin Mother. The Parson at last distinguished the sense of the words, and shook his head with the pious shake of an orthodox Protestant. He broke from the spell resolutely, and walked on with a sturdy step. Gaining the terrace, he found the little family seated under an awning. Mrs Riccabocca knitting; the Signor with his arms folded on his breast: the book he had been reading a few moments before had fallen on the ground, and his dark eyes were soft and dreamy. Violante had finished her hymn, and seated herself on the ground between the two, pillowing her head on her step-mother's lap, but with her hand resting on her

father's knee, and her gaze fixed fondly on his face.

"Good evening," said Mr Dale. Violante stole up to him, and, pulling him so as to bring his ear nearer to her lip, whispered,—"*Talk to papa, do—and cheerfully; he is sad.*"

She escaped from him as she said this, and appeared to busy herself with watering the flowers arranged on stands round the awning. But she kept her swimming lustrous eyes wistfully on her father.

"How fares it with you, my dear friend?" said the Parson kindly, as he rested his hand on the Italian's shoulder. "You must not let him get out of spirits, Mrs Riccabocca."

"I am very ungrateful to her if I ever am so," said the poor Italian, with all his natural gallantry. Many a good wife, who thinks it is a reproach to her if her husband is ever 'out of spirits,' might have turned peevishly from that speech, more elegant than sincere, and so have made bad worse. But Mrs Riccabocca took her husband's proffered hand affec-

tionately, and said with great *naivete*—

“You see I am so stupid, Mr Dale; I never knew I was so stupid till I married. But I am very glad you are come. You can get on some learned subject together, and then he will not miss so much his—”

“His what?” asked Riccabocca inquisitively.

“His country. Do you think that I cannot sometimes read your thoughts?”

“Very often. But you did not read them just then. The tongue touches where the tooth aches, but the best dentist cannot guess at the tooth unless one open one’s mouth.—*Basta!* Can we offer you some wine of our own making, Mr Dale?—it is pure.”

“I’d rather have some tea,” quoth the Parson hastily.

Mrs Riccabocca, too pleased to be in her natural element of domestic use, hurried into the house to prepare our national beverage. And the Parson, sliding into her chair, said—

“But you are dejected, then? Fie! If there’s a virtue in the world at which we should always aim, it is cheerfulness.”

“I don’t dispute it,” said Riccabocca, with a heavy sigh. “But though it is said by some Greek, who, I think, is quoted by your favourite Seneca, that a wise man carries his country with him at the soles of his feet, he can’t carry also the sunshine.”

“I tell you what it is,” said the Parson bluntly. “You would have a much keener sense of happiness if you had much less esteem for philosophy.”

“*Cospetto!*” said the Doctor, rousing himself. “Just explain, will you?”

“Does not the search after wisdom induce desires not satisfied in this small circle to which your life is confined? It is not so much your country for which you yearn, as it is for space to your intellect, employment for your thoughts, career for your aspirations.”

“You have guessed at the tooth which aches,” said Riccabocca with admiration.

“Easy to do that,” answered the Parson. “Our wisdom teeth come

last, and give us the most pain. And if you would just starve the mind a little, and nourish the heart more, you would be less of a philosopher, and more of a—” The Parson had the word “Christian” at the tip of his tongue: he suppressed a word that, so spoken, would have been exceedingly irritating, and substituted, with inelegant antithesis, “and more of a happy man!”

“I do all I can with my heart,” quoth the Doctor.

“Not you! For a man with such a heart as yours should never feel the want of the sunshine. My friend, we live in an age of over mental cultivation. We neglect too much the simple healthful outer life, in which there is so much positive joy. In turning to the world within us, we grow blind to this beautiful world without: in studying ourselves as men, we almost forget to look up to heaven, and warm to the smile of God.”

The philosopher mechanically shrugged his shoulders, as he always did when another man moralised—especially if the moraliser were a priest; but there was no irony in his smile, as he answered thoughtfully—

“There is some truth in what you say. I own that we live too much as if we were all brain. Knowledge has its penalties and pains, as well as its prizes.”

“That is just what I want you to say to Leonard.”

“How have you settled the object of your journey?”

“I will tell you as we walk down to him after tea. At present, I am rather too much occupied with you.”

“Me? The tree is formed—try only to bend the young twig!”

“Trees are trees, and twigs twigs,” said the Parson dogmatically; “but man is always growing till he falls into the grave. I think I have heard you say that you once had a narrow escape of a prison?”

“Very narrow.”

“Just suppose that you were now in that prison, and that a fairy conjured up the prospect of this quiet home in a safe land; that you saw the orange trees in flower, felt the evening breeze on your cheek; beheld your child gay or sad, as you smiled

or knit your brow; that within this phantom home was a woman, not, indeed, all your young romance might have dreamed of, but faithful and true, every beat of her heart all your own—would you not cry from the depth of the dungeon, ‘O fairy! such a change were a paradise.’ Ungrateful man! you want interchange for your mind, and your heart should suffice for all!”

Riccabocca was touched and silent.

“Come hither, my child,” said Mr Dale, turning round to Violante, who still stood among the flowers, out of hearing, but with watchful eyes. “Come hither,” he said, opening his arms.

Violante bounded forward, and nestled to the good man’s heart.

“Tell me, Violante, when you are alone in the fields or the garden, and have left your father looking pleased and serene, so that you have no care for him at your heart,—tell me,

Violante, though you are all alone, with the flowers below and the birds singing overhead, do you feel that life itself is happiness or sorrow?”

“Happiness!” answered Violante, half shutting her eyes, and in a measured voice.

“Can you explain what kind of happiness it is?”

“Oh no, impossible! and it is never the same. Sometimes it is so still—so still—and sometimes so joyous, that I long for wings to fly up to God, and thank him!”

“O friend,” said the Parson, “this is the true sympathy between life and nature, and thus we should feel ever, did we take more care to preserve the health and innocence of a child. We are told that we must become as children to enter into the kingdom of heaven; methinks we should also become as children to know what delight there is in our heritage of earth!”

CHAPTER XVII.

The maid-servant (for Jackeymo was in the fields) brought the table under the awning, and, with the English luxury of tea, there were other drinks as cheap and as grateful on summer evenings—drinks which Jackeymo had retained and taught from the customs of the south—unebriate liquors, pressed from cooling fruits, sweetened with honey, and deliciously iced: ice should cost nothing in a country in which one is frozen up half the year! And Jackeymo, too, had added to our good, solid, heavy English bread, preparations of wheat much lighter, and more propitious to digestion—with those crisp *grissins*, which seem to enjoy being eaten, they make so pleasant a noise between one’s teeth.

The Parson esteemed it a little treat to drink tea with the Riccaboccas. There was something of elegance and grace in that homely meal, at the poor exile’s table, which pleased the eye as well as taste. And the very utensils, plain Wedgewood though they were, had a classical simplicity, which made Mrs Hazeldean’s old India delf, and Mrs Dale’s best Worcester china, look

tawdry and barbarous in comparison. For it was Flaxman who gave designs to Wedgewood, and the most truly refined of all our manufactures in porcelain (if we do not look to the mere material) is in the reach of the most thrifty.

The little banquet was at first rather a silent one; but Riccabocca threw off his gloom, and became gay and animated. Then poor Mrs Riccabocca smiled, and pressed the *grissins*; and Violante, forgetting all her stateliness, laughed and played tricks on the Parson, stealing away his cup of warm tea when his head was turned, and substituting iced cherry juice. Then the Parson got up and ran after Violante, making angry faces, and Violante dodged beautifully, till the Parson, fairly tired out, was too glad to cry “Peace,” and come back to the cherry juice. Thus time rolled on, till they heard afar the stroke of the distant church clock, and Mr Dale started up and cried, “But we shall be too late for Leonard. Come, naughty little girl, get your father his hat.”

“And umbrella!” said Riccabocca,

looking up at the cloudless moonlit sky.

“Umbrella against the stars?” asked the Parson, laughing.

“The stars are no friends of mine,” said Riccabocca, “and one never knows what may happen!”

The Philosopher and the Parson walked on amicably.

“You have done me good,” said Riccabocca, “but I hope I am not always so unreasonably melancholic as you seem to suspect. The evenings will sometimes appear long, and dull too, to a man whose thoughts on the past are almost his sole companions.”

“Sole companions?—your child?”

“She is so young.”

“Your wife?”

“She is so—,” the bland Italian appeared to check some disparaging adjective, and mildly added, “so good, I allow; but you must own that we cannot have much in common.”

“I own nothing of the sort. You have your house and your interests, your happiness and your lives, in common. We men are so exacting, we expect to find ideal nymphs and goddesses when we condescend to marry a mortal; and if we did, our chickens would be boiled to rags, and our mutton come up as cold as a stone.”

“Per Bacco, you are an oracle,” said Riccabocca, laughing. “But I am not so sceptical as you are. I honour the fair sex too much. There are a great many women who realise the ideal of men to be found in—the poets!”

“There’s my dear Mrs Dale,” resumed the Parson, not heeding this sarcastic compliment to the sex, but sinking his voice into a whisper, and looking round cautiously—“there’s my dear Mrs Dale, the best woman in the world—an angel I would say, if the word was not profane; BUT—”

“What’s the BUT?” asked the Doctor, demurely.

“BUT I too might say that ‘we have not much in common,’ if I were only to compare mind to mind, and, when my poor Carry says something less profound than Madame de Stael might have said, smile on her in contempt from the elevation of logic and Latin. Yet, when I remember all the

little sorrows and joys that we have shared together, and feel how solitary I should have been without her—oh, then, I am instantly aware that there is between us in common something infinitely closer and better than if the same course of study had given us the same equality of ideas; and I was forced to brace myself for a combat of intellect, as I am when I fall in with a tiresome sage like yourself. I don’t pretend to say that Mrs Riccabocca is a Mrs Dale,” added the Parson, with lofty candour—“there is but one Mrs Dale in the world; but still, you have drawn a prize in the wheel matrimonial! Think of Socrates, and yet he was content even with his—Xantippe!”

Dr Riccabocca called to mind Mrs Dale’s “little tempers,” and inly rejoiced that no second Mrs Dale had existed to fall to his own lot. His placid Jemima gained by the contrast. Nevertheless, he had the ill grace to reply, “Socrates was a man beyond all imitation!—Yet I believe that even he spent very few of his evenings at home. But, *revenons à nos moutons*, we are nearly at Mrs Fairfield’s cottage, and you have not yet told me what you have settled as to Leonard.”

The Parson halted, took Riccabocca by the button, and informed him, in very few words, that Leonard was to go to Lansmere to see some relations there, who had the fortune, if they had the will, to give full career to his abilities.

“The great thing, in the meanwhile,” said the Parson, “would be to enlighten him a little as to what he calls—enlightenment.”

“Ah!” said Riccabocca, diverted, and rubbing his hands, “I shall listen with interest to what you say on that subject.”

“And must aid me; for the first step in this modern march of enlightenment is to leave the poor Parson behind; and if one calls out, ‘Hold! and look at the sign-post,’ the traveller hurries on the faster, saying to himself, ‘Pooh, pooh!—that is only the cry of the Parson!’ But my gentleman, when he doubts me, will listen to you—you’re a philosopher!”

“We philosophers are of some use now and then, even to Parsons!”

“If you were not so conceited a

set of deluded poor creatures already, I would say 'Yes,'" replied the Parson generously; and, taking hold of

Riccabocca's umbrella, he applied the brass handle thereof, by way of a knocker, to the cottage door.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Certainly it is a glorious fever that desire To Know! And there are few sights in the moral world more sublime than that which many a garret might afford, if Asmodeus would bare the roofs to our survey—viz., a brave, patient, earnest human being, toiling his own arduous way, athwart the iron walls of penury, into the magnificent Infinite, which is luminous with starry souls.

So there sits Leonard the Self-taught in the little cottage alone; for, though scarcely past the hour in which great folks dine, it is the hour in which small folks go to bed, and Mrs Fairfield has retired to rest, while Leonard has settled to his books.

He had placed his table under the lattice, and from time to time he looked up and enjoyed the stillness of the moon. Well for him that, in reparation for those hours stolen from night, the hardy physical labour commenced with dawn. Students would not be the sad dyspeptics they are, if they worked as many hours in the open air as my scholar-peasant. But even in him you could see that the mind had begun a little to affect the frame. They who task the intellect must pay the penalty with the body. Ill, believe me, would this work-day world get on if all within it were hard-reading, studious animals, playing the deuce with the ganglionic apparatus.

Leonard started as he heard the knock at the door; the Parson's well-known voice reassured him. In some surprise he admitted his visitors.

"We are come to talk to you, Leonard," said Mr Dale, "but I fear we shall disturb Mrs Fairfield."

"Oh no, sir! the door to the staircase is shut, and she sleeps soundly."

"Why, this is a French book—do you read French, Leonard?" asked Riccabocca.

"I have not found French difficult, sir. Once over the grammar, and the language is so clear; it seems the very language for reasoning."

"True. Voltaire said justly, 'What-

ever is obscure is not French,'" observed Riccabocca.

"I wish I could say the same of English," muttered the Parson.

"But what is this?—Latin too?—Virgil?"

"Yes, sir. But I find I make little way there without a master. I fear I must give it up," (and Leonard sighed.)

The two gentlemen exchanged looks and seated themselves. The young peasant remained standing modestly, and in his air and mien there was something that touched the heart while it pleased the eye. He was no longer the timid boy who had shrunk from the frown of Mr Stirn, nor that rude personation of simple physical strength, roused to undisciplined bravery, which had received its downfall on the village-green of Hazeldean. The power of thought was on his brow—somewhat unquiet still, but mild and earnest. The features had attained that refinement which is often attributed to race, but comes, in truth, from elegance of idea, whether caught from our parents or learned from books. In his rich brown hair, thrown carelessly from his temples, and curling almost to the shoulders—in his large blue eye, which was deepened to the hue of the violet by the long dark lash—in that firmness of lip, which comes from the grapple with difficulties, there was considerable beauty, but no longer the beauty of the mere peasant. And yet there was still about the whole countenance that expression of goodness and purity which a painter would give to his ideal of the peasant lover—such as Tasso would have placed in the *Aminta*, or Fletcher have admitted to the side of the Faithful Shepherdess.

"You must draw a chair here, and sit down between us, Leonard," said the Parson.

"If any one," said Riccabocca, "has a right to sit, it is the one who is to hear the sermon; and if any one

ought to stand, it is the one who is about to preach it."

"Don't be frightened, Leonard,"

said the Parson graciously; "it is only a criticism, not a sermon," and he pulled out Leonard's Prize Essay.

CHAPTER XIX.

PARSON.—"You take for your motto this aphorism *—'*Knowledge is Power.*'—BACON."

RICCABOCCA.—"Bacon make such an aphorism! The last man in the world to have said anything so pert and so shallow."

LEONARD, (astonished).—"Do you mean to say, sir, that that aphorism is not in Lord Bacon? Why, I have seen it quoted as his in almost every newspaper, and in almost every speech in favour of popular education."

RICCABOCCA.—"Then that should be a warning to you never again to fall into the error of the would-be scholar—viz. quote second-hand. Lord Bacon wrote a great book to show in what knowledge is power, how that power should be defined, in what it might be mistaken. And, pray, do you think so sensible a man would ever have taken the trouble to write a great book upon the subject, if he could have packed up all he had to say into the portable dogma, '*Knowledge is power.*' Pooh! no such aphorism is to be found in Bacon from the first page of his writings to the last."

PARSON, (candidly).—"Well, I supposed it was Lord Bacon's, and I am very glad to hear that the aphorism has not the sanction of his authority."

LEONARD, (recovering his surprise).—"But why so?"

PARSON.—"Because it either says a great deal too much, or just—nothing at all."

LEONARD.—"At least, sir, it seems to me undeniable."

PARSON.—"Well, grant that is undeniable. Does it prove much in favour of knowledge? Pray, is not ignorance power too?"

RICCABOCCA.—"And a power that has had much the best end of the quarter-staff."

PARSON.—"All evil is power, and does its power make it anything the better?"

RICCABOCCA.—"Fanaticism is power—and a power that has often swept away knowledge like a whirlwind. The Mussulman burns the library of a world—and forces the Koran and the sword from the schools of Byzantium to the colleges of Hindostan."

PARSON, (bearing on with a new column of illustration).—"Hunger is power. The barbarians, starved out of their energy by their own swarming population, swept into Italy and annihilated letters. The Romans, however degraded, had more knowledge, at least, than the Gaul and the Visigoth."

RICCABOCCA, (bringing up the reserve).—"And even in Greece, when Greek met Greek, the Athenians—our masters in all knowledge—were beat by the Spartans, who held learning in contempt."

PARSON.—"Wherefore you see, Leonard, that though knowledge be power, it is only *one* of the powers of the world; that there are others as strong, and often much stronger; and the assertion either means but a barren truism, not worth so frequent a repetition, or it means something that

* This aphorism has been probably assigned to Lord Bacon upon the mere authority of the index to his works. It is the aphorism of the index-maker, certainly not of the great master of inductive philosophy. Bacon has, it is true, repeatedly dwelt on the power of knowledge, but with so many explanations and distinctions, that nothing could be more unjust to his general meaning than to attempt to cramp into a sentence what it costs him a volume to define. Thus, if in one page he appears to confound knowledge with power, in another he sets them in the strongest antithesis to each other; as follows, "*Adeo, signanter Deus opera potentia et sapientia discriminavit.*" But it would be as unfair to Bacon to convert into an aphorism the sentence that discriminates between knowledge and power as it is to convert into an aphorism any sentence that confounds them.

you would find it very difficult to prove."

LEONARD.—"One nation may be beaten by another that has more physical strength and more military discipline; which last, permit me to say, sir, is a species of knowledge;—"

RICCABOCCA.—"Yes; but your knowledge-mongers at present call upon us to discard military discipline, and the qualities that produce it, from the list of the useful arts. And in your own essay, you insist upon knowledge as the great disbander of armies, and the foe of all military discipline!"

PARSON.—"Let the young man proceed. Nations, you say, may be beaten by other nations less learned and civilised?"

LEONARD.—"But knowledge elevates a class. I invite my own humble order to knowledge, because knowledge will lift them into power."

RICCABOCCA.—"What do you say to that, Mr Dale?"

PARSON.—"In the first place, is it true that the class which has the most knowledge gets the most power? I suppose philosophers, like my friend Dr Riccabocca, think they have the most knowledge. And pray, in what age have philosophers governed the world? Are they not always grumbling that nobody attends to them?"

"Per Bacco," said Riccabocca, "if people had attended to us, it would have been a droll sort of world by this time!"

PARSON.—"Very likely. But, as a general rule, those have the most knowledge who give themselves up to it the most. Let us put out of the question philosophers, (who are often but ingenious lunatics,) and speak only of erudite scholars, men of letters and practical science, professors, tutors, and fellows of colleges. I fancy any member of Parliament would tell us that there is no class of men which has less actual influence on public affairs. They have more knowledge than manufacturers and shipowners, squires and farmers; but, do you find that they have more power over the Government and the votes of the House of Commons?"

"They ought to have," said Leonard.

"Ought they?" said the Parson;

"we'll consider that later. Meanwhile, you must not escape from your own proposition, which is, that knowledge is power—not that it *ought* to be. Now, even granting your corollary, that the power of a class is therefore proportioned to its knowledge—pray, do you suppose that while your order, the operatives, are instructing themselves, all the rest of the community are to be at a stand-still? Diffuse knowledge as you may, you will never produce equality of knowledge. Those who have most leisure, application, and aptitude for learning, will still know the most. Nay, by a very natural law, the more general the appetite for knowledge, the more the increased competition would favour those most adapted to excel by circumstance and nature. At this day, there is a vast increase of knowledge spread over all society, compared with that in the Middle Ages; but is there not a still greater distinction between the highly-educated gentleman and the intelligent mechanic, than there was then between the baron who could not sign his name and the churl at the plough? between the accomplished statesman, versed in all historical lore, and the voter whose politics are formed by his newspaper, than there was between the legislator who passed laws against witches, and the burgher who defended his guild from some feudal aggression? between the enlightened scholar and the dunce of to-day, than there was between the monkish alchemist and the blockhead of yesterday? Peasant, voter, and dunce of this century are no doubt wiser than the churl, burgher, and blockhead of the twelfth. But the gentleman, statesman, and scholar of the present age are at least quite as favourable a contrast to the alchemist, witch-burner, and baron of old. As the progress of enlightenment has done hitherto, so will it ever do. Knowledge is like capital: the more there is in a country, the greater the disparities in wealth between one man and another. Therefore, if the working class increase in knowledge, so do the other classes; and if the working class rise peacefully and legitimately into power, it is not in proportion to their own knowledge alone, but rather according as it seems to the know-

ledge of the other orders of the community, that such augmentation of proportional power is just, and safe, and wise."

Placed between the Parson and the Philosopher, Leonard felt that his position was not favourable to the display of his forces. Insensibly he edged his chair somewhat away, and said mournfully—

"Then, according to you, the reign of knowledge would be no great advance in the aggregate freedom and welfare of man?"

PARSON.—"Let us define. By knowledge, do you mean intellectual cultivation?—by the reign of knowledge, the ascendancy of the most cultivated minds?"

LEONARD, (after a pause).—"Yes."

RICCABOCCA.—"Oh indiscreet young man, that is an unfortunate concession of yours; for the ascendancy of the most cultivated minds would be a terrible oligarchy!"

PARSON.—"Perfectly true; and we now reply to your exclamation, that men who, by profession, have most learning ought to have more influence than squires and merchants, farmers and mechanics. Observe, all the knowledge that we mortals can acquire is not knowledge positive and perfect, but knowledge comparative, and subject to all the errors and passions of humanity. And suppose that you could establish, as the sole regulators of affairs, those who had the most mental cultivation, do you think they would not like that power well enough to take all means their superior intelligence could devise to keep it to themselves? The experiment was tried of old by the priests of Egypt; and in the empire of China, at this day, the aristocracy are elected from those who have most distinguished themselves in learned colleges. If I may call myself a member of that body, 'the people,' I would rather be an Englishman, however much displeased with dull Ministers and blundering Parliaments, than I would be a Chinese under the rule of the picked sages of the Celestial Empire. Happily, therefore, my dear Leonard, nations are governed by many things besides what is commonly called knowledge; and the greatest practical ministers, who, like Themistocles, have

made small states great—and the most dominant races, who, like the Romans, have stretched their rule from a village half over the universe—have been distinguished by various qualities which a philosopher would sneer at, and a knowledge-monger would call 'sad prejudices,' and 'lamentable errors of reason.'"

LEONARD, (bitterly).—"Sir, you make use of knowledge itself to argue against knowledge."

PARSON.—"I make use of the little I know to prove the foolishness of idolatry. I do not argue against knowledge; I argue against knowledge-worship. For here, I see in your Essay, that you are not contented with raising human knowledge into something like divine omnipotence, you must also confound her with virtue. According to you, we have only to diffuse the intelligence of the few among the many, and all at which we preachers aim is accomplished. Nay more; for whereas we humble preachers have never presumed to say, with the heathen Stoic, that even virtue is sure of happiness below, (though it be the best road to it,) you tell us plainly that this knowledge of yours gives not only the virtue of a saint, but bestows the bliss of a god. Before the steps of your idol, the evils of life disappear. To hear you, one has but 'to know,' in order to be exempt from the sins and sorrows of the ignorant. Has it ever been so? Grant that you diffuse amongst the many all the knowledge ever attained by the few. Have the wise few been so unerring and so happy? You supposed that your motto was accurately cited from Bacon. What was Bacon himself? The poet tells you—

'The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.'

Can you hope to bestow upon the vast mass of your order the luminous intelligence of this 'Lord Chancellor of nature?' Grant that you do so—and what guarantee have you for the virtue and the happiness which you assume as the concomitants of the gift? See Bacon himself: what black ingratitude! what miserable self-seeking! what truckling servility! what abject and pitiful spirit! So far from intellectual knowledge, in its highest form and type, insuring virtue and bliss,

it is by no means uncommon to find great mental cultivation combined with great moral corruption." (Aside to Riccabocca—"Push on, will you?")

RICCABOCCA.—"A combination remarkable in eras as in individuals. Petronius shows us a state of morals at which a commonplace devil would blush, in the midst of a society more intellectually cultivated than certainly was that which produced Regulus or the Horatii. And the most learned eras in modern Italy were precisely

those which brought the vices into the most ghastly refinement."

LEONARD, (rising in great agitation, and clasping his hands.)—"I cannot contend with you, who produce against information so slender and crude as mine the stores which have been locked from my reach. But I feel that there must be another side to this shield—a shield that you will not even allow to be silver. And, oh, if you thus speak of knowledge, why have you encouraged me to know?"

CHAPTER XX.

"Ah, my son!" said the Parson, "if I wished to prove the value of Religion, would you think I served it much, if I took as my motto, 'Religion is power?' Would not that be a base and sordid view of its advantages? And would you not say he who regards religion as a power, intends to abuse it as a priestcraft?"

"Well put!" said Riccabocca.

"Wait a moment—let me think! Ah—I see, sir!" said Leonard.

PARSON.—"If the cause be holy, do not weigh it in the scales of the market; if its objects be peaceful, do not seek to arm it with the weapons of strife; if it is to be the cement of society, do not vaunt it as the triumph of class against class."

LEONARD, (ingenuously.)—"You correct me nobly, sir. Knowledge is power, but not in the sense in which I have interpreted the saying."

PARSON.—"Knowledge is *one* of the powers in the moral world, but one that, in its immediate result, is not always of the most worldly advantage to the possessor. It is one of the slowest, because one of the most durable, of agencies. It may take a thousand years for a thought to come into power; and the thinker who originated it might have died in rags or in chains."

RICCABOCCA.—"Our Italian proverb saith that 'the teacher is like the candle, which lights others in consuming itself.'"

PARSON.—"Therefore he who has the true ambition of knowledge should entertain it for the power of his idea, not for the power it may bestow on himself: it should be lodged in the

conscience, and, like the conscience, look for no certain reward on this side the grave. And since knowledge is compatible with good and with evil, would not it be better to say, 'Knowledge is a trust?'"

"You are right, sir," said Leonard cheerfully; "pray proceed."

PARSON.—"You ask me why we encourage you to know. First, because (as you say yourself in your Essay) knowledge, irrespective of gain, is in itself a delight, and ought to be something far more. Like liberty, like religion, it may be abused; but I have no more right to say that the poor shall be ignorant, than I have to say that the rich only shall be free, and that the clergy alone shall learn the truths of redemption. You truly observe in your treatise that knowledge opens to us other excitements than those of the senses, and another life than that of the moment. The difference between us is this, that you forget that the same refinement which brings us new pleasures exposes us to new pains—the horny hand of the peasant feels not the nettles which sting the fine skin of the scholar. You forget also, that whatever widens the sphere of the desires, opens to them also new temptations. Vanity, the desire of applause, pride, the sense of superiority—gnawing discontent where that superiority is not recognised—morbid susceptibility, which comes with all new feelings—the underrating of simple pleasures apart from the intellectual—the chase of the imagination, often unduly stimulated, for things unattainable below—all these are sure-

ly amongst the first temptations that beset the entrance into knowledge."

Leonard shaded his face with his hand.

"Hence," continued the Parson benignantly—"hence, so far from considering that we do all that is needful to accomplish ourselves as men, when we cultivate only the intellect, we should remember that we thereby continually increase the range of our desires, and therefore of our temptations; and we should endeavour, simultaneously, to cultivate both those affections of the heart which prove the ignorant to be God's children no less than the wise, and those moral qualities which have made men great and good when reading and writing were scarcely known: to wit, patience and fortitude under poverty and distress; humility and beneficence amidst grandeur and wealth; and, in counteraction to that egotism which all superiority, mental or worldly, is apt to inspire, Justice, the father of all the more solid virtues, softened by Charity, which is their loving mother. Thus accompanied, knowledge indeed becomes the magnificent crown of humanity—not the imperious despot, but the checked and tempered sovereign of the soul."

The Parson paused, and Leonard, coming near him, timidly took his hand, with a child's affectionate and grateful impulse.

RICCABOCCA.—"And if, Leonard, you are not satisfied with our Parson's excellent definitions, you have only to read what Lord Bacon himself has said upon the true ends of knowledge, to comprehend at once how angry the poor great man, whom Mr Dale treats so harshly, would have been with those who have stunted his elabo-

rate distinctions and provident cautions into that coxcombical little aphorism, and then misconstrued all he designed to prove in favour of the commandment, and authority of learning. For," added the sage, looking up as a man does when he is tasking his memory, "I think it is thus that after saying the greatest error of all is the mistaking or misplacing the end of knowledge, and denouncing the various objects for which it is vulgarly sought;—I think it is thus that he proceeds. . . . 'Knowledge is not a shop for profit or sale, but a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of men's estate.'"

PARSON, (remorsefully).—"Are those Lord Bacon's words? I am very sorry I spoke so uncharitably of his life. I must examine it again. I may find excuses for it now that I could not when I first formed my judgment. I was then a raw lad at Oxford. But I see, Leonard, there is still something on your mind."

LEONARD.—"It is true, sir. I would but ask whether it is not by knowledge that we arrive at the qualities and virtues you so well describe, but which you seem to consider as coming to us through channels apart from knowledge?"

PARSON.—"If you mean by the word knowledge something very different from what you express in your essay—and which those contending for mental instruction, irrespective of religion and ethics, appear also to convey by the word—you are right; but, remember, we have already agreed that by the word knowledge we mean culture purely intellectual."

LEONARD.—"That is true—we so understood it."

PARSON.—"Thus, when this great

* "But the greatest error of all the rest is the mistaking or misplacing of the last or farthest end of knowledge:—for men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge, sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite; sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight; sometimes for ornament and reputation; and sometimes to enable them to victory of wit and contradiction; and most times for lucre and profession"—[that is, for most of those objects which are meant by the ordinary ciphers of the saying, 'Knowledge is power;'] "and seldom sincerely to give a true account of these gifts of reason to the benefit and use of men; as if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down, with a fair prospect; or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention; or a shop for profit or sale—and not a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of men's estate."—ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING, Book I.

Lord Bacon erred, you may say that he erred from want of knowledge—the knowledge that moralists and preachers would convey. But Lord Bacon had read all that moralists and preachers could say on such matters; and he certainly did not err from want of intellectual cultivation. Let me here, my child, invite you to observe, that He who knew most of our human hearts and our immortal destinies, did not *insist* on this intellectual culture as essential to the virtues that form our wellbeing here, and conduce to our salvation hereafter. Had it been essential, the All-wise One would not have selected humble fishermen for the teachers of his doctrine, instead of culling his disciples from Roman portico or Athenian academy. And this, which distinguishes so remarkably the Gospel from the ethics of heathen philosophy, wherein knowledge is declared to be necessary to virtue, is a proof how slight was the heathen sage's insight into the nature of mankind, when compared with the Saviour's; for hard indeed would it be to men, whether high or low, rich or poor, if science and learning, or contemplative philosophy, were the sole avenues to peace and redemption; since, in this state of ordeal requiring active duties, very few in any age, whether they be high or low, rich or poor, ever are or can be devoted to pursuits merely mental. Christ does not represent heaven as a college for the learned. Therefore the rules of the Celestial Legislator are rendered clear to the simplest understanding as to the deepest."

RICCABOCCA.—"And that which Plato and Zeno, Pythagoras and Socrates, could not do, was done by men whose ignorance would have been a by-word in the schools of the Greek. The gods of the vulgar were dethroned; the face of the world was changed! This thought may make us allow, indeed, that there are agencies more powerful than mere knowledge, and ask, after all, what is the mission which knowledge should achieve?"

PARSON.—"The Sacred Book tells us even that; for after establishing

the truth that, for the multitude, knowledge is not essential to happiness and good, it accords still to knowledge its sublime part in the revelation prepared and announced. When an instrument of more than ordinary intelligence was required for a purpose divine—when the Gospel, recorded by the simple, was to be explained by the acute, enforced by the energetic, carried home to the doubts of the Gentile—the Supreme Will joined to the zeal of the earlier apostles the learning and genius of St Paul—not holier than the others—calling himself the least, yet labouring more abundantly than them all—making himself all things unto all men, so that some might be saved. The ignorant may be saved no less surely than the wise; but here comes the wise man who helps to save! And how the fulness and animation of this grand Presence, of this indomitable Energy, seem to vivify the toil, and to speed the work!—'In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils of mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils amongst false brethren.' Behold, my son! does not Heaven here seem to reveal the true type of Knowledge—a sleepless activity, a pervading agency, a dauntless heroism, an all-supporting faith?—a power—a power indeed—a power apart from the aggrandisement of self—a power that brings to him who owns and transmits it but 'weariness and painfulness; in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness'—but a power distinct from the mere circumstance of the man, rushing from him as rays from a sun;—borne through the air, and clothing it with light—piercing under earth, and calling forth the harvest! Worship not knowledge—worship not the sun, O my child! Let the sun but proclaim the Creator; let the knowledge but illumine the worship!"

The good man, overcome by his own earnestness, paused; his head drooped on the young student's breast, and all three were long silent.

CHAPTER XXI.

Whatever ridicule may be thrown upon Mr Dale's dissertations by the wit of the enlightened, they had a considerable, and I think a beneficial, effect upon Leonard Fairfield—an effect which may perhaps create less surprise, when the reader remembers that Leonard was unaccustomed to argument, and still retained many of the prejudices natural to his rustic breeding. Nay, he actually thought it possible that, as both Riccabocca and Mr Dale were more than double his age, and had had opportunities not only of reading twice as many books, but of contracting experience in wider ranges of life—he actually, I say, thought it possible that they might be better acquainted with the properties and distinctions of knowledge than himself. At all events, the Parson's words were so far well-timed, that they produced in Leonard very much of that state of mind which Mr Dale desired to effect, before communicating to him the startling intelligence that he was to visit relations whom he had never seen, of whom he had heard but little, and that it was at least possible that the result of that visit might be to open to him greater facilities for instruction, and a higher degree in life.

Without some such preparation, I fear that Leonard would have gone forth into the world with an exaggerated notion of his own acquirements, and with a notion yet more exaggerated as to the kind of power that such knowledge as he possessed would obtain for itself. As it was, when Mr Dale broke to him the news of the experimental journey before him, cautioning him against being over sanguine, Leonard received the intelligence with a serious meekness, and thoughts that were nobly solemn.

When the door closed on his visitors, he remained for some moments motionless, and in deep meditation; then he unclosed the door, and stole forth. The night was already far

advanced, the heavens were luminous with all the host of stars. "I think," said the student, referring, in later life, to that crisis in his destiny—"I think it was then, as I stood alone, yet surrounded by worlds so numberless, that I first felt the distinction between *mind* and *soul*."

"Tell me," said Riccabocca, as he parted company with Mr Dale, "whether you think we should have given to Frank Hazeldean, on entering life, the same lecture on the limits and ends of knowledge which we have bestowed on Leonard Fairfield."

"My friend," quoth the Parson, with a touch of human conceit, "I have ridden on horseback, and I know that some horses should be guided by the bridle, and some should be urged by the spur."

"*Cospetto!*" said Riccabocca; "you contrive to put every experience of yours to some use—even your journey on Mr Hazeldean's pad. And I see now why, in this little world of a village, you have picked up so general an acquaintance with life."

"Did you ever read White's *Natural History of Selborne?*"

"No."

"Do so, and you will find that you need not go far to learn the habits of birds, and know the difference between a swallow and a swift. Learn the difference in a village, and you know the difference wherever swallows and swifts skim the air."

"Swallows and swifts!—true; but men—"

"Are with us all the year round—which is more than we can say of swallows and swifts."

"Mr Dale," said Riccabocca, taking off his hat with great formality, "if ever again I find myself in a dilemma, I will come to you instead of to Machiavelli."

"Ah!" cried the Parson, "if I could but have a calm hour's talk with you on the errors of the Papal relig—"

Riccabocca was off like a shot.

CHAPTER XXII.

The next day, Mr Dale had a long conversation with Mrs Fairfield.

At first, he found some difficulty in getting over her pride, and inducing

her to accept overtures from parents who had so long slighted both Leonard and herself. And it would have been in vain to have put before the good woman the worldly advantages which such overtures implied. But when Mr Dale said, almost sternly, "Your parents are old, your father infirm; their least wish should be as binding to you as their command," the Widow bowed her head, and said,—

"God bless them, sir, I was very sinful—'Honour your father and mother.' I'm no scollard, but I know the Commandments. Let Lenny go. But he'll soon forget me, and mayhap he'll learn to be ashamed of me."

"There I will trust him," said the Parson; and he contrived easily to reassure and soothe her.

It was not till all this was settled that Mr Dale drew forth an unsealed letter, which Mr Richard Avenel, taking his hint, had given to him; as from Leonard's grandparents, and said,—“This is for you, and it contains an enclosure of some value.”

"Will you read it, sir? As I said before, I'm no scollard."

"But Leonard is, and he will read it to you."

When Leonard returned home that evening, Mrs Fairfield showed him the letter. It ran thus—

"Dear Jane,—Mr Dale will tell you that we wish Leonard to come to us. We are glad to hear you are well. We forward, by Mr Dale, a bank-note for £50, which comes from Richard, your brother. So no more at present from your affectionate parents,

"JOHN and MARGARET AVENEL."

The letter was in a stiff female scrawl, and Leonard observed that two or three mistakes in spelling had been corrected, either in another pen or in a different hand.

"Dear brother Dick, how good in him!" cried the widow. "When I saw there was money, I thought it must be him. How I should like to see Dick again. But I s'pose he's still in Amerikay. Well, well, this will buy clothes for you."

"No; you must keep it all, mother, and put it in the Savings' Bank."

"I'm not quite so silly as that," cried Mrs Fairfield with contempt; and she put the fifty pounds into a cracked teapot.

"It must not stay there when I'm gone. You may be robbed, mother."

"Dear me, dear me, that's true. What shall I do with it?—what do I want with it, too? Dear me! I wish they hadn't sent it. I shan't sleep in peace. You must e'en put it in your own pouch, and button it up tight, boy."

Lenny smiled, and took the note; but he took it to Mr Dale, and begged him to put it into the Savings' Bank for his mother.

The day following he went to take leave of his master, of Jackeymo, of the fountain, the garden. But, after he had gone through the first of these adieus with Jackeymo,—who, poor man, indulged in all the lively gesticulations of grief which make half the eloquence of his countrymen; and then, absolutely blubbering, hurried away—Leonard himself was so affected that he could not proceed at once to the house, but stood beside the fountain, trying hard to keep back his tears.

"You, Leonard—and you are going!" said a soft voice; and the tears fell faster than ever, for he recognised the voice of Violante.

"Do not cry," continued the child, with a kind of tender gravity. "You are going, but papa says it would be selfish in us to grieve, for it is for your good; and we should be glad. But I am selfish, Leonard, and I do grieve. I shall miss you sadly."

"You, young lady—you miss me!"

"Yes. But I do not cry, Leonard, for I envy you, and I wish I were a boy: I wish I could do as you."

The girl clasped her hands, and reared her slight form, with a kind of passionate dignity.

"Do as me, and part from all those you love!"

"But to serve those you love. One day you will come back to your mother's cottage, and say, 'We have conquered fortune.' Oh that I could go forth and return, as you will. But my father has no country, and his only child is a useless girl."

As Violante spoke, Leonard had

dried his tears: her emotion distracted him from his own.

"Oh," continued Violante, again raising her head loftily, "what it is to be a man! A woman sighs 'I wish,' but man should say 'I will.'"

Occasionally before, Leonard had noted fitful flashes of a nature grand and heroic in the Italian child, especially of late—flashes the more remarkable from their contrast to a form most exquisitely feminine, and to a sweetness of temper which made even her pride gentle. But now it seemed as if the child spoke with the command of a queen—almost with the inspiration of a Muse. A strange and new sense of courage entered within him.

"May I remember these words!" he murmured half audibly.

The girl turned and surveyed him with eyes brighter for their moisture. She then extended her hand to him, with a quick movement, and, as he bent over it, with a grace taught to him by genuine emotion, she said,—"And if you do, then, girl and child as I am, I shall think I have aided a brave heart in the great strife for honour!"

She lingered a moment, smiled as if to herself, and then, gliding away, was lost amongst the trees.

After a long pause, in which Leonard recovered slowly from the surprise and agitation into which Violante had thrown his spirits—previously excited as they were—he went, murmuring to himself, towards the house. But Riccabocca was from home. Leonard turned mechanically to the terrace, and busied himself with the flowers. But the dark eyes of Violante shone on his thoughts, and her voice rang in his ear.

At length Riccabocca appeared, followed up the road by a labourer, who carried something indistinct under his arm.

The Italian beckoned to Leonard to follow him into the parlour, and after conversing with him kindly, and at some length, and packing up, as it were, a considerable provision of wisdom in the portable shape of aphorisms and proverbs, the sage left him alone for a few moments. Riccabocca then returned with his wife, and bearing a small knapsack:—

"It is not much we can do for you, Leonard, and money is the worst gift in the world for a keepsake; but my wife and I have put our heads together to furnish you with a little outfit. Giacomo, who was in our secret, assures us that the clothes will fit; and stole, I fancy, a coat of yours for the purpose. Put them on when you go to your relations: it is astonishing what a difference it makes in the ideas people form of us, according as our coats are cut one way or another. I should not be presentable in London thus; and nothing is more true than that a tailor is often the making of a man."

"The shirts, too, are very good holland," said Mrs Riccabocca, about to open the knapsack.

"Never mind details, my dear," cried the wise man; "shirts are comprehended in the general principle of clothes. And, Leonard, as a remembrance somewhat more personal, accept this, which I have worn many a year when time was a thing of importance to me, and nobler fates than mine hung on a moment. We missed the moment, or abused it, and here I am, a waif on a foreign shore. Methinks I have done with Time."

The exile, as he thus spoke, placed in Leonard's reluctant hands a watch that would have delighted an antiquary, and shocked a dandy. It was exceedingly thick, having an outer case of enamel, and an inner one of gold. The hands and the figures of the hours had originally been formed of brilliants; but the brilliants had long since vanished. Still, even thus bereft, the watch was much more in character with the giver than the receiver, and was as little suited to Leonard as would have been the red silk umbrella.

"It is old-fashioned," said Mrs Riccabocca, "but it goes better than any clock in the county. I really think it will last to the end of the world."

"*Carissima mia!*" cried the Doctor, "I thought I had convinced you that the world is by no means come to its last legs."

"Oh, I did not mean anything, Alphonso," said Mrs Riccabocca, colouring.

"And that is all we do mean when we talk about that of which we can

know nothing," said the Doctor, less gallantly than usual, for he resented that epithet of "old-fashioned," as applied to the watch.

Leonard, we see, had been silent all this time; he could not speak—literally and truly, he could not speak. How he got out of his embarrassment, and how he got out of the room, he never explained to my satisfaction. But, a few minutes afterwards, he was seen hurrying down the road very briskly.

Riccabocca and his wife stood at the window gazing after him.

"There is a depth in that boy's heart," said the sage, "which might float an Argosy."

"Poor dear boy! I think we have put everything into the knapsack that he can possibly want," said good Mrs Riccabocca musingly.

The Doctor (continuing his soliloquy.)—"They are strong, but they are not immediately apparent."

Mrs RICCABOCCA (resuming hers.)—"They are at the bottom of the knapsack."

The DOCTOR—"They will stand long wear and tear."

Mrs RICCABOCCA.—"A year, at least, with proper care at the wash."

The DOCTOR (startled.)—"Care at the wash! What on earth are you talking of, ma'am!"

Mrs RICCABOCCA (mildly.)—"The shirts to be sure, my love! And you?"

The DOCTOR (with a heavy sigh.)—"The feelings, ma'am!" Then, after a pause, taking his wife's hand affectionately—"But you did quite right to think of the shirts; Mr Dale said very truly—"

Mrs RICCABOCCA.—"What?"

The DOCTOR.—"That there was a great deal in common between us—even when I think of feelings, and you but of—shirts."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Mr and Mrs Avenel sate within the parlour—Mr Richard stood on the hearth-rug, whistling Yankee Doodle. "The Parson writes word that the lad will come to-day," said Richard suddenly—"let me see the letter—ay, to-day. If he took the coach as far as ———, he might walk the rest of the way in two or three hours. He should be pretty nearly here. I have a great mind to go and meet him: it will save his asking questions, and hearing about me. I can clear the town by the backway, and get out at the high road."

"You'll not know him from any one else," said Mrs Avenel.

"Well, that is a good one! Not know an Avenel! We've all the same cut of the jib—have not we, father?"

Poor John laughed heartily, till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"We were always a well-favoured family," said John, recomposing himself. "There was Luke, but he's gone; and Harry, but he's dead too; and Dick, but he's in Amerikay—no, he's here; and my darling Nora, but—"

"Hush!" interrupted Mrs Avenel; "hush, John!"

The old man stared at her, and then put his tremulous hand to his brow. "And Nora's gone too!" said he, in a voice of profound woe. Both hands then fell on his knees, and his head drooped on his breast.

Mrs Avenel rose, kissed her husband on the forehead, and walked away to the window. Richard took up his hat, and brushed the nap carefully with his handkerchief; but his lips quivered.

"I'm going," said he abruptly. "Now mind, mother, not a word about Uncle Richard yet; we must first see how we like each other, and—(in a whisper) you'll try and get that into my poor father's head?"

"Ay, Richard," said Mrs Avenel quietly. Richard put on his hat, and went out by the back way. He stole along the fields that skirted the town, and had only once to cross the street before he got into the high road."

He walked on till he came to the first milestone. There he seated himself, lighted his cigar, and awaited his nephew. It was now nearly the hour of sunset, and the road before him lay westward. Richard from time to time looked along the road, shading his eyes with his hand; and

at length, just as the disc of the sun had half sunk down the horizon, a solitary figure came up the way. It emerged suddenly from the turn in the

road: the reddening beams coloured all the atmosphere around it. Solitary and silent it came as from a Land of Light.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"You have been walking far, young man?" said Richard Avenel.

"No, sir, not very. That is Lansmere before me, is it not?"

"Yes, it is Lansmere; you stop there, I guess?"

Leonard made a sign in the affirmative, and walked on a few paces; then, seeing the stranger who had accosted him still by his side, he said—

"If you know the town, sir, perhaps you will have the goodness to tell me whereabouts Mr Avenel lives?"

"I can put you into a straight cut across the fields, that will bring you just behind the house."

"You are very kind, but it will take you out of your way."

"No, it is in my way. So you are going to Mr Avenel's?—a good old gentleman."

"I've always heard so; and Mrs Avenel—"

"A particular superior woman," said Richard. "Any one else to ask after?—I know the family well."

"No, thank you, sir."

"They have a son, I believe; but he's in America, is not he?"

"I believe he is, sir."

"I see the Parson has kept faith with me," muttered Richard.

"If you can tell me anything about him," said Leonard, "I should be very glad."

"Why so, young man?—perhaps he is hanged by this time."

"Hanged!"

"He was a sad dog, I am told."

"Then you have been told very falsely," said Leonard, colouring.

"A sad wild dog—his parents were so glad when he cut and run—went off to the States. They say he made money; but, if so, he neglected his relations shamefully."

"Sir," said Leonard, "you are wholly misinformed. He has been most generous to a relative who had little claim on him; and I never heard his name mentioned but with love and praise."

Richard instantly fell to whistling Yankee Doodle, and walked on several paces without saying a word. He then made a slight apology for his impertinence—hoped no offence—and, with his usual bold but astute style of talk, contrived to bring out something of his companion's mind. He was evidently struck with the clearness and propriety with which Leonard expressed himself, raised his eyebrows in surprise more than once, and looked him full in the face with an attentive and pleased survey. Leonard had put on the new clothes with which Riccabocca and wife had provided him. They were those appropriate to a young country tradesman in good circumstances; but as he did not think about the clothes, so he had unconsciously something of the ease of the gentleman.

They now came into the fields. Leonard paused before a sllp of ground sown with rye.

"I should have thought grass land would have answered better, so near a town," said he.

"No doubt it would," answered Richard; "but they are sadly behind-hand in these parts. You see that great park yonder, on the other side of the road? That would answer better for rye than grass; but then, what would become of my Lord's deer? The aristocracy eat us up, young man."

"But the aristocracy did not sow this piece with rye, I suppose?" said Leonard, smiling.

"And what do you conclude from that?"

"Let every man look to his own ground," said Leonard, with a cleverness of repartee caught from Doctor Riccabocca.

"'Cute lad you are," said Richard; "and we'll talk more of these matters another time."

They now come within sight of Mr Avenel's house.

"You can get through the gap in the hedge, by the old pollard oak,"

said Richard; "and come round by the front of the house. Why, you're not afraid—are you?"

"I am a stranger."

"Shall I introduce you? I told you that I knew the old couple."

"Oh no, sir! I would rather meet them alone."

"Go; and—wait a bit,—harkye, young man, Mrs Avenel is a cold-mannered woman; but don't be abashed by that."

Leonard thanked the good-natured stranger, crossed the field, passed the gap, and paused a moment under the stunted shade of the old hollow-hearted oak. The ravens were returning to their nests. At the sight of a human form under the tree, they wheeled round, and watched him afar. From the thick of the boughs, the young ravens sent their hoarse low cry.

CHAPTER XXV.

The young man entered the neat, prim, formal parlour.

"You are welcome!" said Mrs Avenel, in a firm voice.

"The gentleman is heartily welcome," cried poor John.

"It is your grandson, Leonard Fairfield," said Mrs Avenel.

But John, who had risen with knocking knees, gazed hard at Leonard, and then fell on his breast, sobbing aloud—"Nora's eyes!—he has a blink in his eye like Nora's."

Mrs Avenel approached with a steady step, and drew away the old man tenderly.

"He is a poor creature," she whispered to Leonard—"you excite him. Come away, I will show you your room."

Leonard followed her up the stairs, and came into a room—neatly, and even prettily furnished. The carpet and curtains were faded by the sun, and of old-fashioned pattern, but there was a look about the room as if it had been long disused.

Mrs Avenel sank down on the first chair on entering.

Leonard drew his arm round her waist affectionately: "I fear that I have put you out sadly—my dear grandmother."

Mrs Avenel glided hastily from his arm, and her countenance worked much—every nerve in it twitching as it were; then, placing her hand on his locks, she said with passion, "God bless you, my grandson," and left the room.

Leonard dropped his knapsack on the floor, and looked around him wistfully. The room seemed as if it had once been occupied by a female.

There was a work-box on the chest of drawers, and over it hanging shelves for books, suspended by ribbons that had once been blue, with silk and fringe appended to each shelf, and knots and tassels here and there—the taste of a woman, or rather of a girl, who seeks to give a grace to the commonest things around her. With the mechanical habit of a student, Leonard took down one or two of the volumes still left on the shelves. He found SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen*, RACINE in French, TASSO in Italian; and on the fly-leaf of each volume, in the exquisite handwriting familiar to his memory, the name "Leonora." He kissed the books, and replaced them with a feeling akin both to tenderness and awe.

He had not been alone in his room more than a quarter of an hour, before the maid-servant knocked at his door and summoned him to tea.

Poor John had recovered his spirits, and his wife sate by his side holding his hand in hers. Poor John was even gay. He asked many questions about his daughter Jane, and did not wait for the answers. Then he spoke about the Squire, whom he confounded with Audley Egerton, and talked of elections and the Blue party, and hoped Leonard would always be a good Blue; and then he fell to his tea and toast, and said no more.

Mrs Avenel spoke little, but she eyed Leonard askant, as it were, from time to time; and after each glance the nerves of the poor severe face twitched again.

A little after nine o'clock, Mrs Avenel lighted a candle, and placing it in Leonard's hand, said, "You

must be tired—you know your own room now. Good night."

Leonard took the light, and, as was his wont with his mother, kissed Mrs Avenel on the cheek. Then he took John's hand and kissed him too. The old man was half asleep, and murmured dreamily, "That's Nora."

Leonard had retired to his room about half-an-hour, when Richard Avenel entered the house softly, and joined his parents.

"Well, mother?" said he.

"Well, Richard—you have seen him?"

"And like him. Do you know he has a great look of poor Nora?—more like her than Jane."

"Yes; he is handsomer than Jane ever was, but more like your father than any one. John was so comely. You take to the boy, then?"

"Ay, that I do. Just tell him in the morning that he is to go with a gentleman who will be his friend, and don't say more. The chaise shall be at the door after breakfast. Let him get into it: I shall wait for him out of the town. What's the room you give him?"

"The room you would not take."

"The room in which Nora slept? Oh no! I could not have slept a wink there. What a charm there was in that girl—how we all loved her! But she was too beautiful and good for us—too good to live!"

"None of us are too good," said Mrs Avenel with great austerity, "and I beg you will not talk in that way. Good night—I must get your poor father to bed."

When Leonard opened his eyes the next morning, they rested on the face of Mrs Avenel, which was bending over his pillow. But it was long before he could recognise that countenance, so changed was its expression—so tender, so motherlike. Nay, the face of his own mother had never seemed to him so soft with a mother's passion.

"Ah!" he murmured, half rising and flinging his young arms round her neck. Mrs Avenel, this time, and for the first, taken by surprise, warmly returned the embrace: she clasped him to her breast, she kissed him again and again. At length with a quick start she escaped, and walked up and down the room, pressing her hands tightly together. When she halted, her face had recovered its usual severity and cold precision.

"It is time for you to rise, Leonard," said she. "You will leave us to-day. A gentleman has promised to take charge of you, and do for you more than we can. A chaise will be at the door soon—make haste."

John was absent from the breakfast-table. His wife said that he never rose till late, and must not be disturbed.

The meal was scarce over, before a chaise and pair came to the door.

"You must not keep the chaise waiting—the gentleman is very punctual."

"But he is not come."

"No, he has walked on before, and will get in after you are out of the town."

"What is his name, and why should he care for me, grandmother?"

"He will tell you himself. Now, come."

"But you will bless me again, grandmother. I love you already."

"I do bless you," said Mrs Avenel firmly. "Be honest and good, and beware of the first false step." She pressed his hand with a convulsive grasp, and led him to the outer door.

The postboy clanked his whip, the chaise rattled off. Leonard put his head out of the window to catch a last glimpse of the old woman. But the boughs of the pollard oak, and its gnarled decaying trunk, hid her from his eye. And look as he would, till the road turned, he saw but the melancholy tree. ●

NARRATIVES OF SORCERY AND MAGIC.

ONE is apt, at the present day, to attach more importance to a pamphlet on current events than to a whole folio concerning the supernatural—to a clever newspaper article, than to the pranks and incantations of all the witches that ever flew over the Blocksberg. There is, for the most part, a terrible sameness in the proceedings of sorcerers of either sex; a lamentable monotony and lack of imagination. It is the same un-deviating routine of magic circles and midnight sabbaths, waxen images, black cats, rides on broomsticks, infernal cauldrons, and hideous orgies. The subject, moreover, has been so largely illustrated and cleverly embellished, especially by German writers, in tales and romances innumerable, that its unadorned details, handed down with absurd gravity by credulous chroniclers, appear bald and tedious. Mr Wright, however, has found means to revive its interest. Whilst briefly sketching the rise, progress, and decline of the belief in sorcery and witchcraft, so prevalent during the middle ages, and even to a later period, he has applied himself more particularly to exhibit its influence on history, and to show how frequently popular credulity and superstition were taken advantage of for the purposes of political or religious parties, or for the gratification of private revenge. By thus surveying the subject from the highest point of view, the trivial and often disgusting details of vulgar superstition are rendered subordinate to its important and frequently tragical results.

The difference established by popular creed between magicians and witches is pretty generally understood. The former were the masters, the latter the slaves, of the demons with whom they were leagued. The magician was a man of learning and science, who had subdued to his will the powers of darkness. His tampering with forbidden things imperilled, but did not preclude, his ultimate sal-

vation. If his greed of temporal advantages at last led him to make over his soul to the fiend, it was from choice, not by necessity. His position was dignified; his pursuit was recognised as a science. In the early ages, schools of magic were established in various parts of Europe. Of these, the one at Toledo—then on the debateable land between Moor and Christian—was celebrated and eminent. With the flowing robe and lofty brow, and mystic tiara of the magician, how great the contrast of the witch's rags and degradation! In her whole nature and attributes there is something so utterly illogical, that one wonders how her existence can so long have been credited, even by the most ignorant and superstitious. She sold herself to the Evil One a dead bargain. Living poor and despised, and dying hopeless, her sole compensation for wretchedness on earth, and torment hereafter, was the power of doing evil. Good she could not do, even to herself; and was often fain to resort to the most roundabout devices to obtain the bare necessities of life. Thus, for instance, "William of Malmesbury, in the earlier part of the twelfth century, tells us that in the high-road to Rome there dwelt two old women of no good reputation, in a wretched hut, where they allured weary travellers, and, by their charms, transformed them into horses or swine, or any other animals which they could sell to the merchants who passed that way; by which means they gained a livelihood." Certainly a very scrambling and unsatisfactory way of procuring their daily mutton. Compensation for such a troublesome mode of housekeeping is hard to discover in the mischievous but unprofitable practices of spreading disease amongst cattle, destroying people's goods, stealing children from the cradle, blighting crops, and the like. And after a life spent in this manner, varied by occasional hairbreadth

escapes from the horse-pond or the tar-barrel, came the summons from the relentless demon. Then no subterfuge served, no amount of monkish rites, energetic exorcism, or splashings with holy water, could drive away the enemy, who even broke into monasteries—as that credulous old creature, the above-quoted William of Malmesbury, relates—and carried off his victim in the very teeth of the assembled monks, setting her upon the back of a gigantic black horse, with a *chevaux-de-frise* for a saddle, and galloping away over stock and stone, whilst the country-side resounded with her shrieks. Such was her reward for a life of slavish obedience and evil-doing. It is singular that no writer upon the subject has made out a plausible theory as to the motives of witches in contracting for poverty, peril, and contempt, to be terminated by a miserable death, and succeeded by torture everlasting.

The origin of the belief in witchcraft is lost in the darkness of paganism. After the introduction of Christianity, various demons and spirits were supposed to give ear to the incantations of sorcerers. Not until the twelfth century was the power of the latter supposed to derive from a direct compact with the arch-enemy of mankind, who is thenceforward prominent in all such superstitions, under divers forms and names. At about that period, the Church, alarmed at the progress of religious dissent, and at the growing symptoms of revolt against Papal corruption, adopted the plan of taxing its sectarian opponents with sorcery. During the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, the same charge was frequently made use of as an instrument of political intrigue. The most elevated rank, the most sacred profession, did not give immunity from such imputations. Thus, in 1303, we find Philip le Bel of France accusing Pope Boniface VIII. of heresy and sorcery. "The king called a council at Paris to hear witnesses and pronounce judgment. The Pope resisted, and refused to acknowledge a council not called by himself; but the insults and outrages to which he was exposed proved too much for him; and he died the same year, in the midst of

these vindictive proceedings. His enemies spread abroad a report that, in his last moments, he had confessed his league with the demon, and that his death was attended with so much thunder and tempest, with dragons flying in the air and vomiting flames, and such lightning and other prodigies, that the people of Rome believed the whole city was going to be swallowed up in the abyss." Four years later, Philip, encouraged perhaps by this indirect triumph over the head of the Church, took the same pretext for an attack upon some of its most renowned defenders, the Knights of the Temple. With a treachery very similar to that practised towards Coligny and the Huguenots by Charles IX., "he invited the grand-master, Jacques de Molay, and the chiefs of the order in France, to Paris, under pretence of showing them his favour; and received them with every mark of attachment. After having acted as godfather to one of the king's sons, the grandmaster was one of the pall-bearers at the burial of his sister-in-law on the 12th of October. Next day, Jacques de Molay, and a hundred and forty Templars, who were in Paris on this occasion, were arrested and thrown into prison. The same day, thirty were arrested at Beaucaire, and, immediately afterwards, the Templars in all parts of France were seized." The heads of accusation against them were numerous. They were said to spit and trample upon the cross; to worship the Evil One in various shapes—sometimes as a cat, "*quendam catum*;" sometimes in the form of an idol, which they anointed with the fat of a new-born infant; sometimes in that of a human skull. In short, all manner of odious and unnatural practices were attributed to them, and everything was done to excite the public mind against them—with so much success that those who died during the trial, which was protracted over a period of three years, were treated as condemned heretics, and refused burial by the Church. With respect to the charges brought against an order which had fought so valiantly beneath the banner of the cross, Mr Wright feels convinced that "some of them had a degree of foundation,

though perhaps the circumstances on which they were founded were misunderstood. A very great number of knights agreed to the general points of the formula of initiation; and we cannot but believe that they did deny Christ, and that they spit and trod upon the cross. The words of the denial were, *Je reney Deu, or Je reney Jhesu*, repeated thrice. . . . In conjunction, however, with these strange and revolting ceremonies, there were others that showed a reverence for the Christian Church and its ordinances, a profound faith in Christ, and the consciousness that the partaker of them was entering into a holy vow." M. Michelet has attempted to explain these anomalies by imagining "that the form of reception was borrowed from the figurative mysteries and rites of the early Church. The candidate for admission into the order, according to this notion, was first presented as a sinner and a renegade, in which character, after the example of St Peter, he denied Christ. This denial was a sort of pantomime, in which the novice expressed his reprobate state by spitting on the cross. He was then stripped of his profane clothing, received through the kiss of the order into a higher state of faith, and redressed with the garb of its holiness. Forms like these would, in the middle ages, be easily misunderstood, and their original meaning soon forgotten." This is ingenious and plausible enough. In a more enlightened age most of the charges would have been deemed refuted by their own absurdity. Then, however, they sufficed to ruin the order of the Temple, and bring many of its members to the stake. Fifty-four knights, who, although put to the torture, would confess nothing, were burned in the suburbs of Paris; and subsequently many others, including the grand-master himself, met a similar fate. Philip of France seized the treasures of the order—his object in persecuting them. It is a striking instance of retributive justice, and, at the same time, another proof of the great extent to which charges of sorcery were then made an arm even against the most powerful persons, that Enguerrand de Marigny, the

minister of Philip, who had conducted the prosecution of the Templars, was himself hanged, a few years later, for having, when in prison on a charge of extortion, resorted to magic to compass the death of his accusers, the Counts of Valois and St Pol.

Soon after this time, the belief in witchcraft, and in the nightly meetings or Sabbath of the witches, had become almost universal. Every event in the least out of the common, and especially any evil that occurred to persons of high condition, was at once attributed to sorcery. Thus the fits of insanity to which Charles VI. of France was subject, were ascribed to the malefices of his sister-in-law, the young and beautiful Duchess of Orleans. She was a Visconti, daughter of the Duke of Milan, and Lombardy was at that time particularly celebrated for sorcerers and poisoners. This sufficed. The suspicion of sorcery extended itself to her husband, and was alleged by the Duke of Burgundy in palliation of his murder. The annals of that perturbed and superstitious period abound in similar cases. Sorcery, it will be remembered, was the chief crime charged against Joan of Arc, and for it she was condemned to death by the faculty of theology of the University of Paris.

Mr Wright deserves much credit for the variety he has introduced into a subject which would appear, at first sight, to admit but of little. He has made an amusing and judicious selection from the vast mass of matter relating to magic and witchcraft, contained in the mediæval records and chronicles—a branch of literature with which few are so thoroughly acquainted as himself. The most remarkable superstitions of England, Scotland, and Ireland, France, Italy, Germany, and Spain, of Sweden, and even of America, are in turn exhibited in his volumes. And if his narratives are at times somewhat sanguinary and horrible, lighter passages to relieve them are not wanting. We have been considerably diverted by his account of the adventures of Virgil the enchanter, the type of the sorcerer at an early period of the middle ages; not one of the babe-devouring, philter-brewing, Sabbath-frequenting class,

but a jovial sort of conjuror, debonaire even in his least amiable moods.

"The people of the middle ages first saw the type of the magician in the poets and philosophers of classic days. The physician Hippocrates, under the corrupted name of Ypocras, was supposed to have effected his cures by magic; and he was the subject of a legendary history, certainly as old as the end of the twelfth century, containing incidents which were subsequently told of a more celebrated conjuror, Virgil. . . . It is not impossible that the equivocal meaning of the Latin word *carmen*, (which means a poem and a charm,) may have contributed to the popular reputation of the poets. Down to a very recent period, if not at the present day, the people in the neighbourhood of Palestrina have looked upon Horace as a powerful and benevolent wizard. A story, apparently not more modern than the thirteenth century, represents two scholars proceeding to the tomb of Ovid, and receiving answers from his manes; in fact, practising necromancy. But the personage of antiquity about whom these mysterious legends were principally grouped was the poet Virgil. At an early period, we find scattered allusions to his supposed exploits, connected chiefly with Naples and Rome. Gervase of Tilbury, a well-known writer of the end of the twelfth century, heard, whilst in Italy, how Virgil had placed a brazen fly on one of the gates of the former city, which kept the city free from real flies; how he had erected chambers in which meat could be kept for any length of time, without tainting; and how he had placed two images of stone at another gate of Naples, which severally he endowed with the quality of giving good or bad fortune to strangers, who, entering the city, approached by the one or the other. He further made a public fire, where every one might warm himself; near which he placed a brazen archer, with his bow and arrow drawn ready to shoot, and an inscription, stating, 'If any one strike me, I will shoot off my arrow.' At length a foolhardy individual struck the archer, who shot him with the arrow, and sent him into the fire, which was immediately extinguishd."

Besides detached marvels of this kind, scattered through the works of various writers, two complete and connected histories of the enchanter Virgil were published, one in French, the other in English. The latter, printed at Antwerp about the year 1508, traces the conjuror's career from his boyhood. The son of a Roman

senator, he was sent to school at Toledo, and there became very cunning in the practice of the black art. On his return to Rome, after his father's death, an attempt was made to cheat him out of his inheritance, but this he defeated by his charms, and became a great favourite with the emperor, for whom he built a palace "with four corners, answering to the four quarters of Rome; and when the emperor placed himself in any one of these corners, he heard all that was said in the corresponding quarter of the city, so that no secret could be kept from him." The state thus guarded against domestic treason, Virgil took measures to defend it against external foes; and then, with great industry and public spirit, looked to the departments of watching and lighting. A police, consisting of copper statues, rushed through the streets at a certain hour of the night, when all honest folk were warned to keep within doors, and annihilated the banditti who then infested Rome. "We can easily imagine how the popular imagination formed legends like this on the sculptures of bronze and other materials that must have been frequently discovered among the ruins of ancient Rome." Virgil then erected "a great mighty marble pillar, and upon this pillar made he a lamp of glass that always burned without going out; and this lamp lightened over all the city of Rome from the one corner to the other, and there was not so little a street but it gave such a light that it seemed two torches there had stand." Before such a beacon as this, Bude and the Electric must pale their ineffectual fires. This magnificent flambeau burned for three centuries after its inventor's death, and was then unfortunately put out. Having attended to the calls of patriotism, and to the comfort and security of his fellow-citizens, Virgil turned his thoughts to his own interests and pleasures, and made himself a wonderful garden, with a vault in it to contain his riches. "And he set," says the quaint history published by Mr John Doesborcke, "two metal men before the door to keep it, and in each hand a great hammer, and therewith they smote upon an anvil, one after the other, in-somuch that the birds that fly over

heareth it, and by-and-by falleth there down dead; and otherwise had Virgilius not his good kept." For the other very singular exploits of this ingenious sorcerer—how he carried off the Sultan's daughter and founded the city of Naples, and gave her, with it as a dowry, in marriage to a Spanish lord—and for the extraordinary narrative of his death, we must refer the curious to the sixth chapter of Mr Wright's first volume, whilst we pass on to another country and a later period.

The establishment of the Inquisition, and its assumption of jurisdiction in matters of sorcery, had the effect of confirming popular superstitious and consolidating them into a system. It was quite natural that the vulgar should put implicit faith in the existence of witches and magicians, when they saw persons arraigned as such before grave ecclesiastical tribunals, tortured till they confessed, and burned upon confession. The Church of Rome, ever unscrupulous in its means so long as it attains its ends, found the belief in witchcraft a convenient auxiliary in its relentless persecution of heresy. Wholesale persecution of witches commenced with the celebrated Council of Constance (1414 to 1418) which had proscribed the doctrine of Wycliffe, and condemned John Huss and Jerome of Prague to the flames. In short, it seems to have been the aim of inquisitors to class heretics and sorcerers as much as possible under one head, and thus to cast upon the former the odium of the foul practices attributed to the latter. After the Council of Constance, the crusade against the unfortunate witches assumed monstrous proportions. In 1484 a bull of the Pope appointed inquisitors for this especial purpose; and in the following year, upwards of forty witches were burnt within a small district on the borders of Austria. This was but a commencement. In the course of a very few years, hundreds of wretched persons were brought to the stake. In France witchcraft was longer in growing into a universal belief, and in bringing down persecution on those suspected of it. The publication, however, of the volume compiled by two German inquisitors, and celebrated under the title of the *Malleus Maleficarum*, (in which the doctrine

of witchcraft was reduced to a regular system,) was succeeded by a host of treatises on the subject. For two or three generations the Continental press teemed with works of this kind, many of them from the pens of learned men, whose adherence to such an absurd creed now appears almost incredible. Thus, and by the decrees of ecclesiastical councils, uniformity was gradually given to the popular belief in different countries; and, during the sixteenth century, it varied little in this respect in France, Germany, Spain, and Italy. It is not, however, till after the year 1560 that cases of much importance are recorded in France. In 1561, a number of persons were brought to trial at Vernon, accused of having held their sabbath as witches, in an old ruined castle, in the shape of cats; and witnesses deposed to having seen the assembly, &c. The court dismissed the charge as ridiculous. Three years later, however, three men and a woman were executed at Poitiers, having been made to confess to acts of sorcery, and to attendance at sabbaths, where the demon who presided ended by burning himself to make powder for the use of his proselytes! In 1571, a mere conjuror, who played tricks with cards, was thrown into prison and executed. Legerdemain was no safe trade in those days. The Swiss friar, John Nider, relates in his *Formicarium*, (a work on the various sins and crimes against religion,) that in the latter half of the fifteenth century "a woman made her appearance at Cologne who performed many extraordinary feats, such as tearing a napkin to pieces, and then in an instant producing it uninjured before the eyes of the spectators, dashing a glass against the ceiling, and immediately restoring it whole, and the like;" and it was only by powerful protection that she was preserved from the pious indignation of the bishop. Messrs Dobler, Robin, Houdin, & Co. would have stood a poor chance in the middle ages; and it may even be doubted whether thimble-rig would have been a safe pastime in the vicinity of the shrine of the Three Kings. As late as 1595, Pierre l'Estoile relates, "when a juggler, who had taught a cat to perform

various surprising feats, offered to exhibit it before the French king Henry IV., his ministers represented to the monarch that it might be a plot to bewitch him; and, although his majesty laughed at their apprehensions, means were found to get the juggler and his cat out of the way." To be sure, a cat was a very suspicious quadruped, owing to the frequent assumption of its form by Satan when he appeared amongst his followers at their sabbath revels. In France, however, at about the same time, the wolf was in at least as bad odour; and from 1573 to 1583 several persons were condemned and executed for changing themselves into wolves, and devouring children. The wild superstition of the *wer-wolves* or *loup-garous* is of very ancient date throughout Europe.

"It is asserted by a serious and intelligent writer of the time that, in 1588, a gentleman, looking out of the window of his chateau in a village two leagues from Apon, in the mountains of Auvergne, saw one of his acquaintances going a-hunting, and begged he would bring him home some game. The hunter, whilst occupied in the chase, was attacked by a fierce she-wolf, and, after firing at it without effect, struck it with his hunting-knife, and cut off the paw of its right fore-leg, whereupon it immediately took to flight. The hunter took up the paw, threw it into his bag with the rest of his game, and soon afterwards returned to his friend's chateau, and told him of his adventure—at the same time putting his hand into the bag to bring forth the wolf's paw in confirmation of his story. What was his surprise on drawing out a lady's hand, with a gold ring on one finger! His friend's astonishment was still greater when he recognised the ring as one which he had given to his own wife; and, descending hastily into the kitchen, he found the lady warming herself by the fire, with her right arm wrapped in her apron. This he at once seized, and found to his horror that the hand was cut off. The lady confessed that it was she who, in the form of a wolf, had attacked the hunter; in due time she was brought to trial, condemned, and burnt at Riom."

A tale of *diablerie* worthy of imaginative Germany, and of the wild scenery of the Harz, although it may not be considered altogether out of place amidst the rugged mountains of Auvergne, where, if we rightly remember, the reverend Fléchier, in his

Grands Jours, records more than one case of sorcery to have occurred. By this time, however, (1580 to 1600) the rage against witchcraft in France had reached its height, and in fifteen years nine hundred persons were burned for that imaginary crime in the single province of Lorraine. "About the close of the century," one of the French judges tells us, "the crime of witchcraft had become so common that there were not jails enough to hold the prisoners, or judges to hear their causes." The very highest persons in the realm were suspected, and openly accused. Charges were publicly brought against Henry III. and his mother Catherine de Medicis; and a pamphlet is still extant, entitled *Les Sorcelleries de Henri de Valois, et les oblations qu'il faisoit au diable dans le bois de Vincennes*. Here we trace political rancour rather than vulgar superstition or religious fanaticism. This and other libellous pamphlets of a similar nature were the work of the partisans of the League.

It is not apparent, from any portion of Mr Wright's curious narrative, entitled *Witchcraft in France in the Sixteenth Century*, that the furious and wholesale persecutions and massacres we have just referred to were levelled against religious dissent. They appear rather to have proceeded from gross superstition and extraordinary perversion of human judgment. The case was different in Germany, where the numerous witchcraft trials at the same period were especially to be traced to religious differences, and where, a very few years later, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, these prosecutions took their greatest development.

"They were most remarkable at the cities of Bamberg and Wurzburg, and other places, where the Roman Catholic religion was prevalent, and which were under the immediate influence of the Jesuits. Some of the earlier writers on sorcery had declared that the increasing number of witches in the sixteenth century was owing to the spread of Protestantism, and the Jesuits now seized upon this doctrine as a means of influencing the minds of the vulgar against the heretics. It is probable, therefore, that of the multitudes of persons who perished at the stake in Germany, during the first half of the seventeenth century, for sorcery, the

only crime of many was their attachment to the religion of Luther."

The Prince-bishop of Bamberg, John George II., after sundry vain attempts to eradicate Lutheranism in his dominions, assailed it under the name of witchcraft, and is said to have burned, in five years, about six hundred persons. His contemporary, Bishop Philip Adolphus, of Wurzburg, followed his example, and got up *auto-da-fés* on an equally extensive scale. Mr Wright extracts from Hauber's *Bibliotheca Magica* a detailed catalogue of nine-and-twenty *Brände* or burnings, which occurred within a very short space of time previously to February 1629. Some of these lists are very curious, characteristic of the semi-barbarous times, and showing the motley description of the victims. No age or rank seem to have escaped, and amongst them were many young children. Under the head of "Burning the First," "Burning the Second," &c. we find such quaint entries as the following :—

The old wife of Beutler.

The old woman who kept the pot-house.

Tungersleber, a minstrel.

The midwife. N.B.—She was the origin of all the mischief.

The steward of the senate, named Gering.

Bunnach, a senator, the fattest citizen in Wurzburg.

The knife-grinder.

A little girl, nine or ten years old.

A younger girl, her little sister.

A noble page of Rotenham was beheaded at six o'clock in the chancellor's yard, and burned the following day.

Göbel's child, the most beautiful girl in Wurzburg.

A student in the fifth form, who knew many languages, and was an excellent musician, *vocaliter et instrumentaliter*.

Stüber, Batz, and Roth, three vicars in the new minster.

The fat noble lady (*edelfrau*), &c. &c.

Except in particular cases, decapitation appears usually to have preceded burning. From some of the details given, it is quite evident that the real offence punished by the Jesuit inquisitors was Protestantism. A kinsman of the bishop himself, one of the most promising students at the

Wurzburg University, was included amongst the sufferers. At last these judicial murders reached such a height that a native of Cologne, named Frederick Spee, himself a Jesuit, published, in 1631, a treatise entitled *Cautio Criminalis*, pointing out the necessity of receiving with greater caution the evidence brought against supposed sorcerers; and this book had considerable influence in checking the evil.

The darkest period of the history of witchcraft in England was about cotemporaneous with these sanguinary passages in the annals of France and Germany. The first Scottish King of Great Britain brought with him from his native land an extraordinary hatred of witches, and took the strongest interest in prosecutions of that description of criminals. The trial of the witches of Lothian, for malefices directed against the royal person, occurred shortly before his accession to the English throne. The Earl of Bothwell, reputed a skilful necromancer, was implicated in the affair, and was arrested, but escaped, and took refuge in the far north. About thirty persons of lower degree—although some of them were above the ordinary stamp of sorcerers at that period—were tried, put to the torture, and many of them burnt, or otherwise executed. King Jamie is said to have taken great delight in the examinations of these unfortunate people; and their confessions, wrung from them by extremity of agony, put him "in a wonderful admiration."

"His vanity was flattered, at the same time that his curiosity was excited and gratified. He made Gelles Duncan play before him on her trump (or Jew's-harp) the same tune to which the witches had danced in their meetings. Proud of his skill and knowledge in the matter of sorcery, and of the wisdom of his judgment, he made it a matter of his special study, and his royal leisure was occupied with the compilation, in the form of a dialogue, of a treatise, which was printed under the title of *Dæmonologie*, with the King's name, at Edinburgh in 1597."

Under the reign of this pedantic and credulous monarch, witchfinding was a busy trade in England, and some of the most remarkable cases of the kind occurred; amongst others

that of the Lancashire witches, and that of the witches of Belvoir, who were tried and executed in the year 1618, for killing, by their incantations, the sons of Francis Manners, Earl of Rutland. During this early period of the seventeenth century, the belief in sorcery was prevalent and intense amongst all the nations of Europe, and people of rank and education were sometimes weak enough to have recourse to the assistance of professors of the black art. Thus we find the dissolute Countess of Essex resorting to magic spells to obtain the love of James the First's disreputable favourite, Rochester.

"She made her confidante of Mrs Anne Turner, the widow of a physician of respectability, a woman not deficient in beauty, and who was at this time the mistress of Sir Arthur Mainwaring. With this worthy companion in her evil doings, the Countess repaired to Dr Simon Foreman, a magician living at Lambeth, and with whom Mrs Turner appears to have been already acquainted. It was soon agreed between them that Foreman should, by his magic, bewitch the Lord Rochester, and so turn his affections that they should be irrevocably fixed on Lady Essex; and he was in the same way to influence Sir Arthur Mainwaring towards Mrs Turner. The intercourse between the ladies and the conjuror became now frequent, and he used all his skill, in charms and images, to effect their desire. At a subsequent period Foreman's wife deposed in court, 'that Mrs Turner and her husband would sometimes be locked up in his study for three or four hours together;' and the Countess became so intimate that she spoke of Foreman as her 'sweet father.'"

Lord Rochester became violently enamoured of the Countess of Essex—in consequence, as she believed, of Foreman's charms and conjurations—and a guilty intimacy ensued. On the return of Lord Essex from abroad, she applied to Foreman to bewitch her husband in a contrary sense, and to preserve her from his love. But whilst the Doctor was busy with philters and potions—none of which, however, proved efficacious—Death stepped in and claimed the magician for his own. Lilly, the astrologer, who in his youth was intimate with Foreman, gives the

following singular account of his sudden decease, which he received, he says, from the doctor's widow:—

"The Sunday night before he died, his wife and he being at supper in their garden-house, she, being pleasant, told him that she had been informed he could resolve whether man or wife should die first. 'Whether shall I,' quoth she, 'bury you or no?' 'Oh, Trunco'—for so he called her—'thou shalt bury me, but thou wilt much repent it.' 'Yea, but how long first?' 'I shall die,' said he, 'ere Thursday night.' Monday came—all was well. Tuesday came—he not sick. Wednesday came, and still he was well; with which his impertinent wife did much twit him in his teeth. Thursday came, and dinner was ended—he very well; he went down to the water-side, and took a pair of oars to go to some buildings he was in hand with in Puddle-dock. Being in the middle of the Thames, he presently fell down, only saying, 'An impost, an impost,' and so died—a most sad storm of wind immediately following."

Foreman gone, Lady Essex had recourse to another sorcerer—one Lavoire or Savory; but a scandalous suit at law, recommended and indelicately hurried forward by James I., at last proved more potent than any magic arts in separating her from her husband, and she married Rochester, who had been raised to the earldom of Somerset. She had now no further motive for dabbling in sorcery; and her having done so might never have been publicly known, had not the details of Foreman's conjurations been brought to light in the course of the famous trial for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower. The charge was against the Earl and Countess of Somerset, for procuring Overbury to be poisoned by their agents. On the 7th November 1615, Mrs Turner was arraigned in Westminster Hall. "A feeling of superstitious fear seized upon the assemblage, when, on that occasion, the instruments of Foreman's conjurations were exposed to view." These, however, related to the attempts to enchant the Earls of Somerset and Essex, and in no way to Overbury's murder. "There was showed in court," says a manuscript quoted by Mr Wright, "certeine pictures of a man and a woman made

in lead, and also a mould of brasse, wherein they were cast; a black scarffe also, full of white crosses, which Mrs Turner had in her custodie." In these things there would seem to be no great harm, but they were followed by a parcel of written charms. "In some of these parchments," continues the manuscript cotemporary report of the trial, "the devill had particular names, who were conjured to torment the Lord Somerset and Sir Arthur Mannering, if their loves should not contynue, the one to the Countesse, the other to Mrs Turner." These revelations caused great horror in court. "The multitude assembled in the hall were involuntarily led into the delusion that the demons were present amongst them, witnessing the exposure of their victims, and suddenly, in the midst of this sensation, 'there was heard a crack from the scaffold, which carryed a great feare, tumult, and commotion, amongst the spectators, and through the hall, every one fearing hurt, as if the devill had bine present, and growen angry to have his workmanship known by such as were not his own schollars.'" Although not strictly within the limits of his subject, Mr Wright has here given us an ingenious essay on the celebrated trial of the Earl of Somerset, and on the mysterious circumstances attending Overbury's death. The tale has been often told, and has found a place in more than one collection of *causes célèbres*; but there is much originality in the view Mr Wright takes of it, and this is decidedly one of the most interesting chapters in his book. The Overbury murder is one of those tragical episodes which will doubtless ever remain shrouded in doubt and mystery—a theme for the speculations of antiquarians and essayists. After a lapse of nearly two and a half centuries, it is not to be expected that any addition will ever be made to the little we already know of the secret history of the court of the first James.

Exempt from his father's prejudices, Charles I., far from encouraging prosecutions for witchcraft, was prone to suspect imposture in such matters,

and, indeed, more than once discovered it to exist, by investigations which he instituted, and in one instance personally presided at. But under the Commonwealth the belief revived in full force, and a great persecution of witches took place in England. The fanaticism of the Puritans made them give ready credence to the direct agency of Satan, as opposed to them and leagued with the Royalists. What could be more natural than that the fiend should desire to restore the double abominations of monarchy and episcopacy? Personal and political animosities had probably much to do with the fate of many who, at this period, suffered as sorcerers. The first name upon the list of victims is that of Dr Lamb, "who had been the favourite Buckingham's domestic magician, and who was torn to pieces by the London mob in 1640." In 1645 several witches were seized at Manningtree, condemned and hanged, the most important witness against some of them being the celebrated Matthew Hopkins, who subsequently became a sort of witch-finder-general, making regular circuits through certain counties in quest of dabblers in the black art. It seems incredible that in England, only two hundred years ago, men and women should have been hung up in dozens, and even burned, on such childish and ridiculous charges as those we read of in Mr Wright's book. Hopkins was frequently himself a witness—uniting, apparently, that character with the somewhat incompatible ones of informer and prosecutor. He had a sort of man Friday, named John Sterne, who went about with him swearing to and improving upon any lie he thought fit to promulgate. The chief proof, often the only one, upon which the unfortunate accused were found guilty and executed, was the possession of a familiar imp, in the form of a cat, dog, or other animal. One unhappy old woman, of the name of Elizabeth Clarke, was imprisoned by Hopkins for several successive nights, he himself sitting up with her, to watch for her familiars, and to keep her from sleeping until such time as she should confess. After three nights' vigilance, the poor creature, doubtless exhausted and enfeebled, confessed a compact

with the fiend. Had confirmation of the fact been needed, it was supplied by the appearance of a fat, short-legged dog, white with sandy spots, (evidently a turnspit,) of a greyhound, and of a polecat. These she admitted to be familiars. One of them was named Vinegar Tom, another Sack-and-Sugar — so, at least swore Hopkins and Sterne. Whereupon Elizabeth Clarke was duly hanged. The same was done, at Bury, in Suffolk, to an aged clergyman, named Lowes, who for fifty years had been Vicar of Brandeston. Sterne wrote and printed a long account of his confession, from which it was made to appear that he had been in the habit of sending his imps to sink ships at sea. In this affair a political motive was easy to trace, for Lowes was a well-known opponent of the new church government.

“Hopkins and his colleagues were encouraged in their new profession by the tacit recognition of Parliament, who sent a commission of Puritanical ministers to assist the judges in the assizes. We can trace his course imperfectly by the pamphlets of the time, which give reports of at least some of the different trials in which he figured as grand accuser; but some of these are now exceedingly rare, and many no doubt are lost. He was, perhaps, at Cambridge towards the end of the year 1645, as a witch was hanged there who had an imp in the form of a frog.”

Early in 1646 he was at Kimbolton, where he was assailed in print by a sturdy minister of the name of John Gaule, who wrote a pamphlet exposing the cruelty and absurdity of his proceedings, showing how he and his fellow witch-finders kept persons fasting and without sleep, sometimes bound with cords, or set cross-legged, or in some other uneasy attitude, upon a stool, until they were so exhausted and weary of their lives that they confessed anything, scarce knowing what they said or did. This was the commencement of a reaction against Hopkins and the other persecutors of witches; and on the return of the former to his native county, in 1647, he was assailed by indignant outcries and denunciations, and taxed with being himself as great a wizard as any whose punishment he had brought about; in

proof of which it was alleged that some gentlemen had seized him and put him to the trial of swimming, and that, as he floated, he of course was guilty. He printed a pamphlet in his own defence, and then died, of a malady aggravated by vexation. After his death, there was almost a cessation of witch-prosecutions, although in 1649 there were two or three executions for the imaginary crime. That also was the year of the mysterious disturbances at Woodstock, attributed of course to supernatural agency, and of which Scott has so skilfully availed himself in one of the most pleasing of his romances. It was in the month of October that the commissioners appointed to survey the Crown lands for sale took possession of Woodstock, quartering themselves in the king's own apartments, making a kitchen of his bed-chamber, a brew-house of the council-hall, and using the dining-room as a wood-house, where they stored the wood of “that ancient standard in the high park, known of all by the name of the King's Oak, which (that nothing might remain that had the name of king affixed to it) they digged up by the roots.” For the first two or three days they were unmolested, but then began a series of annoyances which compelled them, after about a fortnight's residence, to evacuate the premises, sore in body and terrified in spirit. The practical jokes played upon them were of the roughest; such, for instance, as “hoisting up their bed-feet so much higher than their heads, that they thought they should have been turned over and over, and then letting them fall down with such force that their bodies rebounded from the bed a good distance,” throwing great stones and bones of horses upon them as they lay in bed, and drenching them with buckets of foul water. “The same night the windows were all broke by throwing of stones, and there was most terrible noises in three several places together near them. Nay, the very rabbit-stealers who were abroad that night were so affrighted with the dismal thundering, that for haste they left their ferrets in the holes behind them, beyond Rosamond's Well.” So the devout and worshipful commissioners departed, fully persuaded that

they had been persecuted by the devil himself—then esteemed a staunch ally of the Cavaliers, just as, when the tide of loyalty set in again, he was popularly held to be in league with the Republicans.

As if Charles II. had brought back with him from exile some portion of the superstitious and persecuting spirit spread in England by his grandfather, the early years of the Restoration witnessed several trials and executions for witchcraft. One of these cases was remarkable, from the circumstance that the celebrated Sir Matthew Hale was the Lord Chief Baron before whom it was tried. The terms of his charge to the jury, in which he "made no doubt at all that there were such creatures as witches," had doubtless much weight with those to whom it was addressed. The verdict was *guilty*, and the two poor old women whom it concerned were hanged upon the following Monday. Trials for witchcraft continued pretty frequent up to the end of the seventeenth century; but Lord Chief Justice Holt, the successor of Hale, discouraged them, and so charged the juries that an acquittal seems invariably to have ensued. In several instances the populace, disappointed at such results, had recourse to the old trial by swimming, and more than one of the patients died under the rude ordeal. As recently as 1712, a Hertfordshire jury found one Jane Wenham guilty of witchcraft, and, as a matter of form, the judge was obliged to pronounce sentence of death; but he subsequently obtained her pardon, and a neighbouring gentleman, Colonel Plummer of Gilston, gave the poor woman a cottage near his own house. Strange to say, several clergymen had joined in the cry against her. The affair caused a great sensation at the time. "The dispute," says Mr Wright, "seems to have become in some degree identified with the bitter animosities then existing between the Church and the Dissenters. It was just the

time when the intolerant party, with their hero Sacheverell, had gained the upper hand, and they seemed not unwilling to recall into force even the old degrading belief in witchcraft, if they could make it an instrument for effecting their purposes. But the most important result of this trial, and of the controversy to which it gave rise, was the publication, two or three years afterwards, of the 'Historical Essay concerning Witchcraft,' by the king's chaplain in ordinary, Dr Francis Hutchinson." This book was a *coup-de-grace* to witchcraft in England. Thenceforward none but the most ignorant and brutal classes of the population would give ear to such accusations, or persecute those against whom they were brought. In France the delusion had already, for nearly half a century, been discountenanced by all persons with any pretensions to education and enlightenment. In 1672, some Norman shepherds having been arrested on a charge of sorcery, Louis XIV., by a peremptory order in council, had them set at liberty without form of trial. And although, eight years later, Lavoisin, Lavigoureux, and Lesage were burnt by judgment of the *Chambre Ardente*, for practising magic, the records and memoirs of the time show personal animosity between Louvois and the Marechal de Luxemburg to have been at the bottom of that curious affair. Louvois gratified his dislike to the Marshal by annoying and imprisoning him, and took little account of the lives of three or four ignoble charlatans and pretenders to the black art. The incredulity of Louis XIV. put witchcraft out of vogue, and, according to the courtier-like belief of the time, Satan himself, thus contemned and defied, no longer dared beat up for recruits on the territory of the *Grand Monarque*. France has the credit of being the first country to spurn and repudiate a class of superstitions repugnant alike to civilisation and to humanity.

MODERN STATE TRIALS.

PART IV.—THE ROMANCE OF FORGERY.

A BOLD stroke for a peerage, certainly, was that of "Alexander Humphreys, *otherwise* Alexander, claiming the title of Earl of Stirling;" and a wondrous story of his alleged doings was told in the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh, during an entire week commencing on the 29th April 1839. He was charged with having conceived, and carried into execution, a scheme of fraud and forgery which, on being deliberately examined, suggests a fine subject for psychological study, with a view to determining the true mental and moral condition of the projector, and the estimate which he must have formed of that of others. Was he the victim of an imbecile credulity? or did he give credit for an extreme degree of supineness and obtuseness to those whom he sought so seriously to affect by his comprehensive operations, or who would have to deal with them judicially or otherwise? Was his case, however singular and suspicious in the mode of its development, nevertheless an honest and true one? Was he, when he stood at the bar on a blighting charge of FORGERY,—of "using and uttering," to adopt the language of the indictment, "as genuine, forged documents, knowing the same to be forged"—of "wickedly and feloniously fabricating false and simulate writings, to be used as evidence in courts of law, and so using the same as genuine, and knowingly uttering and using them as such, by producing the same as evidence in courts of law"—having formed the fraudulent design of procuring himself to be recognised as Earl of Stirling in Scotland, and of obtaining certain great estates and territories in North America and Scotland, with the pretended right of conferring the honour and bestowing the titles of baronets of Nova Scotia, as being the representative, and entitled to the honours,

privileges, and estates of William, first earl of Stirling," and "of procuring loans or advances of money from ignorant and credulous persons, on the faith of his being entitled to those estates and privileges, as he falsely represented,"—was the person standing accused of these "crimes of a heinous nature, and severely punishable," all the while in the eye of Heaven, and according to the laws of his country, indeed and in truth what he had claimed to be—EARL OF STIRLING? If he were, the mere imputation of such atrocious offences rendered him an object of great sympathy, proportionably deepening with the peril in which he stood of being erroneously convicted of those offences. In such an event, we can but deplore the imperfection of human institutions, so anxiously contrived for the investigation of truth, and establishing the distinction between guilt and innocence. Few things are more profoundly afflicting than a clearly proved miscarriage of justice, operating grievously, or even fatally, against the accused. When it is the other way, it may well occasion commensurate regret and indignation. If the prisoner were, in fact, *not* the Earl of Stirling, the documentary evidence which he adduced to prove that fact was of such a character that it *must* have been forged; for, if genuine, it established his claims irrefragably. Then comes the question—Did he adduce that evidence innocently, without a suspicion of its spuriousness, being the dupe of other's villainy, though for his own direct and exclusive personal advantage and aggrandisement? Or, finally, did he actually forge that evidence, or adduce it with the knowledge that it had been forged? His guilt would be in either of these latter cases the same, both legally and morally; and if he *were* guilty, then we should concur with Mr

Townsend in saying that, "in the height of his pretensions, and the ability with which they were supported, he has soared beyond all competitors, and has left a name unrivalled in imposture, since the days of Perkin Warbeck."*

Put the case, prospectively and retrospectively, of a total stranger claiming a peerage, by means of a fictitious pedigree. First, *prospectively*—every link in the chain will have to be forged with mingled boldness and adroitness, for it will inevitably be tested rigorously. Truth must be so skilfully intermingled with falsehood, as to baffle practised acuteness: facts and declarations, written and oral, must be arranged, with reference especially to dates, with such a comprehensive caution as not to admit of conflict with any item of hostile and undoubted proof. A single frail link, and chain and anchor are gone! What consummate sagacity, what extensive knowledge, what unflinching patience and resolution, are indispensable as conditions of success in this guilty enterprise! The astute schemer must calculate in having hereafter, as it were, a blood-hound on his track. Having matured his plans, what a moment is that of going into action—of openly starting the case! With what tremulous anxiety does he contemplate each successive stage of development! How start, in dismay, at the possibility of some suddenly discovered deficiency, inconsistency, contradiction, impossibility, or unlooked-for consequences of steps deemed to have been most profoundly well considered!

And *retrospectively*—when the fictitious pedigree has been annihilated—with what feelings of mortification must the defeated schemer review his course of procedure, wondering at the shortsightedness which had failed to provide against this, that, or the other contingency—which, *as it has turned out*, could have been done so easily and safely!

"A curse upon my pate,
That this foul blot my stupid hood-winked eye
Perceived not!"

For it will frequently be found that

the most consummate impostors prove to have been guilty of *some one* act or omission fatal to the best-concerted scheme—to have gone much too far beyond, or fallen far short of, what was necessary. It may be called being wise after the event; but so it is, and is perhaps ordained to be—a truth consolatory to be borne in mind by those charged with the responsibility of conducting legal investigation, and vindicating public justice; stimulating them to the exhibition of patient vigilance.

How far the foregoing remarks may prove applicable, if at all, to the facts of the case now under consideration, we shall leave the reader to determine when he shall have been put in possession of them; for till then we intend to withhold the result of the trial—the verdict of the jury—which may, in some respects, not a little surprise him. The whole case appears to us pervaded by the very spirit of romance—exciting and sustaining curiosity and interest to the very last. In our present Number, we shall be unable to proceed farther than collecting the materials, and having them ready for investigation before the High Court of Justiciary—which performed its duties in a truly admirable manner, both judges and counsel, as we shall hereafter have occasion to point out. At present, we cheerfully bear our testimony to the discretion, urbanity, and dignity, the vigilant sagacity, exhibited by the Court, as well as the acuteness, learning, and eloquence of the counsel on both sides. The present is probably one of the most remarkable trials occurring in the whole annals of Scottish jurisprudence. It will be our endeavour to extricate the facts of the case from the technicalities and complicities in which they were necessarily involved at the trial,—as we go on indicating several points of interesting contrast between Scottish and English criminal procedure. We regret being unable conscientiously to express our obligation to Mr Townsend, with respect to his account of "The trial of Alexander Alexander, claiming to be Earl of Stirling, for the crime of Forgery." He is indebted for his materials (without acknow-

* Townsend, vol. i. p. 407.

ledging it) to Mr Swinton, an advocate at the Scotch Bar, and now Professor of Civil Law in the University of Edinburgh, who, in 1839, published an elaborate and authentic account of the trial, in an octavo volume,* having the advantage of careful revision by the presiding judge and the counsel, of those parts of the case more immediately concerning the part which they bore in the proceedings. The evidence is also given at length, as well as all the instruments of evidence, and several interesting documents tendered in proof, but rejected, yet throwing light on some of the most obscure parts of the case. The alleged forgeries were divided into three classes, and one of them, incomparably the most interesting, (a map, with a great number of indorsements upon it,) forms the subject of a large sheet of fac-simile. Mr Townsend does not seem to have thoroughly mastered the case; the facts of which, as presented in the full report of the trial, undoubtedly demand some effort in order to present them succinctly and popularly, so as to reward the attention bestowed on them, not only by general readers, but by students in jurisprudence. His introductory observations, however, are interesting and pertinent. He points attention† to “the marked increase in all the crimes which *require superior intelligence* rather than brute force for their successful accomplishment, and which can be effected only by the misapplied union of talent and education,” and also “to the temptation afforded to persons of comparative refinement—of cool head and callous heart—by the abolition of the punishment of death for crimes against property” [only,] “to adventure in forbidden ways of enriching themselves at the expense of their neighbours, where failure and detection would not involve their personal safety,” [by which he means their lives.] He proceeds to give, briefly, three or four “modern instances,” amongst which are the monstrous fabrication of a mural tablet, “with all the signs of antiquity and convenient dates,” in the

late celebrated “Tracy Peerage” case, and which created such a vivid display of indignation in the House of Lords; and another recent case, that of a minister of religion, “the Rev. William Bailey, Clerk, LL.D.,” which is of such an astounding character, that we shall present its leading features to the reader previous to entering on that which is the subject of the present paper.

The Reverend Dr Bailey, minister of St Peter's, Queen Square, Westminster, was, till within the last few years, an attractive preacher, and highly respected by his congregation. Happening to see a paragraph in a newspaper announcing the recent death of an obscure miser named Smith, of enormous wealth, with no near relations, and so uneducated as to be scarcely able to write his name, the deadly idea occurred to him, suggested by that Evil One against whose temptations his life had been spent in warning others, of setting up a fictitious claim to a large sum of money, as due to his sister, from the deceased miser! He pitched, doubtless for greater probability's sake, upon the fractional sum of £2875, and in due time forwarded to the executors copies of two instruments, an “I O U,” and a promissory note for that amount, purporting to have been signed by the miser, and given to “Miss Anne Bailey, of 45 Upper Arthur Street, Belfast, for value received from her, in cash advanced by her on loan to me. Witness—William Bailey, Clerk, LL.D., minister of St Peter's, Queen Square, Westminster.” Not a little astonished by this sudden application, their testator having died worth several hundred thousand pounds, and no trace existing among his papers of any transaction in which the name of Bailey occurred—none of his acquaintances having ever heard of the name of Bailey, as known to the testator—the executors resolved to resist the action, and put the plaintiff to sworn proof in a public court of justice. The reverend gentleman stepped boldly into the box; first produced an account-book, containing various en-

* *Report of the Trial of Alexander Humphreys or Alexander, claiming the title of Earl of Stirling, &c.* By ARCHIBALD SWINTON, Esq., Advocate. Edinburgh: Thomas Clark, Law Bookseller, 1839.

† Vol. i. p. 404.

tries of loans by his sister to Smith, the deceased miser; and then swore point blank to his having witnessed the miser's signature to the "I O U," in the vestry-room of St Peter's! *just before divine service!* at seven o'clock on the evening of Thursday, the 12th August! His evidence—the whole story—was totally disbelieved; his pretended vouchers were impounded, and he was committed on the charge of forgery. How shall we proceed with the frightful facts elicited at his trial for that offence? First of all, it was proved beyond all doubt that, at the precise period pitched upon by the miserable forger as that on which he had witnessed the signature of the miser, the latter had been in company for two hours with a friend, a builder in the Hampstead Road, whose reason for remembering the circumstance was, that it was his wedding-day! But scarcely half of this tale of horror has yet been told. Not contented with having committed perjury himself, he procured, and endeavoured to procure, others to perjure themselves, in order to support this dismal fable concerning Smith's signature! He had met in the Brompton Road a poor Irishman who sold fruit by the roadside, and asked him if he would become a witness at the trial of an action! "I looked at him," said the man, "and *admired* what he meant, but I said 'yes,' to see what his motive was." The reverend delinquent then gave him a shilling, and told him to call at his house the next day; and on his doing so, gave him a written paper, which he was to commit to memory—the purport being, that *he had seen Smith go into the vestry of St Peter's, and come out again in five minutes, followed by Dr Bailey in his surplice, on the evening of the 12th August!* The man preserved, and exhibited in court, at the trial of Dr Bailey, this blighting evidence of guilt! The witness had been taken to the Exchequer Office, and there had signed his false depositions; but when sent down to swear publicly in court to the falsehood, "his flesh," he said, "crawled on his bones, and he ran away!" Yet again—the prisoner had given £30 to a reduced tradesman to swear to the same falsehood,

and he did so swear, as he confessed! the Doctor having told him that, "unless he did, the Doctor's sister was in danger of being robbed of £3000!" Dr Bailey's written instructions to both witnesses were produced in court, and proved, on his trial! Nor have we even yet reached the depth to which this abandoned of God descended in the abyss of guilt. He called several unfortunate women—discharged servants, milliners, and others—whom he had tutored to swear to different portions of the imaginary transaction between himself and Smith! But the prosecution, aided by secret memoranda which they had discovered in Dr Bailey's desk, easily rent this black tissue of perjury. Finally, as though to add an infernal glare to these atrocities, Dr Bailey succeeded in producing several witnesses, of unquestionable respectability, who conscientiously deposed to his eminence as a preacher, and the estimation in which he was held as a man of moral worth! All, however, was in vain: he was found guilty, and transported for life. "How venial," justly observes Mr Townsend, "in comparison with his double guilt, yet how sad in contrast, the sin and punishment of Dr Dodd!" We conceive that few cases blacker than this are on record in the annals of crime. It were vain to speculate on the state of mind and of feeling of an accepted and successful minister of religion, who could conceive, and proceed deliberately to carry into execution, as he did, the idea of such enormous atrocity!

It is time, however, to come to the remarkable case of the claimant of the Stirling Peerage. It occurred twelve years ago, at Edinburgh, before a Scottish jury consisting of *fifteen*, instead of twelve, as in England and Ireland—the decision of a majority being sufficient to determine the result. There were four judges, constituting the High Court of Justiciary—Lord Meadowbank, Lord Mackenzie, Lord Moncrieff, and Lord Cockburn. The case of the Crown was conducted partially by Mr Ruthersford, then, and still, the Lord-Advocate, but principally by the then Solicitor-General, (now Lord Ivory,) Mr Cosmo Innes, and Mr Handyside;

that of the prisoner, called in Scotland "the Panel," by Mr Robertson, (now Lord Robertson,) Mr Anderson, and Mr Inglis. The court was crowded to excess throughout the whole trial, which lasted an entire week, attracting great attention, not only in this country, but at Paris, which supplied witnesses eminent as antiquaries and otherwise. The appearance of the prisoner at the bar was attended by a singular and touching manifestation of chivalrous devotion to his interests, and enthusiastic confidence in his integrity and honour, on the part of one of his chief friends, a highly distinguished and eminent British officer, Colonel Charles D'Aguiar, then Deputy-Adjutant-General of the forces in Ireland. This gentleman not only took his seat, in the first instance, beside the prisoner, but remained there till the last moment of the trial, when the prisoner was carried out of court in a swoon, on hearing the verdict announced. This gallant officer was the last witness called on behalf of the defence; stated that he had been an affectionate schoolfellow of the prisoner forty years before; and, though having little or no subsequent personal intercourse with him, had constantly corresponded with him during that long interval. The last questions proposed to him were as follows:—

"Q.—'From your long and intimate acquaintance with Lord Stirling, what is your opinion of him as a man of honour and a gentleman?'

"A.—'I think,' replied Colonel D'Aguiar with dignity, 'my presence here to-day is the best answer to that question. Nothing on earth would have induced me to stand where I do, before this court, if I did not believe Lord Stirling to be incapable of doing a dishonourable action. If the *correspondence* of an individual can in any manner be relied on as an index to his mind and character, I have in my possession, in the letters of Lord Stirling, what will afford the best proof of his uprightness and integrity.'**

A second, and in all respects similar testimony, was borne by another

gentleman of unquestionable honour and position in society, Mr Hardinge, of Bole Hall, near Tamworth, a relative of the late Sir Robert Peel.

"Q.—'You know the prisoner intimately?'

"A.—'I have constantly corresponded with him, and know him—so far as one man can know another.'

"Q.—'What is your opinion of him as a man of moral principle and honour?'

"A.—'If I were to point out a man as remarkable for the strictest honour, I would name Lord Stirling. When at school, he was universally beloved by every individual. . . . I introduced him to Sir Robert Peel. In his letters to me I never saw an expression that was not honourable to his head and heart. There is no man in existence more honourable, in my opinion, than he: as to that, from the knowledge I have of him, I think myself entitled to speak with confidence.'†

Of such evidence as this, the prisoner's counsel did not fail to make the most; but the Solicitor-General assailed it thus:—

"It cannot avail the prisoner *here*. Evidence to character may avail the accused where the case hangs *in dubio*, but not where the evidence is clear against the party. The circumstances in which the prisoner was placed, and the very end at which he was aiming, *must have made it part of his game to preserve and keep up the good character* which he seems originally to have possessed. He was aiming to obtain high honours and extensive lands and estates, and it was necessary for his success that he should conduct himself as a gentleman. I have no doubt that, being a very clever man, he could so conduct himself as to preserve the good impression which had from the first been laid in the early attachment of unsuspecting and affectionate boyhood. But all this must yield, if there be real evidence of crime."‡

To this, which, however just and forcible, would be considered, at the English Bar, as *perhaps* pressing with somewhat unusual severity upon a prisoner so situated, his counsel an-

* Swinton's Rep., p. 192.

† *Id.*, pp. 189, 190.

‡ *Id.*, p. 268.

swered by urging on the jury the unreasonableness of imputing such foul crime to “a man of unsullied character—or rather, as my learned friend seems to say, having got up a false good character for villanous purposes, like the man who was said to have fraudulently concealed his own insanity.”*

The Judge thus dealt with the topic:—

“Gentlemen,—I believe every tittle of this evidence, given with an earnestness which, if it told on your minds as it did on mine, must have been by you felt as most deeply affecting. It is however, at best, but evidence as to the *character* of the prisoner; and if the case be not *clear* against him, he will be entitled to the benefit of that character. But even if he had not obtained it, if the case had so stood, he would equally have been entitled to the benefit of the doubt. Still, you have got that evidence to character, and, still more, on account of it will you be disposed to listen to the suggestions of your own minds; and if the grounds for convicting the prisoner be not entirely satisfactory, in that case acquit him of these charges by a verdict, providing either that he is not guilty, or that, however suspicions may attach to him, the guilt has not been legally proven.”†

It will be not a little interesting, in the event, to see to what extent the jury acted upon this temperate and enlightened judicial advice. We now entreat the reader to peruse the ensuing narrative with a suspended judgment, keeping his eye steadily fixed on the true points of inquiry. It was *not* one of them, whether the prisoner's claims to the Earldom of Stirling were valid or not, but simply and exclusively whether certain documents were, in fact, forgeries; and if so, whether the prisoner had either forged them, or *uttered* them with a guilty knowledge that they were forgeries. It is of the utmost moment to distinguish between these two questions, for every one of the documents may have been forged, and even designed by the forger, and in-

trinsically calculated, to advance the interests of the claims and pretensions imputed to the prisoner; and further, he may have even availed himself of those forged documents for that purpose, and yet been as ignorant of the fact of forgery, and in all respects as innocent of a guilty uttering, as any of the Judges before whom he was being tried. Thus there are three questions before us: I. Were the documents in question, or any of them, forged? II. If so, were they forged by the prisoner, or by others with his knowledge? III. Or, lastly, did he utter any of them, knowing them to be forged?

Alexander HUMPHREYS, the prisoner, was the son of very respectable parents, and born in Warwickshire. His mother's name was Hannah, and she was the youngest child of the Rev. John ALEXANDER, a Presbyterian minister at Dublin. His father was a merchant of considerable affluence, and living in suitable style, and very hospitably, at a place near Birmingham called “Digleth,” from which, in 1798-1799, he removed to a place in the same neighbourhood called Fairhill, but subsequently “The Larches.” “Nobody in Birmingham,” said Mr Hardinge, “lived better. They kept their carriage and a pair of fine grey horses, and had half-a-dozen servants at least.”‡ Their son Alexander was born about the year 1784, and he went to a school near Birmingham kept by the Rev. Mr Corrie, the brother of an important witness in the case. Young Humphreys was a great favourite among his companions, two of whom were, as has been seen, Colonel D’Aguilar and Mr Hardinge. In his eighteenth year, he accompanied his father on some errand of business, as it is supposed, to France, during the short peace of 1802, both of them being, unfortunately, among the English detained prisoners by Napoleon. The father died, in 1807, at Verdun, where his son remained till the peace of 1814. Two years previously to that event he married Fortunata Bartoletti, a Neapolitan lady, by whom he was

* Swinton, p. 273.

† *Id.*, p. 334.

‡ *Id.*, p. 189.

introduced to a personage, one Made-moiselle le Normand, who was destined to figure prominently in his after history. She was an authoress of some little repute, but better known as the Parisian *Sybil*—in plain English, she was a fortune-teller by means of cards, (*Tireur des cartes*;) and she told Mr Humphreys his fortune, (he paying her five napoleons)—viz., “*that he would encounter many toils and distresses, but should at length arrive at great honours.*” How he supported himself in France is unknown; but, in 1814, he and Mrs Humphreys came over to England, and settled at Worcester with very limited means. He became an usher at a respectable school, then called Nether-ton House, but shortly afterwards was the master of the establishment. It would seem, also, that he carried on to a little extent, about the same time, the somewhat incongruous business of a wine-merchant, and, in fact, appeared to be in exceedingly straitened circumstances. How it came to pass seems a mystery; but about a year after his inauspicious settlement at Worcester—viz., in 1815 and 1816—he conceived the bold and bright idea of claiming the old Scottish earldom of Stirling, together with considerable estates in Scotland, and vast possessions in British North America, alleged to be annexed to the title. The dazzling link of assumed connection with these aristocratic pretensions was his mother. She and her husband seem to have gone down to their graves, however—he in France in 1807, and she in England in 1814—without ever having even hinted the existence of any such claims as their son was now starting, within a little more than a year after his mother’s death; unless, indeed, reliance is to be placed upon the extraordinary statements made some eleven or twelve years afterwards, by Mr Humphreys’ sister, a lady at Manchester, (under the name of “*Eliza,*” commonly called Lady Eliza Pountney,) who deponed that she had often heard her mother say to her children that “*they had noble blood in their veins,*” and had heard her deceased

father “*frequently call her mother his countess;*” but that her mother, “*being a person of great humility, and perfectly unostentatious, did not take upon herself the title;*” that her mother had repeatedly said that she had heard *her* mother say that she had an emblazoned pedigree of the Earls of Stirling, setting forth their marriages, issue, and descent, but which had been surreptitiously taken away or stolen from her; together with divers other family papers and valuable documents respecting the title and descent of the Earl of Stirling to her family; and she had also heard her mother say that she had two brothers, *John* and *Benjamin*, who had fully intended assuming their peerage honours, had not early death cut them off in the prime of life; also that they died unmarried, as did her eldest sister, *Mary*; whereby she (the mother of the deponent) said she believed herself to be the last of her family of the Alexanders, who were entitled to be Earls of Stirling: all which particulars the deponent considered “*were matters of notoriety in the then circle of her mother’s friends; but she did not know of any of their friends who were then alive.*”† The value, however, which was set upon these reminiscences, by those most affected by them, may be inferred from the fact, that this lady was not called as a witness on behalf of her brother at the trial, though she might have been, (and though the prisoner’s counsel were challenged by the Crown to produce her,‡) and the deposition containing these critical statements was printed with the “*Additional Defences*” given in by the prisoner! It is for the reader to judge of the probability that such a state of facts really existed—that Mr and Mrs Alexander could have entertained the idea, and freely spoken of such critical family matters, without any disinterested respectable person being producible to attest the fact of their having done so, and of their having taken a single step to investigate their supposed rights, or prosecute their imposing claims. The reader’s particular attention, however, is called

* Swinton, p. 155.

† *Id.*, Appendix, p. 88.‡ *Id.*, p. 179.

to the fact of this lady having made these statements *so early as January 1826*, and of her brother, the prisoner, then availing himself of them. The nature of some of these representations may hereafter throw light upon some dark and intricate passages in this remarkable history; but it must be remembered that this lady's statements were not brought before the jury.

The first evidence there was of the prisoner's stirring in the matter of his claims to the peerage, consisted of a statement made at the trial by a Mr Corrie, a solicitor at Birmingham, who had acted in that capacity to the prisoner's father, and been a trustee under his will. He said that he first heard from the prisoner himself of his claims in 1815 or 1816; but that on his saying "he had *no documents*, or *no effectual documents*, to support them," Mr Corrie had "declined to act for him then."* Sometime afterwards, however, he met with persons exhibiting greater zeal and enterprise on his behalf; but they do not come on the stage till after an interval of nearly seven or eight years—by which time he would seem to have entered into confidential relations with more than one professional adviser—among whom was a Mr *Thomas Christopher Banks*, the author of a work on dormant and extinct peerages,† and who will presently appear on the scene frequently and decisively. Acting under this gentleman's advice, early in the year 1824, Mr Humphreys applied for and obtained a royal licence to assume his mother's maiden name of Alexander—also that of the Stirling family—but without any intimation to the authorities of any particular reason which he had for doing so. Thenceforward, he wrote himself "Alexander Humphreys Alex-

ander."‡ Acting on the advice of counsel and his legal agents, he ventured next to take up the *Peerage title* of the noble family of which he aspired to be the representative; and on the 2d June 1825, actually attended at the election of a Scottish representative Peer in the room of the recently deceased Lord Balcarres, answered to the name of *The Earl of Stirling*, and having tendered his vote, it was, necessarily, recorded by the official clerks! This feat he long afterwards justly characterised as "a serious blunder;" adding, that "it was beginning where he should have ended."§ He founded his claim, be it observed, on this occasion—as, indeed, ever after—upon "a *royal charter, or letters patent of Novodamus, under the Great Seal of Scotland, dated the 7th December 1639, granted by King Charles I. in favour of William, Earl of Stirling.*" This alleged charter is the chief corner-stone of the entire structure, whether of fact or of fiction, with which we have to deal. It is necessary now, however, briefly but clearly, to set before the reader the time and manner of the original ennobling of the Stirling family.

Sir William Alexander, a courtier, and at the time Secretary of State of James I., obtained from him in A.D. 1621 a charter granting him the territory of Nova Scotia; and seven years afterwards—viz., on the 2d February 1628, he received from Charles I. a grant of the province since called Canada. Two years subsequently—viz., on the 4th September 1630, he was raised to the peerage by the title of Viscount of Stirling, by patent to him and "his *heirs male*;" and finally, three years afterwards—viz., on the 14th June 1633, on occasion of the latter King's coronation—he was advanced to the dignity of Earl of Stirling and

* Swinton, p. 183.

† 1 Townsend, 409.

‡ It is a commonly-received notion that a person cannot change his surname without a royal licence; but this is altogether erroneous. Any person may change, or add to, or sink his surname, at his will, "and work his way in the world with his new name as he best can," said the late Chief-Justice Tindal, in the case of *Davies v. Lerondis*, "provided it be not for the purpose of fraud." The royal licence serves only to authenticate and facilitate the *evidence* of such change.

§ This statement is taken from a book published by the prisoner in 1836, entitled, "Narrative of the oppressive Law Proceedings, and other Measures resorted to by the British Government, and numerous private individuals, to overpower the Earl of Stirling, and subvert his lawful rights. Written by himself."

Viscount Canada, by patent to him, and, again be it noted, "his *heirs male*." He took possession of all the vast territory which had been granted to him, and his son spent some time in America regulating the affairs of the colony. The first Earl died in London in February 1640; and with his death, suffice it shortly to state, terminated the connection of the Stirling family with Nova Scotia and Canada. It is not altogether needless to advert to the various changes of ownership between England and France which these provinces underwent, down to the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713.

The first Earl of Stirling had nine children—*i.e.* seven sons and two daughters. He had four successors in his earldom, the last of whom, Henry, the fifth earl, died without issue on the 4th December 1739. The link in the chain of descent with which we are specially concerned is that of JOHN, the fourth son of the first Earl: since the prisoner's case was, that he was descended from *this son John*. The prisoner appears to have been the second claimant of the peerage. The first was a *William Alexander*, surveyor-general of the State of New Jersey, and afterwards a general in the American army. In 1759-60 this gentleman, (whose name, position, and claim must be borne in mind,) assumed the title, and presented to the Sovereign, for the recognition of his honours, a petition, which was remitted to the House of Lords. Two years afterwards, however, (10th March 1762) a Committee of Privileges resolved that he had not established his claim, and that in the mean time he, or any person claiming under him, should not be admitted to vote at the elections of peers of Scotland, and that he "be ordered not to presume to take upon himself the said title, honour, and dignity, until his claim shall have been allowed in due course of law."* There the matter ended, and the dormant title of Stirling had rest for fifty-three years—*viz.*, till the year 1815—when the prisoner so suddenly revived it in order

to claim it as his own. When we parted with him—*viz.*, on the 2d June 1825—he was claiming to vote in the election of a representative peer of Scotland. We next find him instituting legal proceedings in Scotland, on the 7th February 1826, for procuring himself to be declared heir to *his mother*: on which occasion he styled himself "Alexander Humphreys Alexander, Earl of Stirling." On this occasion two documents were produced† of great importance, and of which more will be presently said—*viz.*, an *affidavit* alleged to have been made by a *Henry Alexander*, 16th July 1723, and "a statement" by a *William Gordon*, dated the 14th January 1723; both attested by a *Thomas Conyers*, on the 10th and 20th July in the same year;—the whole tending to establish the fact of the then existing charter of *Novodamus*, on which the prisoner's claim was founded, and also some links in his pedigree. This preliminary step having been taken, he appears to have returned to Worcester, and there carried on an extensive correspondence, having for its objects the discovery of evidence in support of his claims, and *raising loans* on the security of his alleged rightful possessions in America and Scotland! Mr Banks was despatched to North America to publish and assert the prisoner's rights as Earl of Stirling, and also to search for evidence; and he soon sent home flourishing accounts of the success of his mission. "By all," says the prisoner in a letter to a friend at Glasgow,‡ "he was received in a most flattering manner. The British consul had tendered him his services in a very handsome manner by letter. . . . It is now confidently anticipated the Congress will grant me a location of *five millions of acres*, (which is found to be *not one-twentieth part* of the lands originally granted—all convertible at once, at common market price, into cash!) and will be more than one million sterling." Eight months afterwards (25th July 1827) he exultingly announced fresh feats

* Journal of the House of Lords, vol. xxx. p. 186.

† Swinton, p. 105.

‡ Swinton, p. ix., note.—Letter dated 24th November 1826. (The letters appearing here are among those seized at the prisoner's house, and deposited at the Justiciary Office.)

on the part of his successful agent and pioneer, Mr Banks :—"I make haste to inform you that the charter of Nova Scotia is upon the record of the Great Seal at Edinburgh. Mr Banks has in his possession, and is using at this time, with complete effect, in America, all the office copies of that and the other charters which the first Earl of Stirling obtained." "By degrees all the valuable papers of which my grandmother was robbed, about the time that the General" (the William Alexander already referred to) "preferred his claims to the Earldom, are finding their way back to me. I have had the great satisfaction of learning, by these letters, that Mr Banks has positively ascertained the existence of another copy of that document." On returning from America, in the spring of 1828, Mr Banks was despatched on a similar errand to Ireland; and in one of his earliest letters to the prisoner, (2d May 1828,) he alludes to a communication made to him by the latter concerning some "late Parisian information," adding, "and I believe that all the latent windings are about to be brought to light.

. . . Your extracts are most encouraging; and indeed it is more than extraordinary that so much truth has been mentioned, where the circumstances of past events were never told. Thus, what is to come may be most fairly looked up to as a surety of the wonderful works of Providence in the way of retribution, which, though slow in occurring, is nevertheless true in taking place at the due time, but which human endurance, in the interim, can barely be brought to have the patience to await, or sustaining severe trials with fortitude.*"

Mr Banks was despatched a second time to Ireland in the spring of the ensuing year, (1829;) and in a letter to the prisoner, dated Carlow, 17th March 1829, (not put in evidence,) announced a great and gratifying event—neither more nor less than his discovery of an old document purporting to be a duly attested "EXCERPT" from the lost charter of Charles I., on which the prisoner had based his claims to the Stirling peerage! This "excerpt" was the

instrument which proved the first article of indictment against the prisoner. Mr Banks gives, in the last-cited letter, the following account of this truly wonderful windfall. He found it in a parcel, which had been left at his hotel in Dublin, by some stranger, "a person with whom he had had no communications." But discovering an all-important indorsement upon it, verifying the authenticity of the document, and signed "Thomas Conyers, 10th July 1723," he returned to Carlow, which he had visited on the preceding occasion, and found out a Mrs Fairclough, who had some knowledge of the family of Conyers; and Mr Banks was at length led to believe, that this mysterious parcel had come from her husband, who had gone from Carlow, and whom he represented to be a disreputable person. "Fairclough most probably sent the parcel to me without any communication, that his name might not be brought forward, and he be thereby exposed to questions or investigations as to the Conyers' concerns, which he might not choose to answer. Such are my surmises. However, the 'excerpt' is certainly of great importance, as the identity of its having once belonged to Mr Conyers, who had the original charter of Novodamus, [the indorsement stated, that 'the original charter was at present in his keeping,'] is so well proven and established." He had come to this conclusion, from an alleged interview with the Inspector of Franks at the General Post-Office, Carlow, to whom he showed the indorsement, and who compared the signature with the undoubted signature of Conyers, particularly that affixed to his will. "I think," added Mr Banks, "I have been very fortunate." His discovery, however, did but realise an anticipation which he had formed, and conveyed to his employer a year before, during his former visit to Ireland, viz., on the 23d April 1838: "I am in great hopes to trace Conyers' family; which if I do, and find his representatives, . . . his papers might mention when, and to whom he gave the charter; and, not improbably, even a

* Swinton, p. xciv.

*copy might be found amongst them.** A month afterwards, Mr Banks wrote two letters to Mr Lockhart, a Writer to the Signet at Edinburgh, who had been professionally engaged by the prisoner in the preceding April, which the prisoner's counsel vainly endeavoured to get admitted in evidence, without calling Mr Banks, though he was alive and within reach, and the counsel for the crown challenged the prisoner's counsel to call him! This however was declined, on the alleged ground that, in 1834-5, the intercourse and friendship between the prisoner and Mr Banks had been terminated through a quarrel.† The first of these two letters, dated (10th April 1829,) contained the following passages:—“I must observe that, during my stay in Ireland, I was very fortunate in some points of high consequence, all particularly confirmatory, as well of his lordship's descent, as of the identity of the charter of *Novodamus*; an original excerpt from which I have had put into my hands, of a most undoubted nature and authenticity. . . . I consider what I have so unexpectedly met with to be of very estimable service, as I should think it could amply prove the tenor of the original charter.” The second letter (17th April 1829) contained the following:—“As to the excerpt I so unexpectedly got in Ireland, it appears to have been either taken by or to have belonged to Mr Conyers, who had the original charter, for *his initials are on the back of it*; and these initials I have had examined with his original writing to several documents in the several courts at Dublin. Having made a copy of this excerpt, I also send it for your perusal, that you may judge how far it may be adequate to maintain *the application for a new charter* before the Lord-Advocate, or to sustain an action *to prove the tenor* in the Court of Session at Edinburgh.”

Within a month's time—viz., in the ensuing May—this memorable “excerpt” was in the hands of Mr Lockhart; who on the 12th of the ensuing October commenced an action at

Edinburgh for the purpose of “*proving the tenor*,” as it is called, of the original though lost charter, of which this alleged excerpt had been discovered. The action was opposed by the Crown lawyers; and as the prisoner had nothing but this “excerpt” to rely upon, adducing no evidence of his propinquity to the granter of the charter, the suit was dismissed for want of title, on the 4th March 1830. A second similar attempt followed the same fate, on the 2d March 1833; and these two were the only efforts made by the prisoner to use this capital instrument of evidence, the “excerpt,” for the purpose of proving his rights of succession to both the honours and estates of the Stirling family. All this while, however, he was strenuously endeavouring also to establish his *pedigree*, for which purpose he availed himself of certain methods of legal procedure in Scotland, appearing to us so absurd in their nature, and dangerous in the facilities afforded by them for fraud, as to have become, says Mr Swinton, “for some time a subject of very general complaint in Scotland.”‡ Any claimant of a right of succession there has, it seems, only to obtain, as a matter of course, a precept to the sheriff to summon an inquest to try the alleged right; and if there be no opponent claiming *precisely in the same character*, nothing can be heard against the claimant! Evidence of any description is admitted, and the inquest finds, upon oath, that the claimant is entitled to the character which he seeks to establish! And beyond all this, if their proceedings should continue unchallenged for twenty years, (said the Solicitor-General)¶ it would not have been possible to set aside or annul them! Surely “the amending hand” which Lord Coke prays may be “blessed” is here required in Scotland! By means of this previous process, the prisoner procured himself, on the 11th October 1830, to be declared nearest lawful heir, as GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDSON of William, first earl of Stirling. On

* Swinton, Additional Append., p. xcii.

† *Ibid.*, Additional Append., p. cvi.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 195.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 106, 110, 178.

§ *Id.* Preface, p. xii. ¶ *Ibid.*, p. xiv. 13.

this occasion he produced, among his documentary evidence, a copy of the affidavit of Henry Hovenden, already referred to, and also of another by a *Sarah Lyners*, dated the 17th January 1722, of which more anon. Within a few months' time, again, he was on the 2d July 1831 declared heir in the Nova Scotian and Canadian possessions of the first earl!—a fact which a few days afterwards—namely on the 12th July ensuing—he formally communicated to the public authorities there, and inhabitants, by way of proclamation,* in terms almost befitting a sovereign newly restored to his dominions! While thus intrepidly urging on his way in the law courts of Scotland, he seized every opportunity of personally exercising the rights of the peerage. On the 2d September 1830, he voted (under protest made by the Earl of Rosebery, but not seconded) at the election of representative peers at Holyrood; again on the 3d June 1831, but under a protest formally entered by the Duke of Buccleuch and Lord Lauderdale. On the 29th August 1831, he petitioned for leave to do homage at the coronation, as hereditary-lieutenant of Nova Scotia!—created several baronets in right of such lieutenancy, one of whom was his agent Mr Banks, to whom he also assigned 16,000 acres of land in Nova Scotia, but who resigned the rank after his quarrel with the prisoner in 1834-5; and finally, on the 25th January 1838, positively forwarded to Lord Melbourne a solemn protest, as hereditary-lieutenant of her Majesty in the provinces of Nova Scotia, (including New Brunswick,) and Upper and Lower Canada, against the appointment of the late Earl of Durham as Governor-General of the colony! That this was at all events a bold and decisive line of operations, apparently indicating supreme confidence in the validity of his pretensions, no one will doubt; and it renders deeply interesting the inquiry on which we are about to enter. In the mean time, however, a question

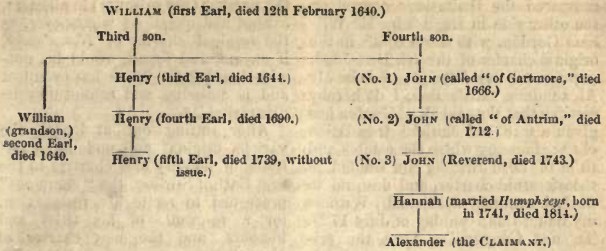
may occur—Whence could be derived the funds requisite for carrying on these expensive—these extensive and complicated—operations, in different and distant parts of the world? In the year 1829 the prisoner quitted Worcester, reduced to great distress, and came to London, where he established himself in lodgings at the corner of Jermyn Street and Regent Street. While there, again, as was reluctantly testified by a witness at the trial,† he was “in great distress for money,—unable to pay for his lodgings—and he acknowledged that he had left his butcher’s bill at Worcester unpaid, and that his family were in great distress there.” Such, however, were the results of his confident and enterprising energy—such the reliance placed on his representations of success, in enforcing his claims in America—and the eclat which he derived from frequently and publicly asserting and exercising the rights of the peerage—that in about eighteen months’ time he actually succeeded in raising from one agent alone, on the faith of his prospects, no less a sum, though at enormous rates of interest, than £13,000. He now brought up his family to town, established them in fashionable quarters, and lived expensively; and also opened an office in Parliament Street, whence he issued advertisements for the sale of territories in Canada, and debentures on his American possessions!

Let us now, however, inspect the machinery by which he originally proposed and attempted to raise himself from comparative social obscurity to distinction, from extreme poverty to vast wealth, to ally himself to aristocracy, and indeed become one of its prominent members.

The proposition which he undertook to prove, as has been seen, was, that he was the *great-great-great-grandson* of the first Earl of Stirling. We shall now place before our readers so much only of the various pedigrees as is necessary to trace, and render interesting to follow, the operations attributed to the prisoner:—

* Swinton, 2d. Append. p. lxxxiii.

† *Id.* p. 165.



Here, it will be observed, we have three *Henrys*, in immediate succession, Earls of Stirling, and three *Johns*; which *Henrys* and *Johns* were respectively and successively brothers, first cousins, and second cousins; and one naturally asks, Why did not John (No. 3,) the claimant's grandfather, at once take up the earldom, on the death, without issue, of his second cousin, Henry the fifth earl, whom he survived four years? A second observation arising on the above pedigree is, that the claimant derives title through a female descent—*Hannah*, his mother, claiming to do so by means of the irrecoverable but sweeping charter of *Novodamus*. The reader will bear in mind that there are, as we have already seen,* two patents of nobility to the Stirling family, respectively dated the 4th September 1630, and the 14th June 1633, giving the titles, first of Viscount, then of Earl, "to him and HIS HEIRS-MALE for ever, bearing the name and arms of Alexander." To establish his right under these patents, the prisoner must of course have proved that he was heir-male of the first Earl of Stirling. That would have been a matter of mere pedigree—showing himself the last of an unbroken succession of males. But the prisoner set up a case of a totally different nature—in a word, that the first earl "being," to quote from a "statement of William Gordon," hereafter referred to, "under great dejection of spirit, after losing three of his sons, who had given him the brightest hopes; and fearing, from the declining state of health of two of y^e survivors, that his honours might

at no dist^t. period pass to a collateral branch of his family, RESIGNED his titles and estates into the king's hands; who, by a charter under the great seal, bearing date the 7th Dec. 1639, (*i.e.* two months only before the earl's death,) conferred them DE NOVO [*'de novo dedit'*] upon him and the heirs-male of his body: *which failing* [the whole case hinges on this clause] to y^e ELDEST HEIRS-FEMALE WITHOUT DIVISION OF THE LAST OF SUCH HEIRS-MALE hereafter succeeding to the titles, honours, and dignities aforesaid, and to the HEIRS-MALE to be procreated of the bodies of such heirs-female." † "Note"—continued Mr Gordon—"I have not met with this charter in our publick records; but from a marginal reference to y^e 57 volume of y^e Regr. of the G^t. Seal, w^b. I noticed while I was taking y^e foregoing clause of limitation from *Mr James Hay's* transcript, I am led to conclude that y^e chartre was entered in a part of that vol. *where several leaves are now wanting*. Be my conjecture true or false, little importeth, however, since the original charter is at this time [14th January 1723] in y^e possession of *Thos. Conyers, Esq^r*. of Catherclaigh, in y^e kingdom of Ireland, who will no doubt let you have inspection thereof, and, for aught we know, may further be *willing* to give it up to you, as it can be of no use to him." On the back of this document, in the handwriting of "*the Reverend John Alexander*," was found "No. 3, from Mr W. Gordon, Edinb. 14 Jan^y. 1723. Rec^d. 27th." And at the foot of the "Statement" is the following "Attestation":—"I have

* *Ante*, p. 468.

† Swinton, Additional Appendix, pp. lxxxix.-xc.

compared the limitations copied on the other side in English by Mr William Gordon, with those cont^d. in the original charter of the 7th Dec. 1639, *at present in my keeping*; and for Mr Alexander's satisfaction, I do hereby certifye that the said Wm. Gordon has given a true and faithful translation of the clause by which the estates and titles of Lord Stirling are limited in the aforesaid charter, and descend to the heirs therein mentioned. Witness my hand, this 10th day of July 1723. Thomas Conyers." Thus the prisoner's case was, to prove the existence of this all-important charter of "*Novodamus*," as it was called, operating so great a change in the destination of the honours of the Stirling family; and then that he, by his descent, satisfied its conditions. But this original charter itself, he declared from the first, was not forthcoming; and not only was it lost or destroyed, but also *the official record of it* in the Register of the Great Seal; and his reliance was placed on the next best procurable evidence of its existence, afforded (after proof of the loss or the destruction of the original) by authentic quotations from its essential provisions, by the persons who had made such quotations from the original, but above all by the famous EXCERPT of the charter, so fortunately discovered in Ireland by Mr Banks. What clear, cogent, conclusive evidence, however, was requisite to establish such facts! and what courageous confidence must he have had in the merits of his case, who undertook to dare the lynx-eyed scrutiny to which his "proofs" would be inevitably exposed!

Divested of all technicalities and superfluous statements, the following is the first public formal account of the matter given by the prisoner, in the former of the two actions already alluded to, brought by him in 1829 to establish or "prove the tenor" of the original charter. His prayer was, "That it might be declared and discerned that the charter was in form following, [setting it out in the original Latin—and pretty Latinity it is—according to the excerpts,] and that such 'decree' should be in all respects as valid and effectual a document to

the pursuer (the prisoner) in all cases, causes, and questions whatsoever, as the original charter of *Novodamus*, if extant and found, would be, notwithstanding the same has been lost and is amissing, and cannot now be discovered."*

After setting out at length the various original and undoubted patents of nobility and charters to the first Earl of Stirling, the "summons" proceeded to recite his resignation, for a re-grant, of his titles and honours, and the new charter of *Novodamus*, accordingly, of the 7th December 1639, with the new limitations. These stated the successive descents of the title to the fifth Earl, who died without issue; after which, substantially the following curious narrative was given, and which is well worthy of attentive consideration, as affording a key to much of what follows. The Reverend John Alexander, the grandfather of the prisoner, (John No. 3,) being at this time *heir-presumptive* to the earldom, proceeded, in the year 1722, to collect the evidence of his right of succession. This, it will be observed, was after his second cousin, the last earl, had enjoyed the peerage and estates for thirty-two years—doubtless without having alive, at that time, any issue to succeed him; which is obviously intended to account for the heir-presumptive being then on the look-out after his own rights. One should have thought, however, reverting to the state of the pedigree already given, that all was simple and straightforward enough, as in an ordinary case of succession to a peerage. But the reverend grandfather of the prisoner is represented to have taken some peculiar steps in 1722. He employed an Edinburgh expert in genealogy—the Mr William Gordon, of whom we have already heard—to "collect *the evidence of the rights* of succession, and draw out a statement of the descent." Mr Gordon set about his task; and early in 1723 transmitted to his employer a translation of the limitations in the charter of *Novodamus*, of the 9th December 1639, made, however, from only a copy of it; stating that the *original* was in

* Swinton, Appendix, pp. vii. viii.

the hands of a Mr THOMAS CONYERS, Master extraordinary in Chancery in Ireland. On this, the heir-presumptive employed an Irish professional man, skilled in such matters—a Mr Hovenden—to make further inquiry in Ireland. He went, accordingly, to this Mr Thomas Conyers on the 10th July 1723, who allowed him to see the precious original charter, which he “most minutely examined,” and found to agree with the account of it which had been supplied to him by Mr Gordon. The heir-presumptive (John No. 3) afterwards succeeded in getting possession of this same original charter, which, on his death in 1743, came into the hands of his widow, who shortly afterwards went to England, and settled at Birmingham. About the year 1758, however, (that is, nineteen years after the death of the fifth earl, and fifteen years after the death of her husband) the Reverend John Alexander—according to the prisoner’s case—must have been for four years *de jure* the sixth earl, and died such! This invaluable charter, the foundation of the family honours, having been very carefully and secretly kept by the *de jure* countess, was feloniously stolen from her by one of her servants, who had been bribed to do so by the William Alexander of America, who was then laying claim to the title.* This gentleman having thus obtained possession of it, entered into an agreement of partition of the family estates with two nephews of the fifth earl living in England, obtained the charter from their hands, and thereupon assumed the title, and, after a time, either suppressed or destroyed the charter! The claimant (the prisoner) had publicly advertised and offered a reward for the discovery of the missing charter, but in vain; and, as a forlorn hope, caused inquiries to be made in America, among the persons into whose hands the papers, &c., of the aforesaid Mr William Alexander had come in the year 1806. These persons swore (in America) that all his papers had been “sent to auction *en masse*,” prior to the year 1812, and

that “among them were a number of large parchments,” and that, though diligent search had been made for them, none could then be found or heard of. The claimant next averred that the original charter had been duly registered in the Register of the Great Seal, at Edinburgh, but that the record of it “had perished or disappeared” in consequence of the loss—a matter of public notoriety—of a part of the Register, as had been officially testified by the Lords of Council and Session to the House of Lords, on the 27th February 1760. For these reasons, “it was necessary, in order to supply the place of the said charter of Novodamus, that THE TENOR of it should be proved,” as prayed for; † that the claimant “was possessed of AN ABRIDGED COPY OR ABSTRACT of the said charter,” which could be produced in Court with the summons; that such copy or abstract was authenticated by the said Thomas Conyers, who had the original charter in his keeping; and the same, and other documents offered, are sufficient evidence for proving the existence and tenor of the said charter.” It may be here as well to give some notion of what is called in Scotland a charter of “Novodamus,” and which we find, in our limited knowledge of the subject, some difficulty in squaring precisely, in point of character, with the tenor of the instrument put forward as such by the prisoner, as indicated in a former page. ‡ A charter of *Novodamus* does not, in spite of its name, necessarily imply the existence of a former charter, but may be equally an original or a renewed grant—everything comprised by it is held to be effectually conveyed to the donee, though he may have had no antecedent title to it. The true nature of the charter of *Novodamus*, however, is, when the superior—whether the Crown or a subject—really *re-grants* the matters therein contained, to remedy any defect or flaw in the former grant; or where the grantee seeks to avoid burthens chargeable in respect of casualties—*i.e.*, emoluments fallen due to the superior.§ It may be well to

* *Ante*, p. 469.† *Ante*, p. 471.‡ *Ante*, p. 473.§ *Erskine's Institutes*, book ii. title iii. § 23.

bear in mind this attempted explanation, when hereafter adverting to one or two clauses in the famous "Excerpt-charter of Novodamus." When the fact is adverted to of the prisoner having, as long before as the years 1815 or 1816, consulted Mr Corrie, his family solicitor—a respectable professional man, who, as we have seen, had been the confidential adviser and trustee of the prisoner's father—on the subject of his claim to the earldom, and then acknowledged to him that "he had *no documents*, or no *effectual documents*, to support his claims;" and that it was not till ten or eleven years afterwards that we have any trace of his movements or proceedings; when, in 1826, he produced the affidavit of Hovenden, the statement of Gordon, and the certificate of Conyers, and, three years afterwards, the memorable "excerpt" charter, of which he had heard for the first time from Mr Banks in March 1829—when all this is borne in mind together, the above narrative affords matter for curious speculation, especially as to the state of facts existing in 1815, and the developments of the ensuing ten years. We must, however, hasten on.

The Crown lawyers were at length startled by the persevering energy, system, and success, which characterised and attended the movements of the prisoner, and the results to which they were leading. In the year 1833, therefore, they resolved to undertake the task of demolishing the entire fabric of his proofs; and, on the 15th of January, in that year, commenced formidable proceedings, denominated as those of "*Reductive-Improbation*," having for their object to obtain a solemn judicial declaration that everything done by the prisoner, in the prosecution of his claim, was null and void, and, as such, should be rescinded and annulled; that his vouchers were fabricated, and that he was not the great-great-grandson of the first Earl of Stirling, and had no pretensions to assume the name or title, or exercise the rights appertaining to it. Thus, at length challenged to mortal encounter, the

prisoner brought forward, in support of his claim, several witnesses, as well as documentary evidence, among which were the affidavits of Henry Hovenden aforementioned, and one Sara Lyner; but the celebrated "*excerpt*" having, as we have seen, been twice rejected by the Courts in former proceedings, did not make its appearance in this new and serious stage of the proceedings. It appears to have been a very protracted inquiry—three years having elapsed between the commencement of it in January 1833, and the delivery of the Lord Ordinary's (Cockburn) interlocutory judgment, at the close of December 1836.

The object of the prisoner in that inquiry was to prove the pedigree, as it appears in a previous page*—that is, to connect the *three John Alexanders* there set forth, in the relationship of father, son, and grandson; and the object of his opponents, of course, was to disprove such relationship. Judging solely from the materials placed before us by Mr Swinton, and not familiar with the details of Scotch legal proceedings, we are astonished at the time taken to demolish the most flimsy structure of pedigree proof we ever remember to have seen—always excepting in the droll page of the novelist. In the English courts, half a day would have sufficed for the purpose. Nay, we question whether any member of the Bar, with any legal reputation to lose or endanger, would have seriously offered, or at least pressed on a judge and jury, such evidence as was tendered, and long and solemnly canvassed, by the Scottish Courts in this instance: we are speaking, of course, without the advantage of having the full proceedings before us. Yet we are bound to say that the judgment pronounced by the Lord Ordinary† is exceedingly able and convincing, and characterised by a courteous and dignified gravity, pregnant with indications of suppressed severity of comment on the audacity which could have offered such materials for judicial exposition. The case stood briefly thus, according to the import-

* *Ante*, p. 473.

† Swinton, Appendix, p. 22.

ant and decisive judgment. It was admitted by the Crown lawyers that the prisoner was the lawful son of Hannah Alexander, and that she was the daughter of the Reverend John Alexander, said to have died in 1743; but they strenuously denied its having been proved that he was the son of John (No. 2) of Antrim, or that this last was the son of John (No. 1) of Gartmore, the fourth son of the first Earl of Stirling. "The whole of the defender's case," said the Lord Ordinary emphatically, "depends upon the genuineness of these two descents." In attacking that case, the Crown lawyers proved incontestably, at starting, that John of Gartmore, (so called because he had married Agnes Graham, the heiress of Gartmore,) had issue by her a daughter only! Unless, therefore, as was intimated by the Lord Ordinary during the progress of the case, and coincided in by the prisoner's counsel, he contracted a SECOND MARRIAGE, the whole case fell to the ground. The lucky suggestion was eagerly snatched at; and it was asserted that there had been such a second marriage. Of such marriage, however, not a tittle of evidence was offered, except inferentially, from the supposed proofs of his having had a son! "The fact of the second marriage," said the Lord Ordinary, "is not even attempted to be established by any direct or separate evidence." This seemed like laying the axe at the root of the tree. Next came the Lord Ordinary to the proof of "the filiation of the two Johns," consisting of the two affidavits of Sara Lyner and Hovenden, a tomb-stone inscription, and the examination of two very old female witnesses. First, as to the affidavits, even admitting them to be genuine, they seemed liable to almost every conceivable objection to their *admissibility*: made, not by relatives or connections, but by total strangers to the family, of whose means of knowledge nothing was known! in no judicial cause! before no opponent capable of questioning and testing their truth, under circumstances "with which" said the Lord Ordinary, "we are not

in the slightest degree acquainted!" made not *post litem*, but *post controversiam motam*! They might have been voluntary affidavits, and made for fraudulent purposes! The Lord Ordinary, notwithstanding, deemed it advisable, on the whole, not to reject them *in limine*, as inadmissible, but to admit them for the purpose of considering their credit and efficacy. The affidavit of Sara Lyner was so ludicrously deficient in all formal attributes of authenticity and attestation, that "it was difficult to imagine any document introduced into a case with poorer recommendations." The affidavit of Hovenden presented itself in an infinitely more questionable shape, for, though professing to have been sworn before, and to bear the signature of, one "J. Pocklington—admitted by the Crown lawyers to have been a Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland in 1723, and attested by Hovenden, whose signature purported to be again attested by a notary-public—they averred that the paper on which the body of the affidavit was written had been originally covered with some other writing, constituting the affidavit really sworn before Baron Pocklington; and which had been chemically removed, to make way for the existing affidavit." "The evidence of this charge of fabrication," said the Lord Ordinary, "which is not directed against the defender (*i.e.* the prisoner) personally, consists of the appearance of the paper, and the *uncontradicted* testimony of Dr Fyfe and Dr Gregory, two gentlemen of undoubted character and skill in chemistry." "The Lord Ordinary"—he continues in a forbearing tone—"is very unwilling to hold this painful charge to be legally established,* and therefore carries the result no farther than this—that the paper is exposed to a degree of suspicion which makes it unsafe to rely on this document." Having thus tolerated the reception of these two disgraced documents, let us see what they contained. That of Sara Lyner stated that she was eighty-four years old; nursed the mother of the Rev. John Alexander

* Neither of these affidavits formed an article of charge in the indictments against the prisoner.

(John No. 3) when he was born; and that he was the son of John of Antrim (No. 2,) in whose family she had lived twenty years. "But how did she connect John of Antrim with John of Gartmore? How pass over this great gulf? She said that *her mother* had lived in the service of Lord Montgomery; and while there (no date given) Mr John Alexander of Gartmore, a son of the Lord Stirling, in Scotland, came to see my lord, and brought with him his only son"—who was—"Mr John Alexander of Antrim!" This is the whole scope of the affidavit—"the unexplained *assertion*, or conjecture, of that solitary witness—"he brought with him his only son, and that son was—John of Antrim!" The second affidavit is one which, if true, settled the whole matter compendiously, completely, and conclusively, in favour of the prisoner. Mr Hovenden commenced by the invaluable statement, that he was "intimately acquainted with the reverend minister, John Alexander, grandson, and only male representative of John Alexander of Gartmore, the 4th son of William, first Earl of Stirling, in Scotland;—which said John Alexander was formerly of Antrim; "but was then (16th July 1723) dwelling in Warwickshire, in Great Britain!" It was to establish as facts the above complete little course of descent that this affidavit had been offered in evidence: but the above pregnant sentence formed only an introductory statement, the body of the affidavit consisting of an account of its deponent having been informed by the said Rev. John Alexander (John No. 3) that the original charter of the earldom was in the possession of Thomas Conyers—to whom the deponent went at the particular desire of Mr Alexander, on the 10th July 1723, and was shown the original charter, in Latin, dated the 7th December 1639: and then followed "a faithful translation of the clause" which operated that signal change in the original destination, under which the prisoner claimed. And, finally, there was indorsed, or subscribed, to their affidavit, the following memorandum, purporting to be by a son of the aforesaid Thomas Conyers:—

"I willingly bear testimony to the truth of this statement and the written affidavit. Lord Stirling's charter was trusted to *my late father* in troublous times, by *y^e dec^d Mary*, Countesse of Mr Alexander, without the present Earl's consent.

"Carlow, 20th July 1723.

"THOS. CONYERS."

By "the present Earl," was meant the fifth and last Earl of Stirling—who survived the year in which this affidavit purported to have been made sixteen years! It is pertinent here, with a view to subsequent elucidation, to remind the reader of another similar attestation, by this Mr "Thomas Conyers"—[*ante*, p. 470]—to the accuracy of Mr William Gordon's abstract of the same clause of limitation in the charter in question.

As this affidavit was put forward before the Lord Ordinary only for the sake of its statement of pedigree, he despatched it on the same ground as that on which he had disposed of the affidavit of Sara Lyner—viz., as only a general assertion by a stranger to the family, with no circumstance stated in support of that assertion. So much for the affidavits. Then comes some tombstone evidence.

"Tombstones," said the Lord Ordinary, with a sort of subdued sarcasm, "have sometimes gone far to decide pedigrees; but probably none were ever founded on, in circumstances like the one relied on by the defender." And the reader will probably be of the same opinion. The evidence consisted of an alleged inscription on a tombstone in the Churchyard at Newtown-lands, in Ireland; which inscription, quoth the Lord Ordinary, drily, "is very strong in the defender's [the prisoner's] favour; *as strong as if it had been composed for this very case!*" The reader will bear in mind this observation, as we shall hereafter have occasion to present him, in full splendour, with this "Inscription." Suffice it to say, for the present, that the tombstone which bore it was confessedly not in existence; the copy relied on was alleged to have been inscribed on a page in a Bible, which also was confessedly not in existence! And the shape in which the copy was presented was—a piece of paper, pur-

porting to have been that page in that Bible! The alleged leaf was headed thus:—"Inscription on my grandfather's [John No. 1—of Gartmore] tomb, at Newton: copied for me by Mr Hum. Lyttleton." Who this last gentleman was no one knew: no one proved his hand-writing—but we shall shortly hear something not a little curious about him. And the only evidence in support of this all-important document was a sort of certificate by four persons—that "this leaf, taken out of poor John's bible, is put up, with the other family papers, for my son Benjamin. Done this 16 Dec. 1766, in the presence of my friends, who, at my request, have subscribed their names as witnesses!" The absurdity of all this is cuttingly exposed by the Lord Ordinary. It was then sought to corroborate this alleged "copy" by showing that there really had been such a tombstone: and how thinks the reader? By the evidence of a pauper eighty years old, the widow of a mason, who, forty-four years before, told her that he had seen a tombstone in the floor of the old church, with the words, "John Alexander, Esq., Antrim," upon it; and that he had built this stone into the walls of the church for better preservation. If so, it was safe and visible in the wall at the time of his telling her that fact—viz., in 1792: and that fact was directly and conclusively disproved by evidence!

Finally, the old pauper aforesaid, and another elderly woman, were called to speak to statements concerning the fact of relationship in dispute, exceeding in absurdity even what has gone before—hearsay, upon hearsay, upon hearsay! For instance, one of them, a stranger, says—"I heard my grandmother say, that she heard her father say! that the said John of Antrim was come of the Alexander from Scotland, and was nearly related to the Earl of Mount Alexander, in Ireland. I heard my grandmother also say that she had heard from her father, that John of Gartmore was—the Honourable John Alexander, and was the father of John of Antrim!!!"*

"On the whole," concludes the Lord Ordinary, "he is of opinion that

the evidence, whether considered in its separate parts, or as a whole, is utterly insufficient to sustain the verdicts. And it is impossible not to be struck with the number of collateral facts by which, if the claim be well founded, the proof might have been strengthened, but in which there is a total absence of evidence." The Lord Ordinary decreed accordingly, leaving the claimant to the Stirling peerage prostrate. Bitter, indeed, must have been his mortification and disappointment, at the blight thus fallen upon the fond hopes of so many years, rendering all his anxieties and exertions utterly bootless.

But how little he must have dreamed of the wonderful events which a very few months, nay, weeks, were to produce! They may have appeared to him like two direct and very special interpositions of Providence in his behalf!

It will have been remembered that the Lord Ordinary emphatically declared the two great gaps in the pedigree proof to be—the Rev. John Alexander's (John No. 3) being the son of John of Antrim (John No. 2;) and John of Antrim's being the son of John of Gartmore (John No. 1.) This decree was pronounced on the 10th December 1836; and on the 8th day after the disastrous event—viz., on the 18th December 1836—pressed by pecuniary difficulties, and the vindictiveness of his enemies, the prisoner says he went to France, under a feigned name, and lived in great seclusion in or near Paris, till the 15th August 1837, when he returned to Scotland, to vote at the election of Scotch Peers. During that otherwise cheerless interval, occurred, in April and July, the two signal discoveries above alluded to. We shall give his own summary of the results thus obtained, quoting from the official "Minute" given in by him to the Court on the 15th Nov. 1837, in the name of his two eminent counsel.

"The defender has lately come to the knowledge of various documents which tend very materially to strengthen the evidence of propinquity, in regard to THE TWO DESCENTS referred to by the Lord Ordinary. By these

* Swinton, Appendix, xxix.

newly-discovered documents he trusts he will be able to establish that John Alexander of Gartmore (John No. 1,)* after he had lost his wife, Agnes Graham, heiress of Gartmore, married, as his second wife, Elizabeth Maxwell, of Londonderry, by whom he had an only son, JOHN, who died at Derry in 1665-6. That this son John (John No. 2,) son of John of Gartmore, received his early education at Londonderry; was afterwards sent to a German University; and, after being many years abroad, settled at Antrim; married Mary Hamilton, of Bangor; had by her one son, John (John No. 3,) and two daughters; died on the 19th April 1712, and was buried at Newtown. That Mr Livingston, an old friend of the family, wrote the "Inscription" † to his memory, which was on the tombstone at Newtown-lands; and that Mr Lyttleton's copy of it was known in 1765. That the said John Alexander of Antrim (John No. 2) had encouraged the taste of his son (John No. 3) for the ministry of the Church of Scotland; and that the said son, who was the Rev. John Alexander, died at Dublin, on the 1st Nov. 1743. ‡

These signal facts were sought to be substantiated by two classes of documents, of an equally remarkable character, respectively finding their way to the prisoner anonymously, in April and July 1837—the one in London, the other at Paris.

I. Mr Eugene Alexander, the third son of the prisoner, happens, towards the close of April 1837, to call at Messrs De Porquet and Co.'s, booksellers in London, who had been occasionally employed by the prisoner, was informed by them that they had just received, by the twopenny-post, a packet addressed to them, which inclosed another, addressed, "The Right Hon. the Earl of Stirling," accompanied by the following note, addressed to them, in a lady's hand, without disguise:—"Mrs Innes Smyth's compliments to Messrs De Porquet and Co. She had fully intended calling in Tavistock Street, when she arrived in town yesterday from Staffordshire; but another com-

mission she had to execute having prevented her, she is induced to send the enclosed packet to them by the twopenny-post, with her particular request that they will forward it instantly to the Earl of Stirling, or any member of his lordship's family, whose residence may be known to them.—Hackney, April 19."—Who "Mrs Innes Smyth" was, neither the prisoner nor any of his family could discover; and she remains to this hour, for aught we can gather to the contrary, utterly unknown, having come like a shadow, and so departed. Mr Alexander seems to have been not a little flustered by the occurrence; and having immediately consulted some solicitors, he and they went to a notary-public the next morning, and in his presence opened the packet addressed to his father; when they discovered another packet, cased in parchment, on which was written, "*Some of my wife's family papers.*" On seeing this, he instantly exclaimed, "That is my grandfather's handwriting!" "This inner packet," continued his son, in writing to his father, "was sealed with three black seals, all the same impression—evidently my grandfather's seals—not like those we have." Accompanying this inner parchment packet was the following mysterious note:—"The enclosed was in a small cash-box, which was stolen from the late William Humphreys, Esq., at the time of his removing from Digleth House, Birmingham, to Fair Hill. The person who committed the theft was a young man in a situation in trade which placed him above suspicion. Fear of detection, and other circumstances, caused the box to be carefully put away, and it was forgot that the packet of papers was left in it. This discovery has been made since the death of the person alluded to, which took place last month. His family, being now certain that the son of Mr Humphreys is the Lord Stirling who has lately published a narrative of his case, they have requested a lady going to London to leave the packet at his lordship's publishers, a channel for its conveyance pointed out by the book itself, and which they hope is quite safe. His lordship will perceive

* Refer to the Pedigree, ante, p. 473. † Ante, p. 478. ‡ Swinton, Appendix, p. xxxi.

that the seals have never been broken. *The family of the deceased, for obvious reasons, must remain unknown.* They make *this* reparation; but cannot be expected to court disgrace and infamy. —April 17, 1837.*—“The sheet of paper on which this was written,” said young Mr Alexander, “is a mourning one, with a deep black edge round, owing to the death of the thief.”† The inner packet was then taken to a proctor, and opened by young Mr Alexander in the presence of four witnesses, and proved to contain five documents, all bearing most decisively, and indeed conclusively, on that precise part of the prisoner’s case pronounced by the Lord Ordinary to have been defective. One was a genealogical tree, purporting to have been made out by a “Thos. Campbell,” on the 15th April 1759; and, to be sure, it was calculated to settle the whole matter: for it set out the two marriages of John of Gartmore, the second being with “*Elizabeth Maxwell* of Londonderry;” that by this second wife he had a son, John, “who married Mary Hamilton of Bangor, and settled at Antrim, *after living many years in Germany*—died 1712—buried at Newtown.” That this John of Antrim had a son, “*John, sixth Earl of Stirling (DE JURE)*”!!! and died at Dublin, 1st November 1743; and that this *de jure* sixth Earl of Stirling had four children; the eldest, “*John, born at Dublin, 1736, heir to the titles and estates!*” the second, *Benjamin*; the third, *Mary*; the fourth, “*Hannah, born at Dublin in 1741.*” And this inestimable document bore the following inscription:—“Part of the genealogical tree of the Alexanders of Menstry, Earls of Stirling in Scotland, showing only the *fourth and now existing* [*i. e.* 1759, being twenty years after the death of the fifth earl, and sixteen years after that of the *de jure* sixth earl] branch. Reduced to pocket size from the large emblazoned tree, in the possession of Mrs Alexander, of King Street, Birmingham, by me, Thos. Campbell, April 15, 1759.” The next enclosure consisted of a letter from the above Benjamin to his elder brother, the Rev. John, (both uncles of the pri-

soner.) Benjamin spoke, in this letter, about the missing tombstone; its place, however, being supplied by “*Mr Lyttleton’s copy, which can be proved;*” about “*Campbell’s copy of grandfather A.’s portrait being very like;*” that a curious memorandum was pasted at the back, “from which it appears that our grandfather [*i. e.* John of Antrim] received his early education at Londonderry, under the watchful eye of Mr MAXWELL, his MATERNAL grandsire. At the age of sixteen, the dowager-countess wished him to be sent to Glasgow College; but at last it was thought better for him to go to a German University. He attained high distinction as a scholar, remained many years abroad, and visited foreign courts. Yr. affe. bro. BENJAMIN ALEXANDER. *Lond.* 20 Aug. 1765. *To Rev. Mr Alexander, Birmingham.*” A second letter was to the same person, from one “*A. E. Baillie,*” dated 16th September 1765. He also alludes to the missing tombstone. “*But I shall be ready,*” he proceeds, “to come forward, if you want me. I was about twenty-one when I attended yr grandfr.’s funeral, [*i. e.* John of Antrim.] Mr Livingston, a very old friend of yr family, wrote yr inscription, w^h yr claimant from America got destroyed. [!] I always heard that yr great-grandfr. yr Honble. Mr Alexander, (who was known in the country as Mr Alexander of Gartmoir,) died at Derry; but for yr destruction of yr parish registers in yr North by yr Papists, during yr civil war from 1689 to 1692, you mit have got yr Certifs. you want.” The above letters, thus first brought to light in April 1837, after “fifty years” had elapsed since the alleged theft of the packet containing them, when connected with the statements made in the affidavit of Eliza Pountney, † the prisoner’s sister, on the 27th of January 1826, became deeply significant. We allude to her observations respecting her two uncles, John and Benjamin, and their intention to have claimed the peerage, but for their “dying in their prime;” and, on comparing dates, it will be found that the one (John) is alleged to have died in 1765, the year in

* Swinton, p. 19.

† *Id.* Append. xliii.‡ *Ante*, p. 467.

which the above letters were addressed to him; and the other (Benjamin) three years afterwards—respectively in their twenty-ninth and thirty-first years! To return, however, to the mysterious black-sealed packet—it contained also “a beautiful miniature painting of John of Antrim.” “The contents of the parchment packet must, I suppose,” continued the son, in writing to his father, “have remained untouched (if it was put up just before the removal to Fairhill) [for] fifty years, which accounts for the admirable state of preservation it is in. *The thief never dared break the seals.*” The prisoner stated in his minute, “that these seals were identical with that on a letter which was in evidence, of the Rev. John Alexander (John No. 3): that the impressions of both must have been made with the same seal.”*

Such were the contents of “the DE PORQUET PACKET,” as it may be called, of which the prisoner, when required by the Court on his lodging them in evidence to state how he came by them, solemnly “declared that he never had any knowledge of the existence or contents of these documents until he heard that the packet had been transmitted to Messrs De Porquet, as above mentioned.”†

It is also right here to apprise the reader, and to remind him to weigh the fact, that Mr Corrie, the solicitor already mentioned, (whose veracity no one attempted to impeach,) distinctly proved, at the trial of the prisoner, that the words, “some of my wife’s family papers,” on the outside of the packet, were really in the handwriting of the prisoner’s father; and that the latter had told him, at Fairhill, in 1796-8, or 1797, that he had *lost valuable documents* at the time he removed from Digbeth to Fairhill, since called “The Larches.‡” So much for what we may, for distinction’s sake, designate No. 1, the *English* windfall. Let us now proceed to No.

II. The *French* windfall. Here will be found accumulated wonders upon wonders!

The prisoner’s wife, it has been seen, had been an intimate friend of Mademoiselle le Normand of Paris since the year 1812; and she kept up her correspondence with that lady (according to the prisoner’s statement to the Court) up to the period of the pending investigations before the Scottish Courts. The prisoner had, he said, been frequently advised to prosecute inquiries after evidence in France; and his wife had made application on that subject to Mademoiselle le Normand, (then upwards of seventy years old,) amongst others—she having an extensive literary connection, and facilities for acquiring information from public offices. She promised her assistance. The prisoner, having quitted England on the 18th December 1836, arrived at Paris on the 21st of that month. On the 12th of the ensuing July he waited upon her; and she told him “that she had received a document,” to quote his own account of the matter, “which might be of importance to him; and, after conversing for some time about his family, she drew from under a heap of papers a packet, and showed to him its contents—an old map of Canada, with a great number of documents written on or pasted against the back of it, “all relating to his family.” “Various inquiries were afterwards made by her, for the purpose of tracing the individuals in whose custody the document had been previously preserved, but without effect.” She said that this map, in its now state, had come into her possession on the 11th of July 1837, and was accompanied by an anonymous letter in French, dated the 10th of July 1837, of which the following is a translation:—

“I have just heard, Mademoiselle, that you take a lively interest in the success of an Englishman, who claims, as a descendant of the Earl of Stirling, the inheritance of his ancestor in America. If the autographs which I have the honour of sending you can insure his success, I shall be delighted to have found an opportunity, by rendering him a service, of gratifying

* Swinton, p. xxxii.

† *Id.* p. xxxv.‡ *Id.* p. 181.

you, and at the same time discharging a small portion of the obligations which I owe to you. I regret, however, that the duties of an office which I at present hold do not permit me to make myself known in this affair of Lord Stirling's. You, who know a great deal about it, will feel no surprise that a man in office (*qu'un homme en place*) should not dare to interfere in it *openly*. I have already stated that I am under obligations to you. Yes, Mademoiselle, I am, and more than once have I had the advantage of consulting you: even at the time when I was menaced with a signal disgrace, it was you who saved me, by a salutary *éclaircissement* seasonably given. You have not obliged an ungrateful man. On all occasions, I do justice to your talents; and to you, while I live, I shall be devoted and grateful. You may well imagine that I purchased this old map of Canada solely on account of the *autographs*, which are very curious. The note on the margin of Mallet's note (in the right corner) is said to be Louis the Fifteenth's. The autographs of Fenelon and Flechier are no less precious; and the dealer, who sold me the map in 1819, assured me that it had belonged to Louis XVI., which is probable enough, from what I have just said of his grandfather's marginal note. The dealer lived, in 1819, on the Quai Voltaire, but since that time many changes have taken place, and *his name has escaped me*. Receive, Mademoiselle, the homage of the distinguished sentiments which I have vowed to you, and which you so well deserve.—M. Versailles, 10th July, 1837."

"I confide this packet to trustworthy persons. They will go to consult you: do not be surprised to find it on some table, or chair, in your study."

This mysterious "M," equally with the mysterious "Mrs Innes Smyth," has hitherto (as far as we know) remained altogether undiscovered; and the prisoner solemnly declared "that he never knew of the existence, or contents, of the several documents on

the map of Canada, until he saw the map itself in the hands of Mademoiselle le Normand, in July 1837; that he had never dreamed of seeking in France the document illustrative of his own pedigree; and it was with the greatest surprise that he afterwards learned that those documents, now produced, had been discovered, and were calculated to throw light on that pedigree; and, in fact, no one was more surprised."* We doubt whether such an extraordinary document, or series of documents, as this map, with its accompaniments, has ever, either before or since, challenged deliberate judicial investigation.

"In consequence of the cession," said the prisoner,† "as is alleged, of Nova Scotia to France, by the Treaty of Breda, in 1667, and its subsequent recovery by Great Britain in 1690, and in consequence of the stipulations in regard to it in the Treaty of Ryswick in 1697, everything connected with the possession of that country became a matter of much interest at the Court of France. The grants to the Earl of Stirling thus came to be well known, and the effect of them much canvassed. Influenced by these considerations, he was induced to direct anxious searches to be made in France, for any documents that might throw light on the family of Stirling.‡ It appears from these documents," continued the prisoner, briefly but correctly indicating their general character and tendency, "that a Monsieur Mallet wished to obtain information in England as to the actual state of the descendants of William, Earl of Stirling; but that, having died suddenly, one of his friends—a M. Brossette—applied to FENELON, Archbishop of Cambrai, for the wished-for information; and that the Archbishop, knowing the intimacy that subsisted between the Marchioness de Lambert and Mr John Alexander of Antrim, applied to her on the subject: that she accordingly wrote to him, who, in return, sent her a full communication as to the family history: that this letter was transmitted to her by the Arch-

* Swinton, Appendix, xxxviii.

† *Ib.* p. xxxvi.‡ *Ib.* p. xxxii.

bishop, who forwarded it to M. Brossette."

Anxious to avail himself of this important new evidence, the prisoner, having previously prevailed on Madle. le Normand to procure attestations of the hand-writings of the different parties, sent over his son, Charles Alexander, from Edinburgh to Paris, for the purpose of receiving the precious documents, and bringing them over in safety to this country. They were delivered to him by Madle. le Normand on the 8th November 1837: on that day he quitted Paris for Scotland, and a week afterwards—viz., on the 15th November 1837—the existence of these documents, as well as of the De Porquet packet, and an outline of the points they were to prove, was formally certified, and they were laid on the table of the Court of Session, at Edinburgh: and a sensation they were well calculated to produce.

The map purported to bear date (and it is an all-important one) A. D. 1703, and bore the following printed heading—"Carte du Canada, ou de la Nouvelle France, par Guillaume Delisle," the most celebrated geographer of his day. With the exception of one of the two documents *pasted* on the back of the map—that in English—all the remaining indorsements were in French, and *every word* of them deserves weighing. We shall take them in the order in which they appeared in the indictment.

I. First came the note, or memorandum, signed "Ph. Mallet," dated "Lyons, 4th August, 1706. During my residence in Acadia in 1702, my curiosity was excited by what I was told of an ancient charter, preserved in the archives of that province. It is the *Charter* of Confirmation, or *De novo damus*, of date 7th December 1639, by which Charles I. of England renewed, in favour of William, Earl of Stirling, the titles and dignities which he had previously conferred upon him, and all the grants of land which he had made to him from 1621, in Scotland and America. My friend Lacroix gave me a copy of it, which, before my departure, I took the pre-

caution of having duly attested. From this authentic document I am now about to present some extracts, (translated into French for such as do not understand Latin,) in order that every person who opens this map of our American possessions may form an idea of the vast extent of territory which was granted by the King of England to one of his subjects. If the fate of war, or any other event, should return New France and Acadia under the dominion of the English, the family of Stirling would possess these two provinces, as well as New England, within the boundaries assigned by the charter. *The order of succession to this inheritance is as follows:—*" and then followed a fuller quotation from the limitations by way of *Novo damus*, than even those given by Gordon and Hovenden, and certified by Conyers.* The memorandum thus concludes:—"Thus the King of England has given to the Earl, and has secured to his descendants in perpetuity, enough of land to found a powerful empire in America."

II. Memorandum subscribed to the above, signed "Caron Saint Estienne," and dated "Lyons, 6th April 1707."

"The above note is precious. I can certify that it gives in few words an extremely correct idea of the wonderful charter in question. As to the copy of it, it is attested by the keeper of the records (l'archiviste) and the Acadian witnesses, and must be in entire conformity with the register of Port Royal. While at Quebec, I had heard of the grants to the Earl of Stirling; but my friend M. Mallet was the first who procured me a perusal of the charter. This extraordinary document extends over fifty pages of writing, and the Latin anything but classical; still, as a Canadian, somewhat interested in its contents, I am bound to say that I read it from end to end with as much curiosity as satisfaction. The late M. Mallet was a man whose good qualities and rare understanding make us regret a death which snatched him so suddenly from his friends. He had foreseen that the copy would

* *Ante*, p. 470.

not make the charter known in France; hence he carried the idea of writing, on one of the beautiful maps of Guillaume Delisle, a note which all the world could read with interest. Had he lived long enough he would have added to this interest: for he wished to obtain information in England as to the then situation of the descendants of the earl who had obtained the charter; and all the information which he might have received respecting them, he would have transferred to this very map. But, after all, with the two documents which he has left to us, no person in France can question the existence of such a charter."

III. Memorandum, also subscribed to that of M. Mallet, signed "*Esprit, Ev. de Nismes,*" [*i. e., Esprit Flechier, Bishop of Nismes,*] and dated Nismes, 3d June 1707.

"I read lately, at the house of Monsieur Sartre at Caveirac, *the copy of the Earl of Stirling's charter.* In it I remarked many curious particulars, mixed up with a great many uninteresting details. I think, therefore, that the greatest obligations are due to M. Mallet, for having, by the above note, enabled the French public to judge of the extent and importance of the grants made to that Scottish nobleman. I also find that he has translated the most essential clauses of the charter; and in translating them into French, he has given them with great fidelity. M. Caron Saint Estienne has asked me to bear this testimony. I do so with the greatest pleasure."

IV. Letter from "*John Alexander, of Antrim,*" [John No. 2,] to the Marchioness de Lambert.

"Antrim, 27th August 1707.

"I cannot express to you, madam, how sensible I am of the honour of your remembrance. My sincere thanks are due also to Monsieur de Cambray, since he, by facilitating the journey of my friend M. Hovenden, was the means of my being so quickly put in possession of your letter, and the copy which you have been good enough to send to me of the note respecting *my grandfather's charter.* The questions which you ask of me I shall endeavour to answer to the best

of my ability. I am not, as you suppose, heir to the family titles. The present head of our family is Henry, fifth Earl of Stirling, descended from the third son of my grandfather. He resides within a few miles of London; has no children; but has brothers, of whom the eldest is heir-presumptive. Of the first son no descendants survive, except the issue of his daughters. The second son died without issue. My father was the fourth son; his first wife was an heiress of the house of Gartmore, in Scotland; *my mother, of the Maxwell family, was his second wife.* But though he had daughters by his first wife, he never had any sons but me. To complete this family genealogy, I must tell you, madam, that my wife is a cadette of the Hamilton family, a ducal house in Scotland; and that she has borne me a son called John, *after my father and myself,* and two daughters. I have, at present, so little idea of the possibility of the title and estates of Stirling devolving on my children, that I have encouraged my son in his inclination for the ministry of our Church of Scotland; and with that view *he is now prosecuting* his studies at the university of Leyden, in Holland.

"I shall preserve with care the interesting note of M. Mallet. The charter was at one time registered in Scotland, as well as in Acadia; but during the civil war, and under the usurpation of Cromwell, *boxes containing a portion of the records of that kingdom were lost during a storm at sea;* and, according to the *ancient tradition* of our family, *the register in which this charter was recorded* was among the number of those that perished. Such, madam, is all that I can say [1] in reply to your questions; for it is impossible, in this country of Ireland, to obtain any other information with regard to the registered charter. I believe that my grandmother [the widow of the first earl] gave *the original charter,* (which she brought from Scotland when she came to take up her abode in Ireland,) to her son-in-law, Lord Montgomery, in order that he might preserve it carefully in Castle Comber, where he resided. I shall ascertain what this family may have done with it; and I

shall have the honour of acquainting you with any discovery which I may make. I shall never forget, madam, your kindness towards me, *or the charms of the society which I have always enjoyed at your house.* While I live, I shall not cease to be attached to you, by the most respectful devotion.

“JOHN ALEXANDER.”

V. Memorandum authenticating the above, by FENELON, Archbishop of Cambray.

“The friends of the late Mr Ph. Mallet will doubtless read with great interest this letter of a grandson of the Earl of Stirling’s. M. Cholet, of

Lyons, setting out to-day, 16th October 1707, on his way home, will have the honour of delivering it to M. Brossette, on the part of Madame de Lambert. To authenticate it, I have written and signed this marginal note.

“FR. AR. DUC DE CAMBRAY.”

The above letter of “John Alexander of Antrim,” with Fenelon’s marginal authentication, was *pasted* on the back of the map; as also was a portion of the envelope of the letter with the seal upon it of the aforesaid John of Antrim.

VI. Inscription on the tablet erected to the memory of John of Antrim, (John No. 2.)

“ Here lieth the body of
John Alexander, Esquire,
Late of Autrim,
The only son of the Honourable John Alexander.
He was the Fourth Son of that most illustrious
And famous Statesman,
William Earl of Sterline,
Principal Secretary for Scotland :
Who had the singular merit of planting at his
Sole expense, the first colonie in
Nova Scotia.
“ He marry’d Mary, Eldest Daughter of the
Rev. Mr Hamilton of Bangor,
By whom he had issue an son, John, who
At this present time is the Presbyterian minister
At Stratford-on-Avon, in England,
And two daughters,
Mary, who survives, and Elizabeth, wife of
John M. Skinner, Esq., who died 7 Jan. 1711^o,
Leaving three children.
He was a man of such endowments as added
Lustre to his noble descent, and was universally
Respected for his piety and benevolence.
He was the best of husbands :
As a father most indulgent : As a friend
Warm, sincere, and faithful.
He departed this life
At Temple Patrick, in the County of Antrim,
On the 19th day of April 1712.”

The above was written in imitation of print, in small capitals, and surrounded by an ornamental etching, or bordering, as if to represent the shape of the tablet. On the margin was written:—

“ This is a faithfull copy of the Inscription to the Memory of John Alexander, Esquire, upon the Tablet over his Tomb, at Newtown-Ardes, Co. of Down, Ireland

“ W. C. GORDON, Jun.

“ Stratford-upon-Avon,

“ Oct. 6, 1723.”

This inscription and attestation was pasted on the back of the map; and adjoining it was the following corroborative attestation, forming,

VII. Memorandum, written on the back, but without any date or signature.

“ This inscription has been communicated by Madame de Lambert. Since the death of Mr Alexander in 1712,” (John of Antrim,) “ this lady has not ceased to bestow on the son of this distinguished man marks of her good-will and friendship. This

son is favourably known in England as a Protestant clergyman, and a learned philologist. In the knowledge of oriental languages, he is almost without a rival. He is at the head of a college for the education of young clergymen, established at Stratford, in the county of Warwick."

VIII., and finally, came a royal autograph—adjoining Memorandum No. I., i.e., that of Ph. Mallet—in the alleged handwriting, bold and flowing, of Louis XV., as follows:—

"This note is worthy of some attention, under present circumstances; but let the copy of the original charter be sent to me."*

Such was the "French windfall," as we have termed it: a staggering accumulation of proposed proofs such as, when examined, might perhaps not unreasonably excite the astonishment, and then, in some degree, the suspicions of the Scottish legal authorities. As we have seen, the De Porquet and Le Normand packets of documents were placed before the Court of Session on the 15th of November 1837, on behalf of the prisoner. During the ensuing twelvemonth, interlocutory investigations, we apprehend, were being carried on; the result being, that on the 14th of November 1838, the Lords of Session ordered the prisoner "to give in, within fourteen days, an articulate condescendence of the facts and circumstances *how he came to the knowledge of the documents in question, and how they came into his possession.*" † In obedience to this order, (we know not whether it be an order of course,) he duly gave into court substantially the account which has been incorporated into the foregoing narrative. Growing still more dissatisfied with the aspect and position of the prisoner, especially in relation to these additional proofs, and not satisfied by the articulate condescendence which he had already given in, the Lords of Session, on the 11th of December, ordered "the *unusual* proceeding," as Mr Swinton characterises it, ‡ of a personal "judicial examination" of

the prisoner. He therefore came before the Second Division of the Court of Session, on the 18th December 1838, and was subjected to a lengthened and searching series of questions by the Lord-Advocate. We presume that the Court had power to take this "unusual" step, as it may well be termed, which, be it observed, was in the course of a merely *civil* proceeding, as far as we understand the matter; and (speaking with the utmost deference and respect towards the Scottish judicial authorities) it seems an extraordinary stretch of power, to call one of the parties to a civil suit before the Court, and subject him, *volens volenter*, to a highly criminating course of examination, afterwards to be made available on prosecution—and that, too, without any caution that his answers might be used against him, nor any intimation that he need not answer unless he chose.

This "judicial declaration" is given at length by Mr Swinton,§ and after a formal entry begins thus:—"Compeared Alexander Earl of Stirling, and interrogated by the Lord-Advocate, if he had read the condescendence given in, in his name? Declares, that he has. Interrogated, if he desires to make any additions, or alterations, on that condescendence? Declares, that he is ready to make any further explanations that may be asked." And then commences a most able and acute examination, with the critical question—"When he was first made acquainted with the note issued by Lord Cockburn, dated 10th December 1836?"—proceeds with his journey to France;—how he spent his time there, and particularly respecting his intercourse with old Mademoiselle le Normand; his pecuniary obligations to her; the securities he had given her; what she said on delivering to him the memorable map of Canada—particularly, whether she told him whom she suspected to have sent it to her: as to which, he said, "she had never told him." On this the court interposed, and asked—

* "Cette note est digne de quelque attention dans les circonstances presentes—mais qu'on m'envoie la copie de la charte origénale." [Observe the spelling of the words "*circumstances*," "*origénale*."] † Swinton, App. p. xxxiv. ‡ *Id.*, Pref. xvii. § *Id.*, App. p. xxxvii.

“Who he himself suspects to be the person by whom the document had been sent? Declares that *he cannot venture to name that person, being of such exalted rank as to make such a declaration on his part unsafe and improper, without positive proof. That he neither can, nor dare do more, having only strong suspicions on the subject.*”* He was then closely questioned as to his wife’s intercourse with Mademoiselle le Normand; and then as to the first tidings he received concerning the De Porquet papers. He was then asked several questions respecting the alleged robbery of his father in 1793-4, when he removed from Digbeth House to Fairhill. Declares, “that he has heard his father mention that he had lost a cash-box containing some hundred pounds, but never heard him say anything of papers”† which seems a striking and candid answer. Among the remaining questions and answers, are the following:—“Interrogated, whether he ever heard, before the reception of the packet from Messrs De Porquet, that John Alexander, fourth son of the first Earl of Stirling, had been married a second time, after having been first married to a daughter of Graham of Gartmore? Declares, *he never had*; but he suspected it, as a general conclusion drawn by him and his friends from other facts in the case. He had never before heard that John Alexander had been married to a lady of the name of Maxwell, as connected with his family.” This, again, is worthy of much consideration.

Shortly after this examination, the prisoner was apprehended on the charge of forgery; and almost immediately—viz. 14th February 1839—underwent another close examination by the Sheriff Substitute, but only after giving him the caution usual in England—that it was optional with him to answer, and that, if he

did answer, what he said might be used in evidence against him. Four days afterwards—viz., on the 18th February 1839—he was subjected to a second lengthened examination; and finally to a third, on the 6th of March 1839; but on this last occasion he gave only one answer to the few but important questions put to him—“That, by his agent’s advice, he declines to answer any questions;” and well he, or any one similarly situated, might!

He was committed for trial, which was ordered to take place on the 3d April 1839; but, at the instance of the prisoner’s counsel, it was postponed till the 29th of that month.

The indictment was necessarily long, and was founded on three classes of alleged forgeries: first, the excerpt charter of Novodamus; secondly, the De Porquet packet of papers; lastly, the Le Normand packet of papers—all of which the prisoner was charged with having forged, or having used and uttered them, knowing them to have been forged. The indictment runs not, as in England, in the third person, but in the second, as addressed to the prisoner, personally, throughout: e.g. “Alexander Humphreys, or Alexander, pretending to be Earl of Stirling, you are indicted and accused, at the instance of John Archibald Murray, Esq., her Majesty’s Advocate, for her Majesty’s interest, that,” &c. All its allegations are direct and simple, and divested of technical verbiage. In our next Number we shall endeavour to present the reader with an intelligible account of one of the most intensely-interesting trials that ever came under our notice; one which must have been listened to, from first to last, with breathless interest.

[To be concluded in our next.]

* Swinton, Appendix, p. xxxix.

† *Id.* p. xli.

THE FLOWERS' REVENGE.

[Translated from the German.]

ON the soft cushions of a couch of down
 Slumbers the maid, imprisoned in repose ;
 Close droop her eyelashes, profuse and brown ;
 Her cheek is tinted like a full-blown rose.

Hard by there shimmers in the smothered light
 A vase of choicest ornament and mould ;
 And in the vase are fresh-cut flowers, and bright,
 Fragrant to smell, and various to behold.

Damp are the heats that, broodingly and dull,
 Flow and flow on throughout the chamber small ;
 Summer has scared away the tender cool,
 Yet fastened stand the casements one and all.

Stillness around, and deepest silence lowers ;
 Suddenly, hark ! a whisper as of CHANGE ;
 Heard in the tender stems, heard in the flowers,
 It lips and nestles eagerly and strange.

Swing from the cups that tremble on those stems
 The little spirits, the embodied scents,
 Some bearing shields, some topped with diadems,
 Delicate mists their robes and ornaments.

From the flushed bosom of the queenly Rose
 Arises gracefully a slender Lady,
 Pearls glisten in her hair, that freely flows
 As dew-drops glisten where the copse is shady.

Forth from the visor of the "Helmet plant"
 A keen-faced Knight steps mid the dark-green leaves,
 His presence breathing high chivalric vaunt ;
 Complete in steel he shines from crest to greaves ;

Over his morion, nodding waywardly,
 Hangs heron plumage, grey, and silver pale.
 Leaving the "Lily," with sick, languid eye,
 A wood-nymph, thin as gossamer her veil.

Out of the "Turk-cap" comes a swarthy Moor,
 Wearing his flaunting robes with scornful show ;
 On his green turban glitters, fixed before,
 The golden radiance of the crescent bow.

Forth from the "Crown-imperial," bold and tall,
 Sceptre in hand, appears an ermined King ;
 From the blue "Iris," girt with falchions all,
 His hunters troop, green-vested like the spring.

Sullenly swirling down from the "Narciss,"
 A youthful form, with silent sorrow laden,
 Steps to the bed, to print his fevered kiss
 Upon the red lips of the sleeping maiden.

The other spirits, crowding, press and swing
 All round the couch in many circles gay ;
 They swing and press themselves, and softly sing
 Over the sleeper their mysterious lay :—

- “ Maiden, O cruel maiden ! thou hast torn
 Up from the earth our every slender tie,
 And, in this gaudy-coloured shard forlorn,
 Left us to weaken, wither, fade, and die.
- “ Alas ! how happy once was our repose
 On the maternal bosom of the earth,
 Where, through the tall tree-tops that o'er us rose,
 The sun made vistas to behold our mirth !
- “ The balmy spring, with many a gentle breeze,
 Cooled our weak stems that to his bidding bent ;
 At eve descending under the still trees
 How blissful was our faery merriment !
- “ Clear on us then fell Heaven's own dew and rain ;
 Foul water now surrounds us stagnantly ;
 We fade, and we shall die—but not in vain,
 If, ere we pass, our vengeance lights on thee.”

The spirits' song is hushed, their errand told ;
 Bending, around the sleeper's couch they go ;
 And, with the brooding silences of old,
 Returns again the whispering soft and low.

Hark ! how the rustling rises round the wreath !
 How glow her cheeks, instinctive of their doom !
 See how upon her all the spirits breathe—
 How the scents undulate throughout the room !

The slanted sparkles of the westering day
 Smiting the room, each spirit vanisheth ;
 Upon the cushions of the couch she lay ;
 As beautiful, and, ah ! as cold as death.

One faded blossom, lying all alone,
 Lends to her cheek a tender tint of red,
 With her wan sisters sleeps that hapless one—
 Oh ! fatal breath of flowers !—the maid is dead.

H. G. K.

LATTER DAYS OF THE FREE-TRADE MINISTRY.

THE spectacle of a great man labouring under adversity is said to be the noblest object that can be offered to human contemplation. If we assume the converse to hold good, we fear that but little sympathy will be expressed in any quarter, either for Lord John Russell or his Cabinet. The events of the last few weeks have been so chaotic in their character that, when we sit down with the calm and deliberate purpose of attempting to trace their cause, the mind becomes bewildered in the effort to reduce them to anything like logical arrangement or sequence. In February, Ministers met Parliament, secure—as their organs told us—of a good working majority in the House of Commons on almost every question of public interest that could arise. In the speech from the Throne, we were informed of continued and increasing prosperity among all classes of the community—the agriculturists alone excepted; and, even in their case, we were assured, on high Ministerial authority, that they must ere long participate in those blessings which the new commercial policy had extended to all other branches of industry. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was so far from labouring under pecuniary embarrassment, that his great difficulty was the partition of the surplus, so as to satisfy the more pressing claims for relief from heavy taxation. Towards the close of last year, the Premier had taken a bold step, and bid high for personal popularity. His declared intention of resisting, by strong and effectual measures, the insolent aggression of the Pope, was enthusiastically hailed and believed by many who, on general occasions, reposed no great faith either in his sagacity or his principle. The alienation of the Irish phalanx from his side, and the opposition of the enemies of the Established Church, would have been far more than compensated by the support which he was certain to receive, both within and without the Houses of Parliament, provided he should remain true to the course which he had indicated, and

fixed in his resolution to maintain intact the honour of the Crown and of the realm, against the attempted usurpation of the Pope. Within the country, there was no active agitation for organic changes. There were, indeed, numerous claims for fiscal relief, and one in especial, caused by the pressure of the long-continued Income-Tax, was almost unanimously demanded. There was no obstacle in the way of a redress, which would at once have been so popular and so just. If not altogether removed, the burden of the Income-Tax might have been lightened, and the pledge of 1842, as to the temporary nature of the impost, have been so far, though tardily, redeemed. Indeed, considering that it was laid on for the express purpose of effecting an improvement in the state of “the manufacturing interests,” and continued, in 1845, solely that its proposer, Sir Robert Peel, might be enabled “to make such arrangements with regard to *general taxation* as shall be the foundation of great *commercial* prosperity,” the admission of that prosperity by Ministers was tantamount to a declaration that the impost had, in their opinion, fulfilled its object, and, therefore, ought to be discontinued. So far, then, as the uninitiated eye could perceive, there existed, in February, no formidable obstacle to the conduct of her Majesty’s Government. If the premises assumed by themselves as to the general prosperous state of the country were true, their task was materially lightened; since, without the existence of some strong feeling in the country against them, no attempt to disturb their policy could be successful in a House of Commons called together under their own auspices, and supposed to be favourable to their views.

Before March had expired, the country was left without a ministry! There had been no hostile division on the Address; there had been no vote of want of confidence. Mr Disraeli had brought forward his motion relating to the peculiar burdens laid upon the land, and that motion was

defeated, though only by a small majority. We do not in the least degree undervalue the importance of that move. The Ministry were saved from defeat, not by the numerical force of their regular supporters, but by the votes of an inconsiderable section of the old Conservative party, who have now finally given in their adhesion to the doctrines of Free Trade in their widest and most unconditional sense. Whatever doubts may have been heretofore entertained with regard to the real nature of their sentiments upon subjects of commercial policy, have been wholly removed by their late declaration and vote. Not only Sir James Graham, but the minor fry of the established Treasury hunters, are committed beyond the probability of equivocation; and, even at the expense of the loss of their votes, we do not think the Country party has any cause to mourn its divorcement from their society. The division on Mr Disraeli's motion was no doubt symptomatic of a reaction; but, for all that, it did not cripple the hands of Ministers. The next contest in which they were engaged was of a far more doubtful character. On this occasion the Whigs were opposed to the Radicals, the latter supporting a motion introduced by Mr Locke King for leave to bring in a bill to extend the county franchise. We shall not attempt to penetrate the mystery which still shrouds this curious transaction. Had the Ministry been determined to oppose the introduction of such a measure boldly and unflinchingly, there can be no manner of doubt that they would have commanded a great majority. But, somehow or other, an impression had gone abroad that the Premier was rather lukewarm on the subject. Indeed, his own sentiments during the debate showed very clearly that he was by no means indisposed to take certain steps for swamping the agricultural constituencies; but that he proposed to reserve those measures until a future period. So far as we could construe his meaning, he seemed inclined to keep his new Reform Bill *in petto*, as an appropriate occupation for the last days of the declining Parliament; hoping, possibly, that even should it be rejected, he might go before the country with some share

of renewed popularity, as a determined though thwarted reformer. The morality of this view may be questioned, but we respect the candour of the disclosure. Lord John Russell cannot, of course, state any reason why the franchise should not be extended *now*, since he admits that it may be extended next session—beyond this, that it would be more convenient for his party to go out with a certain degree of agitation in their favour. There is an unblushing frankness in this which is really delightful. Notwithstanding the noble Lord's inveterate practice, we were hardly prepared to hear his theory of government so unreservedly announced. Heretofore it has been generally understood, at least by courtesy, that the merits of any public question were to be regarded as the proper rule of conduct. Now it would appear to be established that any Government is entitled to take up, postpone, or refuse a measure, not on the ground of its merits, but with a view to their own permanency! It is not at all surprising that, after the enunciation of such a doctrine, the Radical party refused to listen to the voice of the Ministerial charmer, and carried their point by a majority of nearly two to one. What other result could have been expected? After the admission of the principle, there was little more to be said. Other patriots in the House of Commons besides Lord John Russell were anxious for a modicum of popularity; and it was hard to expect that they would allow the bread to be taken from their mouths in this unceremonious fashion. This declaration of the Premier in the debate might have been quite enough to account for the non-participation of the Protectionists in the contest. The fight—if fight it was, and not rather what is termed, in the language of the ring, a cross—lay between the two democratic sections. The mere Ministerialist was no match for the brawny Radical; and, accordingly, straightforward liberalism triumphed over shuffling expediency. Such is the broad view which men would naturally take from a perusal of the debates, and of Lord John Russell's announcement of his resignation on the 24th of February. It is worth while attending to his exact words,

which we give from the report in the *Times*. He said:—

“On the 20th of February a motion was made in reference to a certain question of Parliamentary reform; and on that question, and in a thin House of little more than 150 members, the Government was beaten by a majority of nearly 2 to 1. Now, observe, if that had occurred in ordinary circumstances, I might have thought it owing to the hour, and to the thinness of the House, that those in favour of the motion should have attended, and those who were not in favour of it were not present; but that, on the second reading of the bill, which the House then gave leave to introduce, the latter would attend and make a majority in accordance with the view taken by Government on this subject, expressed through me as its organ; but, in the actual circumstances in which we were placed, I did consider that, although hon. gentlemen may have entirely acted with a view to the particular question before them, and not at all with respect to the Government—although that might have been their intention and view, yet that, in effect, having the whole of the financial and other measures before them—having the probability, which I was inclined to believe in, that on other measures, and on other incidental questions, we might meet with similar defeats, I came to the conclusion that the Government was not in a position to conduct satisfactorily the business of the country in this House during the forthcoming session.”

We admire the skill of the reporter who, even in print, has contrived to preserve the stammering incoherence and hesitation of this ill-jointed passage. Why the speaker thus stammered and hesitated, it is not very difficult to understand. Lord Stanley, in his memorable speech delivered in the House of Peers on the 28th, was distinct in the expression of his opinion as to this singular affair:—

“I was not surprised that the occasion should be welcomed for resigning which was presented when they were left in a minority, the majority consisting of persons of their own opinions. I took the liberty of doubting whether that defeat, with the small majority on Mr Disraeli's motion, were the sole cause for the resignation of the late Cabinet. I ventured to state one or two facts to her Majesty in confirmation of that view. I hold in my hand a copy of a portion of

a letter which, by her Majesty's express command, after the interview with which I was honoured, I wrote to her Majesty for the purpose of placing on record the advice which it was my humble duty to tender; and, with her Majesty's permission, I will read from that letter so much of the passages in it as shall tend to explain the force of the statement I make to your Lordships:—

“He adverted to the two occasions specified by your Majesty as the grounds of the resignation of your Majesty's servants, and observed with reference to the motion of Mr Disraeli, that it had been negatived, and, although by a small majority, the minority were reinforced by a number of votes hostile to the Government on other grounds, and on whose general support Lord Stanley and his friends could not reckon; and, with reference to the majority on Mr Locke King's motion, he observed—

“And when it was stated that the Government had been defeated in consequence of the absence of opponents who, had they been present, would have voted against the measure as a dangerous and mischievous one, and on whose support the Government rested, it is right your Lordships and the country should know the fact. Mr Locke King's motion for an extension of the Parliamentary franchise was carried by 100 to 54. The extract proceeds to say—

“That of the minority of 54, 27 held office, only 10 unofficial supporters voted with Government, and no less than 17 of the Protectionist party; who would have been more numerous but for an impression which undoubtedly prevailed, that your Majesty's Ministers were not honestly exercising their influence to defeat the motion.”

“I believe that; my friends in the House of Commons believe it; and if they had found a disposition on the part of the Government to act otherwise, they would have given it their generous and disinterested support.”

Few men acquainted with the arrangements of the House of Commons will believe that a minority, such as that specified above, was the result of accident. We assume, therefore, the defeat to have been a voluntary one—a circumstance by no means creditable to Ministers on any ground whatever; and the question next to be considered is, why they should have incurred defeat?

On this point Lord Lansdowne speaks, while referring to the resignation:—

"I beg to say it was entirely owing to that want of support, as evinced, not upon one occasion, or of an accidental vote which took place at an early hour in another House—it was a general absence of that support in the other House, and no difference of opinion amongst ourselves, which induced us to take that course."

"General absence of support!"—why, this is more and more mysterious. We search in vain for any narrow divisions, except the two already specially noticed, which would justify any such conclusion. What had the Ministry been doing to cause this alienation on the part of their supporters? The answer is a very simple one. Lord John Russell had failed to act up to his professions in regard to the Papal aggression; and Sir Charles Wood, the most unlucky, obtuse, and obstinate of financiers, had announced a budget which was received from one end of the country to the other with a roar of universal indignation.

If the members of the Cabinet were really united on the subject of the Papal question, all we shall say is, that some of them must have most accommodating consciences. Not that it would require any great effort on the part of the most scrupulous supporters of the Roman Catholic pretensions, to accept in its integrity Lord John Russell's emasculated bill—but where was the unity when the noble Lord stood forth in the character of the Protestant champion? Of course, when concession is the order of the day, unity may be easily restored—but at what sacrifice? Lord John Russell will no doubt discover that hereafter. His first position—had he maintained it—was not unworthy of a British Minister. His present attitude is simply contemptible. He had it amply in his power to have vindicated the rights of his Sovereign and his country, by a bold, uncompromising, and fearless line of conduct: he has now exposed himself to ultimate defeat, by abandoning principle for the sake of party supremacy, and by yielding to his committed colleagues.

With regard to financial matters, is it possible that the members of the Cabinet entertained no difference of opinion? That one individual so utterly

incapacitated by nature for the execution of public business as Sir Charles Wood should exist, is not perhaps remarkable; but that other thirteen men, most of them persons of ripe experience, should be found willing to endorse his annual experiments on the patience of the country, does seem to us an almost incredible accident, nor should we readily accept it as a fact on a less weighty authority than that of the Marquis of Lansdowne. Fourteen Woods—it is an awful picture! No wonder if, under such circumstances, there was "a general absence of support" in the House of Commons. The blunders of a single session may be forgiven; nay, a man may blunder on for two sessions, and yet hope to retrieve his character if he profits by late experience. But what shall be said of him, whose whole career, from first to last, has been a series of consecutive blunders; who will be warned by no experience—instructed by no defeats—who never, by any accident, makes a single proposition without incurring the vehement censure both of political ally and opponent? We can say nothing more than re-echo the judgment of the country. On the budget, as originally proposed, the Ministry must have sustained a most signal defeat. Of that they were well aware, three days after its nature was announced; and that circumstance is of some importance when taken in connection with their defeat on the motion of Mr Locke King. The plain matter of fact is, that the Ministry could not stand. By adhering to the views originally put forward by Lord John Russell, they might have commanded a large majority of the House of Commons in favour of an efficient bill against the Papal aggression; but a certain section of the Cabinet was already so committed, in Ireland and the Colonies, that this was impossible without disruption. They might, had they possessed a single financial head among them, have proposed a budget which, if not generally satisfactory, might at least have pleased or conciliated some considerable body of politicians. They failed utterly in this, and incurred the opposition of all. The most lamentable and irretrievably disgraceful part of the whole matter was this, that

they had not the courage to await a fair defeat upon a fairly contested question. In vain shall we search the whole political annals of Great Britain for so flagrant a case of wilful and cowardly desertion. Just one fortnight before—to use the ordinary metaphor—they were boasting of the soundness of their ship, the devotion of their crew, the settled aspect of the weather, and their intimate knowledge of the navigation of the seas which they were about to traverse. All at once, we find them running themselves purposely against a little rock, and then immediately taking to the boats without stopping to ascertain whether the vessel had received any real amount of injury. Whether they expected to be called back or not, is quite another question. The fact of their desertion is plain; and, without hunting the metaphor to death, we may be allowed to say, that a single well-proved case of desertion against officers, under such circumstances, ought for ever to incapacitate them from being intrusted with another command.

Future historians will doubtless put the question, Whether the Whig Ministry really, actually, and conscientiously meant to resign? Not they: they contemplated nothing of the kind. The singular position of parties in the House of Commons was such, that they thought they might risk the experiment of resignation, in the hope of strengthening their hands, should it become apparent that no other political section was strong enough to occupy their place. In this part only of their scheme did they show any symptom of dexterity. The power of the Protectionist party, within the House of Commons, was gradually but surely increasing. The failure of Free Trade, the agricultural distress, the diminution of manufacturing profits, and the unsatisfactory condition of the working-classes, had exercised a mighty influence over the mind of the nation since last general election. Almost every vacancy which occurred was filled up by a Protectionist member. The principles of the party had become generally understood, and their determined adherence to the cause of native industry gained them the respect and the support of many who, in former years, would probably

have ranged against them. Notwithstanding the efforts of the Free-Trading press to sneer down their rising influence, it soon became apparent that they constituted the largest and most compact body of politicians in the House of Commons, and were able, as Sir James Graham himself acknowledged, “to exercise a power upon any question, that is irresistible.” Still the Protectionists were not numerically equal to the three other sections who might be combined against them, consisting of the Whigs, the Radicals, and the former supporters of Sir Robert Peel; and so long as the present House of Commons lasted, it seemed improbable that the scale could be turned. If, then, Lord Stanley were suddenly called upon to assume the reins of office, with the fact of an adverse majority existing in the Lower House, it was obvious that he must meet with vast difficulties in his attempt to form an Administration. The breach between the Peelites and the Protectionists was now wider than ever; and whatever expectations might have been entertained at one time of a confession of error on the part of the former party, these were effectually dispelled by the decided Free Trade speech of Sir James Graham in the debate on Mr Disraeli’s motion, and by the votes of his more immediate followers. Such being the position of the Protectionist party, it was by no means an unskilful move on the part of their opponents to devolve the responsibility of forming a Government thus early upon Lord Stanley. It was quite clear that such a duty could be undertaken by no one else. The party of which Sir James Graham may be considered the head is small in the House of Peers, and smaller in the House of Commons. It consists principally of the individuals who held office under the late Sir Robert Peel, and who had not the courage to renounce their leader when he committed his great apostasy. Among its members it includes one or two men of decided talent and experience, and several others whose distinction is limited to their knowledge of the mysteries of red tape. But it possesses the recommendations neither of numbers nor of cohesion; and, in fact, is

regarded simply as a neutral body, from which either of the great parties in the State may, on some future occasion, expect to obtain recruits. It was, therefore, quite out of the question that a Peelite Government could be formed; and the only apparent risk which the Whigs could anticipate, in the event of Lord Stanley being sent for, lay in the possibility of his inducing some of the Peel party to accept office under him. The risk was not a great one. The division on Mr Disraeli's motion was still too recent to admit of a second wholesale conversion of the followers of Sir Robert Peel. They could not reconstitute themselves as Protectionists with the same celerity which they displayed in assuming the character of Free-Traders. On the other hand, it was perfectly well known that Lord Stanley, if he took office at all, would and could do so only as a Protectionist, without compromising one iota of the opinions which he has so nobly and consistently maintained. The calculation, therefore, was, that Lord Stanley could not form a Ministry in the present heterogeneous state of the House of Commons. What then remained but the recall of the Whigs, or, at least, a section of them,—strengthened, perhaps, by the adhesion of such of the Peel party as had gone the greatest lengths in the road of liberalism and innovation? We are of course drawing our conclusions hypothetically, for we have not the honour of being admitted to the secret councils of the Premier; but it is fair to presume that Lord John Russell did contemplate *some* result when he resigned; and we are now attempting, from what afterwards occurred, to fathom the nature of his calculations. We conceive it exceedingly improbable that he designed, in the event of his being recalled, to reconstitute the Ministry on its former basis. By this nothing could be gained. The difficulties which caused the resignation of the Ministry must again beset it on its resumption, and nothing but a change of men could justify a change of policy. Now, it has been matter of notoriety for some time past, that the Whig Cabinet is not knit together by the bonds of entire fraternity.

There are at least two parties in the family; and, singularly enough, they divide between them pretty equally that share of talent which the Ministry can claim. Lords John Russell, Lansdowne, Palmerston, and Carlisle, are supposed to act together with perfect cordiality. Lords Clarendon and Grey, Sir George Grey, and Sir Charles Wood, are said to constitute a different alliance. Two members at least of the latter section are peculiarly chargeable with the encouragement which they have given to the ill-advised pretensions of the Roman Catholics; indeed, their antecedents and opinions on that matter were diametrically opposed to the views adopted by Lord John Russell in November last. Sir George Grey is, by the acknowledgment of all, a man of great official aptitude and character, and no fault can be found with the administration of his department. Lord Clarendon is able and quick-witted, but we cannot join with the eulogist of the *Edinburgh Review* in panegyrising his public career. Earl Grey would be the most objectionable Minister in the whole Cabinet, were he not saved from that bad eminence by the superior stolidity of his relative, Sir Charles Wood. This inveterate budget-bungler has more than once ere this led the Whigs to the very verge of destruction. We might apply to him with strict propriety the lines which Dryden has placed in the mouth of the Prince of Dulness:—

“Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
 Mature in dulness from his tender years;
 Shadwell alone, of all my sons is he
 Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
 But Shadwell never deviates into senso.
 Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
 Strike through, and make a lucid interval:
 But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
 His rising fogs prevail upon the day.”

To get rid of these two latter incumbrances would undoubtedly have placed the Cabinet in a more satisfactory position, provided the vacant places could have been filled by one or other of the most eminent of the Peel party; and provided also that their exclusion did not entail the loss of two really serviceable Ministers.

But the Grey party were understood to act in strict concert, and would not—to borrow a trope from the auctioneers—permit their lot to be divided. The Premier who bade for one, must make up his mind to take the whole.

Here, then, was a new difficulty in the way of a reconstruction of the Cabinet. How Lord John Russell proposed to deal with that, we cannot say, and perhaps it would be impertinent to inquire. Meanwhile, on the resignation of Ministers, Lord Stanley was sent for by his Sovereign. He has himself distinctly and emphatically put upon record the advice which he considered it his duty to tender, and which we shall now transcribe:—

“After stating to your Majesty the position of the three main parties into which the House of Commons is divided, Lord Stanley observed that the policy of the present Administration had met with the general approval and support of the most distinguished men of the party which adhered to the late Sir Robert Peel, and that they had never yet met with a defeat from Lord Stanley’s political friends. That a very important member of that party, Sir J. Graham, had publicly declared his opinion of the necessity of ‘closing their ranks,’ to resist the presumed policy of Lord Stanley’s friends; and, as your Majesty had been pleased to inform him that no communication had been made to any one previous to that with which your Majesty honoured him, he ventured to suggest that in the first instance your Majesty should ascertain whether it were not possible to strengthen the present Government, or probably to reconstruct it, by a combination with those who, not now holding office, concurred in the opinions of those who do, and professed their opinion of the necessity of union. That failing such a combination, a portion of that third party might be willing to combine with Lord Stanley, whose difficulties in such a case would be greatly diminished. That if it should appear that both of those arrangements were impracticable, and if personal considerations stood in the way of the formation of a Government of those whose opinions appeared to prevail in the House of Commons, Lord Stanley, not underrating the extreme difficulties which he should have to encounter, would, if honoured with your Majesty’s confidence, prefer any responsibility, and even the chance of

failure and loss of reputation, to that of leaving your Majesty and the country without a Government; and he added, that he believed an Administration formed under such circumstances, would be more likely to meet with support, even from moderate opponents of their views, than one which should be hastily formed, without giving time to show the impracticability of a different arrangement.”

No one, whatever may be his political views, can deny that, in tendering this advice to her Majesty, Lord Stanley gave another signal proof of the high, chivalrous, and unselfish qualities of his nature. The task of reconstruction now devolved upon Lord John Russell, who, availing himself of Lord Stanley’s advice, proceeded to open negotiations with the leaders of the intermediate party. It is worth while quoting his own account of the manner in which his overtures were received:—

“By her Majesty’s desire, I met the Earl of Aberdeen and Sir James Graham at the palace, and afterwards had communications with them on the subject of the formation of a Government. After the extracts which I have read from Lord Stanley’s letter, I feel it right to say that no personal considerations stood in the way of the formation of a Government representing the opinions which seem to prevail in this House. If the Earl of Aberdeen and Sir James Graham did not concur in the formation of a Government, it was not because personal considerations stood in the way. With respect to several points of public importance on which we communicated, although there was not any particular agreement, yet there was not such diversity of views as might not, by further communication, have been reconciled; but there was one point on which it was felt impossible, either for the Earl of Aberdeen and Sir James Graham or myself to give way. That subject was the bill I introduced relative to the assumption of ecclesiastical titles. I stated—and I will presently explain what I meant in so stating—that I was willing to agree to considerable alteration and modification of that bill, but that I thought it necessary to persevere with the measure. The Earl of Aberdeen and Sir James Graham declared to me that, in their opinion, any legislation on the subject was unnecessary. This, therefore, was a point on which we differed so widely, that, in our opinion, it was impossible to form a Government by our junction. As soon as I found that

the objections of the Earl of Aberdeen and Sir James Graham to legislation on the subject were insuperable, I again repaired to Buckingham Palace, and humbly laid before her Majesty the commission with which I had been entrusted."

The time had now arrived when Lord Stanley was required to redeem his pledge, and attempt, at least, the formation of a Government, under circumstances of unparalleled difficulty. One point only had been ascertained—that the chiefs of the intermediate party would not combine with the Whig leaders. The cause of their declinature was, of course, as yet unknown, though it is worth while remarking now, that their sole, or, at all events, their principal objection to such a step, arose from their objection to take part in any legislative measures directed against the recent Papal aggression. In that matter, therefore, their opinions coincide with those of the Radical party, comprehending the avowed enemies of the Protestant established churches. Of the sincerity of these opinions we entertain no doubt. We simply mark the fact as a curious one, and as tending further to illustrate the extreme diversity of opinion which now prevails on the most important topics—a diversity which we cannot help attributing in a great measure to the total dislocation of party consequent on the memorable apostasy of a deceased statesman.

Lord Stanley has stated the result of his attempt to form a Ministry so very clearly and concisely, that we cannot do better than adopt it. He said,—

"In the position of parties to which I have referred, in the House of Commons, it became a matter of the utmost importance, if it were practicable that I could do so without sacrificing political consistency, to obtain the co-operation of some of those who, generally acting on Conservative principles, had yet been separated, by the unfortunate differences of 1846, from the great Conservative party. I must be frank in saying, that I saw great difficulty in dealing with the foreign affairs of the country; and I endeavoured to ascertain whether my noble friend above me (Lord Aberdeen) would be still willing to undertake the duties of that department, which he exercised with so much credit to himself, and with so much

honour to the country; or whether he, and those who were acting him, would remain in that unfortunate position for any party of statesmen to be in, of being unable to form a combination with one or other of two conflicting parties, yet of not being able themselves to assume office, and, consequently, with all their ability, power, and influence, of only rendering the formation of a Government, on either side, impossible. The reply of my noble friend was expressed in language of the most sincere friendship, such as I have always entertained for him; but he could not give me the assistance I required. I had conferences with various friends in this and the other House of Parliament: I succeeded in obtaining the co-operation of some who, I had no doubt, would be most able to carry on the business of departments. I am not at liberty to give names, but one noble friend now present will allow me to say, that I never felt anything more deeply than the terms in which he expressed his readiness to share the responsibility in administering a department for which the country would have found him peculiarly well qualified. On the following day Mr Gladstone was expected to arrive. I thought it desirable to obtain the co-operation in the House of Commons of so able, honest, and upright a man. He had acted with the intermediate party to which I have referred; but, in contradistinction to that party, he had supported a motion for the relief of agricultural distress. On communicating with Mr Gladstone, I found that he could not, consistently with his views, take part in an Administration. I was thus deprived of all extraneous assistance in the formation of a Government, and I was compelled to rely entirely on that party with whom I was immediately and politically connected, and among whom, as I stated before, there were few, if any, men possessed of sufficient experience or habits of public business. I found some—and those men, I think, well qualified to discharge the duties of public office—who, from various causes, one from the pressure of domestic concerns, another from an undue depreciation of his own ability to fill the situation in which I proposed to place him, expressed their unwillingness to join an Administration. From three or four leading individuals I received that expression of unwillingness. Under these circumstances, and looking to the position of the House of Commons, I thought the time was come for a decision as to what course I should follow. On Tuesday, when I had an audience of Her Majesty, I had undertaken, by eleven

o'clock this morning, to state the conclusion of the experiment I was engaged in making. Yesterday afternoon there met at my house a portion of those noble friends, and those friends in the other House of Parliament, who had consented to take part if the Government had gone on; and the whole state of the case was anxiously and deliberately considered by them. And I express the general concurrence of their views, as well as my own views, when I say, that though I was enabled to present to her Majesty a list of the names of gentlemen who were competent, with an assured majority in the House of Commons, creditably and reputedly to conduct the business of the country, yet I could not lay before Her Majesty a Cabinet, more especially in the other House of Parliament, so strong as to act in the face of a most powerful majority, a majority ready to combine for purposes of opposition, though unable to act together for purposes of Government."

Never, perhaps, by any previous statesman, were the causes of political perplexity stated with such entire frankness as by Lord Stanley. He must have been perfectly aware of the use which his opponents would certainly make of his admissions, and the unfair construction which they would place on the general tenor of his language. We have since read, over and over again, in the Whig-Radical prints, exulting pæans on what the writers are pleased to call "the admitted weakness of the Protectionist party," as demonstrated by their failure in forming an Administration. They forget, or rather they purposely omit, to state the sole circumstance which precluded the formation of a pure Protectionist Ministry, namely, the existing majority arrayed against them in the present House of Commons. Lord Stanley avowedly and confessedly was no candidate for office. Before the extraordinary dilemma, in which the Whigs chose to place the Executive of the country, occurred, there was no bidding for power, no intention to assume it on the part of the Protectionists during the existence of the present Parliament. That has been invariably stated and reiterated by every writer and speaker who has advocated the cause of native industry; and by none has it been more distinctly enunciated than by Lord Stanley

himself in the address which he delivered last spring to the Protectionist Delegates in London. The country does not want, and would not endure, a mere scrambling and makeshift Ministry, which might indeed exist for a time, through the forbearance of its opponents; but which certainly would be defeated whenever it approached a great and national question. The formation of such a Ministry at the present moment is evidently impossible; the reason being simply this, that the opinions of the country at large are not represented in the House of Commons. Until another general appeal is made to the constituencies, and a new Parliament summoned, there can be no chance of our arriving at so desirable a result. The period of experiment is wellnigh over; and almost every man of shrewdness and intelligence must have formed his conclusions as to the merits or demerits of the existing commercial system. We have no fear whatever as to the result when the moment for decision arrives.

The question, however, has been asked—why Lord Stanley, having had full powers granted to him by her Majesty, did not at once dissolve Parliament, and have recourse to an appeal to the country? The answer, we think, is sufficiently obvious. The state of the public business was such, that a dissolution at the present time would have thrown the country into great confusion. The estimates were not voted—the budget was not sanctioned—nothing, or next to nothing, relating to the exigencies of the public service had been attempted by the Whigs before they gave in their resignation. The whole burden was left to their successors, whoever those might be. There were other circumstances also, of a serious nature, which stood in the way of a dissolution. The Exhibition of the Industry of Nations was advertised to open in the beginning of May; and it was, to say the least of it, not convenient that the excitement and bustle of a general election should take place at such a time; more especially, considering the vast influx of foreigners which is then expected to take place. We have seen no reason to alter the opinion which we expressed last year

with regard to the policy of this Exhibition; but, now that it is inevitable, we should be sorry to see any obstacle thrown in the way of its success. For these, and many other reasons which will at once occur to the reader, it is obvious that a dissolution of Parliament at the present time would have been a step only justified by an overwhelming necessity, which certainly had not arisen. The resignation of the Whig Cabinet, as we have already shown, was their own act, and was not forced upon them. Nobody wished to put them out before they had set their house in order; and that duty, at least, they were bound to perform, however inconvenient it might be.

The result has been the return of Lord John Russell and his colleagues to power, in a far worse position, as regards credit and character, than when they resigned. In order to justify that resignation, they were compelled to admit that they had lost the general support of that House of Commons in which they once commanded a large majority; they had failed to procure any new element of strength by the adhesion of the intermediate party; and they returned to the Treasury benches to resume once more, under very degrading circumstances, that career of imbecility and indecision which they have pursued so long. Terrified by the onslaught of the Irish members on his Bill for the repression of the Papal usurpation, Lord John Russell has been weak enough to yield to their clamour, and has so mutilated his own measure, which, as originally conceived, fell miserably short of its professed object, that it must encounter a keen opposition at every stage of its progress, and probably will be rejected with scorn by a majority of the Lower House. The discussion, however, has been so far valuable to the Whigs, that it has afforded a breathing-space to Sir Charles Wood. The new version of the budget has been postponed with an anxiety which would be positively ludicrous, could we afford to laugh at a matter which is so important, but which has been so shamefully handled. We are still left entirely in the dark as to the nature of the next financial experiment; we do not

know whether it is proposed to take off the window duties in whole or in part, or to touch the Income-tax, which is now very near the legal period of its expiry. These are paramount considerations just now, but they have been postponed, like everything else, in consequence of the preposterous resignation; and, to judge from their conduct, Ministers seem resolved to delay them until the last possible moment.

We cannot place any other construction upon Lord John Russell's extraordinary conduct with regard to Mr Baillie's motion. The matter stood thus: The member for Inverness-shire had placed upon the books of the House of Commons, a notice of a motion involving a censure upon Lord Torrington for alleged mal-administration as governor of Ceylon, and also, by implication, upon the Secretary of State for the Colonies. This subject has been before the House for nearly three years, and a great deal of prejudice and suspicion was excited against the Government, from the unaccountable withdrawal and detention of witnesses and documents. The case had made but slow progress. A Committee had sate upon it for two years; and, so late as the 17th of March, it appeared from the statement of Mr Disraeli, that the evidence was not yet fully in the hands of members. He said, "a very large volume containing the evidence taken before the Ceylon Committee had only been recently delivered, and could not yet have been perused with sufficient attention by any hon. gentleman. Besides, a mass of important documents, submitted to the Committee, were not yet in the hands of members, nor would they be ready for a fortnight yet to come." It is plain that in a case of this kind, involving matter of so very grave a nature, the House could not proceed to deliberate without having the whole evidence before them, and also time to consider that evidence. Mr Baillie's motion had been set down for the 25th of March; and on the 14th, in the absence of that gentleman, Lord John Russell intimated that, as the motion was one of censure upon Her Majesty's Ministers, he would not bring forward the financial measures of the Session so

long as the motion respecting Ceylon remained undetermined. Supposing, then, that Mr Baillie had considered it his duty to persevere in the motion, notwithstanding that the entire evidence was not before the House, the whole public business of the country must have been stopped until the termination of a protracted debate upon a subject, to elucidate which the labours of two years of a Parliamentary Committee were required. Mr Baillie very properly and wisely declined to be placed in so invidious a position; and, in order that the most pressing questions of finance might not be postponed until an indefinite period, he withdrew his motion from the notice-book, reserving to himself full power to bring it forward when he thought proper, which, he said, would be at such a time, and in such a state of the public business, as would not render him obnoxious to the charge of impeding the great financial measures of the Government.

Now, it will occur to every one that, if Lord John Russell had been really anxious to proceed with the public business, he ought to have considered himself under an obligation to Mr Baillie for affording him every facility. On the contrary, the Premier assumed the tone of a much-injured individual, and insisted that Mr Baillie, "after making a charge involving an accusation of wanton cruelty against a late governor of one of Her Majesty's possessions, and of full, complete, and unqualified approbation by the Colonial Secretary of State of those proceedings of wanton cruelty," ought to have brought the question *immediately* before the House. "What I said," continued the Premier, "and what I was justified in saying was, that the Government, with such an accusation hanging over their heads,—with a motion of censure in abeyance upon which no opinion had been pronounced—*could not begin any great measure not already introduced, and must pause until this House gave an affirmative or negative to that motion.*" Really, we are at a loss what to make of this. The accusation is by no means new. It was preferred nearly three years ago; and if, whilst it was hanging over their heads, the Ministers were not entitled to introduce

any new measure, they have already in fifty instances deliberately violated that rule. But further, we venture to think that the expedition of the public business of the country is of more importance than even the whitewashing of the character of Ministers; and that the latter having waited so long, and having, moreover, exhibited no extraordinary zeal for the full development of all the particulars connected with the transactions in Ceylon, might, at least, afford the country an opportunity of knowing what taxes we are expected to pay, before insisting on a debate entirely personal to themselves. We perfectly coincide in the remark made by the *Times* with regard to this extraordinary ebullition on the part of the Premier.

"What may have been Lord John Russell's motive in stopping the whole machine of the Legislature till after the 25th,—whether it was to prepare for the Ministerial obsequies, or to damage Mr Baillie,—or simply because he was glad of the delay, it is needless to inquire; but it was all the same to the hon. member for Inverness-shire; he certainly might be permitted under these circumstances to reply—'I won't stop the way; go on with your budget, and I'll find another opportunity for my motion.' As far as regards the Government, this left them in exactly the same position as at the beginning of the Session, as they knew perfectly well the Ceylon question would come on, soon or late, in the course of it, and that a vote of censure was thus always depending over their heads. The threatened motion is only the inevitable sequence of the discussions on the subject during the last two years, and Mr Baillie could not but go on with his enquiry till he had brought it to a conclusion. Lord John, therefore, is now, so far as regards Ceylon, in precisely the same condition as he was at the beginning of this Session and the close of the last."

We presume that at length we shall be favoured by some financial scheme, though of what nature it might perplex the Cumæan Sybil to predict. This is, however, a point of extreme importance; and even at the risk of defeating the Ministry and precipitating another crisis, it must be attended to with the greatest jealousy. Lord Stanley has already partially developed the financial measures which he intended to have made the

foundation of his policy in the event of his having accepted office ; and the principal feature of his scheme was the immediate diminution and prospective abolition of the income tax. It is almost impossible to over-estimate the beneficial results of such a measure, either directly upon those who have been so long subjected to its injustice, or indirectly upon the whole financial system of the nation. But for that engine of oppression devised by Sir Robert Peel, and yielded to in an evil hour by a House of Commons which did not foresee the consequences of its act, the agricultural interest would not have been, as it is now, most grievously prostrated, the small trades throughout the country ruined, and the native artisan reduced to penury or the workhouse, through the boasted blessings of cheapness arising from foreign importation. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has at present a disposable surplus to deal with, though the expenses of the Kaffir war may considerably diminish its amount. It is the duty of our representatives to take care that the surplus is neither frittered away upon paltry and unnecessary reductions of duties in which the great body of the public have no interest, nor devoted to the extinction of another branch of direct taxation, important certainly in itself, and from which it is desirable that the public should be relieved, but neither so important nor so urgent as the case to which we have already referred.

And here we may remark, as a singular feature of the times, that men of all classes and of all opinions have joined in expressing a general dislike and repugnance to direct taxation. We have not for a long time heard anything of the financial reformers, or at least that section of them which proposed to substitute universally the direct for the indirect system. The last *brochure* which we happened to fall in with on the subject, purported, if we recollect right, to emanate from the pen of the illustrious and sagacious Mr M'Gregor, who honours the electors of Glasgow by attending as one of their representatives in Parliament. So far as we could understand it, it was a sort of Jacob's ladder, on which the higher you ascended the more severely were

you mulcted, by way of an encouragement to your exertions. But beyond this delectable scheme of appropriation, we have not seen any proposals of late for an increase of direct burdens. The tide, indeed, has been flowing all the other way ; and we rejoice to know that such is the case, since it bodes a speedy return to those principles of taxation which were eminently calculated to foster native industry, and under which the country rose to its highest point of prosperity. We have no objections whatever to see the window duties removed, and to give our humble but hearty support to the accomplishment of that end ; but the income tax must first be extinguished, in terms of the Parliamentary pledge to that effect which has been more than once repeated, and a sufficient revenue must also be raised by import duties to meet the contemplated reduction.

That the present Ministry can long retain office—indeed that they can overcome the difficulties of this session is, we think, extremely improbable. Their duty is to expedite the usual and necessary business of the country, and to abstain from bringing forward any measures which are not imperatively required. Their policy may be to throw great difficulties in the way of their probable successors. As to that, however, we do not entertain much apprehension. Their resignation, and, still more, their humiliating return to office without an iota of acquired support, must deprive any new measure which they may propose of that *prestige* which attaches to the schemes of a strong and influential government ; and they cannot now hope to excite anywhere a feeling of enthusiasm on their behalf. The moment that a Ministry loses character, it is doomed. It may struggle on for a time, by the aid of adventitious circumstances, but it never can regain the confidence or support of the people. Lord John Russell may favour us with numerous vapid perorations tending to his own self-glorification, and may assure us, that it has ever been his practical rule to observe the sentiment of Burke, and to preserve himself against the corruption of nature and example, by a habit of life and communication of

counsels with the most virtuous and public-spirited men of the age in which he lives. He may assure us that, when he first came into Parliament, he benefited by the counsels and followed the examples of such men as Romilly, Mackintosh, and Horner. What is the use of his telling us all this, when we know that in our time he has replaced such company and counsel by that of Messrs Wilson of Westbury, and Benjamin Hawes? If we are wrong in this assumption, and if he still draws his inspiration from higher sources, we should be grateful to know who are his living authorities. He has told us that, "So long as it is my fate to take a part in public affairs, it will be my endeavour to consort with such men as Burke speaks of, with whom I agree in public principle, and from whose wisdom I can learn the best path to the public welfare." Such men as Burke speaks of! Who are they? Setting aside the two names already mentioned, our curiosity is strangely excited: we would fain see a copy of the catalogue. That Lord Lansdowne is one of the most rigidly virtuous men of the age, we presume to be beyond all question. But who are the patterns of wisdom? Sir Charles Wood, or Lord Minto, or Earl Grey? We wish that his lordship had been more specific. We wish that he had at least enabled us to say with distinctness—

"*Mercutio, then consort 'st with Romeo ;*"

so that we might have had an opportunity of estimating the real value of the intimacy. We are afraid that if his advisers, counsellors, guides, and models, are not to be looked for elsewhere than in the Whig official ranks, Lord John might as well have left his peroration unspoken; for, somehow or other, the public is unfortunately blind to the vast amount of combined wisdom, patriotism, and virtue which the Premier, by insinuation, maintains to be the remarkable characteristic of his followers.

It is now the duty of every one to prepare most seriously for the coming contest. In all human probability the existence of the present Parliament, as well as of the present Ministry, is drawing rapidly to its close. The ensuing

autumn may not pass over—nay, probably will not—without the occurrence of a general election; and upon the result of that election depend in a great measure the future destinies of the country. The results of that change of policy which was effected by Sir Robert Peel were necessarily slow in their development, and could not be ascertained except by the aid of considerable experience. They are now before the country—although not yet to their full extent, for the depression of native industry, and the decline of the home trade, have gradually but surely been progressing; and the continuance of the experiment for another year would certainly demonstrate, yet more fully and forcibly, the havoc and ruin which Free Trade, in an old, densely-peopled, and burdened state like our own, must inevitably carry in its train. This much at least has been proved, that the agricultural interest cannot possibly stand against the accumulated and increasing influx of grain and provisions from all quarters of the world. That position, however much it may have been contested eighteen months or a year ago, is now universally admitted. The advocates of free trade in foreign corn have been found wrong in every one of their calculations. Whether we assume, with Sir Robert Peel, that 56s. per quarter is the proper remunerative price of wheat in this country on the average, or take Mr Wilson of the *Economist's* lower estimate, and fix it at 52s. 2d., it is perfectly apparent that the land of Great Britain cannot continue in cultivation as formerly, under a system of foreign importation which forces the averages of wheat down to 38s. So far is the importation from decreasing, that each new circular brings us intelligence of shipments from ports which formerly were almost unknown by name. Cargoes are coming in from every quarter of the world, without the least prospect of diminution. Here is an extract from the report of Messrs Sturge of Birmingham on the corn trade, dated 29th January last, which may serve as an index to the opinions of a noted free-trading house.

"The arrivals of wheat from the Black Sea the last six months of the past year

were 650,000 qrs., 400,000 qrs. of which went to Ireland, and the depression on the English market would no doubt have been greater had not Ireland required such large supplies.

"Even with the increased facilities of communication, and the wide circle from which supplies are drawn under a system of Free Trade, we certainly did not anticipate at the commencement of last year that our prices would rule quite so low as they have done; and we should infer from this experience, that when England is the only country requiring a large import of wheat, our farmers cannot safely calculate upon obtaining much beyond 40s. per qr. for wheat. This state of things must, however, be considered the exception, not the rule: France, especially, has on an average of seasons been an importing instead of an exporting country of wheat; and with an increasing population, whose leading article of food is bread, we may *reasonably* calculate upon her reverting to her former position. It is probable that the crop of wheat in France will in future have more effect upon our prices than that of any other country.

"We have *no data* upon which to form an opinion with any degree of confidence as to the range of prices between the present time and harvest. We do not, under any circumstances, expect much further reduction; and we are not sanguine of a considerable advance upon our present quotations, if the appearance of the growing crop continues favourable, and there should be no revival of the spirit of speculation in grain; and although generally there must continue to be a loss on imports, without a material reduction in prices abroad or an advance here, this will not, we believe, prevent a considerable quantity of foreign wheat finding its way to Great Britain during the spring and summer, which will be sold at a market-value *without reference to its cost*. The average price of wheat in 1850 was much below that in any year during the present century, except in 1835, when it was less by 1s. per quarter; and the average value last year of all other grain is lower than it has been for at least a quarter of a century."

The grossest of all the errors which were committed by the Free-Traders had reference to the cost of freight. It is stated by a correspondent of *Bell's Weekly Messenger* that, "at the time when the corn laws were under discussion, Messrs Sturge publicly asserted that Odessa wheat could not be delivered in this

country at a less cost for freight, factorage, &c., than 20s. per quarter, irrespective of its cost at Odessa; whilst within the last six months, many hundred cargoes have arrived, and been sold, deliverable in the London and Liverpool markets, at 32s. to 34s. per quarter." Turning to that eminent statistical and arithmetical authority, Mr Wilson of the *Economist*, we find him, in his "Influences of the Corn Laws," estimating the cost of the shipment of wheat from Danzig to London, with the commission, at 20s. 9d. per quarter; whereas, at the present moment, the very finest Danzig wheat, which always commands a higher price than our own, is offered in Leith, free, at 44s. per quarter! And what says Mr M'Culloch, so late as 1845?—"It rarely happens that it would be possible to import good wheat into this country, with a low duty of 5s. or 6s. a quarter, when our prices here are under 52s. to 55s. a quarter; and that, under such a system, we should be supplied with corn when it was really *wanted*, and with the *quantity wanted*!"

These were the predictions of the Free-Traders; and never perhaps before, in so short a space, were men convicted of such gross and egregious error. They did not, however, surrender their unfortunate prophecies without a struggle. For the last two years they have been incessantly attempting to demonstrate, by all sorts of ingenious arithmetical tables, hypothetical calculations, and communications from special correspondents—of whose actual existence we have not a shadow of proof—that they were perfectly right in the main, or, what is much the same thing, that they would have been right under a combination of different circumstances. It now appears that, from first to last, they were utterly and entirely in the wrong—that their data were as fallacious, and their information as imperfect, as their arrogance and ignorance were enormous—and that the best and largest interests of the country have been sacrificed to the crude theories of a few unscrupulous adventurers. It is now for the nation at large to say whether—considering the magnitude and importance of this fundamental error, and the

very disastrous consequences which have resulted from it—it is either just or prudent to persevere until we have reached the extremity, and annihilated or expatriated from Great Britain a large class of agriculturists, upon whose prosperity that of the home manufacturers of the nation is admitted in a great degree to depend. It is now established by experience, extending over two successive harvests of different quality and yield, that prices cannot be maintained against the influx of foreign importation. All kinds of agricultural produce are similarly affected—the provision as well as the grain market—so that no change of husbandry can avail to recompense the farmer. It is also established that the importations may be increased to almost any amount, and that they do, at the present time, exceed fivefold the estimated quantity. From these positive ascertained facts we may safely arrive at an inference as to the possibility of maintaining in cultivation the greater portion of the soil of Britain. Let us see how this stands.

We shall take Sir Robert Peel's estimate of the remunerative price of wheat, upon the average of years, at 56s. per quarter.

Good wheat land, in high cultivation, will return 32 bushels, or four quarters per acre, which, at the above price—the lowest remunerative one, be it remarked—would fetch £11, 4s.

At the present average prices, the return of the same amount of produce per acre would fetch only £7, 12s.; being a loss to the agriculturist of £3, 12s. per acre!

No doubt this calculation by Sir Robert Peel was based upon the supposition that the present rental of land throughout Britain would be maintained; no unreasonable one, when we reflect that rent is simply the return for capital expended on or sunk in the land, and that the disappearance of the enormous amount of capital so invested—a disappearance which must take place the moment cultivation is abandoned—would render Britain one of the poorest instead of being the wealthiest nation of Europe. But see what follows. Take £1—take £2 per acre from the rental of this first-class wheat land, and still, at present prices, the cultivator

would fall short of profit by 32s. per acre! Let us suppose, moreover, that by strict economy in his household, and by depriving his family of their former means of education, the cultivator of the soil can manage to retrench another £1 per acre, still he is 12s. short of profit; and from what source can he draw this except by screwing down the labourer? We do hope that these things will meet with the proper attention. The situation of the farmers just now, all over the country, is positively fearful. No reduction of rent which they can ask would avail to ward off their ruin; and unless the next Parliament totally reverses the policy which has been pursued for the last few years, the consequences may be such as we hardly dare to contemplate. Already, in many districts, the wages of the agricultural labourers have been reduced as low as nature will allow; and it is perfectly evident that, before long, the practice must become universal. We copy from the *Times* of 18th March the following manifesto which has been issued by the Essex farmers:—

“ A Proclamation to our Worthy Labourers.”

“ We, the neighbouring farmers, deeply deplore our inability to continue the present rate of wages to our worthy labourers; the fact is, we cannot afford it. Free Trade has brought us into close competition with foreigners, who pay so little money for labour, that dark-brown rye-bread, skim milk, cheese, and a few onions, is all the men get. With these foreign serfs, who are bought and sold with the land, like cattle, are we now contending in our own markets. Much as we deplore it, we are obliged manfully to tell you, that if we are to give you constant employment, we cannot pay the present wages. Essex must come to what many other counties have already come—6s. and 7s. a-week. We will give as much as we can, but it must be in proportion to the price of corn: the money lost by farmers this year is dreadful. Down with the malt tax! God save the Queen!

“ Billericay, March 14.”

We are not now proving our case—the case has been already proved. Not even our Whig Ministers, not even the old champions of the League, dare to deny that agricultural distress is general and tremendous, and that

it has been caused by their legislative measures. They do not even attempt to hold out a hope that matters can alter for the better. Even their ingenuity has deserted them. The facts arrayed against them are far too numerous and damning.

Are we, then, to proceed in this insensate career of folly, spoliation, and crime? Even if we could isolate the one interest from the others, and suppose that agriculture might be allowed to fall without inflicting the slightest injury upon other branches of our internal industry, what an awful responsibility should we not incur by allowing ruin and desolation to overflow, like a deluge, the face of agricultural England! How is it possible to expect resignation and obedience from men whom the laws are reducing to beggary? How can we consistently tell them of national obligations and national faith, when the principle of nationality is abandoned, and the power of redeeming those obligations taken from the British arm? Talk to us of endangering our institutions! Is it possible that our statesmen do not see in what direction the real danger lies if the experiment is declared to be final? Well, then, we shall tell them, for, as Sir James Graham remarked not long ago, "The time has arrived when the truth fully must be spoken"—**THE NATIONAL REVENUE IS IN DANGER, AND THEY ARE THE MEN WHO ARE ENDANGERING IT.**

In 1793, at the commencement of the most tremendous war in which this country was ever engaged—the value of money being then regulated, as it is now, by a gold currency—the taxes were under L.20,000,000 per annum, and the price of wheat was exactly 46s. per quarter. The national debt was then L.252,461,782, and the annual interest L.9,525,866. At present, the taxation of the United Kingdom amounts to about L.52,000,000 per annum. The price of wheat is down to 38s., the national debt is upwards of L.773,000,000, and the annual interest above L.28,000,000. We shall not complicate the question by inquiring into the effect which Sir Robert Peel's Currency Act of 1819 has exercised upon the national burdens. The discussion of that subject,

though it cannot be delayed for ever, is apart from our present point; and therefore, without assuming that the public debtor was defrauded, or the public creditor unduly advantaged by that equivocal arrangement, we shall take the whole debt and burdens as they are rated at the present time. Now, we presume it will not be denied that upon the land must fall the whole of the taxes, direct or indirect, of all that are connected with it. Customs and excise duties, land tax, income tax, county rates, poor rates, church rates, road-money, &c.,—all that is paid towards the support of the state by the landowner, the farmer, or the agricultural labourer and their families, must be deducted from the produce of the soil, and must be paid in ready money, altogether irrespective of the market value of produce. The burdens having increased more than threefold, the agriculturists are now expected to maintain their ground, to pay their share of these burdens and the debt, and to compete on equal terms with countries possessing a richer soil, and a more equable climate, burdened with little or no debt, and rearing a peasantry in that state of serfage which differs not from the condition of the slave. How is it possible that this can be accomplished? Never yet has appeared the political economist who could tell us how: nay, the whole race of political economists are cast into dismay by the aspect of the apparition which they have evoked, so widely differing from that which they really expected to appear.

Well then, what is to be done? Can we go on or not as an agricultural country? There are facts before you from which you can draw your own inference. Is it possible to tax produce threefold, to diminish its marketable value, and yet to expect that branch of industry to survive? Yet this is just what we are doing. The quarter of wheat is eight shillings lower just now than it was in 1793; and yet all concerned in its cultivation must contribute to the revenue swollen from L.20,000,000 to L.50,000,000 a-year, without taking into account the enormous increase of rates, which do not enter into the national balance-sheet. Can this be done? Most

clearly and evidently it cannot. No machinery can force the land to treble or quadruple its increase. Nature cannot be supplanted by the wit or ingenuity of experimentalists. They may invent engines to supersede manual labour, and multiply pauperism in the manufacture of their webs, but they cannot interfere with the primitive laws of nature.

All this was perfectly understood by the late William Cobbett and his disciples, some of whom grounded their hopes of a total overthrow of our monetary system upon the repeal of the corn laws. It is not a little curious to contrast the present state of matters with that existing in 1814-15, when the restoration of peace caused the pressure of the debt which had been contracted during the previous one-and-twenty years, to be felt at once in all its severity by the nation, aggravated by the blessing of a large importation of corn. The following sketch is from the pen of Mr Double-day, perhaps the ablest and most lucid writer of his school:—

“The first trouble which the triumph of 1814-15 brought upon the heads of the Ministers and their supporters, was of a somewhat singular nature, being the plague of ‘plenty and cheapness.’ Cheapness and plenty had, hitherto, been esteemed among the first blessings of a state of peace. Amongst the people, indeed, they were esteemed so still; for, amongst the illumination-devices, one of the most vulgar was a great loaf, and a foaming pot of beer, with the mottoes of ‘I am coming down!’ and ‘I am coming after you!’

“This vulgar state of matters did not, however, suit persons who had now contracted a national debt of eight hundred millions of pounds, and who were still paying taxes to the tune of sixty millions per annum. They by no means relished the mottoes attached to the big loaf and cauliflower-headed pot of porter; and when they saw them, in 1814, in the way of being realised with all speed, their inward consternation was tremendous. In short, when, after the opening of the ports, they saw French corn, French sheep, French cows, French poultry, and French pigs, besides butter, cheese, fruit, and vegetables, about coming over by ship-loads and boat-loads, amidst rapidly

falling prices and universal difficulty, both commercial and agricultural, they were thunderstruck; and instinct, if not reason, told them that no time was to be lost before something was done. *They felt at once that a highly taxed and tithed country, as England now was, could not possibly carry on cultivation in competition with lightly taxed and untithed Continental rivals.* As early as the autumn of 1814, therefore, they had got together parliamentary committees to inquire into the state and prospects of agriculture; and these committees soon came to the conclusion, that, *if the landed interest were to stand at all, it could only be by means of protection, and a corn bill.*

“That these committees were right in the abstract, I do not see how it is possible for any reasoning man to deny.” *

The proposition of the Free-Traders is just this, that the landed interest of Great Britain shall compete in the home market on equal terms with the whole world—the said landed interest paying, moreover, its share, and more than its share, of the national burdens, including the interest of our enormous debt. That is what they proposed, and what is now required and enforced. It is now perfectly obvious that this cannot be done. With wheat at 4s. 6d. a bushel, cultivation is impossible—according to all the authorities on the other side, including Peel and Wilson. Cultivation is being maintained, at the present moment, simply at the cost of the farmers, the most valuable and decidedly the worst used class of the community. They are already so far immersed in difficulty that they cannot adopt the flippant and heartless advice of certain journalists, and abandon the soil, for that would be at once to precipitate the ruin which no exertion of theirs can avail to ward off for a long period. They are paying rents and maintaining their labourers just now from capital or credit, not from profits, and when their capital and credit are exhausted, there is an end of them. Is it possible to suppose that these men can continue to regard with a friendly eye the institutions of that country which is doing them this grievous and unnatural wrong; or that they will

be fervent for the maintenance of a national credit, to support which they are yearly taxed beyond their powers of production? Let the Ministry, and, above all, the fundholders, earnestly consider this matter. It is no light thing. Let it once be thoroughly understood throughout the land that there is no way of escape left for the farmers, and the danger is imminent that they will unite in the demand that the taxes shall be repealed to an extent which will not admit of payment of the dividends, and the result may be the most terrible internal struggle that England has ever known.

Most earnestly and humbly do we pray that our anticipations may never be realised! But we cannot overlook the indications which are already exhibited in many parts of the country, and the authentic information we have received of the feeling prevalent among the farmers. They complain, and that most bitterly, of the supineness on the part of the proprietors, and the seeming indifference which, in too many instances, they have shown to the cruel position of the tenantry. We hope and trust that immediate and general steps will be taken to show that this charge at least is founded upon a misconception, for no greater evil could arise than the loss of confidence between the classes of tenants and proprietors. But, either with or without the proprietors, the tenantry are preparing to act; and it is matter of the utmost importance to the general welfare that they should act in the right direction. If the agricultural interest is to continue to exist, either protection must be restored, or such a repeal of taxation must take place as will be equivalent to a destruction of credit, and, in fact, tantamount to a revolution.

But we may be told there is another alternative — that the country can go on as formerly without the existence of the agriculturists. This is not a new view. It has been openly stated and expatiated upon both by Cobden and by Hume, and the fundholder is certainly entitled to give it every consideration. It presupposes that we are to be fed entirely from abroad, and that the land generally is to go out of cultivation, except such favour-

ed spots as are situated in the vicinity of the larger towns. Now, let us see what that would lead to. That vast share of our national taxation which is now directly and indirectly borne by the agriculturists, would necessarily be transferred to the towns; and the instant that a commercial crisis arose, such a yell would be raised against the pressure of the taxes as no Ministry could possibly resist. Every one knows, and every one has seen how easily agitation of the most formidable nature may be excited in the towns during a period even of temporary depression. Where masses of misery are brought together, the danger is really enormous. It is this circumstance which has always made congregated suffering more loudly heard, and more attentively remedied, than distress when scattered over a larger space. Lancashire has ten times the power of Wiltshire or of Suffolk, owing to the denseness of its population and the multitude of its manufacturing towns. Should it come to this, that the Government and the fundholder must rely for by far the greater share of the public revenue, and the interest of the national debt, upon the contributions of the urban population, their security would be virtually annihilated. We have seen with great sorrow the attempts which have been made, for some years past, to destroy the equipoise which formerly existed between town and country, and to give the former a vast preponderance over the latter. This is the favourite scheme of the democrats, whose great ulterior object is the destruction of the public credit; and they have been cordially joined by the Whigs, who are ready at any time to sacrifice the general interest of the country for the sake of securing a little temporary popularity. Would the fundholder esteem himself in a better position than now if he had to look for the payment of his dividends solely to the urban masses? We suspect not: and yet what other security can he have if the land is put out of cultivation?

Many people will of course be slow to realise the possibility of such an event. They have, all their lives, been accustomed to see the fields in tillage,

and they cannot well conceive how it can be otherwise. Let them, however, apply to agriculture the same principles and the same arguments from which they would form a conclusion with respect to any other trade, and they must necessarily be convinced of the entire truth of every word which we have stated. So soon as agriculture becomes a losing trade—and such it is just now—all engaged in it must suffer. Let the possibility of recovery be excluded, as the continuance or rather the permanency of the Free-Trade system will exclude it, and it must be altogether abandoned. There is no possible alternative, at least while burdens remain as they are. The Free-Trade oracles are distinct as to the remunerative price of produce. We have taken their calculation, instead of assuming a higher one of our own; and by a comparison of that with present prices, we have shown, beyond all contest, that agriculture is not only a losing, but a ruinous trade. We have stated our reasons for believing that it is impossible that prices can rally under the existing system of imports; and even those who were most bitterly opposed to us, and who formerly maintained the contrary view, now tacitly acknowledge the entire justice of our arguments. What then remains to be said upon a matter so clearly ascertained?

Hitherto we have spoken as if the agricultural interest could be considered apart from the other interests of the community. It is not our fault if we are forced to discuss it in this light—it is the fault of the men who have promulgated the false and unnatural doctrine, that one branch of native industry can be struck down and annihilated, without any distinct injury being inflicted on the others. The truth is, that Free Trade has not only prostrated the agriculturists, but has carried its desolating effects into the heart of every large town in the empire. The artisans, who are large consumers of taxed articles, and who therefore contribute greatly to the national revenue, find themselves undersold and supplanted by the influx of foreign manufactured goods which have poured into this country in a perpetual stream, ever

since Sir Robert Peel ventured to make his most dangerous experiment on the tariff. Native industry of every kind, and in every shape, has been assailed. The exporting trades alone have profited by the change; and even their advantage has fallen miserably short of that which they so confidently anticipated. The reason is perfectly plain. The stimulus which was given to foreign manufactures by our total abandonment of the protective system, has had the effect of creating rivals to our manufacturers in markets of which we expected to retain the monopoly, and at the present moment our merchants are engaged in a desperate but fruitless struggle to maintain that monopoly, by underselling their competitors at any cost. It is evident that they cannot continue that struggle long. Free access to the British market has given to foreign states a power which they never possessed before; and not content with supplanting our artisans at home, they never will rest satisfied until they can meet the Manchester manufacturers, on equal terms, at those very outposts of commerce which the latter have long regarded as their own particular preserve. In the mean time, our native artisans, whose sole dependence is on the home market, are thrown out of work. Our shops are filled with foreign articles ticketed at a price which appears to defy competition. Unskilled labour is driven from the country into the towns, is hired at famine wages to do the work of the taskmaster; and the handicraftsman, without knowing why, finds his wages weekly dwindling, under the operation of a system which professed to secure for him and his class comforts which were hitherto unknown.

We rejoice to know that the period of this grand delusion is over. The eyes of the working classes in the towns are opening to the delusion which has been practised; nor can we give a better proof of this than by inserting a document which has been already extensively disseminated through almost every town in Great Britain:—

“ ADDRESS OF THE METROPOLITAN TRADES DELEGATES TO THE WORKING CLASSES OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

“ We warn the workman that all who are not receiving protection are paying for it.”—*Times*, March 1848.

“ Fellow Countrymen,—We, in common with other sections of the people, have assembled, and taken into our serious consideration the present state of the country, with a view to urge upon you to be prepared to take a part in the coming struggle for the rights of industry.

“ In a petition presented to the House of Commons from the Metropolitan Trades Delegates during the session of 1848, it was stated that there were then in London about 200,000 working men; one-third of whom were employed, one-third but half-employed, and one-third totally unemployed. In consequence of statements which have lately been made in both Houses of Parliament, asserting that the condition of the working classes was never more comfortable, we have made inquiries into their present condition, and find that, in the most numerous trades, depending for employment on home consumption, the relative numbers employed and unemployed are about in the same proportion as formerly stated; the only difference being that the wages of those employed are much lower than they were three years ago, and therefore their present condition is more depressed.

“ In some branches of trade a greater proportion is employed, but these are exceptional cases; for in every trade and profession all over the kingdom, there is now a surplus of hands begging leave to toil, although hundreds of thousands have emigrated during the last three years to foreign lands, and transferred their genius, their labour, and their allegiance to foreign states; while hundreds of thousands more are ready to follow when they can find the means to be transported from their fatherland, where they have been denied their right to labour, and the right to live, except by wearing the pauper's badge, and by the sacrifice of the social affections.

“ Fellow Countrymen,—As it is now admitted by all classes that labour is the source of wealth, it evidently follows that the prosperity and independence of Great Britain and her colonies will be best promoted by employing and protecting the greatest number of a healthy, industrious, intelligent, and moral population, that can be educated and comfortably maintained by their own industry; therefore, it should be the first and most important duty of a wise government to adopt such

measures as will best secure employment to the entire population, and for their labour an abundance of the necessaries and comforts of life. We therefore fearlessly assert, that the unrestricted foreign cheap-labour policy, which has been for a series of years encouraged by the legislature of this kingdom, and extended by the present Parliament, is theoretically wrong, and, under the existing constitution of society, practically injurious to the industrial classes, by compelling them to enter into stimulated, unregulated, and hopeless competition at home and abroad, which is opposed to independence and happiness, dangerous to the country, and destructive to the general prosperity of the whole British people.

“ While reiterating the opinion which we formerly expressed against the present unfair system of

RECKLESS COMPETITION, CALLED ‘ FREE TRADE,’

from which its advocates promised so much good, especially to the working classes, but which has only proved ‘ a mockery, a delusion, and a snare,’ we will not now impute blame on account of the experiment; nor do we desire to awaken in you angry feelings or enmity against any class of legislators or politicians, but we boldly call upon you to demand from any party that may hold the reins of office, to adopt

A PROTECTIVE POLICY FOR NATIVE INDUSTRY,

against unfair competition, so that you may be enabled to live by your labour, and give a rational, practical, and useful education to your children, without which the security and prosperity of the empire are impossible.”

“ Signed on behalf of the Metropolitan Trades Delegates,

“ ISAAC WILSON, *Chairman*.

“ AUGUSTUS E. DELAFORCE, *Sec.*

“ Committee-Rooms, High Holborn,
March 5, 1851.”

What a comment is this document upon the prosperity speeches of Ministers! What a contrast exists between its plain practical terms and the bewildered jargon of Sir Charles Wood, or the puerile declamations of the Premier about the company which he used to keep!

If any further argument were needed against the continuance of our present commercial system, Lord John Russell has furnished it by adopting, without reservation, the

sentiments expressed in the Magazine no later than February last. In the article entitled "The Dangers of the Country," the following question was put,—"Now, assuming—as experience warrants us in doing—this state of matters to be permanent, and the growth of wheat in the British islands to be progressively superseded by importations from abroad, how is the *national independence* to be maintained when a *fourth of our people* have come to depend on foreign supplies for their daily food?" The Premier has not, indeed, favoured us with a direct answer, but the subject seems latterly to have occasioned no slight amount of uneasiness in his mind. In the debate of 10th March, on the Navy Estimates, he is reported to have said, with reference to the possibility of a hostile attempt upon our shores, or the fitting out of an adverse armament,—“Now, let the Hon. Member for the West Riding observe, that, injurious as those operations might be, hurtful to our trade, our wealth, and our resources in former times, *the late change we have made with respect to the Corn Law, made such operations far more injurious than they otherwise would be.* For the last two or three years, we had had eight millions or nine millions quarters of grain imported. Let any one think what a loss it would be to this country, *being in the practice of having part of our food to that amount come from foreign countries*, if, in the event of a war, we had no sufficient naval force.” So, then, his lordship *does* begin to see, at last, that he and his confederates have placed the national independence in jeopardy! He acknowledges *now*, that, in the event of any war arising, which might interfere with the supplies of foreign food which we have so gratuitously solicited, the consequences must be most calamitous to the country! And what is this but a broad and plain confession that the system of Free Trade, and the independence of Great Britain, are two things which cannot possibly co-exist, or be reconciled? What is it but an admission of the grand leading principle of true political economy, that no nation can hope to preserve its independence, if it neglects or foregoes the primary

duty of providing within itself the necessary supplies for its population?

We repeat, that on the issue of the next general election depend in a great measure the future destinies of the country. For our own part we have little fear of the result, provided that all men are fully alive to the exigency and importance of the crisis. The views of Lord Stanley, and the line of conduct which he proposes to adopt, in the event of his being summoned to undertake the direction of public affairs, are already before the country; and every one has the opportunity of forming his own opinion with regard to their merit and their efficacy. They appear to us admirably suited to meet the temper of the times. We have suffered too much from rash legislation to wish for a precipitate change in the other direction; and we are satisfied that, by adopting a moderate but decided course, far greater and more general satisfaction would be given than by rushing hastily into extremes. Here perhaps it may be proper to insert an extract from the speech of Lord Stanley on the 5th of March, in answer to the address from the deputation of the National Association, which, though imperfectly reported, will serve to explain the nature of his contemplated policy.

“In the course of his address, the noble lord noticed some remarks which had been made with regard to his having been represented to say that he was favourable to the adoption of moderate import duties, with a view to revenue, but not to price. If he had ever said this, he should have been uttering a paradox. He was quite aware that every duty that was imposed raised the price of the article taxed, but he was also well aware that no duty which might be imposed would raise the price to the full amount of that duty. What he had stated was, that no duty which could be imposed would raise the existing price of agricultural produce to the point which those who repealed the corn laws declared would be remunerative. He contemplated the imposition of a moderate duty on the import of foreign corn and provisions, partly for the purpose of giving a slight—certainly a slight—but nevertheless a certain amount of protection to the British agriculturist, and also, by furnishing a certain amount of revenue, enabling Parliament to take off those taxes which pressed most heavily upon him. It was with a double object,

therefore, that he was in favour of a moderate rate of duty: first, as a slight protection on the one hand; and next, as a slight relief from the burden of taxation on the other. One expression of his, the noble lord subsequently remarked, which had been very much commented on, was, that he had stated that he was not prepared to reverse the policy of Sir R. Peel. He well knew that great and sudden changes were the most fraught with danger, and that nothing could be done effectually or safely in a country like England which was not calmly and deliberately done, upon full consideration, and even after experience. Two most formidable measures had of late years been enacted. One had already effected great evil; but, he feared, not to the full extent that would yet be developed. The other was the repeal of the navigation laws, which was, perhaps, even more important, for obvious reasons. What he had stated was, that he did not propose a reversal of Sir R. Peel's policy, but a modification of that policy in those cases in which it should have been found to work injuriously. The evil effects of that policy, he then went on to observe, had been proved with regard to the interest, which was mainly suffering—the agricultural interest; and he thought

that it was now time and necessary to deal promptly and generously with that interest. The noble lord further expressed his opinion that the principle of protection by moderate import duties, against competition upon unequal terms with the foreigner, was equally applicable to our colonial interests."

The days of the present Ministry are evidently numbered. During their tenure of office they have failed to earn the love or approbation of the people; and few will lament their fall. Let us hope that with them may close a period of unnatural and unnatural policy, which assuredly hereafter will reflect no honour on the names of those who were its principal instruments and advocates; and that no future statesman, of any rank or eminence, will so far mistake his duty to his sovereign and to his country as to entertain the idea that party ascendancy is for one moment to be weighed in the scale against the real interests of the nation, which can alone be secured by protecting the labour of the people, and by guarding from foreign encroachment the rights of NATIVE INDUSTRY.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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SOME AMERICAN POETS.

It is probable that there has been written much excellent poetry on the other side of the Atlantic with which we are unacquainted, which perhaps has never crossed the water at all. We should therefore be very unwise if we professed to give here, even if such a plan could be executed within the compass of a few pages, a general review of American poetry. All that we propose is, to make some critical observations on the writers before us, accompanied by such extracts as shall not unworthily occupy the attention of our readers. Even the list of names which we have set down at the head of this paper is the result more of accident than design: the works of these authors lay upon our table. The two first names will be recognised directly as the fittest representatives of American poetry; they rise immediately to the lips of every one who speaks upon the subject. The two last will probably be new to our readers, and if so, it will be our pleasant task to introduce them. One name only, familiar to all ears, has been purposely omitted. We have elsewhere spoken, and with no stinted measure of praise, of the writings of Mr Emerson. That writer has found in prose so much

better a vehicle of thought than verse has proved to him, (and that even when the thought is of a poetic cast,) that to summon him to receive judgment here amongst the poets, would be only to detract from the commendation we have bestowed upon him.

We say it is not improbable that there is much poetry published in America which does not reach us, because there is much, and of a very meritorious character, published here at home in England, which fails of obtaining any notoriety. Its circulation is more of a private than a public nature, depending perhaps upon the social position of the author, or following, for a short distance, in the wake of a literary reputation obtained by a different species of writing. Not that our critics are reluctant to praise. On the contrary, they might be accused of rendering their praise of no avail by an indiscriminate liberality, if it were not the true history of the matter that a growing indifference of the public to this species of literature led the way to this very diffuse and indiscriminate commendation. If no one reads the book to test his criticism, the critic himself loses his motive for watchfulness and accuracy: he passes judgment with

LONGFELLOW'S Poetical Works.

BRYANT'S Poetical Works.

WHITTIER'S Poetical Works.

Poems. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,

Poems. By O. W. HOLMES.

supreme indifference on a matter the world is careless about; and saves himself any further trouble by bestowing on all alike that safe, moderate, diluted eulogy, which always has the appearance of being fair and equitable. Much meritorious poetry may therefore, for aught we know, both in England and America, exist and give pleasure amongst an almost private circle of admirers. And why not sing for a small audience as well as for a great? It is not every Colin that can pipe, that can now expect to draw the whole countryside to listen to him. What if he can please only a quite domestic gathering, his neighbours or his clan? We are not of those who would tell Colin to lay down his pipe: we might whisper in his ear to mind his sheep as well, and not to break his heart, or to disturb his peace, because some sixty persons, and not six thousand, are grateful for his minstrelsy.

One fine summer's day we stood upon a little bridge thrown over the deep cutting of a newly constructed railway. It was an open country around us, a common English landscape—fields with their hedgerows, and their thin elm-trees stripped of their branches, with here and there a slight undulation of the soil, giving relief to, or partially concealing, the red and white cottage or the red-tiled barn. We were looking, however, into the deep cutting beneath us. Here the iron rails glistened in the sun, and still, as the eye pursued their track, four threads of glittering steel ran their parallel course, but apparently approximating in the far perspective, till they were lost by mere failure of the power of vision to follow them: the road itself was straight as an arrow. On the steep banks, fresh from the spade and pickaxe, not a shrub was seen, not a blade of grass. On the road itself there was nothing but clods of earth, or loose gravel, which lay in heaps by the side of the rails, or in hollows between them: it was enough that the iron bars lay there clear of all obstruction. No human foot, no foot of man or of beast, was ever intended to tread that road. It was for the engine only. From time to time the shrill whistle is heard—the train,

upon its hundred iron wheels, shoots through the little bridge, and rolls like thunder along these level grooves. It is soon out of sight, and the country is not only again calm and solitary, but appears for the moment to be utterly abandoned and deserted. It has its old life, however, in it still.

Well, as we were standing thus upon the little bridge, in the open country, and looking down into this deep ravine of the engineer's making, we noticed, fluttering beneath us, a yellow butterfly, sometimes beating its wings against the barren sides, and sometimes perching on the glistening rails themselves. Clearly, most preposterously out of place was this same beautiful insect. What had it to do there? What food, what fragrance, what shelter could it find? Or who was to see and to admire? There was not a shrub, nor an herb, nor a flower, nor a playmate of any description. It is manifest, most beautiful butterfly, that you cannot live here. From these new highways of ours, from these iron thoroughfares, you must certainly depart. But it follows not that you must depart the world altogether. In yonder hollow at a distance there is a cottage, surrounded by its trees and its flowers, and there are little children whom you may sport with, and tease, and delight, taking care they do not catch you napping. There is still *garden-ground* in the world for you, and such as you.

Sometimes, when we have seen pretty little gilded volumes of song and poetry lying about in the great highways of our industrial world, we have recalled this scene to mind. There is garden-ground left for them also, and many a private haunt, solitary or domestic, where they will be welcome.

We have heard it objected against American poets, but chiefly by their own countrymen, that they are not sufficiently *national*. This surely is a most unreasonable complaint. The Americans inhabit what was once, and is still sometimes called, the New World, but they are children of the Old. Their religion grew, like ours, in Asia; they receive it, as we do, through the nations of the west of Europe; they are, like us, descend-

ants of the Goth and the Roman, and are compounded of those elements which Rome and Palestine, and the forests of Germany, severally contributed towards the formation of what we call the Middle Ages. They have the same intellectual pedigree as ourselves. No Tintern Abbey, or Warwick Castle, stands on their rivers, to mark the lapse of time; but they must ever look back upon the days of the monk and of the knight, as the true era of romance. Proud as they may be of their Pilgrim Fathers, one would not limit them to this honourable paternity. It is very little poetry they would get out of the *Mayflower*—or philosophy either.

There are, it is true, subjects for poetry native to America—new aspects of nature and of humanity—the aboriginal forest, the aboriginal man, the prairie, the settler, and the savage. But even in these the American poet cannot keep a monopoly. Englishmen and Frenchmen have visited his forests; they have stolen his Red Indian; and have made the more interesting picture of him in proportion as they knew less of the original. Moreover, many of the peculiar aspects of human life which America presents may require the mellowing effect of time, the half obscurity of the past, to render them poetic. The savage is not the only person who requires to be viewed at a distance: there is much in the rude, adventurous, exciting life of the first settlers which to posterity may appear singularly attractive. They often seem to share the power and the skill of the civilised man, with the passions of the barbarian. What a scene—when viewed at a distance—must be one of their *revivals*! A camp-meeting is generally described by those who have witnessed it, in the language of ridicule or reproof. But let us ask ourselves this question—When St Francis assembled *five thousand* of his followers on the plains of Assisi, and held what has been called, in the history of the Franciscan order, “the Chapter of Mats,” because the men had no other shelter than rude tents made of mats—on which occasion St Francis himself was obliged to moderate the excesses of fanaticism and fanatical penance in which his dis-

ciples indulged—what was this but a camp-meeting? In some future age, a revival in the “Far West,” or a company of Millerites expecting their translation into heaven, will be quite as poetical as this Chapter of Mats. For ourselves, we think that any genuine exhibition of sentiment, by great numbers of our fellow-men, is a subject worthy of study, and demands a certain respect. Those, however, who can see nothing but absurdity and madness in a camp-meeting, would have walked through the five thousand followers of St Francis with the feeling only of intolerable disgust. Yet so it is, that merely from the lapse of time, or the obscurity it throws over certain parts of the picture, there are many who find something very affecting and sublime in the fanaticism of the thirteenth century, who treat the same fanaticism with pity or disdain when exhibited in the nineteenth.

“Miltons and Shakspeares,” says an editor of one of the volumes before us, “have not yet sprung from the only half-tilled soil of the mighty continent; giants have not yet burst from its forests, with a grandeur equal to their own; but,” &c. &c. Doubtless the giant will make his appearance in due course of time. But what if he should never manifest himself in the epic of twelve, or twenty-four books, or in any long poem whatever? A number of small poems, beautiful and perfect of their kind, will constitute as assuredly a great work, and found as great a reputation. We are far from thinking that the materials for poetry are exhausted or diminished in these latter days. As a general rule, in proportion as men *think*, do they *feel*,—more variously, if not more deeply, themselves—and more habitually through sympathy with others. Love and devotion, and all the more refined sentiments, are heightened in the cultivated mind; and speculative thought itself becomes a great and general source of emotion. As almost every man has felt, at one period of his life, the passion of love, so almost every cultivated mind has felt, at one period of his career, what Wordsworth describes as—

“The burden and the mystery
Of all this unintelligible world.”

We are persuaded that both the materials and the readers of poetry will increase and multiply with the spread of education. But there is apparently a revolution of taste in favour of the lyric, and at the expense of the epic poet. A long narrative, in verse of any kind, is felt to be irksome and monotonous: it could be told so much better in prose. We do not speak of such narrations as *The Paradise Lost*, where religious feeling presides over every part, and where, in fact, the narrative is absorbed in the sentiment. If Milton were living at this day, there is no reason why he should not choose the same theme for his poem. But Tasso and Ariosto would think long before they would now select for their flowing stanzas the *Jerusalem Delivered*, or the *Orlando Furioso*. Such themes, they would probably conclude, might be far more effectively dealt with in prose.

Fiction, told as Sir Walter Scott tells it—history, as Macaulay narrates—such examples as these put the reading world, we think, quite out of patience with verse, when applied to the purpose of a lengthy narrative. They and others have shown that prose is so much the better vehicle. It may be rendered almost equally harmonious, and admits of far greater variety of cadence; it may be polished and refined, and yet adapt itself, in turns, to every topic that arises. No need here to omit the most curious incident, or the most descriptive detail, because it will not comport with the dignified march of the verse, or of the versified style. The language here rises and falls naturally with the subject, or may be made to do so; nor is it ever necessary to obscure the meaning, for the sake of sustaining a wearisome rhythm. If you have a long story to tell, by all means tell it in prose.

But the short poem—need we say it?—is not ephemeral because it is brief. The most enduring reputation may be built upon a few lyrics. They should, however, not only contain some beautiful verses—they should be beautiful throughout. And this brings us to the only real complaint which we, in our critical capacity, have to allege against the tuneful

brethren in America. We find too much haste, far too much negligence, and a willingness to be content with what has first presented itself. Instead of recognising that the short poem ought to be almost perfect, they seem to proceed on the quite contrary idea, that because it is brief, it should therefore be hastily written, and that it would be a waste of time to bestow much revision upon it. We often meet with a poem where the sentiment is natural and poetic, but where the effect is marred by this negligent and unequal execution. A verse of four lines shall have three that are good, and the fourth shall limp. Or a piece shall consist but of five verses, and two out of the number must be absolutely effaced if you would re-peruse the composition with any pleasure. Meanwhile there is sufficient merit in what remains to make us regret this haste and inequality. To our own countrymen, as well as to the American, we would suggest that the small poem may be a great work; but that, to become so, it should not only be informed by noble thought, it should exhibit no baser metal, no glaring inequalities of style, and, above all, no conflicting, obscure, or half-extricated meanings. We believe that it would be generally found, if we could penetrate the secret history of really beautiful compositions, that, however brief, and although they were written at first during some happy hour of inspiration, they had received again and again new touches, and the “fortunate erasures” of the poet. By this process only did they grow to be the completely beautiful productions which they are. Such exquisite lyrics are very rare, and we may depend upon it they are not produced without much thought and labour, joined, as we say, to that happy hour of inspiration.

Mr Longfellow occupies, and most worthily, the first place on our list. He has obtained, as well by his prose as his poetry, a certain recognised place in that literature of the English language which is common to both countries. His *Hyperion* has been for some time an established favourite amongst a class of readers with whom to be popular implies a merit of no

vulgar description. Mr Longfellow has relied too much, for an independent and permanent reputation, on his German and his Spanish friends. An elegant and accomplished writer, a cultivated mind—a critic would be justified in praising his works, more than the author of them. He has studied foreign literature with somewhat too much profit. We have no critical balance so fine as would enable us to weigh out the two distinct portions of merit which may be due to an author, first as an original writer, and then as a tasteful and skilful artist, who has known how and where to gather and transplant, to translate, or to appropriate. It is a distinction which, as readers, we should be little disposed to make, but which, as critics, we are compelled to take notice of. We should not impute to Mr Longfellow any flagrant want of originality; but a fine appreciation of thoughts presented to him by other minds, and the skill and tact of the cultivated artist, are qualities very conspicuous in his writings. Having once taken notice of this, we have no wish to press it further; still less would we allow his successful study, and his bold and felicitous imitations of the writings of others, to detract from the merit of what is really original in his own.

What a noble lyric is this, “The Building of the Ship!” It is full of the spirit of Schiller. A little more of the file—something more of harmony—and it would have been quite worthy of the name of Schiller. The interweaving of the two subjects, the building and launching of the vessel, with the marriage of the shipbuilder’s daughter, and the launching of that *other bride* on the waters of life, is very skilfully managed; whilst the name of the ship, *The Union*, gives the poet a fair opportunity of introducing a third topic in some patriotic allusions to the great vessel of the state:—

“Build me straight, O worthy Master!
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!”

Such is the merchant’s injunction to the master-builder, who forthwith proceeds to fulfil it.

“Beside the master, when he spoke,
A youth, against an anchor leaning,
Listened to catch the slightest meaning.
Only the long waves, as they broke
In ripples on the pebbly beach,
Interrupted the old man’s speech.

Beautiful they were in sooth,
The old man and the fiery youth!
The old man, in whose busy brain
Many a ship that sailed the main
Was modelled o’er and o’er again;—
The fiery youth, who was to be
The heir of his dexterity,
The heir of his house and his daughter’s
hand,
When he had built and launched from land
What the elder head had planned.

‘Thus,’ said he, ‘will we build this ship!
Lay square the blocks upon the slip,
And follow well this plan of mine:
Choose the timbers with greatest care,
Of all that is unsound beware;
For only what is sound and strong
To this vessel shall belong.
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine
Here together shall combine.
A goodly frame and a goodly fame,
And the *UNION* be her name!
For the day that gives her to the sea
Shall give my daughter unto thee!’”

Under such auspices the vessel grows day by day. The mention of the tall masts, and the slender spars, carry the imagination of the poet to the forest where the pine-trees grew. We cannot follow him in this excursion, but here is a noble description of some part of the process of the building of the ship:—

“With oaken brace and copper band
Lay the rudder on the sand,
That, like a thought, should have control
Over the movement of the whole;
And near it the anchor, whose giant hand
Should reach down and grapple with the
land,
And immovable, and fast
Hold the great ship against the bellowing
blast!”

At length all is finished—the vessel is built:—

“There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honour of her marriage-day;
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the grey old sea.

On the deck another bride
Is standing by her lover’s side,

Shadows from the flags and shrouds,
Like the shadows cast by clouds,
Broken by many a sunny fleck,
Fall around them on the deck.

Then the master
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand,
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts—she moves—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting joyous bound
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say—
'Take her, O bridegroom old and grey,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!'

How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!

Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave right onward
steer!

The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear!
Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness, and love, and trust,
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust.

Thou too, sail on, O ship of state!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge, and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock!
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our
tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!"

This noble ode leads the van of a
small collection of poems called, "By

the Seaside." A series of companion-
pictures bear the name of, "By the
Fireside." We may as well proceed
with a few extracts from these. The
following are from some verses on
"The Lighthouse."

"The mariner remembers when a child
On his first voyage, he saw it fade and
sink;
And, when returning from adventures wild,
He saw it rise again on ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
Year after year, thro' all the silent night
Burns on for evermore that quenchless
flame,
Shines on that inextinguishable light!

The startled waves leap over it; the storm
Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,
And steadily against its solid form
Press the great shoulders of the hurri-
cane."

This is bold and felicitous: the
following, to "The Twilight," is in a
more tender strain. The first verse
we cannot quote: we suspect there is
some misprint in our copy. Mr
Longfellow could not have written
these lines—

"And like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea."

Whether women's caps or men's
nightcaps are alluded to, the image
would be equally grotesque. The poem
continues—

"But in the fisherman's cottage
There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
As if these childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,
As they beat at the crazy casement,
Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother,
Drive the colour from her cheek?"

Mr Longfellow understands how to
leave off—how to treat a subject so

that all is really said, yet the ear is left listening for more. "By the Fireside" is a series, of course, of mere domestic sketches. The subjects, however, do not always bear any distinct reference or relation to this title. That from which we feel most disposed to quote is written on some "Sand of the Desert in an Hour-Glass." It has been always a favourite mode of composition to let some present object carry the imagination, by links of associated thought, whithersoever it pleased. This sort of reverie is natural and pleasing, but must not be often indulged in. It is too easy; and we soon discover that any topic thus treated becomes endless, and will lead us, if we please, over half the world. At length it becomes indifferent where we start from. Without witchcraft, one may ride on any broomstick into Norway. But the present poem, we think, is a very allowable specimen of this mode of composition. The poet surveys this sand of the desert, now confined within an hour-glass; he thinks how many centuries it may have blown about in Arabia, what feet may have trodden on it—perhaps the feet of Moses, perhaps of the pilgrims to Mecca; then he continues—

"These have passed over it, or may have passed!

Now in this crystal tower,
Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand;
Before my dreamy eye
Stretches the desert, with its shifting sand,
Its unimpeded sky.

And, borne aloft by the sustaining blast,
This little golden thread
Dilates into a column high and vast,
A form of fear and dread.

And onward and across the setting sun,
Across the boundless plain,
The column and its broader shadow run,
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes! These walls again
Shut out the lurid sun,
Shut out the hot immeasurable plain;
The half-hour's sand is run!"

We notice in Mr Longfellow an occasional fondness for what is *quaint*, as if Quarles' *Emblems*, or some such book, had been at one time a favourite with him. In the lines entitled

"Suspiria," solemn as the subject is, the thought trembles on the verge of the ridiculous. But, leaving these poems, "By the Seaside," and "By the Fireside," we shall find a better instance of this tendency to a certain quaintness in another part of the volume before us. The "Old Clock on the Stairs" is a piece which invites a few critical observations. It is good enough to be quoted almost entirely, and yet affords an example of those faults of haste and negligence and incompleteness which even Mr Longfellow has not escaped.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

"*L'Éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement dans le silence des tombeaux : 'Toujours ! Jamais !—Jamais ! Toujours !'*"—JACQUES BRIDAINE.

"Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat :
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw ;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient time-piece says to all—
'For ever—never !
Never—for ever !'

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands,
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, 'Alas !'
With sorrowful voice to all who pass—
'For ever—never !
Never—for ever !'

By day its voice is low and light,
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber door—
'For ever—never !
Never—for ever !'

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality ;
His great fires up the chimney roared,
The stranger feasted at his board ;
But, like the skeletons at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased—
'For ever—never !
Never—for ever !'

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed :
O precious hours ! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time !
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told—
'For ever—never !
Never—for ever !'

All are scattered now and fled,
 Some are married, some are dead ;
 And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
 ' Ah, when shall they all meet again !'
 As in the days long since gone by,
 The ancient timepiece makes reply—
 ' For ever—never !
 Never—for ever !'

Never here, for ever there,
 Where all parting, pain, and care,
 And death and time shall disappear—
 For ever there, but never here !
 The horologe of Eternity
 Sayeth this incessantly—
 ' For ever—never !
 Never—for ever !'

Mr Longfellow has not treated Jacques Bridaine fairly—certainly not happily. The pious writer intended that his clock, which represents the voice of Eternity, or the Eternal Destiny of each man, should, by the solemn ticking of its pendulum, utter to the ear of every mortal, according to his conscience, the happy "Toujours!" or the mournful "Jamais!" for the joys of Heaven are either "Always" or "Never." But no clock could utter to the conscience of any man a word of *three* syllables, and by translating the "Toujours! —Ja-mais!" into "For ever!—Never!" we lose the voice of the pendulum. The point of the passage is the same, in this respect, as that of the well-known story of the Dutch widow who consulted her pastor whether she should marry again or not. Her pastor, knowing well that, in these cases, there is but one advice which has the least chance of being followed, referred her to the bells of the church, and bade her listen to them, and mark what they said upon the subject. They said very distinctly, "Kempt ein mann!"—"Take a husband!" Thereupon the pastor re-echoed the same advice. Jacques Bridaine intended that, according to the conscience which the listener brought, the swinging pendulum of his eternal clock would welcome him with the "Toujours!" or utter the knell of "Jamais!" This *conceit* Mr Longfellow does not preserve. But, what is of far more importance, he preserves no one distinct sentiment in his piece; nor is it possible to detect, in all cases, what *his* clock means by the solemn refrain, "For ever—never! Never—for ever!" When at the last verse

the pendulum explains itself distinctly, the sentiment is diluted into what Jacques Bridaine would have thought, and what we think too, a very tame commentary on human life. At the fifth verse, as it stands in our quotation, the old clock quite forgets his character of monitor, and occupies himself with registering the happy hours of infancy. Very amiable on its part; but, if endowed with this variety of sentiment, it should be allowed to repeat something else than its "ever—never."

" Even as a miser counts his gold,
 Those hours the ancient time-piece told—
 ' For ever—never !
 Never—for ever !' "

These remarks may seem very gravely analytical for the occasion that calls them forth. But if it were worth while to adopt a *conceit* of this description as the text of his poem, it was worth the author's pains to carry it out with a certain distinctness and unity.

Considering the tact and judgment which Mr Longfellow generally displays, we were surprised to find that the longest poem in the volume, with the exception, perhaps, of "The Spanish Student, a play in three acts," has been written in Latin hexameters—is, in fact, one of those painful unlucky metrical experiments which poets will every now and then make upon our ears. They have a perfect right to do so: happily there is no statute which compels us to read. A man may, if he pleases, dance all the way from London to Norwich: one gentleman is said to have performed this feat. We would not travel in that man's company. We should grow giddy with only looking upon his perpetual shuffle and *cing-a-pace*. The tripping dactyle, followed by the grave spondee, closing each line with a sort of *curtsey*, may have a charming effect in Latin. It pleased a Roman ear, and a scholar learns to be pleased with it. We cannot say that we have been ever reconciled by any specimen we have seen, however skilfully executed, to the imitation of it in English; and we honestly confess that, under other circumstances, we should have passed over *Evangeline* unread. If, however, the rule *de gustibus, &c.*, be ever quite applicable, it

is to a case of this kind. With those who assert that the imitation hexameter does please them, and that they like, moreover, the idea of *scanning* their English, no controversy can possibly be raised.

But although *Evangeline* has not reconciled us to this experiment, there is so much sweetness in the poetry itself, that, as we read on, we forget the metre. The story is a melancholy one, and forms a painful chapter in the colonial history of Great Britain. Whether the rigour of our Government was justified by the necessity of the case, we will not stop to inquire; but a French settlement, which had been ceded to us, was accused of favouring our enemies. The part of the coast they occupied was one which could not be left with safety in unfriendly hands; and it was determined to remove them to other districts. The village of Grand Pré was suddenly swept of its inhabitants. *Evangeline*, in this dispersion of the little colony, is separated from her lover; and the constancy of the tender and true-hearted girl forms the subject of the poem.

Our readers will be curious, perhaps, to see a specimen of Mr Longfellow's hexameters. *Evangeline* is one of those poems which leave an agreeable impression as a whole, but afford few striking passages for quotation. The following is the description of evening in the yet happy village of Grand Pré:—

"Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.

Day with its burden and heat had departed,
and twilight descending

Brought back the evening star to the sky,
and the herds to the homestead.

Pawing the ground they came, and resting
their necks on each other,

And, with their nostrils distended, inhaling
the freshness of evening.

Foremost, bearing the bell, *Evangeline's*
beautiful heifer,

Proud of her snow-white hide, and the
ribbon that waved from her collar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of
human affection.

Then came the shepherd back with his
bleating flocks from the sea-side,

Where was their favourite pasture. Behind
them followed the watch-dog,

Patient, full of importance, and grand in
the pride of his instinct,

Walking from side to side with a lordly
air."——

All this quiet happiness was to cease. The village itself was to be depopulated.

"There o'er the yellow fields, in silent and
mournful procession,

Came from the neighbouring hamlets and
farms the Acadian women,

Driving in ponderous wains their household
goods to the sea-shore,

Pausing, and looking back to gaze once more
on their dwellings,

Ere they were shut from sight by the wind-
ing roads and the woodlands.

Close at their sides their children ran, and
urged on the oxen,

While in their little hands they clasped some
fragments of playthings."

If in "*Evangeline*," Mr Longfellow has hazarded a trial upon our patience, in the "*Spanish Student*," on the contrary—which, being in the dramatic form, had a certain privilege to be tedious—he has been both indulgent and considerate to his reader. It is properly called a play, for it does not attempt the deep passion of tragedy. It is spirited and vivacious, and does not exceed three acts. Hypolito, a student who is not in love, and therefore can jest at those who are, and Chispa, the roguish valet of Victorian, the student who is in love, support the comic portion of the drama. Chispa, by his Spanish proverbs, proves himself to be a true countryman of Sancho Panza. We must give a specimen of Chispa; he is first introduced giving some very excellent advice to the musicians whom he is leading to the serenade:—

"*Chispa*.—Now, look you, you are gentlemen that lead the life of crickets; you enjoy hunger by day, and noise by night. Yet I beseech you, for this once, be not loud, but pathetic; for it is a serenade to a damsel in bed, and not to the Man in the Moon. Your object is not to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and bring lulling dreams. Therefore each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe, but gently, and with a certain modesty, according with the others. What instrument is that?

1st Mus.—An Arragonese bagpipe.

Chispa.—Pray, art thou related to the bagpiper of Bujalance, who asked a maravedi for playing, and ten for leaving off?

1st Mus.—No, your honour.

Chispa.—I am glad of it. What other instruments have we?

2d and 3d Mus.—We play the bandurria.

Chispa.—A pleasing instrument. And thou?

4th Mus.—The fife.

Chispa.—I like it; it has a cheerful, soul-stirring sound, that soars up to my lady's

window like the song of a swallow. And you others?

Other Mus.—We are the singers, please your honour.

Chispa.—You are too many. Do you think we are going to sing mass in the cathedral of Cordova? *Four men can make little use of one shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one song.* But follow me along the garden-wall. That is the way my master climbs to the lady's window. It is by the vicar's skirts the devil climbs into the belfry. Come, follow me, and make no noise. [Exit.]

Chispa is travelling with his master, Victorian. When they come to an inn, the latter regales himself with a walk in the moonlight, meditating on his mistress. Not so Chispa.

Chispa.—Hola! ancient Baltasar! Bring a light and let me have supper.

Bal.—Where is your master?

Chispa.—Do not trouble yourself about him. We have stopped a moment to breathe our horses; and if he chooses to walk up and down in the open air, looking into the sky as one who hears it rain, that does not satisfy my hunger, you know. But be quick, for I am in a hurry, and every one stretches his legs according to the length of his coverlet. What have we here?

Bal. (setting a light on the table.)—Stewed rabbit.

Chispa (eating.)—Conscience of Portalegre! Stewed kitten, you mean!

Bal.—And a pitcher of Pedro Ximenes with a roasted pear in it.

Chispa (drinking.)—Ancient Baltasar, amigo! You know how to cry wine and sell vinegar.—Moreover, your supper is like the hidalgo's dinner, *very little meat, and a great deal of table-cloth.*

Bal.—Ha! ha! ha!

Chispa.—And more noise than nuts.

Bal.—Ha! ha! ha! You must have your jest, Master Chispa. But shall not I ask Don Victorian in to take a draught of the Pedro Ximenes?

Chispa.—No; you might as well say, "Don't you want some?" to a dead man.

Bal.—Why does he go so often to Madrid?

Chispa.—For the same reason that he eats no supper. He is in love. Were you ever in love, Baltasar?

Bal.—I was never out of it, good Chispa.

Chispa.—What! you on fire too, old hay-stack? Why, we shall never be able to put you out.

Vict. (without.)—Chispa!

Chispa.—Go to bed—the cocks are crowing."

This Chispa changes masters in course of the piece, and enters into the service of Don Carlos; but the change does not seem to have advanced his fortunes, for we find him thus moralising to himself at the close of the play—

"Alas! and alack-a-day! Poor was I born, and poor do I remain. I neither win nor lose. Thus I wag through the world, half the time on foot, and the other half walking. . . . And so we plough along, as the fly said to the ox. Who knows what may happen? Patience, and shuffle the cards! I am not yet so bald that you can see my brains."

It would not be difficult to select other favourable specimens both of the graver and lighter manner of Mr Longfellow; but we must now proceed to the second name upon our list.

Mr Bryant is a poet who not unfrequently reminds us of Mrs Hemans. Perhaps we could not better, in a few words, convey our impression of his poetical *status*. His verse is generally pleasing—not often powerful. His good taste rarely deserts him; but he has neither very strong passions, nor those indications of profounder thought which constitute so much of the charm of modern poetry. For he who would take a high rank amongst our lyric poets should, at one time or other, have dwelt and thought with the philosophers. He should be seen as stepping from the Porch; he should have wandered, with his harp concealed beneath his robe, in the gardens of the Academy.

Short as Mr Bryant's poems generally are, they still want concentration of thought—energy—unity. In quoting from him, we should often be disposed to make omissions for the very sake of *preserving* a connection of ideas. The omission of several verses, even in a short poem, so far from occasioning what the doctors would call a "solution of continuity," would often assist in giving to the piece a greater distinctness, and unity of thought and purpose. This ought not to be.

Mr Bryant's poems, we believe, are by this time familiar to most readers of poetry; we must, therefore, be sparing of our quotations. In the few we make, we shall be anxious to give the most favourable specimens of his genius: the faults we have hinted at will sufficiently betray themselves without seeking for especial illustration of them. Our first extract shall be from some very elegant verses on a subject peculiarly American—"The Prairie." We quote

the commencement and the conclusion. The last strikes us as singularly happy. Mr Bryant starts with rather an unfortunate expression; he calls the Prairie "the garden of the desert;" he rather meant "the garden-desert." He may describe the Prairie, if he pleases, as one green and blooming desert; but the garden of the desert implies a desert to which it belongs—would be an oasis, in short:—

THE PRAIRIES.

"These are the gardens of the desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no
name—

The Prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they
stretch

In airy undulations far away,
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed,
And motionless for ever. Motionless?
No!—they are all unchained again. The
clouds

Sweep over with the shadows, and beneath
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along, and chase
The sunny ridges.

Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
And birds that scarce have learned the fear
of man,

Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground
Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer
Bounds to the wood at my approach. The
bee,

A more adventurous colonist than man,
With whom he came across the Eastern
deep,

Fills the savannas with his murmurings,
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill these deserts. *From
the ground*

*Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark brown furrows. All at once
A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my
dream,
And I am in the wilderness alone."*

It is a natural sentiment, though somewhat difficult to justify, which poets, and others than poets, entertain when they look about for some calm and beautiful spot, some green and sunny slope, for their final resting-place. Imagination still attri-

butes something of sensation, or of consciousness, to what was once the warm abode of life. Mr Bryant, in a poem called "June," after indulging in this sentiment, gives us one of the best apologies for it we remember to have met with. There is much grace and pathos in the following verses:—

"I know, I know I should not see
The seasons' glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light and bloom
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is—that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice."

"The Lapse of Time" is a piece which might be quoted as a favourable specimen of Mr Bryant's poetry. It might also serve as an instance of its *shortcoming*—of its want of concentration—of a distinct, firm tone of thought. As it is not long, we will quote the whole of it. Our complaint of a certain weakness—the want of a steady and strong grasp of his subject—could not be less disagreeably illustrated, nor brought to a more rigid test. Our italics here are not complimentary, but simply serve the purpose of drawing attention to the train of thought or sentiment:—

THE LAPSE OF TIME.

"Lament who will, in fruitless tears,
The speed with which our moments fly;
I sigh not over vanished years,
But watch the years that hasten by.

*Look how they come—a mingled crowd
Of bright and dark, but rapid days;
Beneath them, like a summer cloud,
The wide world changes as I gaze.*

What I grieve that time has brought so soon
The sober age of manhood on!
As idly might I weep, at noon,
To see the blush of morning gone.

Could I give up the hopes that glow
In prospect like Elysian isles,
And let the cheerful future go,
With all her promises and smiles?

*The future! cruel were the power
Whose doom would tear thee from my heart,
Thou sweetener of the present hour!
We cannot—no—we will not part.*

Oh, leave me still the rapid flight
That makes the changing seasons gay—
The grateful speed that brings the night,
The swift and glad return of day;

The months that touch with added grace
This little prattler at my knee,
In whose arch eye and speaking face
New meaning every hour I see.

The years that o'er each sister land
Shall lift the country of my birth,
And nurse her strength till she shall stand
The pride and pattern of the earth :

Till younger commonwealths, for aid,
Shall cling about her ample robe,
And from her frown shall shrink afraid
The crowned oppressors of the globe.

True—time will seam and blanch my brow;
Well—I shall sit with aged men,
And my good glass shall tell me how
A grizzly beard becomes me then.

And then should no dishonour lie
Upon my head when I am grey,
Love yet shall watch my fading eye,
And smooth the path of my decay.

Then, haste thee, Time—'tis kindness all
That speeds thy winged feet so fast;
Thy pleasures stay not till they fall,
And all thy pains are quickly past.

Thou fliest and bearest away our woes,
And, as thy shadowy train depart,
The memory of sorrow grows
A lighter burden on the heart."

Brief as the poem is, it should have been divided into two; for it is a song of resignation and a song of hope mingled together. It must strike the least reflective reader that no man needs consolation for the lapse of time, who is occupied with hopeful anticipations of the future. It is because Time carries away our hopes with it, and leaves us the very tranquil pleasures of age, that we "sigh over vanished years." Every sentiment which Mr Bryant expresses in this poem is natural and reasonable; but it follows not that they should have been brought together within the compass of a few verses. At one moment we are looking at *the past*, or we are told not to grieve

"That time has brought so soon
The sober age of manhood on!"

the next, we are called upon to sympathise in some unexpected rapture, by no means happily expressed, about *the future*—"The future!" &c.,—as if some one had been threatening to cut us off from our golden anticipations. The only result we are left in unquestioned possession of is, that if the present time did not move on, the future could not advance. But it is not such an abstraction or truism as this, we presume, that the poet intended to teach; he intended to portray the natural sentiments which arise as we reflect on human life, whether passing or past, or as seen in the hopeful future; and these he should not have mingled confusedly together. It would be tedious to carry on the analysis any farther; but we may add, that it is hardly wise, in the same short poem, to speak rapturously of the Elysian glories of the future, and mournfully of "Time's shadowy train," which can be no other than these Elysian glories *seen from behind*.

Like Mr Longfellow, Mr Bryant is both a German and a Spanish scholar; and he has enriched his own collection of poems with some very pleasing translations. We are tempted to conclude our extracts from this poet by two brief specimens of these translations—the one from the Spanish, the other from the German:—

"Alexis calls me cruel—

. . . .

I would that I could utter
My feelings without shame,
And tell him how I love him,
Nor wrong my virgin fame.

Alas! to seize the moment
When heart inclines to heart,
And press a suit with passion,
Is not a woman's part.

If man comes not to gather
The roses where they stand,
They fade among their foliage;
They cannot seek his hand."

Here the maiden is very maidenly. Our next is far more piquant. We often hear of young ladies angling; they catch, and they are caught; and they are sometimes not a little frightened at their own success in this

perilous species of augling. Uhland has put all this before us in a very pictorial manner, and Mr Bryant has very happily translated him—

“ There sits a lovely maiden
The ocean murmuring nigh ;
She throws the hook and watches
The fishes pass it by.

A ring with a ring jewel,
Is sparkling on her hand ;
Upon the hook she binds it,
And flings it from the land.

Uprises from the water
A hand like ivory fair.
What gleams upon its finger ?
The golden ring is there.

Uprises from the bottom
A young and handsome knight ;
In golden scales he rises,
That glitter in the light.

The maid is pale with terror—
‘ Nay, knight of ocean, nay,
It was not thee I wanted ;
Let go the ring I pray.’

‘ Ah, maiden, not to fishes
The bait of gold is thrown ;
The ring shall never leave me,
And thou must be my own.’ ”

It cannot be complained of Mr Whittier's poems that they are not sufficiently national; but they are national in a very disagreeable point of view—they introduce us into the controversies of the day. Mr Whittier appears to be one of those who write verses, hymns, or odes, instead of, or perhaps in addition to, sundry speeches at popular assemblies in favour of some popular cause. His rhymes have the same relation to poetry that the harangues delivered at such meetings bear to eloquence. We were at a loss to understand on what wings (certainly not those of his poetic genius) he had flown hither, till we discovered that his intemperate zeal against slavery, as it exists in the southern States of America, had procured for him a welcome amongst a certain class of readers in England. If we insert his name here, it is simply to protest against the adoption by any party, but especially by any English party, of such blind, absurd, ungovernable zeal, upon a question as difficult and intricate as it is momentous. Both Mr Longfellow and Mr Bryant write upon slavery; and both

have produced some very touching poems on the subject; but they treat the topic as poets. Mr Whittier treats the subject with the rabid fury of a fierce partisan. No story so preposterous or ridiculous but he can bend it to his purpose. He throws contumely upon the ministers of the gospel in the Southern States, because instead of attempting, every moment of their lives, to overthrow the unfortunate organisation of society that is there established, they endeavour to make the slave contented with his lot, and the master lenient in the exercise of his authority. Sentence of death was passed, it seems, on a man of the name of Brown, for assisting a slave to escape. The sentence was commuted, but this does not prevent Mr Whittier from hanging the man in his own imagination, and then, *à propos* of this imaginary execution, thus addressing the clergy of South Carolina:—

“ Ho! thou who seekest late and long
A license from the Holy Book
For brutal lust and hell's red wrong,
Man of the pulpit, look!
Lift up those cold and atheist eyes,
This ripe fruit of thy teaching see;
And tell us how to Heaven will rise
The incense of this sacrifice—
This blossom of the gallows-tree! ”

And thus he proceeds, lashing himself into frenzy, through the whole of the piece. We dismiss Mr Whittier, and venture to express a hope that those who appear to be looking into American literature, for the purpose of catering for the English public, will be able to discover and import something better than strains such as these—which administer quite as much to the love of calumny, and an appetite for horrors, as to any sentiment of philanthropy.

The next person whom we have to mention, and probably to introduce for the first time to our readers, is not one whom we can commend for his temperate opinions, or knowledge of the world, or whatever passes under the name of strong common sense or practical sagacity. He is much a dreamer; he has little practical skill, even in his own craft of authorship; but there runs a true vein of poetry through his writings; it runs zig-zag, and is mixed with

much dross, and is not extracted without some effort of patience; but there is a portion of the true metal to be found in the works of *James Russell Lowell*.

Mr Lowell has, we think, much of the true poet in him—ardent feelings and a fertile fancy; the last in undue proportion, or at least under very irregular government. But he lacks taste and judgment, and the greater part of the two small volumes before us is redolent of youth, and we presume that those compositions which stand first in order were really written at an early age. To the very close, however, there is that immaturity of judgment, and that far too enthusiastic view of things and of men, which is only excusable in youth; as witness certain lines “To De Lamartine,” towards the end of the second volume.

With one peculiarity we have been very much struck—the combination of much original power with a tendency to imitate, to an almost ludicrous extent, other and contemporary poets. We find, especially in the first volume, imitations which have all the air of a theme or exercise of a young writer, sitting down deliberately to try how far he could succeed in copying the manner of some favourite author. Sometimes it is Keats, sometimes it is Tennyson, who seems to have exercised this fascination over him: he is in the condition of a bewildered musician, who can do nothing but make perpetual *variations* upon some original melody that has bewitched his ear. He revels with Keats in that poetic imagery and language which has a tendency to separate itself too widely from the substratum of an intelligible meaning, which ought always to be kept at least *in sight*. At other times he paints ideal portraits of women after the manner of Tennyson. On these last he was perfectly welcome to practise his pictorial art: he might paint as many *Irenes* as he pleased; but when, in his piece called “The Syrens,” he recalls to mind the beautiful poem of “The Lotus Eaters!” our patience broke down—we gave him up—we closed the book in despair. However, at another time we reopened it, and read on, and we are glad we did so; for we

discovered that, notwithstanding this proneness to imitate, and often to imitate what should have been avoided, there was a vein of genuine poetry in the book, some specimens of which we shall proceed to give. It is a task which we the more readily undertake because we suspect that most readers of taste would be disposed, after a cursory perusal, to lay the book aside: they would not have the motive which prompted us to explore further, or to renew their examination.

Mr Lowell's faults lie on the surface; they cannot be disguised, nor will there be the least necessity to quote for the purpose of illustrating them. He is an egregious instance of that *half excellence* which we have ventured to attribute to such American poets as have come under our notice. The genius of the poet is but partially developed. The peach has ripened but on one side. We want more sun, we want more culture. To speak literally, there is a haste which leads the writer to extravagance of thought, to extravagance of language and imagery; an impatience of study, and of the long labour that alone produces the complete work. The social and economical condition of America has probably something to do with this. It is a condition more favourable to the man and the citizen than propitious to the full development of the poet. In England, or any other old established country, the educated class crowd every profession, and every avenue to employment; if a youth once gives himself up to the fascination of literature, he will probably find himself committed to it for life, and be compelled to accept as a career, what perhaps at first only tempted him as a pleasure. If he wishes to retrace his steps, and resume his place in any profession, he finds that the ranks are closed up; no opening at all presents itself—certainly none which, if he is only wavering in his resolution, will solicit his return. He has wandered from his place in the marching regiment; it has marched on without him, in close order, and there is no room for the repenting truant. Now in America there cannot yet be such over-crowding in all the recognised pursuits of life as to render it difficult or impossible for the

truant to return. He is probably even invited, by tempting prospects of success, to re-enter some of those avenues of life which lead to wealth, or to civic prosperity. This must act materially upon the young poet. He indulges his predilections, yet does not feel that he has irrevocably committed himself by so doing. Or if he adopts literature as the main object and serious occupation of his life, he can at the first discouragement—he can, as soon as he has learnt the fact that authorship is a labour, as well as a pleasure—abandon his hasty choice, and adopt an easier and a more profitable career. He has not burnt his ships. They lie in the offing still; they are ready to transport him from this enchanted island to which some perverse wind has blown him, and restore him to the stable continent. Retreat is still open; he does not feel that he must here conquer or be utterly lost; there is no desperate courage, nothing to induce strenuous and indefatigable labour.

But to Mr Lowell. The first piece in his collection of poems is entitled "A Legend of Brittany." The subject is as grotesque as legendary lore could have supplied him with. A knight-templar, a soldier-priest who has taken the vow of chastity at a time and place when that vow was expected to be kept, has fallen in love with a beautiful girl. He seduces her; then to hide his own disgrace he murders her; and he buries the body, with the unborn infant, under the altar of the church! One day at high mass, when the guilty templar is there himself standing, with others, round the altar, a voice is heard, a vision is seen—it is the spirit of the murdered girl and mother. She appears—not to denounce the assassin—she regrets to expose his guilt—there is so much woman in the angel that she loves him still—she appears to claim the rite of baptism for her unborn infant, who, till that rite is performed, wanders in darkness and in pain. The legend must have received this turn during some *Gorham controversy* now happily forgotten. Notwithstanding the very strange nature of the whole story, there is a pleasing tenderness in this address of the spirit to the wicked templar. After glancing more

in sadness than in anger at his falsehood, it continues:—

"And thou hadst never heard such words as these,

Save that in heaven I must ever be
Most comfortless and wretched, seeing this
Our unbaptised babe shut out from bliss.

This little spirit, with imploring eyes,
Wanders alone the dreary wilds of space;
The shadow of his pain for ever lies
Upon my soul in this new dwelling-place;
His loneliness makes me in paradise
More lonely; and unless I see his face,
Even here for grief could I lie down and die,
Save for my curse of immortality.

I am a mother, spirits do not shake
This much of earth from them, and I must
Pine,
Till I can feel his little hands, and take
His weary head upon this heart of mine.
And might it be, full gladly for his sake
Would I this solitude of bliss resign,
And be shut out of heaven to dwell with him
For ever in that silence drear and dim.

I strove to hush my soul, and would not
speak
At first for thy dear sake. A woman's love
Is mighty, but a mother's heart is weak,
And by its weakness overcomes; I strove
To smother better thoughts with patience
meek,
But still in the abyss my soul would rove,
Seeking my child, and drove me here to claim
The rite that gives him peace in Christ's dear
name.

I sit and weep while blessed spirits sing:
I can but long and pine the while they
praise,
And, leaning o'er the wall of heaven, I fling
My voice to where I deem my infant stays,
Like a robbed bird that cries in vain to bring
Her nestlings back beneath her wings' em-
brace;
But still he answers not, and I but know
That heaven and earth are but alike in woe."

The sacred rite, so piteously pleaded for, was of course duly performed. This poem seems to have been written when Keats was in the ascendant, and predominated over the imagination of our author. Nor has he failed to catch a portion of the finer fancy of that exuberant poet. Such lines as the following are quite in the manner of Keats.

"The deep sky, full-hearted with the moon."
"the nunneries of silent nooks,
The murmured longing of the wood."

Or this description:—

"In the court-yard a fountain leaped alway,
A Triton blowing jewels through his shell
Into the sunshine."

In the second volume we have another legend, or rather a legendary vision, of the author's own invention, which is of a higher import, and still more redolent of poetry. It is called "The vision of Sir Launfal." This knight has a vision, or a dream, in which he beholds himself going forth from his proud castle to accomplish a vow he had made, namely, to seek "over land and sea for the Holy Grail." What the Holy Grail is, Mr Lowell is considerate enough to inform, or remind his readers, in a note which runs thus,—"According to the mythology of the Roman-cers, the San Greal, or Holy Grail, was the cup out of which Jesus partook of the Last Supper with his disciples. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration, for many years in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought, word, and deed; but one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favourite enterprise of the knights of Arthur's court to go in search of it." Well, Sir Launfal, in his vision, starts forth upon this knightly and pious enterprise. It is the month of June when he sallies from his castle, and the poet revels in a description of the glories of the summer:—

‘Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten:
Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and
towers,

And, *grasping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.*

The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace;

The little bird sits at his door in the sun

Atitl like a blossom among the leaves,

And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives.

His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and
sings—

He sings to the wide world, she to her nest."

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;

Everything is happy now,

Everything is upward striving;

'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true

As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—

'Tis the natural way of living:

Who knows whither the clouds have fled?

In the unscarred heaven they leave no
wake;

And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,

And the heart forgets its sorrow and ache;

And the soul partakes the season's youth."

The drawbridge of the castle is let
down, and Sir Launfal, on his charger,
springs from under the archway,
clothed in his glittering mail—

"To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail."
"As Sir Launfal made morn through the
darksome gate

He was ware of a leper, crouched by the
same,

Who begged with his hand and moaned as he
sate;

And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a
thrill,

The flesh 'neath his armour did shrink and
crawl,

For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer
morn,—

So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:

'Better to me the poor man's crust,

Better the blessing of the poor,

Though I turn me empty from his door;

*That is no true alms which the hand can
hold.'*"

Sir Launfal proceeds in search of
the Holy Grail; but he finds it not.
He returns an old man, worn with
toil, and sad at heart, and full of
tender commiseration for all the af-
flicted and distressed. It is winter
when he returns to his castle. There
sits the same miserable leper, and
moans out the same prayer for alms;
but this time it is answered in a very
different spirit.

"Straightway he
Remembered in what a haughty guise

He had flung an alms to leprosie,

When he caged his young life up in gilded
mail

To set forth in search of the Holy Grail—

The heart within him was ashes and dust;

He parted in twain his single crust,

He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,

And gave the leper to eat and to drink;

'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,

'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—

Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper
fed,

And 'twas red wine he drank with his
thirsty soul.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,

A light shone round about the place;

The leper no longer crouched at his side,

But stood before him glorified,

And a voice that was calmer than silence
said—

‘In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now!
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another’s need.’”

Such was the dream or vision of Sir
Lannfal. We need hardly add that,
when he awoke from it, he exclaimed
that the Holy Grail was already
found—bade his servants hang up his
armour on the wall, and open his
gates to the needy and the poor.

We shall venture upon one more
quotation before we quit Mr Lowell.
We must premise that we do not al-
ways mark by asterisks the omission
that we make, when that omission
creates no obscurity whatever in the
passage. The following poem we
take the liberty of abridging, and we
print it, without any interruption of
this kind, in its abridged form. In
this form it will perhaps remind our
readers of some of those tender,
simple, and domestic lyrics in which
German poetry is so rich. There is
no other language from which so
many beautiful poems might be col-
lected which refer to childhood, and the
love of children, as from the German.
It has sometimes occurred to us that
our poetesses, or fair translators of
poetry, might contrive a charming
volume of such lyrics on childhood.

THE CHANGELING.

“I had a little daughter,
And she was given to me
To lead me gently onward
To the Heavenly Father’s knee.

I know not how others saw her,
But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the heaven she came from
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair.

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,
And it hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
Stole my little daughter away.

But they left in her stead a changeling,
A little angel child,
That seems like her but in full blossom,
And smiles as she never smiled.

This child is not mine as the first was,
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly,
And bless it upon my breast.

Yet it lies in my little one’s cradle,
And sits in my little one’s chair,
And the light of the heaven she’s gone to
Transfigures its golden hair.”

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We have still a brief space left for
Mr Holmes. It is fit that, amongst
our list, there should be one represen-
tative of the comic muse. Mr
Holmes, however, is not always
comic. Some of his serious pieces
are not without a certain manly
pathos. Some, too, are of a quite
didactic character, and have the air
of college exercises. But it is only a
few of his lighter pieces we should
feel any disposition to quote, or refer
to. Mr Holmes portrays himself to
us as a boon companion;—a physi-
cian by profession, and one to whom
poetry has been only an occasional
amusement—one of those choice
spirits who can set the table in a roar,
and who can sing himself the good
song that he indites. Such being the
case, we have only to lay down the
critical pen to court amusement our-
selves, and conclude our paper by
sharing with the reader a few speci-
mens of wit or humour.

Civilised life in New York, or
Boston, seems to have the same dis-
agreeable accompaniments as with us
—as witness

THE MUSIC-GRINDERS.

“There are three ways in which men take
One’s money from his purse,
And very hard it is to tell
Which of the three is worse;
But all of them are bad enough
To make a body curse.

You’re riding out some pleasant day,
And counting up your gains;
A fellow jumps from out a bush,
And takes your horse’s reins;
Another hints some words about
A bullet in your brains.

It’s hard to meet such pressing friends
In such a lonely spot;
It’s very hard to lose your cash,
But harder to be shot;
And so you take your wallet out,
Though you had rather not.

Perhaps you’re going out to dine,
Some filthy creature begs
You’ll hear about the cannon-ball
That carried off his pegs;
He says it is a dreadful thing
For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,
His children to be fed,
Poor little lovely innocents,
All clamorous for bread;
And so you kindly help to put
A bachelor to bed.

2 M

You're sitting on your window-seat,
Beneath a cloudless moon ;
You hear a sound that seems to wear
The semblance of a tune,
As if a broken fife should strive
To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide
Of music seems to come,
There's something like a human voice
And something like a drum ;
You sit in speechless agony
Until your ear is numb.

Poor 'home, sweet home,' should seem to be
A very dismal place,
Your 'auld acquaintance,' all at once
Is altered in the face—

.

But hark ! the air again is still,
The music all is ground ;
It cannot be—it is—it is—
A hat is going round !

No ! Pay the dentist when he leaves
A fracture in your jaw ;
And pay the owner of the bear,
That stunned you with his paw ;
And buy the lobster that has had
Your knuckles in his claw ;

But if you are a portly man,
Put on your fiercest frown,
And talk about a constable
To turn them out of town ;
Then close your sentence with an oath,
And shut the window down !

And if you are a slender man,
Not big enough for that,
Or, if you cannot make a speech,
Because you are a flat,
*Go very quietly and drop
A button in the hat !*"

Excellent advice ! How many hats
there are—and not of music-grinders
only—in which we should be delighted
to see the button dropped ! The next
in order is very good, and equally
intelligible on this side of the Atlantic.
We give the greater part of it :—

THE TREADMILL SONG.

"They've built us up a noble wall,
To keep the vulgar out ;
We've nothing in the world to do,
But just to walk about ;
So faster now, you middle men,
And try to beat the ends,
Its pleasant work to ramble round
Among one's honest friends.

Here, tread upon the long man's toes,
He shan't be lazy here—
And punch the little fellow's ribs,
And tweak that lubber's ear,
He's lost them both—don't pull his hair,
Because he wears a scratch,
But poke him in the further eye,
That isn't in the patch.

Hark ! fellows, there's the supper-bell,
And so our work is done ;
It's pretty sport—suppose we take
A round or two for fun !
If ever they should turn me out,
When I have better grown,
Now hang me, but I mean to have
A treadmill of my own !"

"The September Gale," "The
Ballad of an Oysterman," "My Aunt,"
all solicit admission, but we have no
space. A few of the verses "On
the Portrait of 'A Gentleman,' in
the Athenæum Gallery," we will
insert. Perhaps we may see the
companion picture to it on the walls
of our own Exhibition at Trafalgar
Square :—

"It may be so, perhaps thou hast
A warm and loving heart ;
I will not blame thee for thy face,
Poor devil as thou art.

That thing thou fondly deem'st a nose,
Unightly though it be,
In spite of all the cold world's scorn,
It may be much to thee.

Those eyes, among thine elder friends,
Perhaps they pass for blue ;
No matter—if a man can see,
What more have eyes to do ?

Thy mouth—that fissure in thy face,
By something like a chin—
May be a very useful place
To put thy victual in."

Not, it seems, a thing to paint for
public inspection. *Apropos* of the
pictorial art, we cannot dismiss Mr
Holmes' book without noticing the
two or three tasteful vignettes or
medallions, or by whatever name the
small engravings are to be called,
which are scattered through its pages.
We wish there were more of them,
and that such a style of illustration,
or rather of decoration, (for they have
little to do with the subject of the
text,) were more general. Here are
two little children sitting on the
ground, one is reading, the other
listening—a mere outline, and the
whole could be covered by a crown-
piece. A simple medallion, such as
we have described, gives an exquisite
and perpetual pleasure ; the blurred
and blotched engraving, where much
is attempted and nothing completed,
is a mere disfigurement to a book.
The volume before us, we ought
perhaps to add, comes from the press
of Messrs Ticknor and Co., Boston.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

BOOK V.—INITIAL CHAPTER.

"I HOPE, Pisistratus," said my father, "that you do not intend to be dull!"

"Heaven forbid, sir! what could make you ask such a question? *Intend*. No! if I am dull it is from innocence."

"A very long Discourse upon Knowledge!" said my father; "very long. I should cut it out!"

I looked upon my father as a Byzantian sage might have looked on a Vandal. "Cut it out!"—

"Stops the action, sir!" said my father, dogmatically.

"Action! But a novel is not a drama."

"No, it is a great deal longer—twenty times as long, I dare say," replied Mr Caxton with a sigh.

"Well, sir—well! I think my Discourse upon Knowledge has much to do with the subject—is vitally essential to the subject; does not stop the action—only explains and elucidates

the action. And I am astonished, sir, that you, a scholar, and a cultivator of knowledge"—

"There—there!" cried my father, deprecatingly. "I yield—I yield. What better could I expect when I set up for a critic! What author ever lived that did not fly into a passion—even with his own father, if his father presumed to say—'Cut out!' *Pacem imploro*"—

MRS CAXTON.—"My dear Anstin, I am sure Pisistratus did not mean to offend you, and I have no doubt he will take your"—

PISISTRATUS, (hastily.)—"Advice for the future, certainly. I will quicken the action, and"—

"Go on with the Novel," whispered Roland, looking up from his eternal account-book. "We have lost £200 by our barley!"

Therewith I plunged my pen into the ink, and my thoughts into the "Fair Shadowland:"

CHAPTER II.

"Halt!" cried a voice; and not a little surprised was Leonard when the stranger who had accosted him the preceding evening got into the chaise.

"Well," said Richard, "I am not the sort of man you expected, eh? Take time to recover yourself." And with these words Richard drew forth a book from his pocket, threw himself back, and began to read. Leonard stole many a glance at the acute, hardy, handsome face of his companion, and gradually recognised a family likeness to poor John, in whom, despite age and infirmity, the traces of no common share of physical beauty were still evident. And, with that quick link in ideas which mathematical aptitude bestows, the young student at once conjectured that he saw before him his uncle Richard. He had the discretion, however, to leave that gentleman free to choose

his own time for introducing himself, and silently revolved the new thoughts produced by the novelty of his situation. Mr Richard read with notable quickness—sometimes cutting the leaves of the book with his penknife, sometimes tearing them open with his forefinger, sometimes skipping whole pages altogether. Thus he galloped to the end of the volume—flung it aside—lighted his cigar, and began to talk.

He put many questions to Leonard relative to his rearing, and especially to the mode by which he had acquired his education; and Leonard, confirmed in the idea that he was replying to a kinsman, answered frankly.

Richard did not think it strange that Leonard should have acquired so much instruction with so little direct tuition. Richard Avenel himself had been tutor to himself. He had lived

too long with our go-ahead brethren, who stride the world on the other side the Atlantic with the seven-leagued boots of the Giant-killer, not to have caught their glorious fever for reading. But it was for a reading wholly different from that which was familiar to Leonard. The books he read must be new; to read old books would have seemed to him going back in the world. He fancied that new books necessarily contained new ideas—a common mistake—and our lucky adventurer was the man of his day.

Tired with talking, he at length chucked the book he had run through to Leonard, and, taking out a pocket-book and pencil, amused himself with calculations on some detail of his business, after which he fell into an absorbed train of thought—part pecuniary, part ambitions.

Leonard found the book interesting; it was one of the numerous works, half-statistic, half-declamatory, relating to the condition of the working-classes, which peculiarly distinguish our century, and ought to bind together rich and poor, by proving the grave attention which modern society bestows upon all that can affect the welfare of the last.

“Dull stuff—theory—claptrap,” said Richard, rousing himself from his reverie at last: “it can’t interest you.”

“All books interest me, I think,” said Leonard, “and this especially; for it relates to the working-class, and I am one of them.”

“You were yesterday, but you mayn’t be to-morrow,” answered Richard good-humouredly, and patting him on the shoulder. “You see, my lad, that it is the middle class which ought to govern the country. What the book says about the ignorance of country magistrates is very good; but the man writes pretty considerable trash when he wants to regulate the number of hours a free-born boy should work at a factory—only ten hours a-day—pooh! and so lose two to the nation! Labour is wealth: and if we could get men to work twenty-four hours a-day, we should be just twice as rich. If the march of civilisation is to proceed,” continued Richard, loftily, “men, and boys too, must not lie a-bed doing

nothing *all night*, sir.” Then with a complacent tone—“We shall get to the twenty-four hours at last; and, by gad, we must, or we shan’t flog the Europeans as we do now.”

On arriving at the inn at which Richard had first made acquaintance with Mr Dale, the coach by which he had intended to perform the rest of the journey was found to be full. Richard continued to perform the journey in post-chaises, not without some grumbling at the expense, and incessant orders to the postboys to make the best of the way. “Slow country this, in spite of all its brag,” said he—“very slow. Time is money—they know that in the States; for why, they are all men of business there. Always slow in a country where a parcel of lazy idle lords, and dukes, and baronets, seem to think ‘time is pleasure.’”

Towards evening the chaise approached the confines of a very large town, and Richard began to grow fidgety. His easy cavalier air was abandoned. He withdrew his legs from the window, out of which they had been luxuriously dangling; pulled down his waistcoat; buckled more tightly his stock: it was clear that he was resuming the decorous dignity that belongs to state. He was like a monarch who, after travelling happy and incognito, returns to his capital. Leonard divined at once that they were nearing their journey’s end.

Humble foot-passengers now looked at the chaise, and touched their hats. Richard returned the salutation with a nod—a nod less gracious than condescending. The chaise turned rapidly to the left, and stopped before a smart lodge, very new, very white, adorned with two Doric columns in stucco, and flanked by a large pair of gates. “Hollo!” cried the postboy, and cracked his whip.

Two children were playing before the lodge, and some clothes were hanging out to dry on the shrubs and pales round the neat little building.

“Hang those brats! they are actually playing,” growled Dick. “As I live, the jade has been washing again! Stop, boy.” During this soliloquy, a good-looking young woman had rushed from the door—slapped the children as, catching

sight of the chaise, they ran towards the house—opened the gates, and, dropping a curtsy to the ground, seemed to wish that she could drop into it altogether, so frightened and so trembling seemed she to shrink from the wrathful face which the master now put out of the window.

“Did I tell you, or did I not,” said Dick, “that I would not have these horrid disreputable cubs of yours playing just before my lodge gates?”

“Please, sir—”

“Don’t answer me. And did I tell you, or did I not, that the next time I saw you making a drying-ground of my lilacs, you should go out, neck and crop—”

“Oh, please sir—”

“You leave my lodge next Saturday: drive on, boy. The ingratitude and insolence of those common people are disgraceful to human nature,” muttered Richard, with an accent of the bitterest misanthropy.

The chaise wheeled along the smoothest and freshest of gravel roads, and through fields of the finest land, in the highest state of cultivation. Rapid as was Leonard’s survey, his rural eye detected the signs of a master in the art agronomical. Hitherto he had considered the Squire’s model farm as the nearest approach to good husbandry he had seen; for Jackeymo’s finer skill was developed rather on the minute scale of market-gardening than what can fairly be called husbandry. But the Squire’s farm was degraded by many old-fashioned notions, and concessions to the whim of the eye, which would not be found in model farms now-a-days—large tangled hedgerows, which, though they constitute one of the beauties most picturesque in old England, make sad deductions from produce; great trees, overshadowing the corn, and harbouring the birds; little patches of rough sward left to waste; and angles of woodland running into fields, exposing them to rabbits, and blocking out the sun. These and suchlike blots on a gentleman farmer’s agriculture, common-sense and Giacomo had made clear to the acute comprehension of Leonard. No such faults were perceptible in Richard Avenel’s domain. The fields lay in broad divisions, the

hedges were clipped and narrowed into their proper destination of mere boundaries. Not a blade of wheat withered under the cold shade of a tree; not a yard of land lay waste; not a weed was to be seen, not a thistle to waft its baleful seed through the air: some young plantations were placed, not where the artist would put them, but just where the farmer wanted a fence from the wind. Was there no beauty in this? Yes, there was beauty of its kind—beauty at once recognisable to the initiated—beauty of use and profit—beauty that could bear a monstrous high rent. And Leonard uttered a cry of admiration which thrilled through the heart of Richard Avenel.

“This is farming!” said the villager.

“Well, I guess it is,” answered Richard, all his ill-humour vanishing. “You should have seen the land when I bought it. But we new men, as they call us—(damn their impertinence)—are the new blood of this country.”

Richard Avenel never said anything more true. Long may the new blood circulate through the veins of the mighty giantess; but let the grand heart be the same as it has beat for proud ages.

The chaise now passed through a pretty shrubbery, and the house came into gradual view—a house with a portico—all the offices carefully thrust out of sight.

The postboy dismounted, and rang the bell.

“I almost think they are going to keep me waiting,” said Mr Richard, wellnigh in the very words of Louis XIV.

But that fear was not realised—the door opened; a well-fed servant out of livery presented himself. There was no hearty welcoming smile on his face, but he opened the chaise-door with demure and taciturn respect.

“Where’s George? why does not he come to the door?” asked Richard, descending from the chaise slowly, and leaning on the servant’s outstretched arm with as much precaution as if he had had the gout.

Fortunately, George here came into sight, settling himself hastily into his livery coat.

"See to the things, both of you," said Richard, as he paid the postboy.

Leonard stood on the gravel sweep, gazing at the square white house.

"Handsome elevation—classical, I take it—eh?" said Richard, joining him. "But you should see the offices."

He then, with familiar kindness, took Leonard by the arm, and drew him within. He showed him the hall, with a carved mahogany stand for hats; he showed him the drawing-room, and pointed out all its beauties—though it was summer the drawing-room looked cold, as will look rooms newly furnished, with walls newly papered, in houses newly built. The furniture was handsome, and suited to the rank of a rich trader. There was no pretence about it, and therefore no vulgarity, which is more than can be said for the houses of many an honourable Mrs Somebody in Mayfair, with rooms twelve feet square, chokeful of buhl, that would have had its proper place in the Tuilleries. Then Richard showed him the library, with mahogany book-cases and plate glass, and the fashionable authors handsomely bound. Your new men are much better friends to living authors than your old families who live in the country, and at most subscribe to a book-club. Then Richard took him up-stairs, and led him through the bedrooms—all very clean and comfortable, and with every modern convenience; and, pausing in a very pretty single gentleman's chamber, said, "This is your den. And now, can you guess who I am?"

"No one but my Uncle Richard could be so kind," answered Leonard.

But the compliment did not flatter Richard. He was extremely disconcerted and disappointed. He had hoped that he should be taken for a lord at least, forgetful of all that he had said in disparagement of lords.

"Pish!" said he at last, biting his lip—"so you don't think that I look like a gentleman? Come, now, speak honestly."

Leonard wonderingly saw he had given pain, and, with the good breeding which comes instinctively from good nature, replied—"I judged you by your heart, sir, and your likeness to my grandfather—otherwise I should never have presumed to fancy we could be relations."

"Hum!" answered Richard. "You can just wash your hands, and then come down to dinner; you will hear the gong in ten minutes. There's the bell—ring for what you want."

With that, he turned on his heel; and, descending the stairs, gave a look into the dining-room, and admired the plated salver on the sideboard, and the king's pattern spoons and forks on the table. Then he walked to the looking-glass over the mantel-piece; and, wishing to survey the whole effect of his form, mounted a chair. He was just getting into an attitude which he thought imposing, when the butler entered, and, being London bred, had the discretion to try to escape unseen; but Richard caught sight of him in the looking-glass, and coloured up to the temples.

"Jarvis," said he mildly—"Jarvis, put me in mind to have these inexpressibles altered."

CHAPTER III.

Apropos of the inexpressibles, Mr Richard did not forget to provide his nephew with a much larger wardrobe than could have been thrust into Dr Riccabocca's knapsack. There was a very good tailor in the town, and the clothes were very well made. And, but for an air more ingenuous, and a cheek that, despite study and night vigils, retained much of the sun-burnt bloom of the rustic, Leonard Fairfield might now have almost passed, without disparaging com-

ment, by the bow-window at White's. Richard burst into an immoderate fit of laughter when he first saw the watch which the poor Italian had bestowed upon Leonard; but, to atone for the laughter, he made him a present of a very pretty substitute, and bade him "lock up his turnip." Leonard was more hurt by the jeer at his old patron's gift than pleased by his uncle's. But Richard Avenel had no conception of sentiment. It was not for many days that Leonard could

reconcile himself to his uncle's manner. Not that the peasant could pretend to judge of its mere conventional defects; but there is an ill breeding to which, whatever our rank and nurture, we are almost equally sensitive—the ill breeding that comes from want of consideration for others. Now, the Squire was as homely in his way as Richard Avenel, but the Squire's bluntness rarely hurt the feelings; and when it did so, the Squire perceived and hastened to repair his blunder. But Mr Richard, whether kind or cross, was always wounding you in some little delicate fibre—not from malice, but from the absence of any little delicate fibres of his own. He was really, in many respects, a most excellent man, and certainly a very valuable citizen. But his merits wanted the fine tints and fluent curves that constitute beauty of character. He was honest, but sharp in his practice, and with a keen eye to his interests. He was just, but as a matter of business. He made no allowances, and did not leave to his justice the large margin of tenderness and mercy. He was generous, but rather from an idea of what was due to himself than with much thought of the pleasure he gave to others; and he even regarded generosity as a capital put out to interest. He expected a great deal of gratitude in return, and, when he obliged a man, considered that he had bought a slave. Every needy voter knew where to come, if he wanted relief or a loan; but woe to him if he had ventured to express hesitation when Mr Avenel told him how he must vote.

In this town Richard had settled after his return from America, in which country he had enriched himself—first, by spirit and industry—lastly, by bold speculation and good luck. He invested his fortune in business—became a partner in a large brewery—soon bought out his associates—and then took a principal share in a flourishing corn-mill. He prospered rapidly—bought a property of some two or three hundred acres, built a house, and resolved to enjoy himself, and make a figure. He had now become the leading man of the town, and the boast to Audley Egerton that he could return one of the members,

perhaps both, was by no means an exaggerated estimate of his power. Nor was his proposition, according to his own views, so unprincipled as it appeared to the statesman. He had taken a great dislike to both the sitting members—a dislike natural to a sensible man of moderate politics, who had something to lose. For Mr Slappe, the active member—who was head-over-ears in debt—was one of the furious democrats rare before the Reform Bill—and whose opinions were held dangerous even by the mass of a Liberal constituency; while Mr Sleekie, the gentleman member, who laid by £5000 every year from his dividends in the Funds, was one of those men whom Richard justly pronounced to be “humbngs”—men who curry favour with the extreme party by voting for measures sure not to be carried; while, if there were the least probability of coming to a decision that would lower the money market, Mr Sleekie was seized with a well-timed influenza. Those politicians are common enough now. Propose to march to the Millennium, and they are your men. Ask them to march a quarter of a mile, and they fall to feeling their pockets, and trembling for fear of the foot-pads. They are never so joyful as when there is no chance of a victory. Did they beat the Minister, they would be carried out of the house in a fit.

Richard Avenel—despising both these gentlemen, and not taking kindly to the Whigs since the great Whig leaders were Lords—looked with a friendly eye to the Government as it then existed, and especially to Audley Egerton, the enlightened representative of commerce. But in giving Audley and his colleagues the benefit of his influence, through conscience, he thought it all fair and right to have a *quid pro quo*, and, as he had so frankly confessed, it was his whim to rise up “Sir Richard.” For this worthy citizen abused the aristocracy much on the same principle as the fair Olivia depreciated Squire Thornhill—he had a sneaking affection for what he abused. The society of Screwtown was, like most provincial capitals, composed of two classes—the commercial and the

exclusive. These last dwelt chiefly apart, around the ruins of an old abbey; they affected its antiquity in their pedigrees, and had much of its ruin in their finances. Widows of rural thanes in the neighbourhood—genteel spinsters—officers retired on half-pay—younger sons of rich squires, who had now become old bachelors—in short, a very respectable, proud, aristocratic set—who thought more of themselves than do all the Gowers and Howards, Courtenays and Seymours, put together. It had early been the ambition of Richard Avenel to be admitted into this sublime coterie; and, strange to say, he had partially succeeded. He was never more happy than when he was asked to their card-parties, and never more unhappy than when he was actually there. Various circumstances combined to raise Mr Avenel into this elevated society. First, he was unmarried, still very handsome, and in that society there was a large proportion of unwedded females. Secondly, he was the only rich trader in Screwstown who kept a good cook, and professed to give dinners, and the half-pay captains and colonels swallowed the host for the sake of the venison. Thirdly, and principally, all these exclusives abhorred the two sitting members, and “*idem nolle idem velle de republicâ, ea firma amicta est;*” that is, congeniality in politics pieces porcelain and crockery together better than the best diamond cement. The sturdy Richard Avenel—who valued himself on American independence—held these ladies and gentlemen in an awe that was truly Brahminical. Whether it was that, in England, all notions, even of liberty, are mixed up historically, traditionally, socially, with that fine and subtle element of aristocracy which, like the press, is the air we breathe; or whether Richard imagined that he really became magnetically imbued with the virtues of these silver pennies and gold seven-shilling pieces, distinct from the vulgar coinage in popular use, it is hard to say. But the truth must be told—Richard Avenel was a notable tuft-hunter. He had a great longing to marry out of this society; but he had not yet seen any one

sufficiently high-born and high-bred to satisfy his aspirations. In the meanwhile, he had convinced himself that his way would be smooth could he offer to make his ultimate choice “*My Lady;*” and he felt that it would be a proud hour in his life when he could walk before stiff Colonel Pompley to the sound of “*Sir Richard.*” Still, however disappointed at the ill success of his bluff diplomacy with Mr Egerton, and however yet cherishing the most vindictive resentment against that individual—he did not, as many would have done, throw up his political convictions out of personal spite. He resolved still to favour the ungrateful and undeserving Administration; and as Audley Egerton had acted on the representations of the mayor and deputies, and shaped his bill to meet their views, so Avenel and the Government rose together in the popular estimation of the citizens of Screwstown.

But, duly to appreciate the value of Richard Avenel, and in just counterpoise to all his foibles, one ought to have seen what he had effected for the town. Well might he boast of “*new blood;*” he had done as much for the town as he had for his fields. His energy, his quick comprehension of public utility, backed by his wealth, and bold, bullying, imperious character, had sped the work of civilisation as if with the celerity and force of a steam-engine.

If the town were so well paved and so well lighted—if half-a-dozen squalid lanes had been transformed into a stately street—if half the town no longer depended on tanks for their water—if the poor-rates were reduced one-third,—praise to the brisk new blood which Richard Avenel had infused into vestry and corporation. And his example itself was so contagious! “*There was not a plate-glass window in the town when I came into it,*” said Richard Avenel; “*and now look down the High Street!*” He took the credit to himself, and justly; for, though his own business did not require windows of plate-glass, he had wakened the spirit of enterprise which adorns a whole city.

Mr Avenel did not present Leonard to his friends for more than a fortnight. He allowed him to wear off his rust. He then gave a grand dinner, at which his nephew was formally introduced, and, to his great wrath and disappointment, never

opened his lips. How could he, poor youth, when Miss Clarina Mowbray only talked upon high life; till proud Colonel Pompley went in state through the history of the siege of Seringapatam.

CHAPTER IV.

While Leonard accustoms himself gradually to the splendours that surround him, and often turns with a sigh to the remembrance of his mother's cottage and the sparkling fount in the Italian's flowery garden, we will make with thee, O reader, a rapid flight to the metropolis, and drop ourselves amidst the gay groups that loiter along the dusty ground, or loll over the roadside palings of Hyde Park. The season is still at its height; but the short day of fashionable London life, which commences two hours after noon, is in its decline. The crowd in Rotten Row begins to thin. Near the statue of Achilles, and apart from all other loungers, a gentleman, with one hand thrust into his waistcoat, and the other resting on his cane, gazed listlessly on the horsemen and carriages in the brilliant ring. He was still in the prime of life, at the age when man is usually the most social—when the acquaintances of youth have ripened into friendship, and a personage of some rank and fortune has become a well-known feature in the mobile face of society. But though, when his contemporaries were boys scarce at college, this gentleman had blazed foremost amongst the princes of fashion, and though he had all the qualities of nature and circumstance which either retain fashion to the last, or exchange its false celebrity for a graver repute, he stood as a stranger in that throng of his countrymen. Beauties whirled by to the toilet—statesmen passed on to the senate—dandies took flight to the clubs; and neither nods nor becks, nor wreathed smiles, said to the solitary spectator, "Follow us—thou art one of our set." Now and then, some middle-aged beau, nearing the post of the loiterer, turned round to look again; but the second glance seemed to dissipate the recognition of the first,

and the beau silently continued his way.

"By the tombs of my fathers!" said the solitary to himself, "I know now what a dead man might feel if he came to life again, and took a peep at the living."

Time passed on—the evening shades descended fast. Our stranger in London had wellnigh the Park to himself. He seemed to breathe more freely as he saw that the space was so clear.

"There's oxygen in the atmosphere now," said he, half aloud; "and I can walk without breathing in the gaseous fumes of the multitude. O those chemists—what dolts they are! They tell us crowds taint the air, but they never guess why! Pah, it is not the lungs that poison the element—it is the reek of bad hearts. When a periwig-pated fellow breathes on me, I swallow a mouthful of care. *Allons!* my friend Nero; now for a stroll." He touched with his cane a large Newfoundland dog, who lay stretched near his feet; and dog and man went slow through the growing twilight, and over the brown dry turf. At length our solitary paused, and threw himself on a bench under a tree. "Half-past eight!" said he, looking at his watch—"one may smoke one's cigar without shocking the world."

He took out his cigar-case, struck a light, and in another moment reclined at length on the bench—seemed absorbed in regarding the smoke, that scarce coloured ere it vanished into air.

"It is the most barefaced lie in the world, my Nero," said he, addressing his dog, "this boasted liberty of man! Now here am I, a freeborn Englishman, a citizen of the world, caring—I often say to myself—caring not a jot for Kaiser or Mob; and yet I no more dare smoke this cigar in the Park

at half-past six, when all the world is abroad, than I dare pick my Lord Chancellor's pocket, or hit the Archbishop of Canterbury a thump on the nose. Yet no law in England forbids me my cigar, Nero! What is law at half-past eight, was not crime at six and a-half! Britannia says, 'Man, thou art free,' and she lies like a commonplace woman. O Nero, Nero! you enviable dog!—you serve but from liking. No thought of the world costs you one wag of the tail. Your big heart and true instinct suffice you for reason and law. You would want nothing to your felicity, if in these moments of ennui you would but smoke a cigar. Try it, Nero!—try it!" And, rising from his incumbent posture, he sought to force the end of the weed between the teeth of the dog.

While thus gravely engaged, two figures had approached the place. The one was a man who seemed weak and sickly. His threadbare coat was buttoned to the chin, but hung large on his shrunken breast. The other was a girl of about fourteen, on whose arm he leant heavily. Her cheek was wan, and there was a patient sad look on her face, which seemed so settled that you would think she could never have known the mirthfulness of childhood.

"Pray rest here, papa," said the child softly; and she pointed to the bench, without taking heed of its pre-occupant, who now, indeed, confined to one corner of the seat, was almost hidden by the shadow of the tree.

The man sate down, with a feeble sigh; and then, observing the stranger, raised his hat, and said, in that tone of voice which betrays the usages of polished society, "Forgive me, if I intrude on you, sir."

The stranger looked up from his dog, and seeing that the girl was standing, rose at once as if to make room for her on the bench.

But still the girl did not heed him. She hung over her father, and wiped his brow tenderly with a little kerchief which she took from her own neck for the purpose.

Nero, delighted to escape the cigar, had taken to some unwieldy curvets and gambols, to vent the excitement into which he had been thrown; and now returning, approached the bench with a low look of surprise, and sniffed

at the intruders of her master's privacy.

"Come here, sir," said the master. "You need not fear him," he added, addressing himself to the girl.

But the girl, without turning round to him, cried in a voice rather of anguish than alarm, "He has fainted! Father! father!"

The stranger kicked aside his dog, which was in the way, and loosened the poor man's stiff military stock. While thus charitably engaged, the moon broke out, and the light fell full on the pale care-worn face of the unconscious sufferer.

"This face seems not unfamiliar to me, though sadly changed," said the stranger to himself; and bending towards the girl, who had sunk on her knees and was chafing her father's hands, he asked, "My child, what is your father's name?"

The child continued her task, too absorbed to answer.

The stranger put his hand on her shoulder, and repeated the question.

"Digby," answered the child, almost unconsciously; and as she spoke the man's senses began to return. In a few minutes more he had sufficiently recovered to falter forth his thanks to the stranger. But the last took his hand, and said, in a voice at once tremulous and soothing, "Is it possible that I see once more an old brother in arms? Algernon Digby, I do not forget you; but it seems England has forgotten."

A hectic flush spread over the soldier's face, and he looked away from the speaker as he answered—

"My name is Digby, it is true, sir; but I do not think we have met before. Come, Helen, I am well now—we will go home."

"Try and play with that great dog, my child," said the stranger—"I want to talk with your father."

The child bowed her submissive head, and moved away; but she did not play with the dog.

"I must reintroduce myself, formally, I see," quoth the stranger. "You were in the same regiment with myself, and my name is L'Es-trange."

"My lord," said the soldier, rising, "forgive me that —"

"I don't think that it was the

fashion to call me 'my lord' at the mess-table. Come, what has happened to you?—on half-pay?"

Mr Digby shook his head mournfully.

"Digby, old fellow, can you lend me £100?" said Lord L'Estrange, clapping his *ci-devant* brother officer on the shoulder, and in a tone of voice that seemed like a boy's—so impudent was it, and devil-mecarish. "No! Well, that's lucky, for I can lend it to you."

Mr Digby burst into tears.

Lord L'Estrange did not seem to observe the emotion. "We were both sad extravagant fellows in our day," said he, "and I dare say I borrowed of you pretty freely."

"Me! Oh, Lord L'Estrange!"

"You have married since then, and reformed, I suppose. Tell me, old friend, all about it."

Mr Digby, who by this time had succeeded in restoring some calm to his shattered nerves, now rose, and said in brief sentences, but clear firm tones,—

"My Lord, it is idle to talk of me—useless to help me. I am fast dying. But, my child there, my only child, (he paused an instant, and went on rapidly.) I have relations in a distant county, if I could but get to them—I think they would at least provide for her. This has been for weeks my hope, my dream, my prayer. I cannot afford the journey except by your help. I have begged without shame for myself; shall I be ashamed, then, to beg for her?"

"Digby," said L'Estrange with some grave alteration of manner, "talk neither of dying, nor begging. You were nearer death when the balls whistled round you at Water-

loo. If soldier meets soldier and says, 'Friend, thy purse,' it is not begging, but brotherhood. Ashamed! By the soul of Belisarius! if I needed money, I would stand at a crossing with my Waterloo medal over my breast, and say to each sleek citizen I had helped to save from the sword of the Frenchman, 'It is your shame if I starve.' Now, lean upon me; I see you should be at home—which way?"

The poor soldier pointed his hand towards Oxford Street, and reluctantly accepted the proffered arm.

"And when you return from your relations, you will call on me? What!—hesitate? Come, promise."

"I will."

"On your honour."

"If I live, on my honour."

"I am staying at present at Knightsbridge, with my father; but you will always hear of my address at No. — Grosvenor Square, Mr Egerton's. So you have a long journey before you?"

"Very long."

"Do not fatigue yourself—travel slowly. Ho, you foolish child!—I see you are jealous of me. Your father has another arm to spare you."

Thus talking, and getting but short answers, Lord L'Estrange continued to exhibit those whimsical peculiarities of character, which had obtained for him the repute of heartlessness in the world. Perhaps the reader may think the world was not in the right. But if ever the world does judge rightly of the character of a man who does not live for the world, nor talk for the world, nor feel with the world, it will be centuries after the soul of Harley L'Estrange has done with this planet.

CHAPTER V.

Lord L'Estrange parted company with Mr Digby at the entrance of Oxford Street. The father and child there took a cabriolet. Mr Digby directed the driver to go down the Edgeware Road. He refused to tell L'Estrange his address, and this with such evident pain, from the sores of pride, that L'Estrange could not

press the point. Reminding the soldier of his promise to call, Harley thrust a pocket-book into his hand, and walked off hastily towards Grosvenor Square.

He reached Audley Egerton's door just as that gentleman was getting out of his carriage; and the two friends entered the house together.

“Does the nation take a nap to-night?” asked L’Estrange. “Poor old lady! She hears so much of her affairs, that she may well boast of her constitution: it must be of iron.”

“The House is still sitting,” answered Audley seriously, “and with small heed of his friend’s witticism. “But it is not a Government motion, and the division will be late, so I came home; and if I had not found you here, I should have gone into the Park to look for you.”

“Yes—one always knows where to find me at this hour, 9 o’clock P.M.—cigar—Hyde Park. There is not a man in England so regular in his habits.”

Here the friends reached a drawing-room in which the Member of Parliament seldom sat, for his private apartments were all on the ground floor.

“But it is the strangest whim of yours, Harley,” said he.

“What?”

“To affect detestation of ground-floors.”

“Affect! O sophisticated man, of the earth, earthy! Affect!—nothing less natural to the human soul than a ground-floor. We are quite far enough from heaven, mount as many stairs as we will, without grovelling by preference.

“According to that symbolical view of the case,” said Audley, “you should lodge in an attic.”

“So I would, but that I abhor new slippers. As for hair-brushes, I am indifferent!”

“What have slippers and hair-brushes to do with attics?”

“Try! Make your bed in an attic, and the next morning you will have neither slippers nor hair-brushes!”

“What shall I have done with them?”

“Shied them at the cats!”

“What odd things you do say, Harley!”

“Odd! By Apollo and his nine spinsters! there is no human being who has so little imagination as a distinguished Member of Parliament. Answer me this, thou solemn right honourable,—Hast thou climbed to the heights of august contemplation? Hast thou gazed on the stars with the rapt eye of song? Hast thou

dreamed of a love known to the angels, or sought to seize in the Infinite the mystery of life?”

“Not I indeed, my poor Harley.”

“Then no wonder, poor Audley, that you cannot conjecture why he who makes his bed in an attic, disturbed by base catterwauls, shies his slippers at cats. Bring a chair into the balcony. Nero spoiled my cigar to-night. I am going to smoke now. You never smoke. You can look on the shrubs in the Square.”

Audley slightly shrugged his shoulders, but he followed his friend’s counsel and example, and brought his chair into the balcony. Nero came too, but at sight and smell of the cigar prudently retreated, and took refuge under the table.

“Audley Egerton, I want something from Government.”

“I am delighted to hear it.”

“There was a cornet in my regiment, who would have done better not to have come into it. We were, for the most part of us, puppies and fops.”

“You all fought well, however.”

“Puppies and fops do fight well. Vanity and valour generally go together. Cæsar, who scratched his head with due care of his scanty curls, and, even in dying, thought of the folds in his toga; Walter Raleigh, who could not walk twenty yards, because of the gems in his shoes; Alcibiades, who lounged into the Agora with doves in his bosom, and an apple in his hand; Murat, bedizened in gold-lace and furs; and Demetrius, the City-Taker, who made himself up like a French *Marquise*,—were all pretty good fellows at fighting. A slovenly hero like Cromwell is a paradox in nature, and a marvel in history. But to return to my cornet. We were rich; he was poor. When the pot of clay swims down the stream with the brass-pots, it is sure of a smash. Men said Digby was stingy; I saw he was extravagant. But every one, I fear, would be rather thought stingy than poor. *Bref*.—I left the army, and saw him no more till to-night. There was never shabby poor gentleman on the stage more awfully shabby, more pathetically gentleman. But, look ye, this man has fought for England. It was

no child's play at Waterloo, let me tell you, Mr Egerton; and, but for such men, you would be at best a *sous-prefet*, and your Parliament a Provincial Assembly. You must do something for Digby. What shall it be?"

"Why, really, my dear Harley, this man was no great friend of yours—eh?"

"If he were, he would not want the Government to help him—he would not be ashamed of taking money from me."

"That is all very fine, Harley; but there are so many poor officers, and so little to give. It is the most difficult thing in the world that which you ask me. Indeed, I know nothing can be done: he has his half-pay?"

"I think not; or, if he has it, no doubt it all goes on his debts. That's nothing to us: the man and his child are starving."

"But if it is his own fault—if he has been imprudent?"

"Ah—well, well; where the devil is Nero?"

"I am so sorry I can't oblige you. If it were anything else—"

"There is something else. My valet—I can't turn him adrift—excellent fellow, but gets drunk now and then. Will you find him a place in the Stamp Office?"

"With pleasure."

"No, now I think of it—the man knows my ways: I must keep him. But my old wine-merchant—civil man, never dunned—is a bankrupt. I am under great obligations to him, and he has a very pretty daughter. Do you think you could thrust him into some small place in the Colonies, or make him a King's Messenger, or something of the sort?"

"If you very much wish it, no doubt I can."

"My dear Audley, I am but feeling my way: the fact is, I want something for myself."

"Ah, that indeed gives me pleasure!" cried Egerton, with animation.

"The mission to Florence will soon be vacant—I know it privately. The place would quite suit me. Pleasant city; the best figs in Italy—very little to do. You could sound Lord — on the subject."

"I will answer beforehand. Lord — would be enchanted to secure to the public service a man so accomplished as yourself, and the son of a peer like Lord Lansmere."

Harley L'Estrange sprang to his feet, and flung his cigar in the face of a stately policeman who was looking up at the balcony.

"Infamous and bloodless official!" cried Harley L'Estrange; "so you could provide for a pimple-nosed lackey—for a wine-merchant who has been poisoning the king's subjects with white-lead or sloe-juice—for an idle sybarite, who would complain of a crumpled rose-leaf; and nothing, in all the vast patronage of England, for a broken-down soldier, whose dauntless breast was her rampart!"

"Harley," said the Member of Parliament, with his calm sensible smile, "this would be a very good clap-trap at a small theatre; but there is nothing in which Parliament demands such rigid economy as the military branch of the public service; and no man for whom it is so hard to effect what we must plainly call a job as a subaltern officer, who has done nothing more than his duty—and all military men do that. Still, as you take it so earnestly, I will use what interest I can at the War Office, and get him, perhaps, the mastership of a barrack."

"You had better; for, if you do not, I swear I will turn Radical, and come down to your own city to oppose you, with Hunt and Cobbett to canvass for me."

"I should be very glad to see you come into Parliament, even as a Radical, and at my expense," said Audley, with great kindness. "But the air is growing cold, and you are not accustomed to our climate. Nay, if you are too poetic for catarrhs and rheums, I'm not—come in."

CHAPTER VI.

Lord L'Estrange threw himself on a sofa, and leant his cheek on his hand thoughtfully. Audley Egerton sate near him, with his arms folded, and gazed on his friend's face with a soft expression of aspect, which was very unusual to the firm outline of his handsome features. The two men were as dissimilar in person as the reader will have divined that they were in character. All about Egerton was so rigid, all about L'Estrange so easy. In every posture of Harley's there was the unconscious grace of a child. The very fashion of his garments showed his abhorrence of restraint. His clothes were wide and loose; his neckcloth, tied carelessly, left his throat half bare. You could see that he had lived much in warm and southern lands, and contracted a contempt for conventionalities; there was as little in his dress as in his talk of the formal precision of the north. He was three or four years younger than Audley, but he looked at least twelve years younger. In fact, he was one of those men to whom old age seems impossible—voice, look, figure, had all the charm of youth; and, perhaps it was from this gracious youthfulness—at all events, it was characteristic of the kind of love he inspired—that neither his parents, nor the few friends admitted into his intimacy, ever called him, in their habitual intercourse, by the name of his title. He was not L'Estrange with them, he was Harley; and by that familiar baptismal I will usually designate him. He was not one of those men whom author or reader wish to view at a distance, and remember as "my Lord"—it was so rarely that he remembered it himself. For the rest, it had been said of him by a shrewd wit—"He is so natural that every one calls him affected." Harley L'Estrange was not so critically handsome as Audley Egerton; to a commonplace observer he was, at best, rather goodlooking than otherwise. But women said that he had "a beautiful countenance," and they were not wrong. He wore his hair, which was of a fair chestnut, long, and in loose curls; and instead of the

Englishman's whiskers, indulged in the foreigner's moustache. His complexion was delicate, though not effeminate: it was rather the delicacy of a student, than of a woman. But in his clear grey eye there was wonderful vigour of life. A skilful physiologist, looking only into that eye, would have recognised rare stamina of constitution—a nature so rich that, while easily disturbed, it would require all the effects of time, or all the fell combinations of passion and grief, to exhaust it. Even now, though so thoughtful, and even so sad, the rays of that eye were as concentrated and steadfast as the light of the diamond.

"You were only, then, in jest," said Audley, after a long silence, "when you spoke of this mission to Florence. You have still no idea of entering into public life."

"None."

"I had hoped better things when I got your promise to pass one season in London. But, indeed, you have kept your promise to the ear to break it to the spirit. I could not presuppose that you would shun all society, and be as much of a hermit here as under the vines of Como."

"I have sate in the Strangers' Gallery, and heard your great speakers; I have been in the pit of the opera, and seen your fine ladies; I have walked your streets, I have lounged in your parks, and I say that I can't fall in love with a faded dowager, because she fills up her wrinkles with rouge."

"Of what dowager do you speak?" asked the matter-of-fact Audley.

"She has a great many titles. Some people call her fashion, you busy men, politics: it is all one—tricked out and artificial. I mean London life. No, I can't fall in love with her, fawning old harridan!"

"I wish you could fall in love with something."

"I wish I could, with all my heart."

"But you are so *blasé*."

"On the contrary, I am so fresh. Look out of the window—what do you see?"

"Nothing!"

"Nothing—"

"Nothing but houses and dusty lilacs, my coachman dozing on his box, and two women in pattens crossing the kennel."

"I see none of that where I lie on the sofa. I see but the stars. And I feel for them as I did when I was a schoolboy at Eton. It is you who are *blasé*, not I—enough of this. You do not forget my commission, with respect to the exile who has married into your brother's family?"

"No; but here you set me a task more difficult than that of saddling your cornet on the War Office."

"I know it is difficult, for the counter influence is vigilant and strong; but, on the other hand, the enemy is so damnable a traitor that one must have the Fates and the household gods on one's side."

"Nevertheless," said the practical Audley, bending over a book on the table, "I think that the best plan would be to attempt a compromise with the traitor."

"To judge of others by myself," answered Harley with spirit, "it were less bitter to put up with wrong than to palter with it for compensation. And such wrong! Compromise with the open foe—that may be done with honour; but with the perjured friend—that were to forgive the perjury!"

"You are too vindictive," said Egerton; "there may be excuses for the friend, which palliate even"—

"Hush! Audley, hush! or I shall think the world has indeed corrupted you. Excuse for the friend who deceives, who betrays! No, such is the true outlaw of Humanity; and the Furies surround him even while he sleeps in the temple."

The man of the world lifted his eyes slowly on the animated face of one still natural enough for the passions. He then once more returned to his book, and said, after a pause, "It is time you should marry, Harley."

"No," answered L'Estrange, with a smile at this sudden turn in the conversation—"not time yet; for my chief objection to that change in life is, that all the women now-a-days are

too old for me, or I am too young for them. A few, indeed are so infantine that one is ashamed to be their toy; but most are so knowing that one is a fool to be their dupe. The first, if they condescend to love you, love you as the biggest doll they have yet dandled, and for a doll's good qualities—your pretty blue eyes, and your exquisite millinery. The last, if they prudently accept you, do so on algebraical principles; you are but the X or the Y that represents a certain aggregate of goods matrimonial—pedigree, title, rent-roll, diamonds, pin-money, opera-box. They cast you up with the help of mamma, and you wake some morning to find that *plus* wife *minus* affection equals—the Devil!"

"Nonsense," said Audley, with his quiet grave laugh. "I grant that it is often the misfortune of a man in your station to be married rather for what he has, than for what he is; but you are tolerably penetrating, and not likely to be deceived in the character of the woman you court."

"Of the woman I *court*?—No! But of the woman I *marry*, very likely indeed. Woman is a changeable thing, as our Virgil informed us at school; but her change *par excellence* is from the fairy you woo to the brownie you wed. It is not that she has been a hypocrite, it is that she is a transmigration. You marry a girl for her accomplishments. She paints charmingly, or plays like St Cecilia. Clap a ring on her finger, and she never draws again—except perhaps your caricature on the back of a letter, and never opens a piano after the honeymoon. You marry her for her sweet temper; and next year, her nerves are so shattered that you can't contradict her but you are whirled into a storm of hysterics. You marry her because she declares she hates balls and likes quiet; and ten to one but what she becomes a patroness at Almacks, or a lady in waiting."

"Yet most men marry, and most men survive the operation."

"If it were only necessary to live, that would be a consolatory and encouraging reflection. But to live with peace, to live with dignity, to live with freedom, to live in harmony with your thoughts, your habits, your aspi-

rations—and this in the perpetual companionship of a person to whom you have given the power to wound your peace, to assail your dignity, to cripple your freedom, to jar on each thought and each habit, and bring you down to the meanest details of earth, when you invite her, poor soul, to soar to the spheres—that makes the to be, or not to be, which is the question.”

“If I were you, Harley, I would do as I have heard the author of *Sandford and Merton* did—choose out a child and educate her yourself after your own heart.”

“You have hit it,” answered Harley seriously. “That has long been my idea—a very vague one, I confess. But I fear I shall be an old man before I find even the child.”

“Ah!” he continued, yet more earnestly, while the whole character of his varying countenance changed again—“ah! if indeed I could discover what I seek—one who with the heart of a child has the mind of a woman; one who beholds in nature the variety, the charm, the never feverish, ever healthful excitement that others vainly seek in the bastard sentimentalities of a life false with artificial forms; one who can comprehend, as by intuition, the rich poetry with which creation is clothed—poetry so clear to the child when enraptured with the flower, or when wondering at the star! If on me such exquisite companionship were bestowed—why, then”—He paused, sighed deeply, and, covering his face with his hand, resumed, in faltering accents,—

“But once—but once only, did such vision of the Beautiful made human rise before me—rise amidst ‘golden exhalations of the dawn.’ It beggared my life in vanishing. You know only—you only—how—how”—

He bowed his head, and the tears forced themselves through his clenched fingers.

“So long ago!” said Audley, sharing his friend’s emotion. “Years so long and so weary, yet still thus tenacious of a mere boyish memory.”

“Away with it, then!” cried Harley, springing to his feet, and with a

laugh of strange merriment. “Your carriage still waits: set me home before you go to the House.”

Then laying his hand lightly on his friend’s shoulder, he said, “Is it for you, Audley Egerton, to speak sneeringly of boyish memories? What else is it that binds us together? What else warms my heart when I meet you? What else draws your thoughts from blue-books and beer-bills, to waste them on a vagrant like me? Shake hands. Oh, friend of my boyhood! recollect the oars that we plied and the bats that we wielded in the old time, or the murmured talk on the moss-grown bank, as we sat together, building in the summer air castles mightier than Windsor. Ah! they are strong ties, those boyish memories, believe me! I remember as if it were yesterday my translation of that lovely passage in Persius, beginning—let me see—ah!—

“Quum primum pavido custos mihi purpura cessit,”

that passage on friendship which gushes out so livingly from the stern heart of the satirist. And when old ——— complimented me on my verses, my eye sought yours. Verily, I now say as then,

“Nescio quod, certe est quod me tibi temperet astrum.”*

Audley turned away his head as he returned the grasp of his friend’s hand; and while Harley, with his light elastic footstep, descended the stairs, Egerton lingered behind, and there was no trace of the worldly man upon his countenance when he took his place in the carriage by his companion’s side.

Two hours afterwards, weary cries of “Question, question!” “Divide, divide!” sank into reluctant silence as Audley Egerton rose to conclude the debate—the man of men to speak late at night, and to impatient benches: a man who would be heard; whom a Bedlam broke loose would not have roared down; with a voice clear and sound as a bell, and a form as firmly set on the ground as a church-tower. And while, on the

* “What was the star I know not, but certainly some star it was that attuned me unto thee.”

dullest of dull questions, Audley Egerton thus, not too lively himself, enforced attention, where was Harley L'Estrange? Standing alone by the river at Richmond, and murmuring low fantastic thoughts as he gazed on the moonlit tide.

When Audley left him at home, he had joined his parents, made them gay with his careless gaiety, seen the old-fashioned folks retire to rest, and then—while they, perhaps, deemed him once more the hero of ball-rooms and the cynosure of clubs—he drove slowly through the soft summer night, amidst the perfumes of

many a garden and many a gleaming chestnut grove, with no other aim before him than to reach the loveliest margin of England's loveliest river, at the hour the moon was fullest and the song of the nightingale most sweet. And so eccentric a humourist was this man, that I believe, as he there loitered—no one near to cry "How affected!" or "How romantic!"—he enjoyed himself more than if he had been exchanging the politest "how-d'ye-do's" in the hottest of London drawing-rooms, or betting his hundreds on the odd trick with Lord De R—— for his partner.

TRANSATLANTIC TOURISTS.

Books of European travel beyond the Atlantic, of rare appearance only a few years ago, bid fair to become plentiful as snags in the Mississippi or buffaloes on the prairies of the West. Emigration, Californian gold, and the perfection of steam-navigation, have brought America to our door. The falls of Niagara now behold as many European visitors as did those of Schaffhausen half a century since; and Broadway is as familiar a word as were the Boulevards before the Peace. Even amidst her own revolutions, embroilments, and alarms, the eyes of Europe have of late been fixed with unusual attention upon the New World. Mexico, California, Cuba—aggrandising wars, treasure-seeking enterprise, piratical aggression—in turn have filled the columns of our newspapers and occupied a large share of our thoughts.

Mr X. Marmier is a French gentleman who has devoted his life to wandering in foreign lands, and writing narratives of his peregrinations. North and south, east and west, nothing is too hot or too cold for him. To-day, in frozen Iceland, he studies Scandinavian history; to-morrow, on Algerine sands, he rambles in the footsteps of Bugcaud. Behold him, in the sweet springtime, strolling beneath blossoms on the

sunny banks of Rhine: autumn comes, and he pensively roams by the mystical waters of Nile. Russia, Sweden and Holland, Lapland and Poland, have in turn had the happiness to possess him. Europe, to him, is thrice-trodden ground, and Asia bears the print of his foot. His travels are reckoned by thousands of leagues, his writings by dozens of volumes. No wonder that his erratic tastes have at last driven him across the Atlantic. There he adheres to his magnificent contempt of space. His is no limited excursion to Boston and New York, Washington and New Orleans: the St Lawrence and the Mississippi are boundaries too narrow for his aspiring soul and many-leagued boots. One vast continent is insufficient to satisfy his craving after locomotion. North America explored, Cuba visited, he pauses and hesitates. The quay of the Havana is the last place where a professed wanderer can be expected to cut short his rambles and go home. There sea and sky are both so bright and calm, that recollections of past tempests and less hospitable shores fade into indistinctness. There, too, are facilities of departure for almost any part of the globe. "Thence," says M. Marmier, in an ecstasy of perplexity, "sail the English packets which coast, in

Lettres sur l'Amérique. Par X. MARMIER. 2 volumes. Paris, 1851.

The United States and Cuba. By JOHN GLANVILLE TAYLOR. London, 1851.

their rapid course, the whole emerald chain of the Antilles; thence, the American steamers, transporting to Chagres the legions of pilgrims attracted by the worship of gold to the Californian shrine; thence, French and English vessels, which in a few weeks convey their passengers to the noble city of Nantes or the spacious harbour of Cadiz." Beset by so many seductions, M. Marmier could not be expected to choose the nearest way to Paris. Nor did he; and therefore is it that, upon the title-page of his book, Rio de la Plata succeeds the names of Canada, United States, Havana.

Mr John Glanville Taylor is a traveller of a very different stamp. No amateur wanderer, in quest of novelty or with a view to a book, he crossed the Atlantic (in the spring of 1841) when a lad of eighteen, to seek his fortune—as appears from his own account of the matter—but with mining more particularly in view. Finding nothing to do in the States, he proceeded, after a short sojourn, to Cuba, to investigate the prospects of a newly-discovered gold-vein. This proving unproductive, he entered into partnership with a planter and slave-owner, was ruined by the drought and famine of 1843-4, served as overseer of a sugar plantation, and, finally, after upwards of three years' residence in the island, returned to England *via* New York. The volume containing such portions of his adventures and observations, during his absence from this country, as he has deemed worth recording, is manly in tone, tolerably interesting in substance, and contains, here and there, scraps of useful information, although the author's opinions are sometimes crude and hastily formed—the fault of a young writer, and yet younger traveller. His downright matter-of-fact views often contrast amusingly with those of the more experienced and literary Frenchman. As a traveller sentimental rather than adventurous—as a writer we have usually found M. Marmier facile rather than fascinating, and oftener insipid than graphic. In his books of European travel there is a lack of the vivid and lively; and his style, correct and not ungraceful, has yet a mono-

tony that acts somniferously on the reader. His work on America is an improvement on his previous publications. The nine hundred pages might perhaps have been compressed, with advantage, into two-thirds of the space; but still, amidst a superabundance of words, we find pointed and interesting passages, and occasionally an original view of men and things Transatlantic.

Frenchmen are very apt to express great sympathy with, and admiration of, the people of the United States. This arises from various causes. Some are smitten with their democratic institutions; some exult in American independence as a triumph over England; others assume a share in that triumph, on account of French auxiliaries in the American War; whilst others, again, suffer their imaginations to be captivated by the wonderfully rapid rise and prodigious development of American wealth and power. It does not require any great amount of sentiment and fancy to get up this kind of love-at-a-distance. Many of our readers remember Miss Edgeworth's clever tale of *L'Amie Inconnue*, where a romantic young lady conceives a violent attachment for the authoress of a sentimental novel, corresponds with her under the name of Araminta, makes a pilgrimage to Wales to seek her in a cottage amidst honeysuckles, and finally has her illusions destroyed by discovering her in a two-pair-back at Bristol, putting brandy in her tea, and bullying a lover named Nathaniel. This is exactly the sort of disenchantment in store for those Frenchmen who, after picturing to themselves the United States as a democratic Utopia, the very paradise of the worshippers of Liberty, have occasion to visit the unseen land of their affections. On arrival in the States, nineteen out of twenty of them find themselves about as comfortable as a cat in a kennel of terriers. They are not spitefully worried, certainly, but unintentionally they are most awfully annoyed. In fact, no two characters can be more antagonistic than those of the Frenchman and American. However strong his predetermination, the former finds it impossible to be pleased in the country where he had fondly antici-

pated so much gratification. The most he can do is to land Yankee energy and enterprise, and to pass lightly over the details of manners and customs that jar with all his notions of propriety and enjoyment of life.

"Before I put foot on shore," says M. Marmier, "I felt disposed to love that American land whose mere aspect makes so many hearts beat, and gives birth to so many hopes." He may love the land, but he very soon lets us see that he does not much like the dwellers upon it. After sketching their busy habits and feverish activity, their unremitting pursuit of lucre and contempt of an intellectual *far niente*, he thus continues his epistle to the unknown lady-correspondent to whom all the *Lettres sur l'Amérique* are addressed:—

"It would be false to say that such vigorous commercial faculties, and such habits, constitute an amiable people; and truly I would not wish you to live amongst them, nor do I imagine that they will ever leave in my heart one of those tender memories which I still retain of the dear natives of Germany and Scandinavia, and even of the Turks, who are such worthy people."

M. Marmier, we may here observe, is constitutionally tender. A pensive softness is the general characteristic of his writings. He is addicted to moonlight; the sight of a wooden hut in a sunny nook of the Hudson sets him dreaming about love in a cottage, and quoting Tom Moore with indifferent orthography; in his moments of melancholy he loves to muse by the river-side, and repeat to himself a certain ditty about roses, rivulets, and nightingales, which he picked up in Canada. With such gentle tastes, something more than a trifle is needed to betray him into wrath and sarcasm. On the other hand, the delicacy of his organisation evidently makes him peculiarly liable to be shocked by certain Yankee qualities and habits. One of the first annoyances he experiences is from the curiosity of his fellow-passengers on board a Hudson steamboat. He feels it the more that he has just suffered from their taciturnity, and found it impossible to

obtain from them other than monosyllabic replies to his questions concerning the places they pass.

"With a phlegm, compared to which British phlegm is jovial vivacity, the American combines an inquisitiveness worthy of a savage; and the attention which was denied me when I sought a few details concerning the scenes we traversed, was soon fixed upon me, to my great discomfort, by various parts of my dress. One of them took hold of my watch-chain, without the least ceremony, turned and twisted it about between his dirty fingers, then, satisfied with the examination, walked away without uttering a word. Another, seated beside me, suddenly exclaimed—'You have got a Paris hat,' and forthwith took it off my head, closed and opened the springs, showed it to one of his neighbours, and, when they had both looked at it inside and out, gave it back into my hands. A moment later, having to pay my bill to the steward, I was so unfortunate as to open my purse—a beautiful little purse of cherry-coloured silk and gold. Forthwith an American fell violently in love with it, pulled out a horrible knitted bag, and proposed a barter. I laughed in his face. I hid my purse, but he still persecuted me. At last I ground between my teeth, Yankee fashion, a d—, which made him step back a pace or two. To avoid being thus beset, I put my hat into its box, and covered my head with a cap; I put my watch-chain into my pocket, buttoned my waistcoat over my breast-pin, and, thanks to these precautions, I could at last walk about and sit on deck without being exposed to stupid importunity."

It may be said that M. Marmier is hardly indulgent enough to the honest Yankees, to whose curiosity the sight of a live Frenchman, in trinkets and a Gibus hat, and 'fresh as imported,' was doubtless a strong stimulant. A countrywoman of his (by connections, habits, and residence, although not by birth) has described, in a very charming work,* similar traits in a more tolerant tone. She also was in a steamboat on the Hudson, when she suddenly found herself surrounded, or rather assailed, by a crowd of women, who wonderingly contemplated an embroidery in brilliant colours with which she was occupied.

* *La Havane.* Par Madame la Comtesse MERLIN.

"After an examination of some minutes' duration," says Madame de Merlin, "they seized upon the tapestry without looking at me or making the least apology, as if the knees on which it rested had been the tray of a work-box; then alternately taking possession of wools, scissors, thimble, they passed them from hand to hand without taking the slightest heed of the person to whom they belonged. At last the boldest amongst them carried off the embroidery and disappeared. I begged my companion to follow her, and ascertain what she meant to do with it. In a few minutes she brought it back, after showing it to her friends, who were below in the cabin. Soon a second group of women accosted me; one of them, without the slightest preamble or polite preface, asked me if I were French. On my reply in the affirmative,—'We never see your countrywomen in these parts,' said she; 'you please us. Do all Frenchwomen resemble you?' Then she ran to fetch her husband, and planted him before me like a sentry, showing me to him as she might have done a curious bird. What think you of this savage curiosity of the women of the West, of these strange manners and artless avowals? They have something confiding and primitive which pleases me."

Lenient to the deficiencies of American women, the amiable and accomplished Countess Merlin expresses plainly and forcibly her disgust at the manners of the men. M. Marmier echoes her complaints. Not so Mr Taylor, who visited America at an age when all that is novel pleases, and who can see no fault in the natives. He reluctantly admits their dress to be a little precise, and their manners rather graver than he likes; in their cities and societies he complains of a lack of cordiality, and of the scarcity of dinner-parties. He thinks tobacco-chewing a nasty habit, although he doubts not that to others it may seem just the reverse. But he totally denies that Americans are at all inquisitive, and refutes, quite to his own satisfaction, the rash assertions of those European travellers who have declared the bulk of them to be coarse and gluttonous feeders. In the enthusiasm of his vindication, he says that, "far from being guilty of gluttony, they appear to eat *merely* to live, and may be blamed rather for seeming to care *too little* for the good things of this life." The English-

man, according to Mr Taylor, is the exact opposite of the American in this respect, and the Spaniard has hit the happy medium. Here is what M. Marmier says upon the subject:—

"Whilst I thus gossip with you, as if I were seated in an arm-chair at your chimney corner, I forget the dining-room already noted, the bill of fare printed on vellum paper, the smart waiters in round jackets and white aprons, 'exactly like those at Vefour's. My fellow-travellers are far from a similar forgetfulness of one of the chief enjoyments of the steamer. Some of them, as soon as they came on board, paid it a long visit, and soon returned thither for the second time. Is it not Brillat-Savarin who has said—'Elsewhere men eat, at Paris only do they know how to dine.' Had he seen this country, he would have said—'Here men do not eat, they devour.' The word is hardly expressive enough. Better to understand the full force I wish to give it, please to refer to Buffon under the heading *Pike and Shark*. You will then, perhaps, have some idea of American voracity. Here is the usual order of the daily meals in the United States:—Between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, a bell, a gong, or some other noisy instrument, announces breakfast. This consists of joints of roast-beef, ox-tongues, ducks, and fowls, accompanied with potatoes, bread and butter, and other light dishes. The Americans rush to table like starving animals. It is really the only suitable comparison. Heedless of his neighbours, careless of the most ordinary rules of European politeness, each man draws towards himself every dish within his reach, and piles upon one or two plates enormous pyramids of meat, butter, and vegetables. Then he works away with hands and teeth, as if his moments were numbered, without speaking, almost without drawing breath, but following with haggard eyes the dishes that travel away from him, and harpooning them as soon as they come within reach, to seize upon a fresh supply.

"This first operation finished, the American lights a cigar; goes to the place where spirits are sold, which is here called the bar-room; tosses off a glass of whisky or Madeira, and sets himself to ruminate till the hour of noon. Noon is very far off, and many are unable to get through this mortal interval of four hours without a second and third visit to the dear bar-room, after which they ruminate again. The bell announces luncheon, consisting of soup, a box of sardines, cold

meat, butter, and a lump of cheese. At three o'clock, another tap on the tomtom—the best, the most desired of all; it proclaims dinner, of which the two preceding repasts were but the modest preface. This time the table is covered from one end to the other with vast dishes, containing enormous roasted joints, highly-spiced sauces, prodigious puddings. The same appetite as at breakfast, the same universal silence. No sounds but the clatter of knife and fork, and the crunching of bones between impatient jaws. So great is the hurry in which this third repast is got through, that the diners do not even think of wiping their knives before plunging them into the salt or butter, and napkins are habitually thrown aside, for the manifest reason that the use of the napkin entails a loss of time. Yet these people laugh at Turks for using neither spoons nor forks at their meals. I remember to have eaten a few dinners with Turks, and I declare that they were models of cleanliness compared to those at which I have been compelled to assist in American hotels and steamers.

“Dinner over, the rest of the day is long to get through. Accordingly, towards seven o'clock, you hear, for the fourth time, the blessed bell inviting the inmates of the building to a cup of tea or coffee, accompanied by cold game or salted meats, after which visits to the bar-room may be recommenced *ad libitum*.”

“To see these men of business thus rush to table, and stow away a whole cargo of miscellaneous viands in less time than a Spaniard takes to imbibe a single cup of chocolate, one might imagine that they consider every minute passed in the dining-room as so much time lost, and that they are in desperate haste to return to their counting-house, and bury themselves in ledgers and day-books. Unfortunately, as on leaving the eating-room I have almost invariably found every man of them with his body on one chair, and his feet, raised to a level with his head, on the back of another, I am bound to conclude that it is not business, but an unparalleled voracity, which induces them to feed at steeple-chase pace.

“Many travellers who here, in the States, are considered very impertinent, but who nevertheless write with the most amiable intentions, attribute the cold taciturnity of Americans to their preoccupation with commercial combinations or political affairs. I believe that, without doing them injustice, one might

very often attribute it to the labour of the digestive organs, put four times a-day to a severe task, and which frequently, in their fatigue, require the employment of soda-water, and almost continually the acrid and hideous mastication of a roll of tobacco. The fact is, that in general the American is much more silent than the Turk. There is also this difference between them—the Turk, seated on a carpet, with his silken vest, his long beard, his large turban, appears nobly indolent or gently meditative, and the stranger's eye may rest with pleasure on his calm and benevolent physiognomy; the silence of the American, on the contrary, is gloomy and uneasy, dry and hard, (*sec et dur.*) His countenance is *pointed*, his movements are stiff and angular. His repose is not the happy placidity of the Oriental, or of the southern European—the enjoyment of *kief*, the pleasure of the siesta; it is a sort of prostration, agitated from time to time by a feverish movement.”

The following sketch is certainly not very flattering. After laying down the rather novel proposition, that man is one of the ugliest of created animals, M. Marmier proceeds to prove the American the ugliest of all civilised races of men:—

“Picture to yourself, if you please, a lean figure with bony wrists, feet of dimensions that would for ever tarnish the scutcheon of a gentleman, a hat stuck upon the back of the head, straight hair; a cheek swollen, not by an accidental cold, but from morning till night by a lump of tobacco; lips stained yellow by the juice of the same plant; a black coat with narrow skirts, a tumbled shirt, the gloves of a gendarme,* trousers in harmony with the rest of the equipment, and you will have before you the exact portrait of a thoroughbred Yankee.”

All this would shock Mr Taylor. Substantially, however, it is true enough. Sealsfield, himself a naturalised American, and a warm admirer of the institutions of his adopted country, has sketched scenes very similar to M. Marmier's delineations of hotel and steamboat life—life in those places of resort being pretty equally divided between the dining-table, the bar, and the spittoon. Hamilton, Marryat, Mrs Trollope, and

* Thick clumsy buckskin gloves.

other keen observers and able writers,* have enabled us to dispense with the accounts of foreign travellers in the States. But still the verdict passed upon the citizens of the Great Republic by an educated and intelligent Frenchman must always possess weight and interest. Were M. Marmier an irritable or grumbling traveller, one might think it right to receive his impressions with caution; but, on the contrary, in all his previous books that we have seen, he has shown himself so indulgent and easy to please, that it is impossible to refuse him credit when he adopts a different tone, and abandons his habitual suavity for such severity of sarcasm as he may have at command. We have seen him annoyed and disgusted on board the steamers; presently we find him put to the torture in an American stage:—

“The railway left me at Cumberland, and handed me over to the stage-coach. Probably you do not know what a stage-coach is in this country. It is a wooden box placed on four wheels, and intended to convey travellers along roads which the locomotive has not yet favoured with its visits. But what a box, and what a road! We were nine, packed together like herrings in a barrel, jolting through the ruts and bounding over the stones as if we had been afflicted with St Vitus's dance. Add to these comforts the delightful society of seven graceful Americans, chewing, spitting, and (in order to be more at their ease) *taking off their boots*. A timid, delicate young girl, seated in one of the corners of this infamous box, suffered in silence, and the next morning we found her in a swoon. For my part, I passed the night in tossing to one side or the other an enormous dirty body which constantly fell back upon me, and two enormous legs which seemed determined to crush mine. Assuredly, if a severe penance can, according to expiatory dogmas, cleanse us from our sins, my soul ought, after these twenty-four hours of coaching, to be as pure as that of the newborn child; and if ever I meet an Indian fakcer in quest of

a new torture wherewith to propitiate the goddess Siwa, I will send him to America, to travel by the Cumberland stage.”

Madame de Merlin, certainly a very amiable and hardy traveller, slow to feel small annoyances or to censure foreign habits, is unable to conceal her disgust at some of the practices which so shocked M. Marmier. She went out to New York in the same vessel with Fanny Elssler, and was present at her first appearance in that city.

“The enthusiasm,” she says, “was immense; I thought myself at Rome, and had difficulty in recognising the nation that talks by measure and walks by springs. But soon these men, with hat on head and coat off, lying down upon their seats, and who, after placing their heavy-nailed shoes on the ground, carelessly rested their woollen-stocked feet on the back of their neighbours' chairs, reminded me that I was in the United States.”

On entering the railway between New York and Philadelphia, the Countess found it—

“Full of men and newspapers, the former carrying the latter. There were sixty-five travellers. When I went in, every place seemed full, and no one stirred. I had a right to my place, for which I had paid beforehand. The conductor addressed a few words to one of the occupants of a bench intended for four persons, but which was then occupied but by three. The traveller continued to read, and paid not the least attention to what was said to him. Second appeal, same insensibility. Then the conductor pushed him. He yielded to this third and energetic summons, but without raising his head from his newspaper, and as if he had been displaced by a jolt of the carriage. This passenger was the only one who wore gloves. One must see this nation to form an idea of its manners. Here a man lets himself be pushed, elbowed, hustled, and suffers his toes to be trodden upon, without wincing; what

* Amongst these, Professor James Johnston now takes honourable rank. His valuable *Notes on North America* reached us too late for notice in the present article — admitting even that they could with propriety have been included in a review of works of a lighter and more ephemeral character. His volumes, which address themselves particularly to the agriculturist and emigrant, are replete with useful information, and we shall take an early opportunity of drawing attention to their instructive and interesting contents.

is still more astonishing, he sees people lean upon his wife before his eyes, and endures all these insults with stoical tranquillity—the contrary would appear absurd or ridiculous. . . . During the journey, my neighbour thought proper to rest his back against my shoulder. I gently told him of it. He took no heed, and preserved his position—not with any impertinent intention, but because he found himself comfortable. At sight of this, my young companion, a Spaniard by blood, a Frenchman by education, turned red and pale alternately; his lips were compressed, his eyes flashed. I was frightened; but suddenly, assuming an air of calmness, he extended his hands, placed them on the back of my boorish neighbour, and pushed him quietly into his place.

“If I had put myself in a passion with him,” he afterwards said to me, “he would never have understood why.”

“And you would have been wrong,” added Mr W—n; “how can one be angry with people who would think it quite natural that you should behave in the same way to their wives and daughters!”

It is not surprising that Mr Taylor, at his age, and in his superficial glance at the United States, should have overlooked a point of American character which particularly strikes M. Marmier, the poet and dilettante, and Madame de Merlin, the high-bred and intellectual woman. This is, the general sacrifice, to the positively and materially useful, of those pursuits and refinements which are the grace and embellishment of human existence. The neglect of the fine arts, the absence of feeling for the beautiful, are there the result of the ardour for speculation and the all-absorbing pursuit of dollars.

“The artist,” says Madame de Merlin, “is assimilated to the artisan, and art is measured by the yard, like merchandise. They do not cultivate music or painting, or even flowers. Do you wish to inhale the perfume of a flower? you must buy it at a high price: it is an article of trade, and only to be found at the nurseryman’s. I am not aware of a single picture in the United States, unless it be in the Pantheon, where several memorable epochs of the American Revolution are rudely represented upon some old pannels of wall. In this country, all that is beautiful is forbidden: the beautiful is not useful. The grace of the human form, music, poetry, painting, flowers, are blessings vouchsafed by Providence to

man to soften the bitterness of his days of mourning, to alleviate the burthen of his chains; they are gleams of joy amidst long years of struggle, brilliant flashes through the gloom of night; they are the luxury of human life.”

Less elegant and eloquent than Madame de Merlin, M. Marmier resumes in greater detail, but with equal force, nearly the same idea:—

“The Americans may say to me, ‘We are not a polite people, it is true; we seek not to be affable or attentive, it must be owned; and the foreigner who comes amongst us may well be shocked by our coldness. But if we disdain, as frivolous, the elegant habits of European society, we have an audacity of enterprise, and a rapidity of action, which must astonish Europe. To start from the spot where we now are (on the Hudson.) In less than forty years, we have covered this desert river with steamers and vessels of every kind, we have cleared and peopled its banks, converted its hamlets into flourishing cities, dug harbours and canals, laid down railroads, given life, movement, and commercial prosperity to the whole district. Before us is Albany, which, in the seventeenth century, was a mere fort, and which now has a population of forty-two thousand souls; and down yonder is the commercial metropolis of New York, the first in the world after Liverpool. Nothing equals the spring of our activity and the boldness of our conceptions. Things that you in France take years to combine, and which you lengthily discuss in the tribune and the newspapers, we accomplish in a turn of the hand. In a couple of months we shall establish a line of steamers to Havre, and another to England. Already we have similar communication with Germany by the port of Bremen, with the Antilles and the Pacific Ocean. Not a corner of the globe is there where our flag does not wave. How many projects have there not been elaborated in your old Europe for cutting through the Isthmus of Panama! England and France sent thither their engineers, who published long reports—reports which were examined by councils of ministers, submitted to commissions, and finally shelved in public offices. At New York, two or three merchants formed an association, which decided, in two or three days, that the Isthmus of Panama should be crossed by a railroad. No sooner said than done. Already the workmen are on the ground; another year, and the United States’ steam-engine will connect the two oceans.’

"I recognise," says M. Marmier, "the justice of such reasoning, and I bow my head before this power of human genius applied to the wonders of industry. But, O worthy Yankees, Scripture says that '*man shall not live by bread alone*,'—the heart and the mind have other requirements. Unless our mind be absorbed in the movements of a high-pressure steam-engine, and our heart changed into a bank-note, there will always remain to us pleasing reveries, thoughts of art and poetry, the enjoyments of social life and of expansive affections, which all the efforts of your courage and the success of your toil can never replace."

Appositely to Madame de Merlin's slighting mention of the pictures of Revolutionary scenes, comes in a passage from M. Marmier's first volume, relating to the Americans' exaggerated estimate of their military glories.

"At Plattsburg, situated where the Saranac enters Lake Champlain, there is a chance that the American, who has passed whole hours without heeding you, and who has hitherto received your advances like a dog in a bad humour, will suddenly embellish his metallic physiognomy with a jovial smile, and approach you with a complaisant air. For he longs to tell you of the victory gained near this town by the Americans, in the year 1814, commanded by Commodore Macdonough, over the English troops; and he narrates the story with so many details, and such an emphasis, that you at last wish he would relapse into his habitual silence.

"The Americans, like the Russians, have a national pride surpassing all expression. They cannot, like the Russians, talk of their old traditions; nor have they, like them, ancient monuments of a venerable character, and modern ones of grand aspect. They have not, like the soldiers of Suwarrow and Alexander, conquered a valiant reputation upon the chief battle-fields of Europe. Neither have they the literature of Russia, so artless in its popular poetry, so original in the compositions of Pushkin and Gogol. But little do they care what exists in other countries. They have the happiness to believe all other nations very inferior to them, and all the imagination that the perpetual use of figures has left them is agreeably employed in raising the airy edifice of their glory. Their least success is an event which must occupy the thoughts of the whole world. A battle in which they have taken a banner and slain thirty men is a second Marengo.

The name of their General Scott is to be transmitted to posterity with the same lustre as that of Alexander or Cæsar; and not a soldier who served in the war against Mexico but is a Napoleon on a small scale. When they talk of their country and of its progress, the ordinary vocabulary is too weak for their enthusiasm. They are fain to seek extraordinary epithets, words which the learned Johnson never admitted into his dictionary. They remind me of the Italian *cicerone* who exclaimed, when showing a picture of Albano to a traveller, '*Ah, Signor! questo è un maestro, e un grande pittore, e un pittorissimo!*'

"I accordingly heard, from one end to the other, the story of the battle of Plattsburg, after which my officious American, satisfied probably with my attention, made me a bow—a rare circumstance! I even believe—a still rarer event—that he made a motion as if to raise his hand to his hat. Then, having no other Homeric epic to narrate, he took himself off, and left me opposite to the shores of the Champlain, at liberty to indulge in meditation."

Thus left to his reflections, M. Marmier grows pathetic—as is not unfrequently the case with him—and feels his heart oppressed with an unspeakable sadness, and gives us a French prose version of some German verses by Tieck, which he might just as well have omitted, as also some gossip about the moon and other analogous matters, which merely serves to swell his book, and will inevitably be passed unread by every sane reader. However, we must take the gentleman as we find him, and sift, as well as we can, the wheat from the chaff, when the latter occasionally predominates. Presently he relapses from the pathetic into the sarcastic, on occasion of a visit to the Legislative Assembly of the United States, which reminded him a good deal of that of France. There were certain points of difference, however. The American deputies, he says, "chewed tobacco very agreeably, and spat with remarkable dexterity to a distance of fifteen paces,"—through a keyhole at that distance, we have heard it asserted, but do not guarantee the fact. Even Mr Taylor but imperfectly conceals his disgust at the "antique vases, vulgarly called spittoons," placed beside the desk of

each member of Congress. From the senate-house to the President's levee is but a step. It is taken by M. Marmier under the guidance and protection of a lady, to do honour to whose introduction he put on, he tells us, his whitest cravat and his blackest coat. But soon he perceived that this garb of ceremony formed a striking contrast with the motley costumes that thronged the White House at Washington. Frocks of every colour were there, and vests of every cut, but of coats very few.

"There was no servant at the door or in the antechamber. We walked at once into the saloon, where the President was on his legs, fulfilling the arduous duty imposed upon him, without respect for his age and for the dignity of his military services, by the arrogant republic. My amiable conductress advanced towards him. He held out his hand and said, 'How do you do?' She named me, he turned towards me, holding out his hand, and saying 'How do you do?' A crowd of visitors came up; he shook hands with them all, repeating 'How do you do?' These amiable salutations bidding fair to be indefinitely prolonged, my charming introductress thought I had enough of it, and took me up to the President's daughter, who welcomed me with the never-failing 'How do you do?' After which we went to walk about another saloon with a crowd of individuals who were parading it in pairs in silent procession; women, such as exist nowhere but in Henri Monnier's comedies, and men to whom you would fear to grant admittance into your anteroom. For opening his marble palace once a-week to this plebeian crowd, for courteously saluting all these ladies who keep stalls, for shaking hands with some hundreds of unclean citizens, the republic gives its President only one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs a year. It is poor pay!"

The pittance certainly appears paltry, contrasted with the more ample allowance of a French president; but the two cases will hardly admit of a comparison, nor does M. Marmier draw one. There is evidently very little of the republican in his composition; we should rather take him for one of the class which M. Louis Blanc's followers designate, in picturesque abbreviation, as *aristos*; and indeed he makes no secret of his aversion to what he terms *demagoguery*—a word which is probably

not to be found either in Boyer or Walker, but which some of our ballad-writing friends may possibly think no bad rhyme to roguery.

Soon after his visit to the President, we find our errant Frenchman steaming down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans. At Cincinnati, when about to embark on a steamer pompously advertised as "The splendid and fast-running John Hancock," he is somewhat startled by a conversation between two Americans, from which he gathers that the said "Hancock" is a worthless boat, whose boilers have been condemned by the inspector, and which the insurance companies refuse to take, but out of whose rotten hull and rickety engines the considerate proprietors propose to squeeze a little more passage-money at risk of the passengers' lives. So M. Marmier takes his place by the "Western World," also announced as "splendid and fast-running," but which, he flatters himself, is more sea, or at least river worthy, and devotes a few pages to the perils of the West, the recklessness of steamboat captains in America, and the unpaternal nature of a Government which imposes no check on the employment of damaged steamers. Explosions, conflagrations, inundations, snags, sawyers, and races—he makes out a terrible list of dangers, and estimates at thirty or forty per annum the number of steamers lost in the Western waters.

"The average existence of a boat is here about four years. In four years it must have brought in its cost, with interest. If it lasts longer, it is by unhopedor good luck. But the American does not trouble his head about difficulties or perils. He *must* travel, and he travels at all risks. You have doubtless read the account of that terrible explosion of the "Louisiana," which, about a month ago, discharged the fragments of her boilers and some hundreds of corpses upon the quay of New Orleans. Next day, not a steamer had a passenger the less. *Go ahead* is the American motto. Is there a new territory to explore at three hundred leagues distance, a sale of goods to be effected north or south—*go ahead!* The weather may be bad, the roads covered with snow, the journey long and difficult, no matter—*go ahead.* The steamer by which they are to go is of

bad repute, is ill organised and worse commanded; there is danger of its sinking at the very first casualty; never mind—*go ahead*. Fatigue and danger are nothing—movement before everything. I ought to admire such intrepidity; but, with my old-fashioned European notions, I regret to think that the seductions of fortune can inspire as great courage as the chivalrous sentiments of glory, religion, and love.”

M. Marmier is manifestly of too romantic a turn to travel in the States with gratification to himself, or to write about them in a manner likely to satisfy their inhabitants. He humbly confesses his deficiencies, and implores indulgence. A poor tourist, he says, incapable of correctly adding up a column of figures, and ignorant of the very first principles of mechanical science, he prefers the fresh morning breeze to the roar of a locomotive, and would never dream of putting a railway in competition with a hawthorn-hedged footpath. And although, before starting on his Transatlantic expedition, he assiduously studied the works on America of Michel Chevalier, De Tocqueville, and Miss Martineau, even *they* had not sufficiently guarded him against disappointments. At the bottom of his heart there still lingered fanciful dreams of vast forests, Indian traditions, and deep silent savannahs. He had dreamed of New York as “rising like an enchanted isle between the waves of ocean and the azure current of the Hudson, in the poetical prestige of a world decked in all the charms of youth.” We feel that our imperfect translation but feebly renders the elevation of M. Marmier’s style and sentiments; but it may suffice to give the reader an idea of that gentleman’s bitter disappointment on finding the city of his dreams a vast focus of speculation, cupidity, and roguery; where “the stranger is every moment exposed to find himself gently duped or audaciously robbed;” where the proportion of knaves and adventurers to the mass of the population exceeds that in any other city of the world; and where the religion, even of the most honest, is the blind and unbounded worship of the Golden Calf. The most ungallant of Frenchmen, he spares not

even the ladies, but imagines that the gay swarm which daily flutters in Broadway, between the hours of twelve and two, laden to excess with silks and velvets, shawls and laces, collars and jewellery, do not repair thither solely for their amusement, nor yet for the more important business of shopping; but that they are intended as sauntering advertisements of the wealth of their houses, “and to announce, perhaps, by an increased display of plumes and diamonds, each new victory achieved in the campaigns of speculation.” In America, according to M. Marmier, and particularly in New York, everything is reducible into dollars and cents, and is duly reduced accordingly.

“To understand the ardour with which they toil in this reproduction, (of dollars,) we must bear in mind that, in their virtuous democracy, there is no other real sign of distinction, neither birth nor titles of nobility, nor artistic and literary talent. Here everything must be reckoned by figures, or weighed in the goldsmith’s balance. A captain of a vessel has distinguished himself by a voyage of discovery, and you take pleasure in quoting the interesting places he has seen, and the observations he has made. You are interrupted by an inquiry of how much he was paid. A painter has been successful at the Exhibition, and has received the most encouraging eulogiums, accompanied with a gold medal. They overlook the eulogiums, but desire to know the weight of the medal. Tell an American that Murray gave Lord Byron sixteen hundred guineas for a canto of *Childe Harold*, he opens his eyes, and exclaims, with poetic enthusiasm, that he should like to have written *Childe Harold*. But if you add, that Béranger lives in a cottage at Passy, and that his whole fortune consists of a slender annuity, he ridicules Béranger’s glory, and reckons he would have done better to take to trade. With such ideas, you will understand that here literature takes no very high flight. Cooper, Washington Irving, and the learned historian Prescott, have certainly acquired much more fame in Europe than in the United States. For there the merit of their works is alone thought of; but here it is gravely remarked that, with all their writings, they have not made their fortunes.

“Nevertheless, standing in a New York library, and reckoning up the immense number of newspapers published in America, one might suppose that a

more literary country did not exist on the globe's surface. But those publishers do but reprint, in a compact form, and at the lowest possible price, the *feuilletons* of France, and the elegant octavos of England. Alexander Dumas gives employment to more printing-presses, paper-makers, and stitchers here than in France. As to the two thousand four hundred newspapers of which the United States boast, as of a sign of the diffusion of enlightenment, it is impossible, until one has held them in one's hand, and read them with one's own eyes, to form an idea of such a mass of personal diatribes, coarse chronicles, puerile anecdotes—of such a confused medley of political and commercial notices, mingled with shopkeepers' puffs in prose and verse, and smothered in an ocean of advertisements. Nothing that you see in France can give you an idea of these advertisements. They are a daily inventory of all imaginable merchandise, heaped up, *pelle-melle*, as in an immense arena—a register of all the inventions possible, and of every conceivable trade. . . . With the exception of the *New Orleans Bee*, and of the *Courier of the United States*, (both published in the French language,) I do not know an American paper—not even the best of all, that of a distinguished poet, Mr Bryant—which can be compared, for the order of its contents, and its general getting-up, to the most unpretending of our provincial newspapers. As every considerable city publishes at least a dozen papers, and every little town two or three, the consequence is, that none attain sufficient circulation to afford fair remuneration to a body of able writers. Some are sustained by the funds of partymen, whose organs they are; and the majority exist only by the proceeds of their advertisements.”

Arrived at New Orleans, M. Marmier makes his moan over the fair and broad territories once possessed by France in the Western Hemisphere, and predicts the loss of nearly all that she still retains in those latitudes, the Islands of Guadaloupe and Martinique, as a natural consequence of that decree of the Provisional Government which liberated, at one blow, the whole of the blacks, thereby ruining the white proprietors. The slaves had cost three or four thousand francs a-piece; four hundred francs was the indemnity granted to their owners. The negroes, thus suddenly emancipated, at once took to idleness, and would work only when they

pleased, and as they pleased, and on their own terms. The sugar-fields were deserted, and the Creoles, abandoning their plantations, worthless for want of hands to cultivate them, were emigrating in numbers to the United States. M. Marmier met a great many of these unfortunate men, ruined and exiled by the mad precipitation of one of the most worthless and despicable Governments that ever swayed, even for a brief space, the destinies of a great country and its colonies.

“Some day,” he says, “the negroes will no longer be satisfied to receive wages. With the ideas of equality preached to them by their apostles, they will grow indignant at their condition of hired labourers. They will desire to possess lands. The sooner to have them, they will seize them by force. All the emigrants from Guadaloupe and Martinique with whom I conversed respecting the present condition of the two islands, foresaw a bloody and terrible catastrophe. Failing energetic repression, those islands, like that of St Domingo, will be lost to us. But we shall have the satisfaction, perhaps, of witnessing the foundation of a new kingdom of blacks, and of manufacturing at Paris the crown and sceptre of another Faustin I.”

Such gloomy accounts of their condition and prospects were not calculated to encourage M. Marmier in any design he may have entertained of a visit to the French West-Indian colonies. He preferred Cuba—previously, however, abiding some days in New Orleans, where, as in Canada, he fondly traced the lingering habits and traditions of his native land. The gay, urbane, and sociable Creoles contrasted most favourably with the dry, taciturn, tobacco-chewing men of business of the Northern States. M. Marmier was no less surprised than pleased at the striking difference, having expected to find the people of New Orleans already “vitrified by the American furnace.”

“For of all the things,” he says, “which astonish the stranger in the United States, the most astonishing, perhaps, is the power of absorption of the American character. Suppose a skilful chemist throwing five or six different ingredients into his crucible,

mingling and crushing them with a view to the extraction of one homogeneous essence, and you have the image of the moral and intellectual chemistry which continually acts upon this country. What we call the American people is but an agglomeration of emigrants from various regions and races. The first came from England; others have come from Germany, Ireland, France, the mountains of Switzerland, the shores of the Baltic—in short, from all the countries of Europe. At first this agglomeration was effected slowly, by small detachments. Now it annually consists of whole armies of artisans and tillers of the soil, and of thousands upon thousands of families. All these foreigners naturally take with them to the United States their particular predilections, their national habits, doubtless also their prejudices. At first the character of the American displeases them, and they are disagreeably surprised by his habits. They resolve to keep aloof from him, to live apart with their own countrymen, to preserve, upon that distant continent, the manners of their native land, and in their mother tongue they energetically protest that they never will become Americans. Vain is the project! useless the protestation! The American atmosphere envelopes them, and by its constant action weakens their recollections, dissolves their prejudices, decomposes their primitive elements. Little by little, by insensible modifications, they change their views and mode of living, adopt the usages and language of the Americans, and end by being absorbed in the American nation, as are the streamlets from the valleys in the great rivers that bear them onward to the ocean. How many are the honest Germans, who, after cursing the rudeness of American manners, and bitterly regretting their good kindly Germany, have come at last to stick their hat, Yankee fashion, on the back of their head, to stiffen themselves, like the Yankee, in a coat buttoned up to the chin, to disdain all the rules of European courtesy, and to use no other language but the consecrated dialect of business.”

Fearing a like transformation in the French population of New Orleans, M. Marmier, delighted to find himself mistaken, thanks Heaven for his escape from the frigid zone of Yankee-land, and for once more finding himself, for the first time since he left Canada, amongst people with hearts as well as heads, whose commercial pursuits do not preclude social enjoyments and friendly atten-

tions to a stranger. He notes a vast difference between the aspect of New Orleans and that of the other cities of the Union. In the Louisianian capital there is more of holiday-making, and less of unremitting money-seeking; there are to be found gay dinners, agreeable pastimes, music in the streets and coffee-houses, manners more courtly and dress more elegant, an opera and a vaudeville. This, at least, is the case in the French portion of the city; and the inhabitants of the American quarter have benefited, our traveller assures us, by the contact and intercourse of their lively and amiable neighbours. Even in New Orleans, however, he finds things to blame, or at least to deplore. The principal of these is the fatal practice of duelling, which has brought desolation into so many Creole families. *A. N., victime de l'honneur à 24 ans*, is the brief but significant inscription upon a plain tombstone, before which he pauses during his ramble amidst the flower garlands and green shrubberies of the carefully kept cemetery. Duels in Louisiana are much less frequent since the passing of a law which deprives the duellist of his civil rights for a space of five years, and which closes to him the profession of the bar, and the avenues to certain public employments. No law, however, can tame the fierce passions of the men of the Southern States, or prevent those extempore duels, fought out on the instant of quarrel, with revolver and Arkansas toothpick—a Gargantuan toothpick, M. Marmier shudderingly explains, having a two-edged blade, a foot long and two or three inches wide.

Before quitting the Union, whose inhabitants and institutions have certainly met with little favour at his hands, M. Marmier apologises for any undue severity into which he may possibly have been betrayed.

“If,” he says, “in my remarks on the social relations of the Americans, I have been unjust towards them, I sincerely ask their pardon. In towns and cities one feels a desire to meet benevolent glances and friendly words from our fellow-men; and this, with some rare exceptions, which I gladly treasure up, is what I sought in

vain in the great cities of the United States. Whether my search was unskillful, I know not; or whether, like an impatient miner, I too hastily abandoned a bed of rocks which concealed a precious vein. It is possible I may have done so. The one thing certain is, that in Canada and at New Orleans the sympathetic vein was revealed to me at once, and I had but to extend my hands to be met on all sides with a friendly grasp."

Finally, M. Marmier, who, whatever his faults of style or occasional flimsiness of substance, must be admitted to form his own opinions and to speak them out frankly and boldly, whether right or wrong—prophesies the rupture of the Union as a consequence of the slavery question.

"When the two halves of this immense country shall have taken a greater development, when each of them shall have grown strong enough to need no longer the other's support, the consciousness of its power will give keenness to its susceptibilities, and it will repel with anger what it now with difficulty tolerates. A fortuitous circumstance will cause a long-repressed animosity to burst forth; and slavery is, perhaps, the straw that shall break the steel bar of the United States."

With which ominous valediction M. Marmier closes his first volume, and embarks on board the "Ohio," the leviathan of American steam-boats, constructed for the express purpose of conveying Californian gold-seekers to Chagres, and boasting, according to advertisement, engines each of a thousand horse power, and cabins for five hundred and fifty passengers—figures which the incredulous Marmier, long since initiated in the mysteries of Yankee puffery, inclines to think exaggerated. The vessel, however, is undeniably both fine and fast, and on the fourth morning after her departure from New Orleans, (four-and-twenty hours having been lost getting over the bar,) she flashes past the walls of the castle of the Moro. A narrow passage between rocks, fortresses right and left, frowning batteries of cannon—the entrance to the port of Havana is a menacing introduction to the delightful panorama that presents itself within. A vast semi-circular basin, which no tempest ever

ruffles, envelops the city with its azure waters. So gay and bright is the aspect of the city itself, that the enthusiastic Marmier is at the gangway in an instant; his carpet-bag in one hand, his pilgrim's staff in the other, shouting for a boat to convey him ashore. He forgets that he is no longer in the States, where passports are unknown and all may come and go unquestioned. Cuba is the paradise of police and custom-house officers, the purgatory of tourists. Before embarking at a foreign port, your passport must receive the *visa* of the Spanish consul. Two dollars for that. On arriving at Cuba, the authorities take your passport and give in exchange a document of their own fabrication. Eight dollars for that. Still you are not allowed to land till an inhabitant of the island has guaranteed your respectability. It is a puzzle how to obtain this guarantee whilst you are forcibly detained on ship-board. The difficulty is removed by the appearance alongside of a number of obliging individuals, offering to certify your morality and orthodoxy; in return for which service you cannot do less than offer them a four-dollar bit. So that on summing up, and including boat-hire and portorage, it costs the humblest traveller something like twenty dollars to cross the quay of the Havana and reach his hotel.

But it is worth while to pay a good price for leave to land upon the enchanting shores of the Queen of the Antilles, to roam in forests of orange trees, to repose beneath the broad shade of the banana, and to enjoy, in their delightful quietas, the hospitality of the kindly Havanese. Besides, as M. Marmier exclaims, what are a hundred francs in a country whose soil produces golden harvests! *There* are none of your coarse copper coins, or dirty Yankee bank-notes. A silver *medio* (about threepence) is the smallest current coin, dollars are spent like francs in France, and a Cuban thinks no more of a portly golden ounce than a Paris dandy of a light napoleon. In that beauteous and luxurious isle, now almost the last colony remaining to the Sovereign of "Spain and the Indies," whilst the rich have abundant

facilities for squandering their wealth, the man of humble fortune is at no loss for enjoyments. The bright sky, the glorious scenery, the gorgeous flowers, the cooling fruits of the tropics, are as free to him as to the *millionnaire*. And both alike are subject to the perils and annoyances of those sultry regions, where venomous plants and reptiles, offensive vermin, and the relentless *vomito*, the terrible Yellow Jack, are more than equivalent, as evils, to the grey skies and chilling blasts, snow-drifts and long winters of Northern Europe. It was in the month of January that M. Marmier reached the Havana, and by aid of open doors and windows, of curtains, mosquito nets, and a bed composed of two sheets and a sackcloth stretched on a frame, the heat was rendered very endurable. He scarcely dared imagine what it might be in the dog-days, when the demon of fever stalks abroad, invisible but fatal. In some years, however, the *vomito*, even at the most unhealthy season, commits few ravages, its virulence seems impaired, and the rejoicing Cubans almost imagine it is dying out upon their shores. The delightful dream of security is soon dispelled. Suddenly the grim phantom reappears, more deadly than ever, smiting alike the stranger and the native, the rough European mariner, and the graceful daughter of the tropics.

"Last year, in the month of August, the ships in harbour resembled those which are deserted by their sailors in the port of San Francisco. But it was not to hurry to the dazzling *placer* that sailors and officers abandoned the national flag. It was to seek in the hospital a remedy for their tortures, to be buried in a foreign graveyard, far away from their pleasant Scheldt and beautiful Gironde."

As if the isle itself did not harbour enough disease, the winds of heaven and the ocean tides wafted it thither from other climes, from the fever-ridden shores of Tampico and Vera Cruz.

"One day the watcher on the Moro saw an English brig pass at the foot of the ramparts, steered by a woman, whom a pale skeleton-like man strove to assist in her task. Captain Jackson, who commanded this brig, had left Tampico with

his wife, two young children, and seven sailors. A few days after they sailed, the seven sailors sickened of the fever and died, one after the other; the captain and his children, attacked by the same malady, lay in bed, unable to move. The woman, with a superhuman courage, inspired by her trust in God, threw the corpses into the sea, furled a part of the sails, took charge of the wheel, nursed her husband and children, and, thanks to a favourable wind which seconded her resolution, directed the ship towards the island of Cuba, until such time as her husband, rising from his sick bed, was able to give her some assistance. And thus she came into port, after forty days' navigation, timid and modest, casting down her eyes when lauded for her heroic energy, and seemingly unconscious of having achieved that from which the imagination of the most resolute man might well recoil with terror."

All who have read *Tom Cringle's Log*, will call to mind its glorious descriptions of Cuban scenery, its graphic and thrilling sketches of tropical sports and perils. We think all the better of Mr Taylor, that he has attentively studied Captain Cringle's admirable work, and refers to it with the respect due from a tyro to a master of the art. At St Jago de Cuba he became acquainted with the original of Don Ricardo Campana, the Spanish Scotchman who accompanied Cringle and Captain Transom on their memorable expedition into the interior of the island. Who has forgotten that exquisite chapter of the Log, "The Pirate's Leman"? Mr Richard Maxwell Bell, the gentleman whose name Cringle has humorously translated, is not a Scotchman, (as he is stated to be in the Log,) but is every bit as hospitable, sensible, and kind-hearted as he is there represented. By his good offices, Mr Taylor obtained a companion in the person of a young Spanish officer, proceeding up the country to join his regiment, for the journey to Gibara, a small town on the north shore of the island, five and forty leagues from St Jago. In the district of Holguin, whose capital is Gibara, the promised gold vein was said to exist, and that was Mr Taylor's destination.

"After seven days' delay, I received intimation that my fellow-traveller, Don Carlos Saldivar, was now ready, and

awaited my joining forces with him at eleven that night, so as to get a long cool march by moonlight. About half-an-hour after the appointed time, we filed off down the street, the cavalcade consisting of about twenty-four horses, the head of one being tied to the tail of the other; and Don Carlos and myself brought up the rear. I have met with very few, even old residents, who have ever crossed the island by the road we took. It leads all the way over highlands, rocky passes, and through mountainous streams, except where it crosses some immense savanas; whereas the main road is mostly all the way on the banks of the Canto, the principal river of Cuba. But the main road, though short and level, is dreadfully muddy and clayey in rainy weather, and for that reason our arrieros chose the other. After passing a small *ingenio* or sugar-mill, worked by oxen, which Don Carlos pointed out on the side of the road, we entered a perfect forest of orange trees, whose ripe and tempting fruit hung in profusion from every tree, and lay also on the ground by cart-loads. I let the party get ahead some distance, and then, quietly dismounting, eagerly clutched the finest and ripest I could see. My mind misgave me a little on applying the test of smell, although that was very refreshing; but my worst fears came out on removing the peel, when I found my orange was both bitter and sour, being of the kind called in England "Seville," indigenous to and abundant in all the forests of Cuba, as well as the lime. I rode up to my friends, feeling considerably "sold," and now began to be aware that good fruit, although abundant enough in Cuba, is not to be had on every tree. We had accommodation, none of the best, the four nights we passed on the road. One of them saw us in a small *rancho*, the dwelling of a solitary negro, who, it seemed, was a tailor, and where the only place I could find for passing the night was on a *barbacoa*, or platform of small round sticks; and of all the beds I ever tried to sleep on, this was the most hopeless! I suffered much on this journey for want of a hammock, and seriously counsel all who may have to make a journey, long or short, in Cuba, to travel always with one. But how different the mode of travelling in Cuba, where Coolies are not to be had for a song, as they are here where I am writing, (Ceylon.) A Ceylon planter or merchant cannot move through the jungle or take any trip at all, without the attendance of six or eight of these poor creatures, toiling under a weight of baggage, bedding, &c. A Spaniard will travel seven

or eight hundred miles, suppose from the Havana to Holguin, on one and the same horse, and carry all he requires with him. Folded partly over the cantle of his saddle, and hanging on each side, the two capacious pockets of his *seron* hold his coffee-pot, bread, and provisions on one side, and several changes of garments on the other. In front are strapped his cloak and holsters; behind, his hammock; and his trusty *machete* hangs by his side. He is a perfectly independent man—a man after Sir Charles Napier's own heart; can carry two or three days' provisions in his *seron*, and cares not a fig where night overtakes him. To be sure there are, fortunately, no venomous reptiles or wild beasts in Cuba. Here, in Ceylon, perhaps it would not do to try on that 'dodge' too far. You might find a cobra de capello alongside of you in your hammock, or be unceremoniously ejected therefrom by an inquisitive elephant, a playful cheetah or an affectionate bear."

The above extracts, culled from half-a-dozen pages of Mr Taylor, give a fair idea of the texture of the earlier portion of his book, which, it will be seen, is slight but agreeable. He is not strictly correct in stating Cuba to be exempt from the plague of venomous reptiles. The island certainly produces nothing to compare to the *cobra*, but it has varieties of the serpent tribe that would be found anything but pleasant bedfellows—to say nothing of most formidable scorpions, and of gigantic spiders whose sting brings on fever. In his later chapters, Mr Taylor grapples with graver subjects—gives us a few statistics, describes the culture and preparation of sugar, and argues the question of slavery, for the gradual extinction of which he propounds a project. Although he passed upwards of three years in Cuba, the greater portion of the time was spent in the plantations; and he saw nothing of the great towns, except St Jago, where he slept through an earthquake, in the next room to a man with the yellow fever, and where he was duly impressed with the merits of Madame Sance's boarding-house and Bordeaux wine. For sketches of Cuba's capital, the gay coquettish city of the Havana, we must revert to M. Marmier, whom we find, with his national versatility, driving in *volantes*, (the light cabriolets which are almost the only equi-

pages used in Cuba,) quoting Horace, Byron, and Lamartine, lauding Havanese courtesy, glancing at Hegel's philosophy, criticising Spanish colonial government, telling anecdotes of General Tacon, (the stern but efficient governor to whom Cuba is indebted for many reforms,) admiring the Creole beauties in the theatre, and cooling his heated interior in the vast coffee-houses, where the delicious fruits of the island—the orange, the pine, the guava, and many others for which English names are wanting—are transformed into preserves, ices, and frozen drinks. At one of these coffee-houses, an ingenious French *glacier* had so multiplied his refreshing inventions, that he had exhausted his Spanish vocabulary, and was driven to politics and the Anglo-Saxon. "Waiter!" cried a thirsty customer, within hearing of M. Marmier, "bring me a President Taylor!" "A President Jackson for me!" exclaimed another voice. M. Marmier, with praiseworthy curiosity, tried both Taylor and Jackson. The ingenious confectioner, he declares, had had due regard to the characters of the two venerable Presidents, when he gave their names to his cunningly compounded liquors: Taylor was a sweetish and cooling draught, Jackson an energetic punch. At the theatre, where an Italian company performed *Lucia* in most creditable style, M. Marmier was struck with the elegance of the house and the aristocratic appearance of the audience. The pit was full of men in white waistcoats and trousers; the three ranges of boxes, instead of wainscoting at the back, and a heavy wooden balustrade halfway up the front, had Venetian blinds in the one place, admitting air and light, and in the other a light trellis-work, which afforded a full view of the fair inmates from their luxuriant hair down to their fairy feet.

"Above the boxes is the place allotted to the negroes, who seem stationed there that their thickset figures and black faces may serve as a foil to the white doves in the boxes. Ladies' fashions have here no resemblance to those of Paris. Velvet is not to be thought of; even satin is too heavy and inflexible for those delicate forms, and Cinderella's slipper would be too heavy a load for

those bird-like feet. A flower in the hair, a flood of gauze and lace on the body, a silk ribbon, with an imperceptible sole, for a shoe, and another ribbon of the same colour round the instep,—this is all that these lilies of the tropics can support. One might take them for those Northern elves, who formerly, in the forest glades, wove themselves garments out of moonbeams."

Lavish and luxurious in dress, the Havanese lady does not long retain the fresh and delicate tissues that drape her slender person, but transfers them, often scarcely worn, to her black waiting-maids, who turn out upon the Sunday, like so many African princesses, in all the glory of satin shoes, lace mantilla, and muslin robes. At the Havana, as at New Orleans, and even to a still greater extent, the lot of the domestic slaves might be envied, as far as material comforts go, by most of the lower classes of free Europeans. They form part of the family in which they are brought up, enjoy great kindness and indulgence, and frequently grow rich by hoarding the presents they receive.

"Many economical negroes," says M. Marmier, "especially those of the tribe of Caravalis, amass in service a sum which they well know how to employ. The law of Cuba obliges the proprietor to liberate his slave when he repays the sum he cost, either at once or by instalments. There is a lottery at the Havana, similar to those of Germany, which has already contributed to the enfranchisement of many negroes. There are tickets at twenty francs and at five francs, and prizes of forty thousand, eighty thousand, and a hundred and fifty thousand francs. Once there was a prize of five hundred thousand francs, which was won by a negro, unluckily for him; for when he saw the mass of gold spread upon the table, the excitement killed him. Once free, the negro opens a workshop or warehouse, and buys other slaves. Unhappy those who call him master. They are worse treated by the man of their own colour than by the most merciless of the whites."

However fortunate the lot of the domestic slaves in Cuba, neither of the books before us gives a very pleasing picture of the life of those on the plantations. Of course much depends on the character of their owner, and whether he resides on his estate or

leaves it entirely to an overseer. Mr Taylor, who saw much more of plantation life than M. Marmier, and indeed may be considered excellent authority on that subject, gives quite a pastoral sketch of negro life on one particular estate, partly owned and wholly managed by a kind-hearted friend of his, from whom the slaves had no undue severity to fear; but he significantly hints that cases of this sort are the exception rather than the rule, and, indeed, in more than one place, his italics and suppressions give us gloomy glimpses of the condition of the blacks in Cuba. M. Marmier describes the corporal chastisements inflicted as frequent and cruel, and occasionally leading to suicide and flight. But neither the virgin forests of Cuba, extensive and intricate though they be, nor the lofty and rarely-ascended mountains, secure the fugitive slave from pursuit and capture. As soon as he is missed, the terrible bloodhound is on his trail. Whilst residing on the sugar estate of Santa L., Mr Taylor, sitting one evening in the verandah, happened to fix his eyes on a distant clump of palms, which he had often before admired. Suddenly the tallest of them disappeared.

“Struck by such a strange circumstance, I called to the overseer, who was quietly walking his horse up the avenue, and told him. Quick as lightning, without giving an answer, he struck his spurs into his horse’s flank, and quicker than I can write, he was on the spot. A noble palm of eighty feet lay prostrate, cut through with an axe, and already minus its glory, (its crown,) cut off for the cabbage. In vain, however, did he look for the culprit, and shout. But in less than two minutes, behold him back! ‘White or black, I have him now!’ shouted he, as he and the dog scampered off again. One sniff at the tree was enough for the bloodhound, and in five minutes more the negro, for it was one belonging to the estate, was in custody—uninjured by the dog, for his master was close on his track. He was punished, but, I believe, not very severely.”

Madame de Merlin, from whose graceful pages we have already quoted,

speaks at some length of these celebrated slave-hunting dogs, whose strength and sagacity are as remarkable as their intense instinctive aversion to runaway negroes. These seldom dare resist them, but when they do, the contest is never long nor the victory doubtful. The dog seizes the man by the ear and pulls him to the ground; having thus daunted him, he suffers him to rise, and takes him home without further injury.

“Yesterday,” says Madame de Merlin, “three malefactors who had devastated the environs of Marianao, at a short distance from the Havana, and who had escaped from the pursuit of justice, were brought in by two dogs. On arriving near the town, one of the dogs, his jaws all bloody, his eyes glittering, remained on guard over the prisoners; whilst his comrade, running to the entrance of the town, howled, shook people by their clothes, and indicated, by the most ingenious signs, the spot where the captives were waiting. At last he made himself understood, and guided the police to the place where the other dog, stanch to his post, was guarding the malefactors, who lay half-dead upon the grass. One of the unfortunate wretches had a broken jaw, and all three had been grievously wounded in the conflict.”

The greater part of the labour on the sugar-plantations is necessarily of the very severest description, and the hardship is trebled by the burning heat of the climate; the negroes are punished by the whip, twenty-five lashes being the number permitted by law, and which Mr Taylor believes to be seldom exceeded, although there is no security against it not being so, since he admits that the owner or manager, offending in this particular, can evade the fine by a bribe to the Government official. If a slave, weary of stripes and toil, takes to the woods, the bloodhounds are on his track; and if he escapes for a while the keen scent and unwearying pursuit of these sagacious and formidable brutes, it is only at the cost of a life of constant terror and privation amidst the jungles of *canas bravas*,* or in the depths of gloomy caverns, strewed with the bones of the aborigines of the island. There exist, however, according to

* A species of gigantic reed or cane, which attains an elevation of fifty feet, in clumps of two or three hundred stems.

Mr Taylor, colonies of fugitive negroes, dwelling in comparative security on mountain summits of difficult approach.

"At the very eastern end of Cuba, within the triangle between the cities of St Jago and Baracoa and Point Mäysi, is a wild and rugged tract of country, and in the centre of all, an immense mountain, called the Sierra del Cristal, which I have often seen from the sea. Hither no adventurous topographer has yet directed his steps; but, were the proper measurements made, I am almost certain the Cristal would be found the highest eminence in Cuba. On this mountain range, every one unites in declaring that the runaway negroes have established a large settlement."

Such collections of wild Indians or negroes are called Palenques, and the men composing it are known as Apalencados. When more than seven are congregated, it is a Palenque. The pursuit and suppression of these is under the superintendence of an official, appointed for the purpose, and of a tribunal called a consulate.

"If the expedition be considered one of extreme danger, special rates of reward are offered. In that case, *extrapolation* is probably determined on; but such cases have rarely happened. . . . The great Palenque of the Cristal remains as much a mystery as ever; and some even doubt if the Spanish Government does not leave it purposely as a kind of safety valve for the discontented, for no expedition of importance enough to reduce it has ever been undertaken, although small parties are annually formed in Baracoa, who hover about it and capture a great many negroes. Common report says that the settlement is high up on an elevated plateau, only approachable by one pass, which is fortified by overhanging rocks, kept ready to hurl on the invaders, and strictly guarded by wary sentinels; and, that on this plateau, whose inhabitants are said to amount to many hundreds, grain, tobacco, &c. are grown sufficient for their wants. It is further hinted that some whites have more dealings with the Apalencados than they would wish generally known, and supply them with clothes and necessaries unattainable in the Palenque."

Spaniards are generally admitted to be much kinder slave-masters than most Americans. Were we to give implicit credence to the Countess Merlin, which her enthusiasm for her own countrymen and womanly partisanship pre-

vent our doing, we must believe Havana the very paradise of slaves. "The humanity of the generality of the laws and regulations of the Spaniards in the particular of slavery," says Mr Taylor, "contrast favourably with that of some of the States of the American Union." M. Marmier considers the houses of the Havanese to be "the El Dorado of slaves, the plantations their purgatory." But all three authorities agree in preferring the condition of the slaves to that of the *emancipados*—slaves captured by our cruisers and liberated in the Havana, or confiscated by the Cuban authorities in some rare moment of zeal and good faith. These are hired out to taskmasters with a view of their being taught some trade, which they very seldom manage to learn; and, meanwhile, they drag on in bondage from year to year, often worse treated than slaves, because, as Mr Taylor says, the *emancipado* belongs to nobody, whilst the slave has an owner who is interested, to a certain extent, in not destroying his *animal*. It is the free black, in short, in these cases, who gets least victuals, hardest work, and most whip. Mr Taylor is rather good upon this head, and quotes with considerable effect the report of the Sugar and Coffee Planting Committee, printed by order of the House of Commons, and of which he received a copy in Ceylon, just as he was writing his book. The document, he says, singularly confirmed the impressions he had received five to eight years previously, during his residence in Cuba, as to the shameful manner in which the treaties respecting slavery are evaded in that colony. It shows how the *emancipados* are virtually sold (hired out for terms of years) in an underhand manner, for the profit of the Spanish Government and officials; how his Excellency the captain-general supplied the Gas Company, of which the chaste and tender-hearted Christina is the chief shareholder, with dark-complexioned lamp-lighters at five gold ounces a-head; how Mrs O'Donnell, (now Countess of Lucena) lady of the captain-general of that name, procured herself a snug little income by the labour of four hundred *emancipados*, transferred to

the paternal care of the Marquis de las Delicias, chief judge of the mixed court (!) and one of the greatest slaveholders in Cuba—all these statements being given upon the undeniable authority of a letter from the British consul-general Crawford, read by the chairman of the Committee above referred to. And there would be no difficulty in producing equally reliable authority for a host of similar iniquities, incredible to persons unacquainted with the atrocious immorality of Spanish colonial administration, with the insatiable greed of certain high personages in Spain, and with the immense fortunes amassed by Cuban captains-general. "It is said," says Consul-general Crawford, as quoted by Mr Taylor, "that upwards of five thousand of those unfortunate wretches (the *emancipados*) have been resold at rates of from five to nine ounces, by which upwards of six hundred thousand dollars have been made in the government-house, one-sixth of which was divided amongst the underlings, from the colonial secretary downwards." "I heard the other day," says Mr Taylor, "of a grand new *ingenio* having been set up by Queen Christina, with every latest improvement; behold the secret!" He makes bold to believe that not a few of the five thousand "unfortunate wretches," spoken of by Mr Crawford, might be found doing duty in the queen-mother's plantation and sugar-mill. A very probable hypothesis. There can be no doubt, however, that the means by which the estate is worked, and the gas-lamps lighted, would bear investigation quite as well as the mode of acquisition of the funds invested in them by the enormously wealthy widow of the Well-beloved Ferdinand.

Those recent visitors to Cuba

who have written of what they there saw, have in few instances done more than glance at the subject. They have either treated it superficially, like M. Marmier, who, in his love of locomotion and eagerness to get afloat again, dismisses the Pearl of the Antilles in three or four hasty chapters; or, like Mr Taylor, their opportunities of investigation have been limited to a small portion of the island. Mr Madden's little volume is of a special and statistical class; and, as far as it goes, we think well of it, notwithstanding the attack made upon it by Mr Taylor, who is shocked at the faulty spelling of Spanish words and names, and who laughs at Mr Madden for deprecating the annexation of Cuba to the States, which he (Mr Taylor) inclines to advocate. Madame de Merlin's work is much more copious and comprehensive than any of the three above named; but if her sketches of Havanaese society and manners are pleasing and characteristic, her descriptions of scenery vivid, and her retrospective historical chapters careful and scholarly, on the other hand she is frequently biassed, when touching on matters of greater practical importance, by the joint prejudices of a Frenchwoman and of a Spanish Creole; whilst her sex necessarily precluded her from acquaintance with various phases of Spanish colonial life, and from exploring those wilder districts, an account of which is essential to the completeness of a work on Cuba professing thoroughly to describe the island and its motley population. For such a work there is abundant room; and of such a one, in this century of intelligent and enterprising travellers, we confidently hope before long to welcome the appearance.

ONWARD TENDENCIES.

TO AUGUSTUS REGINALD DUNSHUNNER, ESQ. OF ST MIRRENS.

MY DEAR DUNSHUNNER,—Is it too great a liberty to inquire into the nature of your present avocations, or to ask if you are occupied with any magnificent scheme to take the public mind by storm? You have of late maintained so mysterious and obstinate a silence, that your friends are becoming anxious regarding you. Like Achilles, son of Peleus, you seem to be sulking in your tent, whilst all the rest of the Greeks are abroad in the clear sunlight, making head against the Trojan army, and skirmishing in the front of their ships. We miss you, and the public miss you. Your red right arm was wont to be seen far in front of the battle fray, and, at the moment when the political strife is hottest, we cannot afford to lose the countenance of our bravest champion. I hope there is no Briseis in the case? If so, tell us which of the Free-Traders has wronged you, and the damsel shall be immediately restored, with a corresponding recompense of plunder.

The fact is, Dunshunner, that we are in a devil of a scrape. Matters have not turned out exactly as we anticipated; and, although we are endeavouring to maintain the attitude of perfect confidence, I need not disguise from you my conviction that Free Trade has proved an utter failure. Of course you will keep this to yourself. We cannot venture to let it be publicly known that we have lost faith in our own nostrums; and we are doing all we can, by means of mitigating the tenor of the trade circulars, to keep the great body of the manufacturers, who of late have shown certain symptoms of revolt, at least neutral and reasonably quiet. Our friend Skinflint of the *Importationist* is fighting a most praiseworthy battle, and every one must admire the pluck which he has exhibited under extraordinarily difficult circumstances. He has had not only to defend the general policy of Free Trade, but to maintain that his own predictions have been fulfilled to the

very letter—a task which most men would have considered rather arduous, seeing that figures are entirely against him, and that all the facts which have occurred are directly in the teeth of his prophecies. But Skinflint is an invaluable fellow to lead a forlorn-hope. He can prove to you that an unfulfilled prophecy is quite as good as one which has been accomplished, and he is truly superb upon the subject of the natural limits of capital. Political economy, as you know, has long been my favourite study; but I fairly confess to you that, with all my reading and acquired knowledge, I cannot cope with Skinflint. He has gone so deep into the science—he has dived so profoundly not only through the water but the mud, that to follow him is absolutely impossible; and—to pursue the metaphor—you can only ascertain the whereabouts of this unrivalled professor of the art of sinking, by the dirt which ascends to the surface, and the rising of the fetid bubbles. At present he has as much work on his hands as might stagger the stoutest Stagyrite. The farmers, the millers, the sugar-refiners, the shipowners—yea, the very delegates of the working-men—all are at him! You may conceive what a breadth of buckler and how many folds of brass are necessary to shelter him against such a multitude of weapons; yet still Skinflint combats on. I wonder if he is descended from the Berserkars, who, in consequence of abstaining from ablutions, succeeded at length in rendering their hides invulnerable?

The farmers—poor devils!—are entirely up the spout. I will admit that I am sorry for that; but my sorrow arises from no maudlin compassion for their misfortunes. You are aware that I never had any sympathy with things bucolic. I always considered the towns as the proper habitations for mankind, and have maintained the opinion that the sooner we could get rid of the country the better. What man of common

sense cares one farthing for cows, or buttercups, or sheep? Are we in the nineteenth century to pin our faith to the Georgics, or to babble in senile imbecility about green fields? What care I about purling brooks? They may be useful for a dye-work, or as the means of motive power, but otherwise they are entirely superfluous; and we may thank those idiots, the poets—who, by the way, are perfectly useless, for not one of them pays Income Tax—for having created a false impression about them. I cordially agreed with Cobden, that the sooner we could lay Manchester side by side with the valley of the Mississippi, the better; and, had it not been for the obtuseness of those pig-headed scoundrels, the Yankees, who, forsooth, have got a crotchet in their heads about maintaining their own miserable industry, the job would have been done long ago. Had Jonathan acted by us fairly, as he was in honour bound to do—had he demolished his mills, blown out his furnaces, shut up his mines, and passed an Act of Congress to inflict the penalty of death upon any presumptuous loafer who should attempt to manufacture a single article in the United States, my life upon it that at the present moment we should have been driving a roaring trade! But the infatuated blockhead wont have our goods, and is actually heightening his tariffs to restrict their admission still further! The German ninny-hammers and pragmatistical Spaniards are doing the same thing; and, in consequence, our whole anticipations have been violently frustrated. Perhaps you see now why I am sorry for the farmers. My regret is, that their power of purchase has decreased—that they can't buy from us as formerly—and that, in short, the home market is going to the mischief. Personally, I am connected with an exporting house; and yet I must acknowledge candidly that business is anything but brisk. We have overdone the thing in trying to get up an enormous increase of exportations; and the consequence is, that we have caused a glut in many of the foreign markets. It is not impossible that, before a healthy demand is restored, new competitors may step in, and our

grand staple of calico, upon which the prosperity of Britain entirely depends, go down to a further discount. These are gloomy anticipations, but I cannot quite banish them from my mind. I look forward with considerable apprehension to the time when we shall fairly have eaten up the farmers. Of course, when that arrives, we must look out for another class to devour; and, according to my view, the Fundholder is the next in order. He will make a hideous row when he finds himself marked out for general mastication, but no doubt we shall, somehow or other, contrive to stifle his cries. His fate is perfectly natural. In all cases of shipwreck, when the supplies of provisions are exhausted, the fattest individual of the crew is selected for the sustenance of the rest. It would be absurd to pitch upon a lean victim; for the amount of suffering is the same in either case, and the economical principle is to secure the largest amount of supply. Of course he must be dealt with gently. We have the high authority of Seneca for supposing that gradual phlebotomy is an easy manner of death; and we shall not put an end to him in a hurry. He is unquestionably a full-blooded animal; and, when tapped, will yield as readily as a barrel of October.

All this, however, is mere anticipation; and doubtless you have already in your own mind maturely considered our prospects. What presses upon us most immediately, is the chance of a speedy dissolution of Parliament, and a new general election. I strongly suspect that the Whigs cannot hope to remain in office long. With all my regard for that party, I must admit that they are a shocking bad set, in so far as business is concerned, and their exclusiveness is really quite insufferable. Had they reconstructed the Cabinet upon a liberal footing, by taking in half-a-dozen of us original Free-Traders, there might have been no occasion for any dissolution until the expiry of the seven years. Our demands were not extravagant. Cobden would have done the business of the War-Office in a highly creditable manner. Bright would have been too happy to go out as Governor-General of India, and look after the growth of

cotton. Joseph Hume is at least as fitted for the situation of Chancellor of the Exchequer as Sir Charles Wood; or if Joseph is rather too ancient, why not our undaunted M'Gregor? He is the only man alive who can improvise a budget at a quarter of an hour's notice. I myself should have been happy to have served in a subordinate capacity. Williams, Walmsley, or Kershaw, would gladly have relieved Earl Grey from the trouble of looking after the colonies; and I really think that, with such an infusion of new talent, the Government might have gone on swimmingly. Of course, we should have put an end at once to that ridiculous Protestant howl about Papal aggression, which is directly opposed to the spirit of Free Trade, and to the liberal tendencies of the age. Black cattle are admitted duty free; and I can see no reason why a cardinal should be considered contraband, merely on account of a slight peculiarity in the colour of his legs. Let him call himself anything he pleases—what need we care? Protestantism, my dear Dunshunner, is about the only obstacle in the way of our becoming perfect cosmopolitans. Why should we, of all people on the earth, affect eccentric distinctions? Luther was a sad fool. If he had played his cards properly, he might have been a bishop or a cardinal, or anything else he chose, and we should have been spared the trouble of this hubbub about a matter which seems to me of no earthly consequence. But our friend Lord John is, as you know, as obstinate as a whole drove of pigs, and will always take his own way. And a very nice mess of it he has made this time, to be sure!

However, the Whigs did not choose to come to us, though they were glad enough to make overtures to Graham and Gladstone, and the rest of that lot, who, after all, would have nothing to say to them. In consequence, they now feel themselves more ricketty than ever. The Protectionists are making powerful head, and gaining strength daily; and I cannot look forward to a new general election without feelings of great anxiety. I quite concur in the sentiments expressed by that patriotic creature,

Colonel Peyronnet Thompson, that he would as lieve see London occupied by a foreign army, as the Protectionist party in power. I do believe that, in such an event, the cause of Free Trade would be desperate. You see we have no party whatever in the country to fall back upon for support. The artisans are declaring against us; the small traders have been unmercifully rooked; the shopkeepers are making no profits; and, as to Ireland, it is more than beginning to wince under the operation of a system which has destroyed its only product. We have tried to keep the Irish in good humour for a year or so by hinting at an immediate influx of English capital. That idea was mine. It was not by any means a bad dodge while it lasted, and our friends of the press took care to do it full justice. But, after all, it was merely a dodge. As for English capital going to Ireland, where no possible expenditure could insure a penny of rent, the thing is as preposterous as the notion of applying guano, for agricultural purposes, to the island of Ichnaboe! Notwithstanding, we have done some good. We have ruined the proprietors, and starved a reasonable portion of the peasantry; and I am glad to see that the same operation is going on in the Hebrides. Labour in the towns will, no doubt, be considerably cheapened in consequence. But we cannot calculate with certainty on the support of Irish members after a new election. They won't work together as formerly. We miss our perished Daniel, who, with all his faults, was a capital ally, if you gave him a sufficient equivalent.

It is no use disguising the truth; the Protectionists are like enough to beat us. There is a vigour and a perseverance about that party which I am quite at a loss to understand. Two or three years ago, when they first began to look really formidable, we took the utmost pains to write them down; and, if good sheer abuse and hard hitting could have accomplished that object, we ought to have succeeded. We worked the old joke about a Protectionist being a spectacle as rare as a mummy in a glass-case, until it was perfectly threadbare.

We sneered at and scouted their statistics. We questioned their sanity, and talked with mysterious compassion about Bedlam. We assured them, that to restore protection to native industry was as hopeless as an attempt to re-establish the Heph-tarchy. We used and abused, in every way, that fine metaphor touching "the winds of heaven and the waves of ocean;" and we pressed poets into our service to celebrate the cheap loaf in dithyrambics. We reviled Disraeli, misrepresented Newdegate, lampooned George Frederick Young, and insinuated that Lord Stanley was a traitor. Finally, we became affectionate, and warned the besotted Protectionists of the danger which was hanging, in a heavy cloud, over their devoted heads. We did everything which ingenuity could suggest to prevent the mummy from being resuscitated; but Cheops has come again to life with a vengeance, and has given us a shrewd blow on the skull as he started full armed from his sarcophagus. We must now deal with him as a reality, not as a shadow; and, for my own part, I cannot aver that I am inordinately eager for the encounter.

Still, something must be done; and our first duty, according to my notion, is to look out for new candidates. To the disgrace of human nature be it spoken, some of our most esteemed veterans have little prospect of being again returned by their present constituencies. There will be changes, and changes too of a most extraordinary kind; and that circumstance renders it the more necessary for us to prevent, at all hazards, a dissolution. You may now, my dear Dunshunner, fathom the real object of this letter. We want you to come into Parliament, on the independent, Ministerial, or any other interest you please, provided that, when returned, you give us the benefit of your vote, and the aid of your powerful eloquence upon any occasion when the cause of Free Trade may be in jeopardy. I know what your own private leanings are, but these are not times to be scrupulous. The League expects every man to go the entire hog. If you want a subscription, or—what would suit us better—the

promise of a place, say so at once, and you shall have either. But, if you follow my advice, you will content yourself with a positive promise. We are strong enough to wring anything from the Whigs in case of emergency; and as in all human probability, judging from the past, no single week can pass over without the shadow of a crisis, we shall be able to make terms for you, better and earlier than you might suppose. Some few pickings there are still left, which are well worth a gentleman's acceptance; and it will be your own fault if, after having taken your seat, you do not make your parliamentary position advantageous in more ways than one.

I suppose there is no chance of an immediate vacancy in the Dleepdaily Burghs? Well, then, you must even make up your mind to come south and attack a Saxon garrison. I have one or two places in my eye, either of which you will be sure to carry in a canter, provided some fiery fanatical fellow does not start up to oppose you. They are cotton boroughs under the complete control of the millocracy; and I think you are certain to step in, provided matters are properly managed, at the expense of a small judicious outlay. And here, I know, you will begin to object—You cannot afford the expense, &c. My dear friend, you *must* afford it, if you wish to cut any figure in life, or to make yourself accounted worthy of purchase. No parsimony is so ill-judged as that which boggles at the outlay of an election. No matter how many firkins of beer may be consumed in the course of the canvass—how many hundred dozen *goes* of brandy-and-water may lubricate the throats of the thirsty pot-wallopers and freemen who espouse your cause, and bear your colours—the true principle is to consider these charges as a debt which a grateful Ministry must refund on the first convenient opportunity, with such rate of interest as you are fairly entitled to expect, taking into account the risk which you have run, and the labour which you have performed on their behalf. Altogether independently of this, a seat in Parliament is well worth the expense. It gives you a position in society which is other-

wise difficult to attain; and any man who can talk as you do, glibly and off-hand, is certain, before a session is over, to push himself forward into notoriety.

I'll tell you why we want you, and I shall do so with the most perfect frankness and unreserve. Our best men are used up. In the opinion of the Secret Committee, of whose views I am the humble expositor, Cobden is no longer worth his weight in oakum for any practical purpose whatever. We committed a monstrous mistake in subscribing that unlucky fund. We ought to have remembered the story of the soldier who carried with desperate gallantry a redoubt the morning after he had been rooked of his last penny at cribbage, but who invariably declined to volunteer for any subsequent enterprise, in consequence of the injudicious conceit awarded him by the commanding officer. Just so has it been with Cobden. The testimonial turned his head. You remember the awful exhibition he made of himself, when, in attempting to lecture the farmers on the best method of cultivating land, he assumed the character of a country gentleman; and the undying ridicule which was excited by the immediate publication of a lithographed plan of his estate, which, in a good year, might pasture a couple of cows, and afford precarious subsistence besides to a brood of goslings? Then came his Peace platform tomfoolery, just at the very time when war was becoming universal on the Continent, and revolutions were springing like mines under the feet of every government. Then, again, instead of cajoling the bucolics, he chose openly to defy and insult them at Leeds; and the result has been that, from that hour, every man connected in the most remote degree with the landed interest has drawn off from our body. In the House of Commons he can hardly command an audience. The Liberal whippers-in say that a speech of his is equivalent to a dozen votes added to the Opposition minority, and they never see him crossing the threshold without quaking with terror lest he should take it into his head

to commence a harangue. Bright's eloquence is usually smothered by cries of "Oh, oh," and derisive cheering. He is a sturdy chap in his way, but woefully injudicious; and he has been so exceedingly rude to Lord John Russell, that the Whigs will have nothing to say to him. Old Joe is rapidly becoming imbecile. He can no longer fumble with figures as he used to do; and his perception, in most cases, is not sufficiently clear to enable him to state the "tottle of the whole" with accuracy. I love and revere the veteran, but I am afraid his best days are gone by. Milner Gibson won't do; and of course we have too much respect for our cause to allow M'Gregor to come down to Westminster without his muzzle. We require, of all things, a new hand with gentlemanly manners, an easy address, some flow of language, and a slight dash of humour—one who will not weary the House with interminable statistics, or get into a passion because he is contradicted, or fasten upon his opponent with the brute ferocity of a bull-dog. We want some fellow not fully committed to Free Trade, who can keep, as it were, on our flanks, and amuse the enemy at times by suggesting articles of condition. He must have no one-sided predilections, no abstract preference for the Cottonocracy over the other interests of Britain. He must appear to be animated by a fine, generous, patriotic spirit—ever ready to listen to distress, and always eager to condole with it. Fine words, you are aware, butter no parsnips, but they are fine words notwithstanding. This is the part which we wish you to undertake, if you consent to come among us. The fact is, that we must do something of the kind if we wish to escape annihilation. I am afraid we have derived no benefit from sneering at the farmers. The proposals which were made in the public prints for their wholesale emigration have excited general disgust, and men are beginning to ask each other what crime the agriculturists have committed, to justify the infliction of such penalties? The question, of course, is a foolish one. Every sound economist knows that

the farmers are mere creatures of circumstance, and that their interests cannot be allowed for one moment to stand in the way of the approaching supremacy of Manchester. But, unfortunately, all men are not political economists, and we must, for some time at least, humour their fancies. I should be the last man in the world to admit that any feelings of compassion should have weight in the settlement of a great national question; and you, who know me well, will do me the credit to believe that I could see every farm-house in England made desolate, and the inmates transported to the antipodes, without the weakness of shedding a tear. We cannot, however, expect so much Spartan stoicism from the masses. They are still by far too much under the influence of the clergy; and it will be some time before we can eradicate from their minds the lingering fibres of superstition. I agree in the main with the sentiments expressed the other night by that trump, Joseph Sandars of Yarmouth, that all we have or ought to regard, is the interest of the manufacturers. Did you observe what he said? Excuse me if I quote the passage. "Look at the fearful consequences which would result to the commercial classes of the country, if their powers of competition with foreign nations were weakened or crippled. If that large portion of the community did not spin and weave for the four quarters of the globe, the subsistence and happiness of millions of our population would be destroyed. That competition went on day by day, and year by year, increasing in force and intelligence, and formed the great social question of our times. If adequate provision were not made for that class of the population, there must be danger." Sandars was undeniably right; but what demon could have possessed Sandars to make him say so in as many words? It amounts to a pure and unqualified admission of the real truth, that Free Trade was intended to operate, and must operate, solely for the benefit of the exporting houses, to the ruin of all other interests in the country; but was it in any way necessary to tell the country

that? These are the sort of speeches which are playing the mischief with us. How can we attempt to bamboozle the shopkeepers who are losing custom, and the artisans who have little or nothing to do, and the small tradesmen who are verging towards the Gazette, if members of our own party will have the consummate imprudence to tell them that they are merely parts of a general holocaust—infinitesimal faggots of a grand pile of British industry which is to be fired, in order that the aged phoenix of cotton-spinning may be regenerated, and soar, triumphant and alone, from the heart of the smouldering ashes? Our game is to keep all these things in the background. Three years ago, at one of our private Manchester conferences, I indicated the course which we should pursue. My advice was—on no account to break with the farmers. I represented that, when agricultural distress arrived, as it must do immediately, our first business was to attribute that entirely to exceptional causes—such as a good harvest, which we could have little difficulty in doing, considering the deficiency of agricultural statistics. That, I said, would gain us a year. Next, we could fall back upon the subject of rent, and sow dissension in the bucolic ranks, by alleging that the whole loss might be met by a remission on the part of the landlords, and that they were in fact the only parties interested. I explained that this line of policy, if properly and dextrously pursued, could not fail to add enormously to our strength, since, by radicalising the farmers, we must separate them entirely from the landlords, and make them ready tools for our grand final move—which, I need not say, is the repudiation of the National Debt. My advice was not only applauded, but adopted. We surmounted the difficulties of the first year pretty well; and, but for the folly of some of our own men, we should by this time have had the farmers clamouring on our side. Cobden, however, reviled them in all the terms which his choice and polished imagination could suggest; others told them to go to Australia or to the devil, whichever they might think best; and now Sandars deliberately

comes forward, and lets the cat out of the bag! I ask you, Dunshunner, if it is not enough to make any man of parts and intellect as rabid as a March hare, when he sees his finest and best-adjusted schemes utterly ruined by such deplorable bungling? Our only chance is to gain time. Give me another year, or eighteen months more, at the utmost, of the present Parliament, and, I trust, the death-warrant of the Fundholder will be sealed. If we can extend the suffrage in the mean time, so much the better. We have managed to get up a tolerable hatred of taxation. The anti-excite party is very powerful, and, by giving them a lift, we might knock off several more millions from the revenue. Cardwell, and some of that soft-headed set, who call themselves Peelites, wish to take the duties off tea, and they ought by all means to be encouraged. Tobacco follows next, of course; and as smoking and snuffing are now almost universal, the repeal of the duties on these articles would be immensely popular. Malt goes, and so does sugar,—and then, my dear friend, where's your revenue, and where the means of paying the interest of the national debt? Don't you see what a beautiful field is open to us, if we can only keep our own men from making premature disclosures, and pander properly to the public appetite for getting rid of taxation? By itself, direct taxation cannot stand six months. That fact in natural history has been ascertained by so many experiments, and consequent revolutions, from the days of Wat Tyler downwards, that I need not fatigue you by recapitulating them. The reimposition of the Income Tax for three years is an immense point in our favour. I never felt so nervous in my life as during the Ministerial crisis, when it appeared possible that Stanley might come in. I knew that, if he succeeded in forming a Government, the Income Tax was doomed, and then, of course, we must have had a revision of the tariff; and probably he would have proposed to levy such duties upon imports as might put the British artisan, labourer, and grower, on a fair level to compete with the foreigner, at least in respect of taxation. Had he succeeded, our

game was up. But, most fortunately, we have escaped that danger. I shall ever regard the glass house in Hyde Park with feelings of peculiar gratitude; for I am convinced that, but for that sublime erection, we should have lost the services of Sir Charles Wood, and, with him, lost all chance of carrying into execution those schemes which we consider most important for the entire ascendancy of Manchester. Fortunately, Wood is spared to us. He is an excellent confiding creature—as innocent as a lamb who is tempted into the precincts of the slaughter-house by the proffer of a bunch of clover; and if we can manage to keep him in office a little longer, why, between ourselves, I think, Dunshunner, we may look upon the matter as achieved.

Did you ever read old Cobbett's political writings? It is rather funny to refer to these just now. We are precisely in the state which he vaticinated some thirty years ago, when viewing prospectively the effects of Peel's Currency Act of 1819: and I confess that I have lately conceived a wonderful respect for the prescience and sagacity of that queer ill-regulated genius. I call him ill-regulated, because I believe that, were he alive, we should have found him our bitterest opponent in any scheme which involved, as ours does, the expatriation of the British yeomanry. The old fool had a heart—that is, the amount of cellular or medullary tissue, which anatomically answers to that portion of the human frame, was acted upon by natural impulses, which it is the duty of the scientific Free-Trader to control. We of Manchester flatter ourselves that we are above any such deplorable weakness. But, setting his heart entirely aside, Cobbett had a head, and it is perhaps as well for us that that head is mouldering in the grave. He would have broached the grand question too early, and thereby given our booty time to escape; whereas, now, we have the fundholders gone to sleep, like pheasants on a tree at sunset. If no untoward barking—no alarum on the part of our own lurchers unsettles them—they are safe enough. Granting that they are startled for an instant, a very little delay will suffice

to put each bird's neck beneath its wing; and then—hey, my fellow countrymen, for the brimstone-match, and the sack to receive the fallen! Let them kick and spur as they like afterwards—it is a mere question of the expenditure of feathers.

Of course you are quite aware of the present state of the colonies. Some of the more enthusiastic of our men were anxious to get rid of them at once, which they thought might be done by a simultaneous withdrawal of the troops. I have seen this plan recommended more than once in respectable quarters, and the arguments in its favour are not without plausibility; still, I think it better that we should abstain from active measures, and allow the colonies to drop off, like blighted fruit, as they must naturally do, without any violent effort on our part. Under the operation of Free Trade, colonies can be of no earthly use to us. We do nothing for them, and they do nothing for us; therefore, the sooner we cut the cable, and let them go, the better. The Whigs are doing all they can to precipitate the crisis with Canada. The removal of the seat of Government to Quebec will give such an impetus to the Annexation party, that the Canadas must go over to the United States, notwithstanding all the scruples which may be preferred by those fools who talk of loyalty as if it were something hereditary, or, indeed, as if loyalty were otherwise than an absolute sham. We know better. Crowns are usually estimated according to the value of the jewels which they contain; and, if certain jewels are detached from their setting, and transferred, it is not difficult to ascertain the value of the remanent bullion circlet. You take me? This involves a point which we don't wish to broach at present, though we have long had it in view. Do you take any interest in the affairs of France? That, now, is a country worth living in! None of your aristocrats there! Why, if England were France, you or I, Dunshunner, might be riding in the royal carriages, with half a squadron of the Guards before and behind us, receiving that homage which is the due of genius, political wisdom, and recondite science, instead of tramping,

as we do, on foot, at the perpetual risk of catarrhs. I cannot sufficiently admire the coolness of our little friend Louis Blanc, who, as he was stepping into one of old Louis Philippe's vehicles, specially devoted by the Provisional Government to the service of the Lilliputian patriot, thus addressed, with a graceful wave of his hand, a group of envying *ouvriers*:—"My friends! one of these days we shall *all* of us ride in our carriages!" There is a sublimity about this which utterly distances our feebleness of imagination. We have never been able hitherto to hold out higher expectations to the people than what are inferred by pictures of gigantic pots of beer and dropsical loaves; and we have tried these baits so often that they have now lost something of their freshness, and much of their original significance. We really must have some new device for our banners. I wish you would turn your mind to this, and let me have your opinion what kind of property would be most acceptable to the million.

What do you think of the Girondists? That is the new name we have got for Graham and his party, and it seems to me a very happy one. Hitherto they have played remarkably well into our hands, but they are clearly not to be trusted. As Watt remarks, in his treatise on the steam-engine, there are wheels within wheels; and those gentlemen have been so extremely gyrotory in their motions, that it is impossible with the least certainty to predicate the direction of their course. One thing, however, seems to me perfectly clear—they never can join the Protectionists. Two years ago I should have hesitated to say this authoritatively, but they have thrown away so many excellent chances of reconciliation, and invariably manifested such rancour and bitterness towards their former allies, that I do not see how they can possibly return. There is no hatred equal in intensity to that of a deserter. Awake or asleep, he has ever before him the awful apparition of the provost-marshal; his back tingles with the imaginary lash of the cat-of-nine-tails; and, if you watch him in his slumbers, you will hear him moaning something about a file of musketry

and a coffin. It is something to be certain of this. You see that the party of the Gironde is very small, and never can act effectively of itself. It is simply useful as a make-weight, and as such we consider it. Now, a glance at the late division-lists will show you that these men, whatever else they may do, are resolutely determined never to go into the same lobby with the Protectionists. They have no abstract affection for the Whigs—which is not wonderful, considering the tenacity and strength of the family alliance; and though they may occasionally seem to help them, they would be sorry to lose any chance of giving them a sly dig with the stiletto. We are by far their most natural allies—indeed, if they had any sense, they would throw themselves into our arms at once. But, unfortunately for them, they are tainted with the aristocratic leaven. They affect to look down upon us, pure democrats, as though they were something infinitely superior, and they will not fraternise with that cordiality which we are surely entitled to expect. You may rely upon it, this will not be forgotten at the proper time. Nothing is, to my mind, so purely offensive as the demeanour of an aristocratic Liberal. His look, his language, and the very tone of his voice, tells you that he considers his support of your principles as an act of magnificent condescension; and that, if you entertained a proper feeling of gratitude, you ought to go down upon your knees and thank him. Now, considering that one-half of the Peelites are little better than pragmatistical coxcombs, and the other half, with a few exceptions, venerable serving-men of the Taper and Tadpole school, you may easily conceive that these airs give us infinite disgust, and that we are keeping an accurate account with a view to a future settlement.

And now, Dunsbunner, I must conclude. I have thought it best to state to you my views without any reservation, because it is always bad policy to enlist a recruit without making him

distinctly aware of the nature of the service which he is expected to perform. Our Committee never forms its conclusions, or takes its measures hastily. We have been long preparing for the great work of national regeneration; and although we may have been, and certainly are, disappointed with the results which in some cases have followed our exertions, we are not less firmly convinced that our cause must progress, and be triumphant. If we can only prevent a legislative return to indirect taxation—if we can maintain for a little longer the struggle of unprotected British industry against foreign competition, we cannot choose but win. The struggle with the earth-born Antæus has been a very severe one. A poet, now, would tell you that the old mythical story of the Greeks had an occult meaning—that Antæus, the son of Terra and Neptune, was a typification of Agriculture and Navigation, which the manufacturing Hercules is attempting to destroy, and that, every time the giant is overthrown, he derives new strength from his contact with his venerable mother. So be it. Hercules, you know, strangled him at last by lifting him up into the air; and there is no reason why we should not repeat the same operation. On second thoughts, you had better not make use of this illustration, happy as it may appear. On consulting Lemprière, I observe that Hercules was finally consumed in consequence of putting on one of his own shirts, and that circumstance might be awkwardly interpreted by some ungenerous enemy.

The sooner you can make up your mind the better. Let me hear from you without delay; and if your answer, as I anticipate, should be affirmative, we shall bring you into the House in time to take part in the debate on the confiscation of the revenues of the Church.

Believe me alway yours,

ROBERT M'CORKINDALE.

MANCHESTER, 15th April 1851.

THE PAPAL AGGRESSION BILL.

WE do not underrate the difficulty in legislating upon the Papal Aggression; but the acknowledgement of a difficulty is a confession of a danger. Legislation, therefore, is often the more necessary as it becomes less apparent what direction it should take; for every obstacle has its accompanying mischief. Nevertheless, the greater peril lies in suffering an evil to grow. The nature of the evil, and the principles from which all its action proceeds, must be examined, and thoroughly sifted. It is not the present magnitude which is so much to be considered, as its innate growth—its power of reproducing itself, even when apparently cut down to the ground. There are poisonous plants of such an obstinate root, that they will spread both on the surface and below it: and such is the Papacy. It is hard to overcome. Its one steady purpose is domination. It must either be a tyranny or a conspiracy. It is a religion without a religious obligation, for it professes to be the maker of the world's religion, and demands obedience to an individual will—the will of one man whom a superstition sets up—a will that is guided by no fixed rules; that, however varying and contradictory, claims infallibility. The inheritance it would assume is Satan's promise, "the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them." If the Papacy cannot take full possession, it is only because it is hindered, not by its own will, but by external resistance. It never has relaxed its demand of universal obedience, and, whenever and wherever it has had power, has enforced it. It would have an absolute jurisdiction over all the affairs of Christendom, as above all kings and princes, to judge them and depose them at pleasure. More than this: from being God's Vicar, the Bishop of Rome would be above his Master, and abrogate Divine laws and precepts; exercising absolute authority over the Scriptures, even to annul them, and to set up his own decrees as more divine; taking to himself the resem-

blance of him of whom it was said that he "should sit in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God." Yet with all his presumptuous titles, remembering that it is written that he that would be greatest among the disciples should be servant to the rest, he is also "*servus servorum*," that he may himself fill every office, and enlarge the view of his dignity, from the depth of that affected humility—measuring up to the highest from the lowest, himself usurping every space.

From the moment the Bishop of Rome usurped this sovereignty, then commenced the necessity of maintaining it, *per fas et nefas*. To abrogate one iota of his power was to abrogate the whole. He took upon himself and his successors a contention that can never cease, but with a universal submission. The whole history of the Papacy, from the day of its assumption, proves this. It does not come within the scope of our object to enter into the details of that history. They are well known: the remembrance of many and sore atrocities has been too deeply engraven on the minds of the people of England to be easily obliterated. When they hear of the Papal Aggression, they ask, When was the Papacy not an aggression? Neither are we very desirous to treat minutely of the Romish corruptions and apostacies, excepting where they evolve principles that will not amalgamate with any civil polity, or the laws and governments of nations. It is possible there may be religions that, being tolerated, would in practice not only destroy every other, but the very name of liberty. Even Thuggism professes to be a religion, and secret murder its duty. Would it be religious liberty to tolerate the Suttees and Juggernauts of India? We do not mean to make offensive comparisons: we only put the case strongly, to show how obvious it is that toleration must have its limits; if not, toleration may become a domination, and the thing be lost in the name. There must be in every state

some agreement between religion and its social laws. The Mahometan may have his mosque in a Christian country, but could he be allowed to set at defiance the decency of Christian morals, on the plea of his religious liberty? We have "Latter-day Saints," believers in Joe Smith, and interfere not with them. We trust that they do not infringe the laws, nor break their civil obligations, or at least we do not know that they do so. We know nothing of mischief in their history, have no record of former doings, that should lead us to dread their principles. But to return to the Papacy: it stands apart from every religion, in its abhorrence, intolerance, and persecution of all that is not of itself. It will never cease to strive openly if it can, if not secretly, to subvert every other—to set up its own absolute authority. Persecution is its law, its creed, its necessity. Where it is quiet, it is undermining; where it is visibly active, it sows dissensions and rebellions, because they promote its own supremacy; where it has the smallest chance of success, it moves onwards. Besides, it has organisations wondrously adapted to its work. There is not only a large submission to the Pope throughout territories and kingdoms that are not his, but there is that especial order of obedience, the Jesuits, who bind themselves to have no will but that of their "Holy Father;" whose first religion it is to do his will, whatever it be—to have no conscience, with regard to what is good and evil, but the Pope's dictation;—a working army they may be called, that, though they seem dispersed and banished, are emissaries everywhere, and rise up in multitudes where it was thought there were none. They are allowed to assume whatever dress they please; for their better disguise, any occupation: they are in the highest and the lowest conditions, and have been known to appear as zealous members in conventicles.

Having constantly in view the firm establishment of its own power, as a foreign sovereignty the Papacy has communication, league, and intrigue with all the principal courts in Europe. It is therefore mostly dan-

gerous to Protestant countries, as it naturally leagues with their enemies; and it is doubly dangerous in those countries where it has any large number professing themselves its subjects, organised by its authority, looking to Rome in preference to their legitimate governors. We need but instance Ireland, where that authority has borne its fruits in rebellions, and the sad, the continued degradation of the people. Are we at war with other nations?—the Pope's aid may be solicited by them to create distractions in Ireland. *There* is a sore that is never allowed to heal: it has paralysed and still paralyses the power of this great country. Hence it has been the arena of political warfare. For party purposes, the Church of Ireland has been discouraged, the Romish priesthood coquetted with, ten bishoprics of our Church annihilated to please them, and that fatal error Catholic Emancipation perpetrated. And here we are compelled to add, that one of the professed principles of Romanism has been made patent—that faith is not to be kept with heretics; for how ill the oath of doing nothing to the disparagement of the Church of England was kept by Roman Catholic members is too well known.

It may not be amiss here to make one remark. We remember the warnings given when the Emancipation was carried; we now see how just—how prophetic they were. But the remark we were about to make is this:—How little trust is to be placed in any prospective promises that Ministers at any time may make! They too often speak as if they had a prescriptive right to a perpetuity of office. We remember the Duke said, that, should the country be disappointed in their hopes of the peace, amity, and good faith of the Roman Catholics, he would be the first to come forward to annul the grant. He has been called upon to fulfil his promise. His reply is, that he is not in office.

It is admitted by the best advocates for leaving this aggression to itself, that the Roman Catholic religion is dangerous; that, if it could recover its political ascendancy, another Marian persecution would follow. It is said

that, although it never renounces anything to which it had once committed itself, that times and circumstances are changed; that the coercion which made it more dangerous has been relinquished by Governments. Emancipation, if it has not changed its character, has rendered it innocuous. And it is asked, What has occurred since emancipation? The question may well create surprise. What has occurred! Has Ireland acquired the promised peace, the absence of rebellions, the discontinuance of denunciations from altars, and murders, which a shamefully palliating press almost excuse by naming "*agrarian*?"

True, indeed, is it that the Papacy renounces nothing of all it ever claimed, however it has renounced its creeds. This obstinacy delayed Roman Catholic Emancipation twenty-five years, because the suggestion of allowing the Crown a veto in the nomination of bishops was treated with scorn. Every Popish priest, says Blackstone, renounces his allegiance to his lawful sovereign upon taking orders. That he may more substantially, more effectually do so, the attempt is made to substitute their canon law for the law of the land. And here we see one great object of the aggression. The so-called Cardinal Wiseman alleged that the object of the Pope's brief was to introduce the "real and complete code of the Church; that, for this purpose, the Roman Catholics must have a hierarchy; that the canon law was inapplicable under vicars-apostolic; that, besides, there were many points that required to be synodically adjusted; and that, without a metropolitan and suffragans, a provincial synod was out of the question." What are these points to be so adjusted—requiring this extraordinary organisation, but that this kingdom, in the fustian simile of the Cardinal, is to be restored as a planet to roll round the centre, the Pope? But this centre is no fixed sun, disseminating its certain and seasonable heat. The comparison will not hold with Popery, that is only the *semper eadem* in one course—that of perpetual aggression; of one only law—domination. Are its creeds one and the same consistent unerring faith

from the beginning? Creeds have been thrown off that implied a submission, or even subscription, to the creeds of the ancient church, that were built upon the authority of the Scriptures and the Apostles. All things of doctrine and authority must have their real origin in, and arise *primo motu* from, the Papacy. St Peter himself, from whom the succession is claimed, is discarded; the inspired dictum of a present Pontiff is all-sufficient. There is a law now for all this, unknown to the Apostles, not sanctioned in the Gospels; they call it the law of "development." It is not a new doctrine this, but is now prominently brought forward, sanctioned, established. St Peter orders, "If any man speak, let him speak as the *oracles of God*;" that is, as the Holy Scriptures speak. They say, Let no man speak but the Pope; he is the only oracle of God. The Scriptures give the rule of faith. They say—No, the Scriptures are insufficient; the true faith is locked in the Pope's breast, and he delivers it out when and in such portions as he pleases. He is neither bound by antiquity nor Scriptures. Development is in him. It is true, many eminent divines of the Romish Church—as, for instance, Bossuet—have strenuously opposed this doctrine of development. But there is another progress besides Popery. Inquiry has its developments: the old foundations of Papacy have been shaken; antiquity and apostolic faith, it has been proved, it has departed from. It must, therefore, change its foundation. There was no resource but to this law of development. The Scriptures have failed the Papal doctrines. They have been hidden—they have been mistranslated—translation set aside for new translation, each more false—and Pope after Pope have declared their predecessors, and those who received these Bibles, heretics; till, it being impossible to remove the Scriptures altogether, a new doctrine is invented, that at least shall supersede them—and that doctrine is now in the greatest favour. It is the grateful and acceptable offering to the Court of Rome by the neophyte author of the *Essay on Development*—the convert Mr Newman. It is for this he

has been graciously received at Rome, and welcomed on his way by the Archbishop of Paris, and flatteringly received by the Nuncio of the Apostolic See; landed by the most eminent bishop of the French Church and the journals of France, and honoured by lectures on his essay by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Edinburgh. It may be worth while to look a little into this law of development, as declared in this essay of Mr Newman, and put forth as the doctrine to be received by the faithful of the Papal Church. It has been well sifted, perhaps by none more ably than by Dr Wordsworth, Canon of Westminster. And how, with such a comment, will it be received by the old members of the Roman Catholic Church!

"Mr Newman's conversion to Romanism," says Dr Wordsworth, "was accompanied, as I have said, by the publication of his *Essay on Development*, which is intended to declare the grounds of his change. But it so happens that, in this volume, he has inflicted a severe wound on the Papacy. Its very name is ominous against it. What is Development? The explication and evolution of something that was wrapped up in embryo. St Paul gives us a very pertinent illustration of this process with respect to doctrine. He speaks of a Mystery. What is a Mystery? A thing concealed, *undeveloped*. He speaks of a Mystery of *Iniquity*—or rather, of lawlessness (*ἀνομία*.) He says that this mystery is already at work, like leaven, secretly fermenting the mass in which it is; and he adds, that in time it will be developed.

"Let us apply this to the fundamental doctrine of Romanism, viz., the Pope's supremacy. 'On this doctrine,' says Cardinal Bellarmine, 'the whole cause of Christianity' (he means Romish Christianity) 'depends.' Let us now turn to the essayist. He allows (indeed, with his well-stored mind he could not do otherwise) that, in the first ages of the Church, this doctrine existed only in a seminal form; that is, it was a *mystery*. 'First the power of the Bishop awoke, then the power of the Pope,' (p. 165.) 'Apostles are harbingers of Popes,' (p. 124.)

Again, (p. 319,) 'Christianity developed in the form first of a Catholic, then of a Papal Church.' So that, in fact, the primitive ages of the Church—the purest, the apostolic times—did not hold *that* doctrine on which the 'cause of *your* Christianity depends.' (Dr Wordsworth is writing to M. Condon, author of *Mouvement Religieux en Angleterre*.) And thus you are brought into the company of those *heretics* of whom Tertullian writes, 'that they were wont to say that the Apostles were not acquainted with all Christian doctrine, or that they did not declare it fully to the world; not perceiving that, by these assertions, they exposed Christ himself to obloquy, for having chosen men who were either ill-informed, or else not honest.' Let me remind you also, my dear sir, of the words of a greater than Tertullian. Our blessed Lord himself says to his Apostles, 'All things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you;' and that the 'Holy Spirit should *teach them all things*, and guide them into all truth, and bring all things to their remembrance, whatever he had said unto them.' And he orders them to proclaim to the world what they had heard from him: 'What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light; and what ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the house-tops.' 'Teach all nations *all things* whatsoever I have commanded you.' And accordingly, St John witnesses, that Christ's true disciples 'have an unction from the Holy One, and know *all things*;' and St Paul, as a faithful steward of his Lord's house, the church, declares that 'he has kept *nothing* back from his hearers;' that he 'uses great plainness of speech;' and 'not being rude in knowledge, has been thoroughly made manifest to them in all things;' and has 'not shunned to declare unto them *all the counsel of God*;' and he plainly intimates that he should not have been 'pure from their blood,'—that is, he would have been guilty of destroying their souls, if he had done so. And he warns all men against building 'hay and stubble on the only foundation which is laid;' and says that, 'though an angel from heaven preached unto them anything *beside* what he had preached unto them, and

they had received from him, let him be accursed.'”

According to the theory of development, if a doctrine be said to be evolved from Scripture, it is not from the plain, but the mystic sense, from “the spiritual or second sense.” Thus, any doctrine may be drawn from Scripture—and there is to be but one interpreter—the “one living infallible judge.” Let us see a specimen of this honest interpreter. Pope Innocent III. (who dethroned our King John) thus explains the text of Genesis i. 14,—“God made two great lights.” “These words” (says that Pope) “signify that God made two dignities, the Pontifical and the Royal; but the dignity which rules the day—that is, the spiritual power—is the greater light; and that which rules the night, or the temporal, is the lesser. So that it may be understood that there is as much difference between Popes and Kings as between the sun and the moon.” Pope Boniface VIII. thus applies to himself the tenth verse of the first chapter of the Prophet Jeremiah—“See I have this day set thee over the nations, and over the kingdoms, to root out, to pull down, and to destroy.” “Here,” says the Pope, “the Almighty is speaking of the power of the Church, to create and to judge the temporal power; and, if the temporal power swerves from its duty, it shall be condemned by the spiritual; and since Peter said to Christ, ‘Ecce duo gladii,’ (‘Lord, behold here are two swords,’) therefore the Pope has both the temporal and spiritual swords at his command; and since also Moses writes—‘In *principio* Deus creavit cœlum et terram,’ and not *in principis*, therefore there is only one principedom, and that is the Papacy.” Be it remembered the Papacy has never receded from any claim of power.

If such be the interpretations from Scripture, the Fathers and Councils of the ancient Church are handled according to pleasure. Whatever they say in opposition to the Papacy is of no authority; and the power of “correcting them” is assumed. Directions are given for the “Index Expurgatorius,” that passages shall be expunged; nay, the Fathers of the

Church, it is said, should be grateful for the correction—for the Fathers of the Church are the children of the Pope, and when “the Pope revises the lucubrations of his children, and corrects them when it is necessary, he discharges an office gratifying to the writers, and useful to posterity, and, in good truth, he then performs a work of mercy to his sons.” Neither Scripture nor ancient Church must stand in the way of the Pope’s will. In them the mystery was in a “seminal state” undeveloped. There is, according to this theory of development, but one real authentic inspiration, and that in the breast of the present Pope. Nay, it is asserted, that though the Pope for the time being should decree that which his successor contradicts and interdicts, the falsehood was true at the time, and for the time, as is the new developed truth. Thus—dreadful blasphemy!—God may be false; but man, one man, must be infallible. To support this infallibility the development theory is necessary. Now, it is this theory reduced to practice which at once makes the Papacy dangerous and hard to deal with. We have no security as to what it shall decree—as to what it shall establish as Christian doctrine, built upon no really Christian foundation. It is possible it may retain the name, and forsake Christianity altogether. We can be sure but of one thing, that it will never cease to proclaim, and to endeavour to enforce, its own supremacy. It has two capacities, mutually involved, each brought into play as occasion serves; and each serving, subtending to the other. It is both political and spiritual. But times and circumstances, we are told, are changed. True, but is the Popedom changed? It only wants the power. Pius V., who pretended to depose our Queen Elizabeth, and ordered her subjects to rise in rebellion against her, is now *worshipped as a saint*. Gregory VII., who deposed the Emperor Henry IV., has still his festival-day; and these words are in the second Lesson (not taken from Scripture)—“He” (St Gregory) “stood like a fearless wrestler against the impious attempts of Henry the Emperor, and deprived him of the communion of the faithful

and of his crown, and released all his subjects from their allegiance to him." Roman Catholic sovereigns have prohibited the printing this second lesson; but is it withdrawn? "As far as the Roman Pontiffs are concerned, it is read in every Church at this day." But, more than this; though formerly suppressed by the Parliament of France, 1729, it has found its way into the Paris and Lyons edition of the Roman Breviary of the year 1842. The Church of Rome, by eulogising these acts in her Liturgy, "shows her desire that they may be repeated."

But let us look to that which comes still nearer to us. The Church of Rome requires the oath of Pius IV., as declared in the Canon Law, to be taken by *all* her ecclesiastics. In the "Roman Pontifical," printed at Rome *by authority*, in the year 1818, the oath is thus given as required from the bishops:—"To be faithful and obedient to his Lord the Pope, and his successors; to assist them in maintaining the *Roman Papacy and the royalties of St Peter against all men*; to preserve, defend, augment, and promote its rights, honours, and privileges; to *persecute and impugn, with all his might, heretics and schismatics, and rebels against his said Lord*; to come when summoned to a Roman council; to visit the threshold of the Apostles (the city of Rome) once in every three years, to render an account to his Lord the Pope of all the state of his diocese, and to receive his Apostolic mandates with humility; and if he is unable, through any lawful impediment, to attend in person, to provide a sufficient deputy in his stead." Let us ask who are "rebels against his said Lord." Is it without design that the Papacy, which weighs nicely the force of words, in the recent brief speaks, not of the British Empire, but the "Kingdom of England?" Is no recognition intended of his claim to the disposal of the Kingdom of England, once surrendered to him? Does he not look upon all the Queen's subjects in England as rebels to him, "their Lord?" Can, we ask, a bishop taking this oath, and obeying its imperial mandates, and going to the "Roman Council," be said to owe any allegiance to his own lawful sovereign in England? Put the case,

that it shall appear advisable to the "Roman Council" at which such bishop shall be summoned—either at the instigation of some foreign power, or with a view to promote the Pope's interests—that the Queen of England's council shall be thwarted, and that a rebellious spirit shall be encouraged and fostered in Ireland: to which sovereign shall the said bishop pay obedience? Will it not be that one whose "mandates" he has sworn to "receive with humility?" Is there any one at all acquainted with our politics of the last half-century who will doubt that mandates injurious to the interests of England have been received, and have been obeyed? Need we refer to the Irish Rebellion of 1795? We shall there find an account of one Dr Hussey, an Irish priest, who had been bred at Seville, and was recommended by Burke to superintend the recently erected College of Maynooth, how he frequented the camp at Schaunstown, and tampered with the soldiers. We need not refer to the notorious fact of priests in active rebellion. "Bartholomew massacres" are thought old wives' tales, and impossible in modern times. Impossible!—is human nature so changed, and in so few years? Many of us remember the first French Revolution, to say nothing of very recent most cruel revolutions. By the Report of the Secret Committee of the House of Lords in 1797, it appears that it was decided by the conspirators that all persons who, from their principles or situation, may be deemed inimicable to the conspiracy, should be massacred; and the first proscribed list was calculated by one of their leaders at 30,000 persons. We would not dwell upon these atrocities; but we entreat those who speak so confidently of altered "times and circumstances" to consider for a moment what times they have lived in, and are living in. It is true we in England have been mercifully spared; but while even we were boasting of peace, cruel revolutions were commencing throughout Europe, brutal assassinations performed, for a fanaticism which belongs to human nature, and may readily be called into action either by religion or politics. Nay, we say more, that, according to the "development"

theory, we know not how much of religion political fanaticism may take up, nor how much of revolutionary politics religion may assume. The Roman Pontiff has had to fly for his life. Their boasted threshold of St Peter has been deluged with blood. We do not mean here to charge our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects with any of these diabolical intentions—far from it; but we must say that we do not see, in countries where their teaching has prevailed, any remarkable abhorrence of them. And we gather from the tenor of history that such atrocities grow out of events—and events of great importance grow out of creeds—and a struggle for religious supremacy (and the Papacy must ever strive to that end) always tends to persecution; and what shall we say, when persecution is a duty of obedience, and the consciences of the many are merged in the infallibility of a Pope? The history of the Popes shows a frightful list of these claimants of infallibility.

Few who speak or who write on this Papal Aggression approach the principle of toleration with any doubt; but surely toleration has its limits. "Civil and religious liberty:" under that banner we may have strange armies—destroyers.

Religious development is going on beyond the Popedom. The assumption of a kind of religion, or more properly a cant of religion, is the homage vice pays to virtue. The subverters of all social order are propagandists of a new religion. What are St Simonites? Even Red Republicans associate themselves to a kind of creed; and perhaps many take up one, purposely that they may demand a civil and religious liberty. We do not subscribe to the doctrine that "full and complete liberty" is to be given to every society that proclaims itself of a civil polity, or of a religious agreement. The principles of creeds should be ascertained, before full scope be given to them—and the principles of civil communities, before a state is justified in arming them with power. There are societies that can, and societies that cannot, live together peaceably, with equal power. There is a strong conviction in the

public mind, (and certainly justified,) that if Popery can once reach an equality in visible power with the Church of England, or even with Protestant Dissenters, a system of persecution would commence.

The present aggression is of a two-fold character. It is against the Church, which it ignores; and the sovereignty of England, which it both insults and defies. It sets up bishop against bishop—altar against altar. It takes up a position of authority, and impudently declares that it neither can nor will recede one step. Hear the "Bishop of Birmingham" so styled, Dr Ullathorne. He thus writes to Lord John Russell:—"There is one point for your Lordship to consider—the hierarchy is established; therefore it cannot be abolished. How will you deal with the fact? Is it to force a large body of her Majesty's subjects to put the principle of the Divine law in opposition to such an enactment?" Here is obstinate defiance; but there is more. He proclaims that the Pope's brief is a "*Divine law.*" Is not this the Pope's supremacy over the supremacy of England's sovereign? And if England's sovereignty maintains its own, what kind of warfare are we to have from Rome? Of course, the first step will be an Irish rebellion, or the attempt to raise one. Then is our Queen to be excommunicated—the old game played—the interdict, the absolving from allegiance, and the curse? Is the Pope, the foolish man, who has been driven from his Popedom, and just kept in it again by French bayonets, in his disappointment to enact the spite of a witch turned out of doors, and look back and spit, and take a revengeful pleasure in seeing the Canadian venom take effect? And of a truth it may be said Lord John Russell, Earl Grey, and some others of the Government, grow somewhat pallid from the poison; it has at any rate reached them. Lord John Russell thought it absurd to deny titles, which he now brings in a bill to interdict; Earl Grey would have the Roman Catholic Bishops sit in the House of Peers—and has given strange encouragement to them in the Colonies. Their titles have been smuggled into a Charitable Bequest

Bill. It is a hard thing for a Minister to eat his own words, tainted too by the Pope's venom. But, besides this, there appears to have been a connivance with this aggression, or an unpardonable ignorance, on the part of the Ministry. Whence is the suddenly conceived indignation that breaks forth in the Durham Letter? The event had actually taken place long before. Dr Wiseman was gazetted, as Archbishop of Westminster, at Rome on the 22d January 1848; in the *Gazette* he is called, "His Eminence the most Reverend Monsignore the Vicar-Apostolic, Archbishop of Westminster." What was Lord John Russell doing then? Was he practising "mummeries" that, in his after mind, bore similitude to those of Rome? He had not then been exorcised by Dr Cumming! He has now, however, been tutored to make mighty preparations, to doings of large professions for little ends. If he has not done worse, he has made a burlesque for the page of history, and the age of his Administration ridiculous to posterity.

Dr Wiseman, it has been shown, was gazetted in Rome, January 1848. If the Government knew that fact, did they know, do they know, the exact position in which that ecclesiastic is? Mr Newdegate, in the House of Commons, very clearly shows this position, that "Cardinal Wiseman is a legate of the Pope—a legate *à latere*, armed with still wider powers than Dr Cullen, and who, as he (Mr Newdegate) believed, merely delayed interfering with our social, civil, and temporal affairs, until that House should have separated for the recess." He showed them "that, from the earliest periods of our history, it had been contrary to the constitution and common law of the country that a legate of the Pope, and especially a cardinal, should come into this country without the leave of the sovereign, and without an oath taken that he would attempt nothing against the realm and liberties of the people."—"He found that there was a meeting of the clergy of the Established Church, a few days ago, at Zion College, at which Dr M'Caul, quoting from a recognised authority of the Catholic Church, stated that the order of Car-

dinals was literally a part of the Papacy and constitution—the privy council, which was the body corporate of the Pope; and then gave an account of how the office and power of the cardinal was wielded throughout. From that account it appeared that the office of cardinal, when the Pope assumed the temporal attributes of the Emperor, was converted into that of privy councillor; and that the cardinals ought not to be absent from the Papal court, except by reason of being sent out as legates. Cardinal Wiseman, then, could only be there as legate. Van Espin, whose works were recognised at Maynooth, also said, that whatever might be the case with other legates, cardinal legates were called legates *à latere*, because they were taken from the side of the Pope. He believed that Cardinal Wiseman had been asked whether he had taken the oath of privy councillor, and that his answer was that he had not. But he had taken the oath of archbishop in full, and that would be an excuse for not taking the oath of privy councillor; but he (Mr Newdegate) could find no possible authority for the omission. However, the oath of the archbishop was strictly the oath of privy councillor, binding the party to discharge temporal functions; and with this remarkable addition, that for the recovery of such rights and property as had been alienated from the Romish Church he would do his utmost. He wanted to show that Cardinal Wiseman, by his own act as cardinal priest, adverted to that very function, of labouring to the utmost for the recovery of the goods of the Church. It was a very long time since there had been a cardinal legate in England; and for this good reason, that it was contrary to the ancient statute law of this realm that these temporal officers of a foreign potentate should reside among us. Even Cardinal Beaufort, the brother of Henry VI., had found it necessary to have a special statute enacted in his favour, before he could reside in England as cardinal legate. Cardinal Wolsey was appointed legate at the express instance of Henry VIII.; and Cardinal Pole, after he had been compelled to leave England because he resisted Henry VIII.'s

proceedings with the temporalities of the Church, was appointed legate in England, not upon the motion of the Pope, but at the desire of Queen Mary. In the time of Elizabeth, the cardinal whom the reigning Pope had sent to England as nuncio, received in the Netherlands, whence he had sent to request permission to enter England, a prohibition from entering the realm, on the distinct ground that the ancient statutes of the realm declared that no legate from the Papal Court might reside in England. Happy would it have been for this country, (emphatically adds Mr Newdegate,) had the advisers of the present Queen emulated the firmness of those of Queen Elizabeth."

How much better would it have been to put in force an existing and old law, which can only be said to be obsolete because the offence against which it provided was obsolete, than to nullify it by a new and uncertain one, satisfying no one, and such as no one believes will, and perhaps the framer does not intend should, be obeyed. Sir Edward Sugden is of that opinion, and can there be a better legal authority? The people of this country have more confidence in old than new laws: they were made with more precision; and it was not then the practice to smuggle into them expressions for ulterior though hidden use. It is the boast of modern legislation, that a coach may be driven through our acts of Parliament. Queen Elizabeth, who would not suffer the legate to touch our shores, right royally said, "I will not have my sheep marked with the brand of a foreign shepherd." Modern liberality would be content to see Queen Victoria the Pope's sheriff. Is it to be borne, that a cardinal legate, whom existing laws exclude, should be allowed to organise a conspiracy of priests, all, not only virtually, but in word and deed, abnegating allegiance to their lawful sovereign? It is their business, it is in their bond, to persecute the majority of their countrymen as heretics, and to effect in the British dominions as much evil as shall so weaken their country as to make her unable to resist the foreign usurpation of their Pope, or even those of our enemies with whom he may be in league. It

is surprising that Mr Gladstone should palliate the doings of the Synod of Thurles, and seem to justify them on the right of civil agitation allowed to other leagues. But surely the difference is great. Political agitators, bad as they often are, do not bring the authoritative dictum of a religious synod. The Synod of Thurles denounces with an authority more potent than the law of the land; they appeal not to reason, to policy, but to obedience. The law is given out by the legate, and enforced by the Synod. They know the danger of mooted questions between landlord and tenant; and it is the very danger which tempts them to it. It is in fact a threat, and the first move of its action. It is almost a declaration to this effect:—The Pope, and we in his name, have right to the land, to dispose of it as we please; and if you in the slightest degree resist or interfere with us, we will stir up those who shall take it from you. They know the threat extends to the life as well as property. All means with them are lawful for the one end. Do we, in all these fruits of the aggression, and of the Ministerial favour which created it, see the promised gratitude of the Roman Catholics? Every obstacle to the free exercise of their religion had been removed; and we were to have peace, but have it not, because, from the vantage-ground of their emancipation, a dominant supremacy was to be superadded. The hierarchy is not for the use of the Queen's Roman Catholic subjects, but for the Pope and his priesthood's power. Even the time it has been allowed to be here, while there was a law that might instantly have been put in force, is a submission to it. It is tampering with illegality and with insult; neither the one nor the other should be suffered to remain a day. The dignity of England is deteriorated by delay. And what has this delay—this sufferance of the evil done, but added to its growth? It is worse than ridiculous, it is mischievous to be furious against an enemy, as our Prime Minister was in his Durham Manifesto, and not to crush his power. All the fury and fierceness is made to appear cruelty for the time and weakness after; and thus the enemy gets

more than he had before. The difficulties attending the dealing with this aggression now cannot be denied. They have been greatly enlarged by the mode of proceeding adopted. Parliament, or the executive, might have instantly demanded reparation for the insult, and the law have been as immediately enforced.

The difficulties now must not be denied; and they increase day by day, and will be sure to increase with *new* legislation. Suppose we have in the British dominions a Roman Catholic population of seven or eight millions. It is too vast a number to ignore, even though the "Protestant brotherhood" out of the Church should desire so to do. If we were a strong Government we might, and ought to do this—to enact that every Romish priest, having sworn obedience to a foreign potentate, has so far renounced his allegiance to his lawful sovereign, and therefore should be subject to a registration, and, with some limitation, be considered an alien.

We might abrogate "Catholic Emancipation," seeing that it was a compact broken by one of the contracting parties. But although we believe all this would be just and fair, and safe, and that one day or other—after, perhaps, frightful rebellions—it will be done, it is nearly certain we cannot do it now. The whole system of government is on another principle—it is called a "Liberal" one. It is that of reconciling to you those of whose dispositions you cannot be certain, if they will be reconciled; and you renounce the government of fear, of which you may be certain, and for which you need but consult your own breast. There is no general liberty where even comparatively a few evil-doers have no fear. The Government has put itself in the position in which it can scarcely do anything that is not mischievous; for if effectual suppression is out of the question, there is only left a something to do which will satisfy none, and will irritate beyond measure the Roman Catholics in Ireland. We can only look to a future day for the registration of the priesthood, and allowing them defined rights, and the imposing restrictions, by which they shall no

longer denounce from altars and preach rebellion.

There are other evils, likewise, attending this hierarchy introduction, which require immediate remedy—the evil of their convents and nunneries. These are the real instruments of the Papal tyranny. How are they increasing! In 1847 there were in this country thirty-four convents—in 1848, thirty-eight; and in 1851, fifty-three.

The country is demanding, and well it might, a legal inspection of these houses. It cannot be borne that young inexperienced women of the most tender age, with the common feelings of nature undeveloped, ignorant alike of themselves and the world, should be entrapped, imprisoned in these so-called religious houses, perhaps for life, and their properties seized for the benefit of these religious establishments. Who knows anything of the inmates? If they are miserable, they are shut out from the notice of the world, which is ignorant of their lives and of their deaths—how they live or how they die—in regrets, in a repentance they believe sinful—broken-hearted. The recent disclosures, coming as they do unexpectedly, not as things got up, appear providential, offering, as they do a most wholesome check, as well as creating abhorrence, disgust, and an active enmity to the whole system. These disclosures have not been without their effect on those who have seemed inclined to look upon the Romish Church not unfavourably.

In the case of Miss Talbot, is there one person concerned in that affair that does not appear implicated in a plot—from the bigotry of Lord and Lady Shrewsbury, to the perpetrations of the so-called Bishop of Clifton? Dr Hendren, unfit as he is to be the bishop of any church, is also a weak and vulgar-minded man—and from his weakness we learn something worth remembering. He avows that the Romish Church wants money; and his own letters show what methods, or rather what arts, are to be used to obtain it. That case is too well known to need farther comment now. We wish we could think Miss Talbot still protected. This is but one case out of many.

The case of the two young women of the Black Rock convent tells the same story. They were, it was given in evidence, as much compelled to sign away their property as if a pistol had been held to their heads.

Money must be obtained for the Romish Church, and the end justifies the means. No sum is too small, and no large sum large enough. In the case of Carré, the poor man did not even receive that for which he had paid. The deed signed, he was suffered to die without the last offices. What does Mr Newdegate say of his own neighbourhood, in his place in the House?

"In his own neighbourhood there were convents, too many. From one of them, some years ago, a nun escaped. Unfortunately she was taken back. What did they know farther of that woman? Nothing: except that within a week afterwards fifteen hundredweight of iron stanchions were put up to barricade the windows, and convert the place into a perfect prison. Women entered there—they died. There was no account of their illness or their death. No coroner's inquest was held. They were utterly shut out from light and life, and, he would add, from the protection of the law."

We venture to extract a case from a Hereford paper, because the writer received the narration, as will be seen, from the best testimony:—

"We know a case where a young lady of wealth became an inmate of one of these 'Religious Houses.' It was here in England. She had not been so long, ere she began to write home for money for purposes of charity. Her requests were complied with at first, not unwillingly; subsequently, as the requests became more frequent, and in larger sums, with reluctance. At length the amount became so considerable, that her friends became uneasy, and felt it right that her guardian and trustee should have an interview with her, and remonstrate on the extent to which she was impoverishing herself. He did so, and discovered that not one shilling of the money had reached her. The applications were all forgeries. Apparently they were in her hand-writing; she knew nothing whatever of them! This, of course, led to a searching inquiry, which every endeavour was made to baffle; but the trustee was resolute. It turned out that one of the

sisters in the nunnery was an adept at imitating handwriting, as was another in worming out of all new-comers the amount and particulars of their property. Between them—it is not difficult to understand how—the pillage was effected. What became of the money so obtained we know not. But the worst remains to be told. In order to save the character (1) of the superior, and of the establishment, the poor girl was prevailed upon—how and by whom may be imagined—to adopt the whole. There was, of course, an end of the investigation, and of the affair. The young lady became a nun herself, and is so, we believe, at this moment. Her guardian and trustee is a merchant of eminence in the city of London. We have given the facts as narrated by himself."

This case is so like others, that it may be said, without much reserve, *Ex uno disce omnes*. "Faith is not to be kept with heretics." Even saints of the Romish Church have declared that a lie may be, and ought to be, told for the good of the Church. Such maxim may be found in the works of the canonised Ligouri. We give Cardinal Wiseman credit for a high moral character, and learn that he is much esteemed; but we cannot acquit him of a *suppressio veri*, in a statement made recently by him, that the children of the person who had bequeathed (to him, we believe) a considerable sum for purposes of the advancement of the Romish religion, were *in possession of the property*. Now it was not even quite true, for they were only in possession of a *life-interest* in the property. Suppose the property to be £3000 per annum, what is the *property* of a life-interest, and what of the reversion? Whoever was in possession of the value of the reversion, was in possession of the larger amount. The children, therefore, were not in possession of the property. It is absolutely necessary that Mortmain should be applied to bequests of this nature. The item of purgatory in the Roman Catholic creed is too potent upon the fears of the dying, when weakness of body and of mind aids those fears, in providing, by bequests, a release from purgatorial pains. But there are legacies, gifts, or confiscations of another kind that must be looked to. The

property of all who enter monasteries or convents for life should pass, excepting an annual portion, to the immediate relatives; in case of none, to the Crown. This would be a merciful provision, for it would be the surest protection, perhaps the only one. It is the temptation to possess their property which makes nuns. We are here supposing monasteries and nunneries still allowed to exist, and vows to be taken. But we confess we have another view. There are "illegal" oaths, and laws provided to take severe cognisance of them. It may be doubtful if there is not a treason against oneself, that ought to be illegal, as there is against a sovereign or a government. To take the vow of celibacy, of perpetual virginity, is a treason against nature, and against the first law of our Creator. It is a suicidal vow, and should be considered a crime; and we believe it would be sound legislation, though suiting not some notions of religious liberty, to put a stop at once to these vows in England. At all events, it is not according to civil liberty that either parents or guardians, or parties themselves, should be allowed permanently to bind their conscience down, and to inflict or to submit to a perpetual imprisonment, from which there is no possible subsequent escape.

It should be no matter of surprise if Christians, whatever be their denomination, unite in endeavouring to resist this growth of a power sworn to put down, to persecute to the utmost, as heretics and rebels, all who submit not in obedience to the Pope. "Cunningly devised" indeed must be that system which has, most unfortunately, shown itself to be a potent charm, working in the minds of too many of the clergy of the Church of England. We cannot imagine by what arguments they have been persuaded, either by themselves or others. It would seem to be impossible that they could bring themselves to forsake *their* first, and *the* first, Christianity, as restored at the Reformation, for the adoption of impostures so transparent, were it not that it often happens that the mind, bewildered in the fever of controversial curiosity, and wearied by the multiplicity and oscillation of its

own thoughts, yields itself up, in despair of finding a solution of its own, to the name of an authority which promises rest from restless thought, and permanent quiet of conscience.

And yet we know not whether this aggression, even in the mischief it has done, may not in the end prove our strength. Under Providence, we may find in it a provocation to watch and guard more jealously the foundations of our Christian faith. It has led, and will further lead, to a full exposure of the Romish errors. They cannot escape the scrutiny of an inquiring world; and thus, even at the moment of its insolence and boasted triumph, the Popish religion may receive in this country a blow which may damage it in every part of Europe, and possibly precipitate it to its downfall. But it must no longer have a Government encouragement; that which has been given to it has, though not so intended, sufficed to evidence its character. It can never be trusted. If there had never been heresies, the pure faith might have been less a living principle. They have practically led to putting into effect and practice the divine command to "search the Scriptures." It is the will of Providence to bring good out of evil. Denial of false doctrines has been the illustration of the true. Received as Popery is now in this country, with, to the Papists, an unexpected hatred, with an undying suspicion, and manifested as it has been in some of its most offensive doings, it will indeed be our fault if it receive not more than discouragement—a combativeness which shall shake it to its foundation. Even now a wondrous change is taking place in all Roman Catholic countries. The Infallible is derided, some fall into the Protestant ranks, and, as a natural consequence of a long maintenance of superstitious errors, multitudes sink into utter infidelity. But in the British dominions a happier change is being effected. What are the few converts to Rome, of bewildered and dreaming ecclesiastics, to the large, the wholesale abandonment in Ireland of the Romish doctrines? The Pope and his cardinals cannot there any longer keep

the Scriptures from the people, and they are sensible of the bondage in which they have been held. Perhaps this is one cause of the insolent endeavour to establish their hierarchy. The priesthood and the Roman Catholic press, with a double object—the keeping up their religion and rebellion—yet uniting in one purpose, see that any movement is more safe to them than peace, which is weakening their hold, and confirming the strength and power over the people's minds of the religion of the Reformation.

Under these circumstances, in that country particularly, it is most unadvisable to allow any new position to the Papal power. Let it have no quasi-State authority, which our Government of late years has laboured to give it. Allow fully religious liberty, but mark distinctly where religious liberty terminates, and falls into a civil incompatibility. Allow not an inch of ground to the anomalous mixture, a divided allegiance. Exact strictly that allegiance, whole and undivided, without which civil liberty is endangered. If there be any doctrine in a religion subversive of that, those who hold it ought to be content with the liberty of holding it, but they must be content also with restrictions which civil liberty demands. Popery can only gain strength two ways—by positive persecution, and by indifference as to its movements. By the latter it is gaining strength at this day in France. The Church has been shaken off by the State; the mass of religionists, therefore, are become thoroughly ultra-montane, and acknowledge no authority but that of Rome. Persecution, we trust, will never be the law of England, until, if this shall ever be, Romanism prevails; and, to prevent so dire a calamity, restriction should be our law.

We have not, as some do, spoken exultingly of our "Protestantism" through any doubt of the thing; for as in opposition to Rome we are thoroughly Protestant, we protest most solemnly against all its unscriptural tenets—against its worse than tenets, its insidious doings, and its innate incurable tyranny; but we confess we are shy of the unnecessary use of a term which gives, and has

ever given, them a handle of advantage. It allows them to ask, "Where was your religion before Luther?" as if we should admit that Christianity began with Protestantism, and not with the Scriptures themselves, and the appointment of our only one infallible Head. Nay, we might fairly retort upon them, that if they will take the word, which we object not to in itself, in this sense, we have the best right to throw it back upon themselves; for theirs is the law of development—a law of perpetual change, a law of continual protest against themselves, against their doctrines of yesterday—protest against the doctrines of the Apostles; protest against the Universal Church's teaching before Popery was, protest against its own Popery at different times—it is a protest against what it establishes to-day as that which may be legitimately uprooted to-morrow. And this is what the "Unchanging" is doing by his infallibility. "The faith delivered to the saints" is not with the Papacy one faith; there is but one faith, the dictum of the one present Infallible—the Pope of Rome. By this they protest against their own best men, and most learned theologians, who have strenuously contended against this their law of development. What pen could put down a historical catalogue of all the "Roman variations," which yet they are pleased to call "one truth?"

The *Index Expurgatorius* is a curious document: it shows how the Infallible deals with authorities; what variations he makes—what subtractions and what additions. That made known by Zetsner, 1599, contains some curious specimens. The Roman Church did not *publish* this, but sent it to the prelates, to be by them distributed to a few fit—"quos idoneos judicabunt"—bibliopoles. Thus the Pope will alter these words of St Augustine: "Faith only justifies," "Works cannot save us," "Marriage is allowed to all," "Peter erred in unclean meats," "St John cautions us against the invocation of saints." The holy Bishop (says the Church of Rome) must be corrected in all these places. St Chrysostom teaches that "Christ forbids heretics to be put to death;" that "to adore

martyrs is antichristian;" that "the reading of Scripture is needful to all;" that "there is no merit but from Christ;" that it is "a proud thing to detract from or add to Scripture;" that "bishops and priests are subject to the higher powers;" that the "prophets had wives." The venerable patriarch must be freed from all these heretical notions. Epiphanius affirms that "no creature is to be worshipped;" this is an error, and must be expunged. St Jerome asserts that "all bishops are equal;" he must be here amended. Such, and others of subtraction and addition, are the directions *secretly* and authoritatively given by the Roman Church to the venders and publishers of books. Nor let any be deluded by the idea that there is no *Index Expurgatorius* now. These are doings, not of a time, but of a continuation, as an inherent necessity of the Roman Church; which must, to keep its position, thus treat authority, whether of the Primitive Church, or of the Scriptures themselves. The above passages are taken by Dr Wordsworth from the *Index Expurgatorius*.

But this ever-variable Infallibility, which discovered purgatory at the time of the discovery of America, as if practically, by cruel inflictions, to show what its torments might be; this boasted one, yet ever-varying Infallibility, has, under Pope Pio Nino, now at length developed a new doctrine—not new, indeed, in invention, for it was mooted at the Council of Trent, and set aside as uncertain by that "certain" council, but new as an established authoritative dogma—the "immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary." It is no longer true, in the Roman Catholic belief, that there was but "one sinless." There is now a new exception; it is now no longer a truth that, Christ excepted, "the Scripture hath concluded *all* under sin." The Virgin Mary was, as the infallible present Pope decrees, born without sin; she was miraculously, immaculately conceived; and hence, what follows? Awful to contemplate is this most recently received dogma. She has an altar to her by the side of that to God the Father. The Roman Catholic Church is no

longer Trinitarian—it is Quaternian; it sets up a Quaternity for that glorious Trinity, "three persons and one God." And where is all this development to end? Doubtless, it is in the wisdom above man's, that, like the serpent that was devoured by his own brood, it should be ultimately destroyed by its own inventions; for it makes "the Scripture of none effect" by its traditions and developments.

But to return to the present aspect of things, and the position of the Papal aggression. It will not do to leave the Roman Catholics the power of holding synods, and thereby doing such work as the legate, a member of the Pope's Council, shall dictate; and, at the same time, to fetter the Church of England, which has her legitimate Parliaments only as a mockery—to ordain that all religious bodies shall be free, and the Church of England not free. It is well known that there is a disposition, not confined to a few, to Germanise her Liturgy according to the rationalistic principle; and that advantage is taken of this aggression to promote that end. The movement for this object is on foot: without doubt, it is joined by many who do not see these ulterior views, and believe they can put down thereby practices which seem to lean to Rome, and there stop. They will have no such power. The majority in this movement are desirous of destroying all creeds—in fact, of repudiating the Church. It is well known that there is something very like a conspiracy to bring about this change in Established religion (originating in Germany) in every country. It is about five years ago since a great metropolitian municipal body addressed a memorial to the Sovereign of Prussia upon his throne, embodying principles which still, under the name of Christianity, are subversive of all Christian doctrines. They are, in fact, principles which make every man his own God. His own mind is Christianity—and is infallible. The divine authority of Scripture is ignored. They speak of the "Spirit of Christ," but only as a principle within their own minds; and that principle as the "Church." They, too, adopt the development theory—

"She finds in her foundation and in her history the clue that conducts her through the labyrinth of human error, and the *rule of the development of her doctrine*. Christianity renews itself in the human heart, and follows the development of the human mind, and invests itself with new forms of thought and language, and adopts new systems of church-organisation, to which it gives expression and life. The *Scriptures* and the creeds are the witnesses of *ancient Christendom*. Being, however, the *works of men*, they express the faith of *men*; and their form bears the impress of the time in which they were made. It is not in *them* that absolute truth resides, but it is in the *spirit* of truth, holiness, and love, which animates mankind. He who revealed Himself to the world by the authors of the *Scriptures*, is *in us*, and *by us*. He interprets the same *Scriptures*, and judges of their truth."

Thus, according to this really atheistical disgusting verbiage, Christianity is a myth, "within us" and "by us." And we ask if Protestantism—the Protestantism of the Reformation, or the Protestantism after the Reformation, as it now exists in the Church of England or Scotland, or in sects of any Christian denomination—would not shrink with horror from a proposal to substitute this blasphemous farrago for the creeds, liturgies, and services in established use?

We have ventured upon this, it may be thought, delicate ground, because we think it intimately connected with this Papal aggression, and with modes of dealing with it. The Rationalistic aggression would be the most intolerant. It has a mortal hatred to creeds. It is of the Philosophy which, in the French Revolution, massacred priests and demolished churches. It claims its own infallibility, and would make it subservient to a tyranny. It would be as dominant as the Papacy, and denounce its heretics. If there be any that have a confidence in present times and present *liberality*, and believe that none of these things can come to pass in our country, we would only refer them to a few lines in the page of our recent history, wherein may be read

that a furious mob centred itself from all parts in one of the most important cities of the kingdom, attempted to burn down the cathedral, did burn and tear and trample on the Bible, and burnt to the ground the bishop's palace, and eagerly sought the bishop's life.

"The holiness," and even the "love," "within us," that is not of the Christianity of the *Scriptures*, is an absolute deceit and falsehood; and will ever be, in operation, the most selfish cruelty.

It is an audacious impiety in man to claim infallibility: "*humanum est errare*." Rationalism and Popery are above humanity. What Cicero said of the smile, when augur meets augur, it may be thought may take place when the Pope meets his confessor. For the Infallible confesses—what?

There is but one infallible, the one Head of the Church which He made. He has given an infallible guide—the Holy *Scriptures*—all-sufficient, and which require no "development" to interpret them.

Upwards of five centuries ago, the great poet of Italy spared not the expression of his indignation against Popes, monkeries, and their mercenary distribution of "blessings," "pardons," and "indulgences," that fatten, as he terms them, the "swine of St Anthony." He refers all true doctrine to the directions given by the only Infallible, and as taught by the primitive Church.

"Non disse Christo al suo primo convento
Andate, e predicate al mondo ciance.
Ma diede lor verace fondamento."

"Christ said not to his first conventicle
Go forth, and preach impostures to the world,
But gave them sure foundation."

And, a few lines after, he speaks contemptuously of the mummery, and promises, pardons, and buffooneries of the Popish preachers of those days; and adds that, if the gaping populace could but see "the dark bird that nestles in the hood," they would "scarce wait to hear the blessing said."

THE BOOK OF THE FARM.

THERE are some things of which a traitorous Parliament cannot deprive the agriculturist. His is the only industrial occupation that can be said to possess a literature of its own—a literature at once ancient, varied, extensive, and curious. In the Augustan era, the Romans could number upwards of fifty Greek authors who had contributed to illustrate the practice and science of agriculture; and we know, with much greater precision, how important a niche agriculture occupies in the existing library of ancient Rome. The curious and quaint lore of Cato the elder—the three works of Varro, the ripest scholar of his age, and evidently the very model of an accomplished Roman gentleman—the minute details of Columella—and the various but somewhat apocryphal information scattered throughout the writings of Pliny, with many lesser luminaries who have written *de re Rusticâ*, abundantly indicate the importance which the Romans, in the most brilliant era of their history, attached to the study and practice of agriculture. But in a literary aspect the poems of Virgil better demonstrate, than the professional writers just named, how deeply the love of agriculture was cherished by the finest intellects of classic antiquity. In the most original productions of his immortal muse, Virgil has embellished with the charms of divine poesy the arts of rural economy, and the habits of rural life. What other toil of weary mortals has genius enshrined in imperishable verse? Nay, what other industrial calling could wake the inspirations of genius? “The textile fabrics,” as they are somewhat pedantically called, are now in the zenith of their popularity; but is Jute poetical, or is Calico propitious to the Muses? The Budge Doctors of the economic school will smile at the question. Although not embraced in their philosophy, it may nevertheless be an important feature in the occu-

pation of a people that it furnishes meet themes to the poet's fancy, and is in harmony with the purer sympathies of the human soul. In such an avocation it may be inferred that there can be nothing innately vulgar or mean, nothing ancillary to low vice and coarse immorality. The ancient Romans seem to have thought that agriculture was the only profession in which a gentleman could engage without suffering degradation. The sentiment is still prevalent; and the professor of the *Literæ Humaniores* may yet betake himself to his Sabine farm without sully the honour of the ancient dynasty of letters. One Roman writer speaks of husbandry as an art noble enough to occupy the attention of kings; and to this day we seem ready to acquiesce in the opinion. The Prince Consort fitly employs a leisure hour in observing the processes of agriculture carried on at the home-farm of Windsor; but the national taste would probably not allow it to be a regal employment to watch the spinning of cotton or the printing of calico. The Roman authors duly appreciated the moral influences which the employment of husbandry exerted on the mind. *Omnium rerum, ex quibus aliquid acquiritur, nihil est Agriculturâ melius, nihil uberius, nihil dulcius, nihil homine libero dignius.* And Ceres, according to the poet, *prima dedit leges.* This was indeed the doctrine of the more ancient Greek writers; and the object of the Eleusian mysteries seems mainly to have been intended to represent the importance of agriculture as the handmaid of civilisation. The mind insensibly catches a hue and complexion from the natural objects with which it is conversant, and the beautiful in nature may be friendly to the beautiful in morals.

“The soul
At length discloses every tuneful spring,
To that harmonious movement from without
Responsive.”

The peaceful employments of the husbandman, and his daily converse with nature in her gentler as well as more solemn moods, can scarcely fail to be favourable to devotional feeling, and to the milder and more amiable virtues. Although this must be a matter of infinitely small moment to those in whose estimation the *summum bonum* of human life consists "in buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest," yet a wise statesman might not be uninfluenced by such a consideration in cherishing a branch of national industry—of vital moment, no doubt, in its economic results, but so peculiarly propitious to the growth of the peaceful and patriotic virtues, to the rearing of a virtuous peasantry, and of brave and loyal yeomen, who in every peril have proved the thews and sinews of the commonwealth. Although the statesmen of the Augustan age correctly appreciated the importance of agriculture as the surest basis of national prosperity, yet the neglect of husbandry, and the consequent dependence of the people for their daily food on imported grain, which occurred at an after period, largely contributed to the decay of the Roman empire. The history of ancient Attica reads us a similar lesson. The Athenian farmers, anticipating the recommendation of Sir James Graham, devoted their attention more to pasturage than agriculture. The necessary result was an immense importation of corn to provide for the subsistence of a population unusually numerous and dense. Demosthenes tells us that the quantity of corn annually imported from the Crimea alone amounted to 400,000

medimni— a *medimnus* containing about four of our bushels; and the peril of such stipendiary reliance for the staple article of the people's food on the caprice of neighbouring, or, it may be, hostile states, was bitterly experienced by the Athenians, and precipitated the crisis in which Grecian freedom and Grecian glory sank overwhelmed never to revive. But history has been written in vain for our modern statesmen, who are infinitely too wise to be instructed by the monitory lessons in the art of government which may be derived from the decline and fall of Greek and Roman greatness.

Without stopping to trace the history of British Agriculture, we venture to offer an opinion which we believe will be acquiesced in by those most familiar with the subject—that, while modern times have contributed not a little to our knowledge of the principles and theory of agriculture, they have done infinitely more to advance the improvement of the practice of agriculture.* We say so, without at all intending to disparage the discoveries of Chemistry and Vegetable Physiology. From these sources we expect much more important services, in advancing the art of husbandry, than certainly they have ever yet rendered.

We do not believe that there ever was a time in the history of this country, when so deep an excitement existed in the public mind regarding the present position and future prospects of our domestic agriculture. As the sun never attracts so much attention as during an eclipse, so it would seem to fare with British agriculture in the disastrous plight into which

* Those acquainted with the writings of Tull, Arthur Young, Marshall, and Elington, must know that, although not exempt from errors, they evolved the leading principles of a right agriculture. Indeed, we would seem almost to be recovering only the lost principles and practices of the Roman farmers of old. They seem to have known the mode of manuring ground by penning sheep upon it—nay, what will astonish Mr Mechi, they practised the plan of feeding them in warm and sheltered places with sloping and carefully prepared floors, upon barley and leguminous seeds, hay, bran, and salt. They knew the advantage of a complete pulverisation of the soil, and the necessity of deep ploughing. Their drainage was deep, and if Palladius does not mislead us, they seem in certain cases to have employed earthenware or tile-drains. But to those who wish to know more of Roman husbandry, and who may not have leisure or opportunity to consult the originals, we have great pleasure in recommending Professor Ramsay's (of Glasgow) paper entitled "Agricultura," in the last edition of *Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*,—an admirable specimen of condensed erudition.

legislation has plunged her. Our litterateurs have all taken to "piping on the oaten reed," and to paying their *devoirs* at the shrine of Ceres—in whose temple, however, they are manifestly neophytes, and as yet but playing the part of postulants. We hope, indeed, that we may remark without offence, that sometimes they place strange fire on the altar of the goddess, and that they do not always exhibit satisfactory proofs of being very intelligent or well-informed worshippers. When Goldsmith meditated an exploratory journey into the interior of Asia—with the view of discovering useful inventions in the arts, and of adding them to our stores of European knowledge—Dr Johnson, assured of his unfitness for the task, grotesquely supposed that "he would bring home a grinding-barrow, which you see in every street in London, and think that he had furnished a wonderful improvement." One cannot help fancying that some of our most brilliant contemners of the importance of British husbandry, were they to make a tour of discovery into rural parts—would run some chance of picking up a three-pronged fork, and of reporting it as the veritable trident of the god Neptuneus. Journalists, subject to commercial impulses and influences, are for the most part town-bred, and unacquainted with the habits of rural life, and with the theory and business of farming. Husbandry is too large a subject to be learned from the windows of an excursion train, or by the casual consultation of an agricultural cyclopædia. Unprepared by previous observation and study, it should not surprise us, when summoned to discourse Geographical lore to their readers, that our journalists should find it necessary to confine themselves to vague generalities, or political speculations on an agricultural question. We beg, however, respectfully to suggest that the writing of "Pastorals" has always been thought a somewhat difficult branch of the literary art. It is now abundantly proved that the agitation flowing from agricultural distress cannot be soothed by burning eloquence, or brilliant sneers, or sharp antitheses, or bold paradoxes; and the time would seem to have arrived

when it becomes those whose duty it is to instruct others, and to consult for the good of the State, to inform themselves accurately on a branch of national industry so engrossing public attention, and to weigh maturely and impartially the infinitely momentous and vastly complicated interests involved in the prosperity or decline of British husbandry.

The position, on the other hand, of those actually engaged in the business of agriculture, is far too critical to permit them indolently to lie on their oars. Within the last twenty years, immense advances have been made to improve our knowledge of the theory and practice of husbandry in all its branches; and if the owners and occupants of land are ignorant of these,—if they are ill-informed in their own business—if lack of knowledge compels them to sit silent when the spruce merchant glibly taunts them for their ignorance of the lights shed on their profession by the torch of modern science—if they are unable to defend themselves, and to vindicate the important interests which they represent—let the existing race of proprietors and farmers know assuredly that, if they are to fall degraded from their present position, they will, in the case supposed, fall the unpitied victims of commercial rapacity and a vicious legislation. Whatever may be the ultimate phase in which agriculture shall emerge from the cloud now resting on it, it is evident that those whose interests, capital, and prospects are dependant on the produce of the soil, were never urged by so pressing considerations to acquaint themselves fully and accurately with the science and practice of their profession.

There never was a juncture, we venture to assert, in the history of British husbandry, that so loudly demanded the publication of a work on agriculture at once copious and minute in its scientific details—fully up to the mark of modern improvement—incorporating everything old and new likely to throw light upon the subject—and detailing faithfully the latest experiments and discoveries of chemical, physiological, and mechanical science; and we can honestly congratulate the British agricultu-

rist, that, in the new edition of Mr Stephens' *Book of the Farm*, he truly possesses such a work.

We have, in our day, been not a little tormented with second editions. We have sometimes harboured the ugly suspicion that, in the matter of new editions, publishers and authors were in league to cheat the honest public; and, under the influence of this uncomfortable feeling, we have once and again vowed never to buy the first edition of any book whatsoever. On cool consideration, we feel constrained, however, to confess that the author of this work must have endangered, if not forfeited, the high position which he holds as an agricultural writer, had he not strenuously set himself to emend, and enlarge, and in great portions to re-write his book, when a new edition of it was demanded. It is not only that, on a subject so large, completeness in a first effort might have been naturally expected to baffle any knowledge, however comprehensive, and any industry, however indefatigable; but the brief period that has elapsed since the publication of the first edition has been so fertile in agricultural progress, and so rich in scientific inquiry and experiment, that not to have noted these, and embodied their results in this new edition, must have damaged not only the work, but the author, as implying an ignorance of, or a contempt for, the advancing tide of improvement. The present is undoubtedly a very superior work to the first edition; and it seems to us now to contain a complete institute of agriculture. We venture deliberately to affirm, that in no country or language was so perfect a work on agriculture ever given to the world before; and that no work on this subject, whether foreign or domestic, can for a moment come in competition with *The Book of the Farm*. Perhaps the most remarkable feature in the work is the immense mass of varied information which it contains. *The Book of the Farm* is indeed a many-chambered storehouse of agricultural lore—a vast repertory of information on the subjects of which it treats. To prove the erudition of the work to those that may be yet unacquainted with it, it may

suffice to state, that there are above fourteen hundred references to authors, ancient and modern, continental and domestic, who have written on the subject of agriculture, and on the allied branches of art and science. The references in the work are equivalent indeed to a *Bibliotheca Agricolaris*; and, by directing him to the authorities and sources of knowledge, will enable the educated agriculturist to prosecute his inquiries on any peculiar branch of his business in which he may desire more minute information than even the text embraces. *The Book of the Farm* is, in fact, another "Stephens' Thesaurus;" and the author must evidently be one of those robust geniuses, who can grapple with whole libraries, and reduce them to their service. Let it be understood, too, that the author's powers of assimilation are as excellent as his literary appetite; that the information is not heaped together in rude disorder, but is interwoven naturally with the texture of the narrative—every fact falling fitly and easily into the appropriate place, where it may best illustrate the precise point discussed. In nothing more than in this does the learned author show his complete mastery of the subject. We fancy that the tenant-farmer, in perusing this work, must often feel how much its author has dignified his art, by showing him how many sciences contribute to its advancement, and how many authors of great learning and talent have devoted their labours to advance the progress, and to vindicate the rights, of husbandry.

But all this learning may not be allied with practice; and the author of *The Book of the Farm* may, peradventure, be only a book-farmer—a species of impostor that has done a world of mischief in his day and generation. Quite the reverse. The author is enthusiastically practical, and his work is intensely practical. He seems, indeed, to look somewhat askance at any alleged improvement that is not likely to be profitable and beneficial; and we can fancy that he would abate the pretensions of an empiric boastful of some grand discovery, by asking, with an awful mildness, *Cui bono?* We can assure

the agriculturist that, in Mr Stephens, he will find an instructor thoroughly and eminently practical. He is perfectly familiar with the processes of husbandry. He writes not merely as an eyewitness; for it would appear from his book that there is scarcely any one of the manual operations of farming which he had not learned, and, by continued practice, acquired expertness in performing. We believe that there is no author, living or dead, who has written any similar work on agriculture, of whom the same thing can be said. It is an unspeakable satisfaction and comfort to the practical farmer to walk in company with such a guide. We remember very well the impression made on our mind by the first perusal of *The Book of the Farm*. We at once learned that the author, from actual practice, knew perfectly the employments of the ploughman, the agricultural labourer, the cattle-man, groom, and shepherd. With the most minute and insignificant, as well as the most important operations of husbandry, he seems equally familiar. We soon discovered that his knowledge of the history, habits, diseases, and general management of stock, was as perfect as if he had studied nothing else. He writes as minutely about cattle as if he had spent half a lifetime in the cattle-court; and urges that their "comfort" should be attended to as earnestly as if he were consulting for his wife and family. When he discourses on the fleecy people, you conclude that he must be a mountaineer, and that he has tended his flocks amid the valleys of Clova, or on the slopes of the Cheviot. This idea, however, was speedily dispelled by finding our author quite precise on the piggery; in fact, a most learned and enthusiastic *Porculator*. We were delighted to find that he did justice to the porcine race, for long the best abused of all our quadrupedal domestics. He writes with a genial enthusiasm on pigs that would have delighted the gentle spirit of Charles Lamb, (see his dissertation on "Roast Pig,") and have won the regard of Southey, (see his poem, "The Pig,") and astonished the ignorance of Sydney Smith, (see his late work "On

Morals,") and have caused a gracious smile to mantle o'er the benevolent countenance of the excellent Mr Huxtable. Pigs and poultry, in life and death, are natural allies; and it did not surprise us to find Mr Stephens intimately acquainted with the merits of the winged denizens of the homestead, and that brave chanticleer and his feathery harem were not dismissed without an accurate disquisition. By this time, however, we believed that the practical knowledge of the author was exhausted. But it was not so. He showed himself forthwith in new characters altogether, and proved himself to be a dexterous hedger, (no offence is meant,) no mean proficient in the veterinary art, and quite able to lend a helping hand to the blundering smith, carpenter, or mason; while, to complete the range of his attainments, Mr Stephens seems quite at home amid the perilous retorts and subtle agencies of chemical science.

The extraordinary extent and accuracy of our author's practical knowledge, is in some measure explained in the preface which accompanies the new edition. After a liberal education, he seems to have carefully trained himself for the business of farming by studying it in Berwickshire, "labouring with his own hands," as he tells us, at every species of farm work. He thereafter travelled through most of the countries of Europe, and thus obtained insight into the methods of Continental agriculture. Thus prepared, Mr Stephens commenced a practical farmer; and on a farm of three hundred acres, in Forfarshire, he executed a series of most successful improvements, some of them quite new, at the time—not only in the culture of the soil, but in the management of stock. Everything was done not only under his own personal inspection, but he scrupled not to put his own hand to the work; his object being, as he records, "that his mind and hands might be familiarised with every variety of labour appertaining to rural affairs." Since he relinquished farming, Mr Stephens has been an ardent student of his favourite science. If at any agricultural show a fine animal was to be seen, or if in any country or

district or farm an improved mode of culture was alleged to exist, our author seems to have resorted thither to test its merits by accurate and patient observation. His position as editor of the *Journal of Agriculture* necessarily makes him familiar with the literature of agriculture, and with every new light which Continental and British discovery has shed upon the theory and practice of agricultural industry. To these opportunities of knowledge he conjoins an unbounded enthusiasm and an unconquerable industry. Never before in one person, probably, had there met such a combination of qualifications fitting him to compose a standard work on agriculture. And thus equipped and furnished, never, we believe, did any author devote his energies with more untiring and conscientious fidelity to the performance of his self-imposed task. No inquiry seems too minute or insignificant—none too gigantic or laborious, if it will add to the store of instruction which he desires to communicate. He gathers information from all authors, famous or obscure, and levies assistance from all sciences, that he may satisfy his reader, and present his work perfect and complete! And now we beg to congratulate the author on the completion of his great work, for a *magnum opus* it emphatically is; and to acknowledge, with gratitude, the infinite obligations under which he has laid the agricultural world.

The primary intention of the author seems to have been to compose a work that might prove a manual of instruction to young men who were studying agriculture, and preparing themselves for the practical business of farming. But, in reality, the work has outgrown the original idea; and it forms now a complete code of instruction not only to the learner, but to the experienced farmer, to the landowner, and, in fact, to every one whose interests are dependant on agriculture, or whose duties lie in any one of the multifarious departments of rural affairs. The plan of the work is perfectly original, (although old Palladius may have given the hint,) and seems to us peculiarly felicitous. Mr Stephens divides the year into

the four agricultural seasons—not absolutely coincident with the chronological division, but sufficiently distinctive—each having its respective class of operations to perform. The work might, in this aspect, be described as the Farmer's Book of the Seasons, with the employments peculiar to each copiously described. There are undoubtedly cycles, recurring periods, if not of repose, at least of change, in the farmer's employment; and, by keeping in view these landmarks of nature, the author enables his reader to comprehend, step by step, the progressive advancement that takes place in the business of husbandry. We know no other work that affects even to do this, or from which it would be possible for the student to acquire an intelligible conception of the actual system of husbandry, in the natural and consecutive order in which her processes take place. It seems strange that, in preceding works, a similar plan had not been adopted. In learning a profession men begin at the beginning, and proceed gradually onwards through the curriculum of study and of practice. How should it have been thought that it could be otherwise in agriculture? Agricultural dictionaries and cyclopædias cannot possibly expound a system of husbandry; and it would defy any sagacity to frame one out of them. Their articles may individually be worthy of occasional consultation by the initiated; but they present to the student a bewildering and motley jumble of instruction, "beer" being found, perhaps, next neighbour to "beet," and "bones" in juxtaposition with "botany." Their prelections, written in different styles, and by authors differing oftentimes in opinion, resemble a multitude of loose, independent, and particoloured threads. In the *Book of the Farm* we find all rightly arranged, and woven by one artist into a web of continuous and consentaneous narrative. The concluding part of the work is entitled "Realisation," in which the author places his pupil on a farm of his own, pointing out the principles that should guide him in his choice of a farm, and teaching him how he should reduce his knowledge into practice. This is not the least valuable part of the

work, and in the strongest manner indicates the superior value that the author attaches to skill, energy, and success in the actual practice of husbandry, in comparison with any knowledge of the "Book theoretic," or any passion for experimental freaks. Having fairly embarked his agricultural alumnus in the business of life, Mr Stephens, as if loath to leave him, still accompanies him with invaluable directions, and continues to counsel him in kindest strain regarding the duties which he owes his servants, his neighbours, his landlord, and himself. Upon the whole, there is something approaching to epic excellence and dramatic unity in the conception and execution of the work; and when the author, in his final paragraph, bids us adieu, and expresses a hope that his labours may prove profitable and instructive to his brethren, it is impossible not to feel that the curtain has fallen upon a complete performance.

Until we received the concluding part of *The Book of the Farm*, which only reached us lately, we were considerably nervous on one point—quite vital, in our estimation, as to the merits of the book. The older we grow, we attach the more value to an accurately arranged index. We hesitate buying any book of importance unfurnished with such an accompaniment; and if it is a book deserving to be re-read, and to which frequent reference must be made, as is the case with the work under review, we put it without compunction into the *index expurgatorius* of our library-catalogue, and would without pity place the author in the pillory. What a time-table is to a railway, or a guide-book to a traveller in a strange land, such is an index to an extensive work; and if our readers consider that *The Book of the Farm* contains 1456 pages of clear but close print, in double columns, and embraces the whole range of subjects connected with the conduct of rural life, they will see the imperious necessity of a carefully compiled index for such a work. From the beginning we saw that the book was well planned and paragraphed, (the paragraphs now numbering 6459;) but no excellence of arrangement could compensate for

the want of an index. We are therefore happy to add that the value and utility of the work are consummated by the index appended. It is accurately digested and arranged, rendering reference easy and expeditious, and giving the reader a complete control over the voluminous contents. We have found it a prompt and sure guide to any particular point in the varied realms which the author surveys. We have narrowly tested its virtues; and having found it to fail but in one solitary case, and that only partially, we feel bound to approve of the judgment and labour bestowed upon this part of the work. We dwell upon this feature of it not only as momentous in itself, but because the possession of such an index gives *The Book of the Farm* all the advantages of an agricultural dictionary, while it has merits of its own to which such a work can never lay claim.

In describing the general character of the work, it would be grievous injustice to omit mention of the admirable manner in which it is illustrated. It is enriched with 14 engravings on steel, and 589 on wood, of the most exquisite quality. The portraits of the animals are not from fancy, but are faithful likenesses from life; and we know nothing more excellent or characteristic—not even Professor Low's elaborate and coloured plates of the domesticated animals. In one department the author has, with admirable success, called in the engraver's aid. We refer to the insects infesting that portion of vegetable and animal life in which the farmer is peculiarly interested. This is a province of agricultural instruction which, if not hitherto neglected, has certainly not been treated by any preceding author in a useful and intelligible manner. Mr Stephens describes the insect-invaders of the farm with a precision that will satisfy scientific readers; but Mr Stephens does not demand, as seems to have been unreasonably done by his predecessors, that farmers shall be familiar with the tremendous terminology of entomological science. He places the little pests before us in vivid pictures true to the life, and evidently from it; so that, without determining the import of such startling vocables as

“apterous,” “coleopterous,” and “orthopterous,” the husbandman is at once able to detect the winged and creeping foes, so weak in single combat, but so devastating in legionary myriads—that ruin his crops and injure the health of his cattle, tormenting their patience, and by no means improving the sweetness of his own temper. The black woodcuts, too, depicting the principal operations on the farm, are inimitably graphic. But when it is mentioned that the artists are Landseer, R. E. Branston, Gourlay Steell, and George H. Slight, the reader will understand that the choicest embellishments which the fine arts could render have been devoted to the illustration of *The Book of the Farm*. It was well thus to charm the young farmer, and to teach him through the medium of his eyes, by presenting him with portraits of the finest animals, and models of the best implements, and pictures delineating the employments in which he and his staff of servants must engage. We shall be bold to assert that no work on agriculture exists equal to this for the profusion, originality, and excellence of its illustrations.

It would be utterly vain to attempt, by quotation, to give our readers any idea of the extent and variety of the contents of this work; but we may say that we would feel infinitely surprised if an inquirer into any subject touching the culture and drainage of the soil,—or relating to the management of stock,—or into any of the collateral arts and sciences, so far as they are connected with agriculture,—or into any duty or employment in which the owner or occupant of the soil may be called upon to engage,—or into any difficulty likely to overtake him in the discharge of that duty, and out of which a more perfect knowledge and skill may extricate him,—shall not find in *The Book of the Farm* the information of which he is in quest. In the parts of the work that are strictly theoretical, we conceive that much originality will be found in the author's exposition of the rationale of the feeding of animals, of the germination of seeds, and of the action of special manures. He states the result of every modern experiment worth noting. The present edition

contains, in fact, a digest of every experiment, down to the present date, that has been tried in the cultivation of crops, and in the management and feeding of stock—not omitting Mr Huxtable's method of feeding sheep—and of every new light and discovery worthy of preservation made by agricultural chemists. We admire the excellent sense and discretion with which the author addresses the practical farmer regarding the reception which he ought to give to the discoveries of modern science. These are not to be instantly and obstinately rejected, because they may be not only true, but ultimately of great practical value; they are not to be fanatically entertained and temerarily adopted, for, if not scientifically untrue, they may be utterly abortive in application, and may conduct only to bitter disappointment, and, in the case of the tenant-farmer, to an unwarrantable waste both of time and money. Nothing, in point of fact, has more injured chemical science in its relations to agriculture, than the exaggerated expectations and promises that have been held out regarding its discoveries. While, in the chemist's room, the result of an experiment may be demonstrable, it should never be forgotten that, in the laboratory of nature, the elements and agents are not under our perfect control, and that the rise or fall of a few degrees in the thermometer may utterly nullify the most perfect manipulation of the most expert experimenter. Climatic, atmospheric, and physiological peculiarities effect strange differences on the constitution and habits of plants and animals; and although scientific research may sometimes be able to detect the causes, it may be utterly unable to assist us in removing them. The supralapsarian employment of our great progenitor was horticultural rather than agricultural; but while the art of husbandry dates from the sad exile from Eden, it seems to be forgotten that chemistry is scarcely half a century old, and that it is but as yesterday that she volunteered her services to agriculture. Nothing is easier than to sneer at the inveterate prejudices that cloud the agricultural mind, and that impede all agricul-

tural progress; but it may be well to remember that chemistry itself was at a comparatively late period associated with alchemy—that its aims were empirical, the chief of them being the discovery of the philosopher's stone, and the transmutation of the baser ores into fine gold. It seems the special province and duty of landowners, who have the leisure and the means, to make experiments; but British farmers, previous to their adoption, are entitled to satisfy themselves that the discoveries of science are readily available by them, and are likely to be profitable. The most enthusiastic chemist will scarcely deny that the discovery of a very condensed animal manure in the islands of the Pacific has contributed more to the prosperity of agriculture than any modern discovery in his favourite science. We write this in the profoundest conviction of the importance of chemistry and the cognate sciences, and of the impetus they will yet give to agricultural progress; but as it is the present fashion to contemn the torpid and immovable understandings of British farmers, it may be well to remind our philosophers that they have been very long of thinking how their philosophy could advance the culture of the soil, or increase the supply of human food—a vulgar consideration, but not to be despised by philosophic sages, who must live like meaner mortals—and that, as yet, they have rather evolved principles, than shown Mr Hodge how he can profitably apply them. Of late, too, a most ridiculous rout has been made about liquid manures; and our urinary land-doctors would persuade us that they could liquify the whole face of the earth into a garden. To such hydropathic empirics we cry, pish! The value of liquid manures is undeniable, as seen in the watered meadows adjoining our cities; and on dairy farms the quantity may be such, that the application of it may not only be expedient, but profitable. When farmers generally, however, are abused for their ignorant neglect and waste of liquid manure, it is necessary to inquire into the justice of the charge. In the first place, it is certain that the litter in the cattle-court, if the court is rightly constructed and situated,

will easily absorb all the liquid flowing from the animals in it and in the byres. Suppose the urine were collected as it passed from the animals, and were prevented from permeating and saturating the manure in the court, then, nearly *pro tanto*, the value of the manure would be deteriorated. This seems undeniable. The leakage from cattle-courts, when properly situated, arises exclusively from rain-water; and the overflow is caused by the want of rones to the buildings, and the waste of this diluted liquor arises from the want of tanks to contain it, so that both the leakage and the waste are the fault of the landlord rather than of the tenant. But what are the potent virtues of this liquor which escapes from the homesteads of our farmers, and the neglect of which has brought on them such a deluge of obloquy, and by the right use of which their plundered exchequer is forthwith to be replenished? M. Sprengel tells us that “it contains two per cent of manuring matter!” From the trouble, expense, and occasional delicacy required in administering it to the crops, we are quite satisfied that Sprengel is right in stating that any surplusage of liquid manure about a farm, from whatever cause it may arise, can be “most profitably employed in the preparation of compost.” We are fortified in this view by the opinion of that skilful and judicious farmer, Mr Finnie of Swanston, as lately stated by him at a meeting of the Agricultural Society of Scotland. The fact is, that this cry about the untold value of liquid-manure proceeds from the city. The inhabitants of our large towns have for many a day been living immersed in a stercoraceous atmosphere, and have been inspiring the fetid fumes exhaled from their horrid sewers. Awakened to the discovery, they have been seized with a sanatory mania; and on the instant, with upturned nostril, they have proceeded to rate the rural population for not relieving them of their cess-pools, and for not admiring with sufficient ardour the virtues of these turbid and odoriferous streams that meander amid their dwellings. The Free-trade philosopher, himself pretty much in the puddle, joins in the cry,

and condemns scornfully the farmer's neglect of the fertilising properties of sewage water. If these gentlemen were civil, and did not deserve to be soused in one of their own fragrant ditches, it might be replied, that the moment they transport their liquid treasures to the country, the tenant-farmers, after having ascertained their value, will cheerfully pay the worth of them, per ton, in sterling money. It is quite true, no doubt, as Mr Stephens contends, that "it is wrong to permit anything to go to waste, and especially so valuable a material on a farm as manure;" but when practical farmers are denounced by ignorant parties, who have shown that they care not a jot for the agricultural prosperity of the country, but who may hope, by railing at those they so lately robbed, to divert attention from their own political misdemeanours, it seems but right that we should ascertain the value of the article neglected, and the origin of its waste, if waste there be, and perhaps even inquire into the motives of the new patrons of British husbandry who have floated themselves into public notice on the black sea of sewage water. At the same time, he would certainly be an unreasonable man who would try to prevent the Free-trade water-doctors of the soil from sweetening the atmosphere in which they live, and from cleansing themselves from all impurities.

When we remember the excitement and distress under which the agricultural community are now suffering, we fear that at this moment they may scarcely be in a humour to accept graciously our recommendation of *The Book of the Farm*. In the fever of critical emergencies, men have not patience to study their profession, and scarcely taste to read anything that does not bear on the one engrossing theme. Mr Stephens, no doubt, ignores the Corn Laws and Protection in his work—(we are under no such a vow)—but it should be remembered that there never was a time when it was more necessary for the cultivators of the soil to acquaint themselves with all the improvements and appliances of modern husbandry; and although good farming, nay, the very best, under present prices and

rents must be unprofitable, that yet it may tend to the mitigation of present suffering, and to the postponement of coming disaster. But is there any occupant, or owner of land, with the smallest glimmer of sense, who really thinks—whatever he may affect—that the present condition of the British agriculturist can continue, and that his downward progress to destruction is not to be arrested? We do not believe it. It is because we anticipate that, ere long, justice will be done the tenant-farmers of the nation, and that they will be in a position soon to start upon a new career of agricultural improvement, that we earnestly urge upon their attentive study the stores of knowledge and instruction communicated in the pages of Mr Stephens' work.

Supposing the iniquitous competition and taxation to which the agricultural interests of the country are subjected were to remain permanent, we do not believe that any knowledge, or skill, or enterprise, can make the business of farming *generally* profitable. We think, however, that on casting the horoscope of British husbandry, many writers have predicted a speedier ruin to the tenant-farmer than the nature of his employments should lead us to expect. Everything connected with the processes of husbandry is slow and operose. There is only one harvest in the year, and there can only be one annual profit or loss upon the capital invested. A farmer cannot be ruined in a season. He may have a little spare capital; and, at all events, he has capital invested in stock, and by trenching upon the one or the other, he can for a while meet his losses. Agricultural capital has, however, been already so much impaired, that if, in present circumstances, a bad crop at home were to concur with a good one in the corn-growing countries of the Continent, the coincidence, we believe, would plunge immense numbers of farmers into bankruptcy. If any easy and apathetic landlord doubts this, let him ask the country bankers. It may be difficult to predict the ultimate issue of an unbending adherence to the present system. After a period of hopeless struggle, the capital of the present race of farmers will disappear,

and, degraded and ruined, they must go. Who will succeed them? Most probably a race of servile cultivators, like the helots of ancient Sparta, or the ryots and serfs of modern Europe, who, content to subsist upon the meanest fare, shall deliver over to the lord of the soil the produce of the farm. We have heard that some patriotic lairds and discerning factors, taking time by the forelock, are looking out for such clodpoles—for the race is not extinct—to occupy their vacant farms, wisely concluding that men without capital, skill, or education, will live upon black bread, and surrender to them the whole proceeds of the soil. A curious comment this upon the high-farming theory, and a plan of operations highly creditable to the agricultural sagacity and patriotic benevolence of its discoverers! Or it may be that Sir James Graham's "pasturage" may be the *dernier resort* of a ruined agriculture, in which case we may have, as in the Australian continent, men living somewhat like gentlemen, and occupying extensive tracts of country with their flocks and shepherds. Such a result could, of course, only take place by approaches slow, insidious, and imperceptible. If it were possible, *which it is not*, that such a social revolution should be *allowed* to take place, it is plain that it must be spread over a large period of time. We think error has been propagated by anticipations of immediate disaster. It is conceivable that events may occur that will postpone the triumph of truth, and that may enable the Free-trade press a little longer to mystify their readers. A temporary rise in the price of grain would have this effect. Such a brief respite might lull even the fears of the sufferer, although, while the organic disease remains uncured, it is certain to destroy him. The inconsiderate, and those whose interest is to delude or to be deluded, think the question settled by individual farms letting higher than before, and point triumphantly to "grass parks" maintaining their value, or rising in rent. They are ignorant that, as far as farmers are concerned, they must, in many localities, take grass, whatever it may cost them, unless they are to

alter and subvert their whole system of farm management, which would involve a loss more fatal than that which, with open eyes and under dire necessity, they are content to endure. There is some fragment of truth, too, in one part of Sir James Graham's speech on Mr Disraeli's motion—in several respects the most audacious oration ever spoken in the House of Commons. "Shopkeepers retiring from business," said the member for Ripon, "small merchants in country towns—(ironical cheers and laughter)—I repeat it, small traders of little capital in country towns, are now waiting the moment to make investment in farms."—(*Times*, 10th Feb.) Isolated cases of this kind may be occurring, as they always have done, and, generally speaking, after a brief career, the *emeritus* shopkeeper retires, impoverished and disappointed. The merchant, deluded with some poetical fancy about the charms of a country life, takes a farm, but, like Dr Johnson's tallow-chandler, who retired to the country, but could not keep from town on "melting days," his heart is not in his work, and he gets disgusted with the details of agriculture, and the affairs of his farm speedily fall into confusion. Is Sir James Graham serious in thinking that the prosperity of our domestic agriculture is to be recovered or maintained by "retired shopkeepers,"—that is, by men unbred to the business, strangers to its duties, and, of necessity, utterly destitute of any practical knowledge of agriculture? Mr Stephens anxiously prescribes a course of careful study and practice to his agricultural pupil; but Sir James Graham can, with his wand, metamorphose retired shopkeepers into *extempore* farmers. What elevated notions the Knight of Netherby must entertain of the qualifications of an English farmer, and of the importance of the agricultural art—an art that it had been hitherto supposed required great experience, and a knowledge of the elements of all sciences, to study and conduct it to perfection! But if retired shopkeepers are the men for the present emergency, has Sir James Graham an army of them sufficiently numerous to occupy the abandoned territory? For before Sir James Graham's remedy—if its

application is to be coextensive with the malady—can come into operation, he presupposes the extermination of the present race of farmers. Let the tenant-farmers of the nation ponder his words. “Small traders of little capital in country towns are waiting the moment to make investment in farms.” Waiting what moment? Why, the moment, gentlemen, when you are ruined, and are to be driven, with your wives and families, from your homes. Any sentiment more bitterly unfeeling, or more mockingly cruel, was never vented within the walls of Parliament; and, to our taste, it was made more loathsome by the oily compliments to English farmers with which it was garnished. The ex-Minister, however, is evidently deceiving himself, and he will find that retired shopkeepers are not such simpletons as he fancies. The “small traders in country towns,” that *very section* of the mercantile community who are *notoriously* suffering *most* from the inroads of Free Trade, are to invest their remaining capital in farming, *that particular business* which has received the *deepest* wound from Free Trade! And this is the sheet-anchor of Sir James Graham's hope; and this is a sample of Free-trade wisdom from the lips of its greatest champion! No doubt there may be small traders with little capital in the commercial world who are fools; but we begin to believe that there may be great *traders*, with little principle, in the political world, who, wily though they be, may reveal the cloven-foot, and defeat their aspirations after place and power. Let us be thankful, whatever befalls us, the English O'Connell with his threat of rebellion cannot harm us, and the fate of the Grahamite faction is sealed! The retired shopkeepers, instead of adopting the disinterested advice, will more probably purchase snug villas; thus indulging their passion for the pleasures of a country life more innocently than by waiting for the ruin of the farmers; and thus we believe, too, that their “little capital” will be as safe as under the self-suggested guardianship of Sir James Graham.

Sir James Graham has no doubt of the present prosperity of agriculture,

because his rents are paid. (See *Times*, 14th Feb.) This is enough for him, and the rest is all “but leather and prunella”—the mere constitutional croaking of the agricultural body. We should have liked better to have heard the views of Sir James Graham's tenantry on this department of the subject than his own. With the value of agricultural produce reduced thirty-five per cent, is the reward of his tenants' industry undiminished, and their capital unimpaired? What a draft upon the agricultural ignorance of the present House of Commons, and what a contempt for the understanding of his auditors, did this bold man evince by hazarding such an assertion! Any inquiry into the sources whence his rents were paid was not thought necessary by Sir James; and we believe that there are many more amiable men than the Laird of Netherby who are solacing themselves with the same view. Their rents are paid—their grass is letting—they are content—they eschew inquiry. The struggling farmer is pinching himself and his family, and is dipping his hand into the hard-earned savings of former years, in order that he may meet the factor. But examination would be unpleasant—dangerous; and any expression of sympathy even with the sufferer, would imply a distrust of the blessings following in the wake of the Free-trade policy. It might almost seem that many of our landed proprietors were set at present upon acting the part of the silly bird of the desert, which hid its head in the sand that it might not see the destruction that was coming. The Newark election, in which the nominee of the landlords was unceremoniously set aside by the farmers, and a man of their own choice selected, might have taught the owners of the soil that condign punishment may eventually await wilful ignorance or criminal neglect of the present duties of their station, and indifference to the condition of those whose prosperity is indissolubly associated with their own. If degradation from that position of influence and power which they have hitherto so justly and naturally possessed be thought no evil, we confess, that we would wish to see

that great interest—whose importance to the welfare of the State we have ever vindicated to the best of our power—selecting a more graceful and magnanimous mode of self-destruction. The retention of an undiminished rent-roll Sir James Graham has set his heart upon, as is unblushingly implied in the speech already quoted—but this will not be allowed him; and if there be any meaning or sincerity in his own creed, he dares not ask it. The Free-trade press unanimously assert—and unanswerably upon their principles, and Sir James Graham's own—that the only and the necessary termination of agricultural distress must conduct to a reduction of rent; and the Free-trade press is stronger than Sir James Graham.

The *Times* contends (or rather did contend, for here a delicate attention to the use of the tenses should be observed) so earnestly for the reduction of rent as the only possible solution of the difficulty, that one must conclude that the journalist believes what he writes. We have not sworn at the altar to fight the battles of the landowners—but if it were possible so to arrange it, we have yet to learn upon what principle they are to be singled out as the sole subjects for plunder. But, as the Free-trade press have resolved upon the reduction of rent as the right settlement of the question, it may be well for a moment to consider what this position amounts to. It is usual to make a threefold division of the whole annual proceeds from a farm. One-third goes to the landlord in name of rent; one-third meets the expenditure connected with the farm; and the remaining third goes to the tenant, as the interest of his invested and floating capital, and as the reward of his industry. We believe this premise cannot be challenged as unfair. But it is universally admitted now, that the annual value of the whole agricultural produce of the farm is reduced immensely by the compulsion of an Act of Parliament. For the present, let us say that the reduction amounts to 30 per cent. Then, by what would seem an equitable distribution of this loss over the three parties, the rent of the landlord, the wages of the agri-

cultural labourer and the other industrial classes dependent on agriculture, and the profits of the farmer, should each be 30 per cent less—that is, each of the three parties should have 30 per cent less to pay the taxes with, and to spend upon the home trade of the nation. This would seem the natural issue of the diminished agricultural revenue, and, when things find their level, to this pass they will infallibly arrive. But no: the Free-trade press have determined that the agricultural labourer shall not suffer, and that the profit and comfort of the tenant-farmer shall not be impaired. It is solely and exclusively a question of rent, say they. Well, be it so. Then, in that case, the rent must be reduced, not 30, but 90 per cent; for upon this condition alone can the agricultural labourer and the tenant-farmer be left uninjured. We defy Sir James Graham, or any Free-trade philosopher, to escape from this conclusion. The existing case may be illustrated in another way. Land at 40s. per acre should produce three rents, while inferior land, at 20s. per acre, as every competent judge will allow, should produce four rents. A farm of 200 acres, at 40s., gives a rent of L.400, and should produce a gross revenue of L.1200. Take wheat now as the test. The farm was rented, and the capital invested, when that grain averaged 56s. per quarter. But wheat has fallen one-third in price, and the L.1200 is reduced to L.800—that is, the rent has disappeared. On the poorer farm of the same extent, at 20s. per acre, with four rents to be raised, it will be found, upon the same data, not only that the rent has vanished, but L.67 in addition. The force of this demonstration can only be evaded by denying the premises upon which it is based; but, indeed, so impregnable is our case, that we might consent to any modification of the premises that the most besotted admirer of Free-trade results could dare to ask, without imperilling materially the strength of our position. And yet Free-trade proprietors are talking gravely of a revaluation of their acres, and of a readjustment of their rent, and of a relinquishment of some 10 or 15 per cent of their rentals, as the grand and all-sufficient

remedy for all the sufferings under which the agricultural interest is now struggling, although even to this point of economic magnanimity Sir James Graham has not reached. The examiner must have been filled with amazement when he heard the Queen lamenting, not only that the occupants, but that the "owners of the soil" were suffering. His own experience refuted the rash assertion; and, had it been otherwise, we may conjecture that the orator would have spoken a different speech. Personal and pecuniary loss has been known to sharpen the wits and to clear the reasoning faculty in a remarkable manner. On the other hand, the Free-trade press philanthropically insist that the agricultural labourers not only are not suffering, but that they *shall not* suffer. It is necessary for the latter class to uphold this dogma; for if they admitted that the wages of the labourer must diminish, sooner or later, in proportion to the value of their work—that is, in proportion to the value of the produce they are instrumental in raising—then instantly the popular delusion which they have so assiduously cherished would be exploded, and their fame as the friends of the poor would be dissipated. We are ready to admit that only in certain localities has the evil reached the agricultural labourer; and where it has not, of course the tenant-farmer is suffering not only his own share of the infliction, but that which should properly fall upon his dependants. It has been erroneously supposed by many that the agricultural suffering would quickly extend itself to the industrious poor: we never saw any good reason for supposing so. The farmer cannot, like the spinner of flax or cotton, stop his mills, and pause in his work, and dismiss his servants, or put them on short time; he must proceed, at whatever risk, and hire his labourers at what they can be got for. The fact that the agricultural labourers are not universally in distress is undoubtedly blinding many honest men to the real position of the country, while it is enabling Parliamentary orators, and Whig *snipper-snappers* from the hustings, to point to the present comfort of this class as a proof of the success of the Free-trade

policy. But can these gentlemen be honest? Upon what principle of political economy or common sense can the farm-labourer continue to receive the same wages as formerly, when the value of the produce of his labour is reduced one-third? It is certainly a grievous trial of the patience to listen to Sir J. Graham lending his talents to the support of a delusion so very cruel, and so very palpable.

But a truce to this strain. A very pleasant book has most innocently led us into very unpleasant themes. Believing that the reign of delusion is drawing to a close, and that a spirit of juster legislation will soon prevail in the councils of the nation, and that the time draws nigh when the occupants and owners of the soil may prosecute their affairs with better hopes than they at present have, of enjoying a fair reward for their toil and enterprise, we again earnestly commend to their attentive perusal *The Book of the Farm*. To the landed proprietors it ought to be invaluable, if they wish to be qualified to discharge those duties which Providence has laid on them, and which they owe to their tenantry, to the agricultural poor, and to the nation. While the rights of every petty interest are pled in Parliament by parties who prove their intimate acquaintance with the disadvantages—fictitious or real—under which it labours, the ignorance prevailing, in the present House of Commons, on the subject of agriculture, and on its various bearings in reference to national prosperity, is so flagrant as to have excited universal remark. A large body, however, of that august assembly are country gentlemen, and the charge might imply a reflection on their education and attainments. But it would be base ingratitude to forget that patriotic band of country gentlemen in Parliament, as well as out of it, who, in the face of discouragements more disheartening than a great party were ever subjected to before, have fought the battle of just legislation so gallantly, patiently, and prudently—who have identified themselves with the suffering tenantry—and are now contending, with brighter hopes and revived energies, for a fair protection to native and colonial industry, as the

only mode in which the labouring poor of the land can *permanently* enjoy the just reward of their industry, as that system of policy by which alone the taxes can be paid, the national honour kept untarnished, and the constitution and the monarchy saved from dilapidation. There are many others for whose return to their right mind we have waited patiently. We believe that in their case an ignorance of agricultural affairs may be the source of their present apathy. To all gentlemen, however, living in the country, although they may have no stake in its soil, we recommend Mr Stephens' work, as containing most agreeable reading. We do not say that, from such, a continuous perusal is required. They may intercalate an agricultural season from *The Book of the Farm*, now with the corresponding season from the "Bard of the Seasons," and now with an eclogue from Virgil. The pleasures of a country life will thus be infinitely multiplied; for, startling although the paradox may be, there are multitudes resident in rural parts who look ignorantly on rural sights, and have no knowledge of rural employments, and no sympathy with rural habits, and who know not in reality *how to live in the country*. Mr Stephens' work—or a better, if it can be got—ought, of course, to be in the hands of every factor and land-steward, otherwise they must be unfit for their business; and it ought to have a place in every parish library, that it may be accessible in the winter nights to the agricultural labourers. It is particu-

larly, however, the tenant-farmer's manual, if he is to keep pace with the progress of his art. He may think it costly, but not with reason, if he considers that it comprises an agricultural library in itself. The thrifty and buxom housewives of our homesteads, too, will find admirable instruction in *The Book of the Farm* regarding the important branches of duty that fall to their charge. Mr Stephens is copious regarding everything touching the management of the dairy. Indeed, our author seems somewhat *recherché* on the matter of dairy produce. We acquiesce in his approval of the deliciousness of new-made, unwashed butter, churned from sweet cream—a luxury which our southern friends never tasted. "Such butter," says Mr Stephens, "on cool new-baked oatcake, overlaid with flower virgin honey, accompanied with a cup of hot strong coffee, mollified with crystallised sugar, and cream such as the butter is made from, is a breakfast worth partaking of, but seldom to be obtained." Most excellent sir! on such terms we shall breakfast with you on the morning of Saturday se'night, provided you add to your matutinal *cuisine* a veritable "Finnan" and a mutton ham of the true flavour, (if possible, let it be from one of the Keillor four-year-old Southdowns;) for we have long conscientiously entertained the opinion of a late ingenious professor of Church History in our metropolitan university, "that Edinburgh eggs are not to ride the water upon!"

AN EVENING WALK.

BY THOMAS AIRD.

THE Patriarch mild, who mused at evening-tide,
Saw blessings come : they who with ordered feet
Go forth, like him, their blessings too shall meet,—
Beauty, and Grace, and Peace, harmonious side by side ;

Whether the down purpled with thyme they tread,
Woodland, or marge of brook, or pathway sweet
By the grave rustling of the heavy wheat,
Singing to thankful souls the song of coming bread.

The restless white-throat warbles through the copse ;
High sits the thrush and pipes the tree upon ;
Cloud-flushed the west, a sunny shower comes on ;
Up goes the twinkling lark through the clear slanting drops.

In straight stiff lines sweet Nature will not run :
The lark comes down—mute now, wings closed, no check,
Sheer down he drops ; but back he curves his neck ;
Look, too, he curves his fall just ere his nest be won.

Here stands The Suffering Elm : in days of yore
Three martyrs hung upon its bending bough ;
Its sympathetic side, from then till now
Weeping itself away, drops from that issuing sore.

Dryads, and Hamadryads ; bloody groans,
Bubbling for vent, when twigs are torn away
In haunted groves ; incessant, night and day,
Gnarled in the knotted oak, the pent-up spirit's moans ;

And yonder trembling aspen, never still,
Since of its wood the rueful Cross was made ;—
All these, incarnated by Fancy's aid,
Are but extended Man, in life, and heart, and will.

Your eye still shifting to the setting sun,
The diamond drops upon the glistening thorns
Are topazes and emeralds by turns ;
Twinkling they shake, and aye they tremble into one.

Clouds press the sinking orb : he strikes a mist
Of showery purple on the forest tops,
The western meadows, and the skirting slopes ;
Down comes the stream a lapse of living amethyst.

Beauty for man, O glory ! yet how vain,
Were there no higher love to correspond,
Lifting us up, our little time beyond,
Up from the dust of death, up to God's face again.

The Word apart : Nature ne'er made, in whim,
An organ but for use : our longing hope
Of life immortal, like our hand, has scope
To grasp the things which are : that life is thus no dream.

We tread on legends all this storied land :
 Here flows a ferry through the mountains black
 With pinewood galleries far withdrawing back ;
 Man's heart is also here, and dwarfs those summits grand :

The virgin martyrs, half the ferry o'er,
 By ruthless men were plunged into the tide,
 Singing their holy psalm ; away it died,
 Bubbling in death. The moon a blood-red sorrow wore.

And aye, they tell, when, wan and all forlorn,
 Sickening she looks upon our world of wrong,
 And would be gone for ever, far along
 The mournful ferry dim that dying psalm is borne.

Yon peasant swarth, his day of labour done,
 Pipes at his cottage door ; his wife sits by,
 Dancing their baby to the minstrelsy :
 To temperate gladness they their sacred right have won.

Rest after toil, sweet healing after pain ;
 Repent, and so be loved, O stubborn-vice—
 The Tishbite girt severe runs before Christ :
 Such is the double law complete to mortal men.

Yon lordly pine bends his complying head
 To eve's soft breath, and the stupendous cloud
 Shifts silently : Man's world is fitliest bowed
 By power when gently used : Force not, love thou instead.

One cool green gleam on yonder woodland high,
 And day retires ; grey twilight folds with dew
 The hooded flowers ; in gulfs of darkening blue
 The starry worlds come out to Contemplation's eye.

Home now to sleep. No part in all man's frame
 But has its double uses, firm to keep,
 Help this, round that, and beautify : of sleep,
 Complex of sweet designs, how finely 'tis the same.

Touched with the solemn harmonies of night,
 Down do we lie our spirits to repair,
 And, fresh ourselves, make morning fresh and fair ;
 Sleep too our Father gave to soften death's affright :

In sleep we lapse and lose ourselves away,
 And thus each night our death do we rehearse.
 O, at the last may we the oblivion pierce
 Of death, as aye of sleep, and rise unto the day.

MODERN STATE TRIALS.

PART V.—THE ROMANCE OF FORGERY—*Concluded.*

“ALEXANDER HUMPHREYS, or Alexander, *pretending* to be Earl of Stirling,” said Lord Meadowbank,* addressing his prisoner, on his being first placed at the bar, “you have been served with an indictment charging you with the crimes of forgery, and of feloniously using and uttering, as genuine, certain documents therein described, and alleged to have been forged and fabricated, you knowing them to be so. Are you guilty, or not guilty?”

“Not guilty, my Lord,” replied the prisoner, standing beside his friend Colonel D’Aguilar. But now occurs the question—how was he to be tried?—as a peer of Scotland, or as a commoner? If as a peer, the court before whom he stood was incompetent to try him; for he was entitled, by the Treaty of Union, as a peer of Scotland, to be tried as peers of Great Britain are tried—viz., in the Court of the Lord High Steward; and the mode of procedure is that prescribed in 1825 by Statute 6 Geo. iv. c. 66, which required the Scottish judges to be summoned and to sit with the English judges, and according to the law of Scotland, [pp. 5, 6.] This privilege, however, as will be presently seen, the prisoner waived. Then came another question: was he to be tried as a “landed man?”—by which is meant a landed proprietor. It is a very ancient privilege of landed men, by the Scotch law, that they should be tried only by their peers—*i. e.*, their brother landed proprietors. In process of time, however, this right has been so far modified as to entitle the prisoner to a *majority* only of his landed brethren. This right also, as will shortly be seen, the prisoner

waived—having probably no pretence to the possession of any lands in Scotland, except such as he claimed as Earl of Stirling. To meet any possible difficulty, however, on this score, two lists of assize had been prepared—respectively consisting of “*landed men*” and common jurors, and “*special jurors*” and common jurors: the former to be adopted “if the said Alexander Humphreys claimed, and was entitled to, the privilege of a landed man;” the latter, “if he did *not* claim, or was *not* entitled to, the privilege of a landed man.”

After the prisoner had pleaded not guilty, the clerk in court read aloud the *defences* which, according to the procedure in Scotland, had been lodged in court for the prisoner, signed by his two counsel. They were entitled “*Defences for Alexander Alexander, Earl of Stirling,*† against the indictment at the instance of her Majesty’s Advocate.”

These *Defences* were comprised in two paragraphs. The first stated that, as Lord Cockburn’s interlocutor, though not final, had decided against the prisoner’s claim to be the heir of the Earl of Stirling,‡ “he was advised that he was not in a condition to plead the privilege of peerage; but was bound to acknowledge the competency of that court to proceed under the indictment before it.” The second proceeded thus:—

“The panel pleads not guilty of the libel generally; and, even particularly, he denies that he had the slightest ground to suspect that all, or any, of the documents libelled on were forged or fabricated. He produced them under legal advice, in the

Modern State Trials: Revised and Illustrated, with Essays and Notes. By WILLIAM C. TOWNSEND, Esq., M.A., Q.C., Recorder of Macclesfield. In 2 vols. 8vo. Longman & Co., 1850.

* The duty here performed by the President of the Court is in England discharged by an officer of the Court called the Clerk of Arraigns.

† This was subsequently altered to “*claiming to be Earl of Stirling.*”—Swinton, p. 48.

‡ *Ante*, p. 477 *et seq.*

belief of their being genuine, and useful for the support of his interest."

A third paragraph consisted of an application to postpone the trial, on the ground that the prisoner was not prepared for it, as *one of his counsel* and his agent had gone to London and Paris to make inquiry as to several of the witnesses for the Crown, and "such further investigation as might be necessary for his defence." The words which we have placed in italics indicate a course of procedure altogether at variance with that adopted at the English bar.

As soon as their Defences had been read, the prisoner's counsel rose and said, "My lords, I do not mean to claim for the panel the privilege of a landed man; nor do we intend to state any objections to the relevancy of the indictment." By "relevancy" (a technical term in Scotch law) is signified "the justice and sufficiency of the matters stated in the indictment to warrant a decree in the terms asked;"* and, according to the criminal law of Scotland, this objection must be taken, if at all, before the trial. If it be not, the prisoner cannot make it the subject of arrest of judgment by the court, but must refer it to the law advisers of the Crown, after the sentence has been pronounced by them, to have such weight attached to it as may be deemed proper, with a view to pardon or mitigation of punishment.†

"Let the relevancy of the indictment be determined," said the Solicitor-General, "by your lordships pronouncing the usual interlocutor."

LORD MEADOWBANK.—"Alexander Humphreys, or Alexander, attend to the interlocutor of the court," which the clerk read as follows:—

"The Lords Commissioners of Justice find the libel RELEVANT to infer the pains of law, but allow the panel a proof in exculpation and alleviation; and in respect that the panel has by his counsel waived his right, if he any have, to be tried by a jury, of which the majority shall

consist of landed men, remit the panel, with the libel as found relevant, to the knowledge of the *ordinary assize*."

Lists of all the witnesses and documentary proofs, on both sides, were, as it would appear, interchanged; and the trial having been postponed from the 3d to the 29th April 1839, on the latter day it commenced—not however, as in England, with a preliminary statement on the part of the prosecutor of the course of expected proof, but with the evidence itself in detail. After that on both sides had been adduced, the counsel for the Crown addressed the jury, and then the counsel for the prisoner; after which Lord Meadowbank summed up. We beg to say that we think the English course of procedure greatly preferable to the Scottish, in commencing the trial with a temperate and lucid statement of the case intended to be made out by the Crown, enabling both the Court and the jury—but especially the latter—to obtain an early clue through the labyrinth of oral and documentary proof, to see the drift of it, and appreciate, in going along, the significance of what is being done. In the present case, for instance, the jury were plunged instanter into a series of details of somewhat complicated legal proceedings, and legal and other documents: the Solicitor-General feeling the necessity many times of interposing, to intimate that "the object of *this* or *that* evidence was to show so and so," &c. &c. And, indeed, if the jury really saw their way with only middling clearness through the evidence, *as it was being adduced*, they were a far shrewder and more experienced jury than it has been our lot to see for many a long year, even at Guildhall or Westminster. In the present case, a half-hour's calm preliminary statement, by the Solicitor-General, of the points of the charge, and the application to them of the evidence, would have greatly assisted the jury, possibly even the Court, and, long afterwards, ourselves. In despair, we

* Bell's *Dictionary of the Law of Scotland*, p. 844. In civil cases this rule is reversed.—*Id. ib.*

† Alison's *Practice of the Criminal Law of Scotland*, p. 651.

leaped out of the intricate evidence into the speeches of counsel, and the summing up of the judge, afterwards recurring to the evidence and appendices. At length we found ourselves on sure ground, and in a clear atmosphere; and grudged not the effort we had made to overcome the obstacles of which we have been complaining, and also the difficult technicalities of Scottish criminal law procedure.

It will be recollected that the indictment embraced three distinct classes of alleged forgeries—the excerpt charter of *Novodamus*, the Le Normand packet, and the De Porquet packet. To establish the “using” and “uttering” of these instruments, evidence was given of their having been adduced, on the part of the prisoner, in the various Scottish courts in which he had from time to time asserted, and endeavoured to maintain his claims. Lord Cockburn’s important judgment of the 10th December 1836 was also put in evidence, as were also the examinations of the prisoner, some of his correspondence, and the instruments charged by the indictments to be forgeries. Let us take these latter in their order; and—

I. THE EXCERPT CHARTER OF *Novodamus* OF THE 7TH DECEMBER 1639. Was this a genuine or a forged document? The acute and learned scrutiny to which it was subjected elicited remarkable and most decisive results. We know a little more than was disclosed to the Court—namely, that the mysterious discovery of this “excerpt” was communicated to the prisoner from Ireland by his indefatigable agent, Mr Banks, on the 17th March 1829. All that was proved before the Court was, that the prisoner delivered it in that year to his law-agents, who immediately commenced proceedings in the Scotch courts to “*prove its tenor.*” Let it be observed, that “this most suspicious scrap of writing,” as the Solicitor-General styled it,* professed to be only an “excerpt” of a lost charter of King Charles I., dated the 7th December 1639—not an entire copy, but only

“an abridged copy;” and the exigencies of the prisoner’s case had required that *that* identical excerpt should have been in existence at least as long ago as the year 1723,† since it bore an indorsement‡ by “Thomas Conyers,” attesting its authenticity, dated the 10th July 1723. It will be impossible, however, to appreciate the force of the delicate but decisive evidence brought to bear upon this unlucky document, unless we have a distinct idea of the different stages of progress through which a royal charter would have to pass in the year 1639. They were explained at the trial by several learned and experienced officials; and we have taken some pains to clear away technicalities, and present their evidence briefly and popularly. The stages, then, through which a royal charter had to pass were three.

First came the SIGNATURE. This was not, as the word would ordinarily import, and in England, a mere name signed, or mark, but an entire document, constituting the foundation of the proposed charter, and containing its essential elements. It is drawn up in English by a Writer to the Signet, and brought by him, on a given day, to a Baron of the Exchequer to be examined, in order to ascertain that it is correct, especially as to the “*reddendo,*” or annual feu-money due to the Crown. On being satisfied of its accuracy, the Baron marks the signature as “revised;” and in due time the sign-manual is affixed to it. It is then complete—is recorded in the Exchequer Record—and retained by the Keeper of the Signet. There is subscribed to it only the date, and the words, “At Whitehall, the day of . . .”

Secondly, Warranted by the possession of this revised “signature,” the Keeper of the Signet issues a “*Precept to the Privy Seal,*” which is simply a Latin translation of the English signature, and is recorded in the Privy Seal Office. That office then issues this precept to the Great Seal; and it is to be noted that this Privy Seal Precept has subscribed to it the words, “*PER SIGNETUM,*”

* Swinton, p. 196.

† *Ante*, p. 470, *et passim.*‡ *Ante*, p. 474.

which seems to be an abbreviation of the words, "*per preceptum datum sub signeto nostro.*"

Thirdly, As soon as this Privy Seal Precept has reached the Chancery Office, the functionaries there draw up formally, and *in extenso*, THE CHARTER, which is sealed with the Great Seal; the Privy Seal Precept on which it is grounded either remaining in the Chancery Office, or being lodged in the General Records of Scotland. This completed Charter, alone, has a testing clause; and it is the Privy Seal Precept only which bears, as we have seen, the words "*per signetum.*"

See, then, the origin, progress, and completion of a Royal Charter in 1639—SIGNATURE; PRIVY SEAL PRECEPT; CHARTER; each having its appropriate depositary or record—the Signet Office, the Privy Seal Office, the Great Seal Office; to which, indeed, may be added a fourth, the COMPTROLLER OF EXCHEQUER'S REGISTER, where also was recorded every instrument of the above description, to enable that officer to account to the Crown for the feu-duties. These four old registers, or records, are all completed from periods long anterior to the year 1639, down to the present day, with the exception of a *hiatus* of twelve leaves at the commencement of the fifty-seventh volume of the Great Seal Record; but the contents of these twelve leaves were clearly ascertainable from the indexes of other records. "It is the boast of this country," said Lord Meadowbank, in summing up, to the jury,* "and always has been, that its registers have been kept with a regularity unknown elsewhere."

If, therefore, there ever had been such a charter as that of which the document under consideration professed to be an excerpt, that charter ought to have been found *in every one of the four records* or registers above mentioned.† Add to this, that William Earl of Stirling was himself, at the time, the Keeper of the Signet,‡ and also "a man of talent, and attentive to his own interests—not likely to have received grants of such unusual

importance as those contained in the charter in question, without seeing them properly carried through the seals."§

Now for the excerpt itself, and its aspect. It was written on several single leaves of paper, not numbered, apparently cut recently out of some book, and stitched together, the outside leaf being brought round and stitched down on the remaining leaves. The colour was a uniform deep brown—equally so underneath the margin covered over at the stitching. There were ruled red lines round the pages. The writing appeared "fresh"—at all events, not so old as the paper; and was not in a Scotch chancery-hand, or any hand used in the Register Office, but like that used in engrossing deeds in England and Ireland. The language of the excerpt was Latin—but such Latin! and it extended to about thirty English common-law folios, containing seventy-two words each. At the beginning of the charter, on the right-hand side, were the abbreviations, "REG. MAG. SIG. LIB. LVII."—*i. e.*, "*Registrum Magni Sigilli, Liber LVII.*"

The only portion of the excerpt with which we shall trouble the reader *in extenso*, is the conclusion—the testing part—which (especially the part in italics) is worthy of the utmost attention; and we adopt the translation used at the trial:—"Witnesses: *the most reverend father in Christ and our well-beloved councillor, John, by the mercy of God Archbishop of St Andrew's, Primate and Metropolitan of our kingdom of Scotland, our chancellor; our well-beloved cousins and councillors, James, Marquis of Hamilton; Earl of Arran and Cambridge; Lord Aven and Innerdale; Robert, Earl of Roxburghe; Lord Ker, of Cesford and Casertoun, Keeper of our Privy Seal; our beloved familiar councillors, Sir John Hay of Barro, Clerk of our Rolls, Register, and Council; John Hamilton of Orbestoun, our Justice-Clerk; and John Scot of Scotstarvet, Director of our Chancery, Knights. At our Court of Quhythall, the 7th day of the month of December, in the year of*

* Swinton, p. 309.

† *Id.*, p. 84.

‡ Per Lord Meadowbank, *Id. ib.*

§ *Id.*, p. 94.

God 1639, and of our reign the 15th year.

[GRATIS]

“ *Per Signetum.* ”

On the back of this document was written—“ Excerpt from the original charter to William, Earl of Stirling, 7th December 1639. T. C.” [*i. e.*, Thomas Conyers.] This indorsement was also alleged in the indictment to be a forgery. Here, then, we have an “ excerpt ” or “ abridged copy ” of a royal charter, dated the 7th December 1639, granted by King Charles I. to one of his most distinguished subjects, conferring high dignities and vast possessions; a charter yielded to the anxious importunity of the Earl in his old age, “ when labouring under great dejection of spirits, after losing three of his sons, who had given him the highest hopes, and fearing, from the declining health of two of the survivors, that his honours might, at no distant period, pass to a collateral branch of his family.”* And this Earl, too, the head of the office in which the charter originated. Now, FIRST, the records of every one of the four departments above mentioned—*viz.*, the Signature Record, the Comptroller of the Exchequer’s Record, the Privy Seal Record, and the Great Seal Record—had been rigorously searched, and *not the faintest trace of such an instrument appeared in any of them!*—it being sworn that, had it ever existed, it must have been found in ALL! “ This might possibly have been accounted for,” said the Solicitor-General, † “ had there been but one register only; more especially if a blank had occurred in that register, through the obliteration, imperfection, or loss of a volume, or part of a volume. But where there are four independent registers, and these all concurring to supply, in the fullest details, the necessary evidence as to all other charters, [of which various instances were proved at the trial,] and when you find that *this* charter is not recorded in *any one* of them, it is quite

impossible to believe — it would really be asking too much of credulity itself to believe—that such a document could ever have existed.” If this instrument were the handiwork of a forger, it may be reasonable to suppose him capable of appreciating the efficacy of the negative evidence which might be brought against him, and to endeavour to supply it. This brings us, SECONDLY, to the memorandum in the margin of the first page of the excerpt—*i. e.*, *Reg. Mag. Sig. Lib. LVII.*—which meant that the charter itself was to have been found “ in the fifty-seventh volume of the Register (or Record) of the Great Seal.” We have already seen ‡ that, in point of fact, twelve leaves, at the beginning of *that volume*, were amissing; and the suggestion, or rather assertion, of the prisoner, when he commenced his legal proceedings to prove the tenor of the missing charter, was, that it was to have been found in one of these twelve leaves, “ which had perished, or disappeared—that being a matter of public notoriety, and was so observed by the Lords of Council and Session in their return of the 27th February 1740, to an order of the House of Lords of the 12th June 1719, respecting the state of the Peerage in Scotland.”§ Here, then, are only *twelve* leaves missing; and on referring to one of the writings indorsed on the map of Canada, (in the Le Normand packet,) the writer stated he had *seen* the charter, and “ it extended over *fifty* pages of writing.”|| On this subject, Lord Meadowbank proposed the following question to the jury—“ Putting aside the evidence of this index, could you have believed, when there is no evidence or trace of this charter in the volume where it should be found, that it could, *out of its place*, have been crammed into the twelve pages that are lost, when the prisoner’s own evidence tells you the charter extended to fifty-eight?”¶ To proceed, however—What will the reader suppose was proved at the trial? First, two ancient indexes of the missing twelve

* *Ante*, p. 473.

† Swinton, p. 205.

‡ *Ante*.

§ *Id.*, p. 475. Swinton, App., p. vii.

|| *Ante*, p. 484.

¶ Swinton, p. 311. This seems a slight inaccuracy, on the part of the learned Judge, of fifty-eight instead of fifty.—*Ante*, p. 484.

pages of vol. lvii. were produced, unerringly indicating the charters which had stood recorded there, and among which was *not* the charter in question, but only those of date *subsequent* to the year 1639; while all the charters of that year 1639 stood regularly recorded in the previous—the fifty-sixth volume; and among them, also, was *not* to be found the charter in question. Mr George Robertson, one of the Joint-Keepers of the Records, thus certified on oath: “I have searched the principal record of the fifty-seventh volume of the Great Seal Register, and at the beginning of the said fifty-seventh volume, twelve leaves have been destroyed or lost. The charters originally recorded in these missing leaves are, however, ascertained with precision from two ancient indexes of the Great Seal Record. I have examined these, and can state as the result, that the twelve leaves now lost did not contain any charter, diploma, patent, nor other grant, in favour of William, Earl of Stirling, nor of any Earl of Stirling, nor of any person of the name of Alexander.” Still further, however: the words on the margin, “*Reg. Mag. Sig. Lib. LVII.*,” purported to have been written there by the framer of the excerpt, in the year 1723; and three experienced official gentlemen declared their confident opinion, that no such marking was coeval with the making of the excerpt itself. It was established at the trial, that this mode of referring to the Great Seal Records was *quite a modern one*, commencing with the year 1806 only: a fact proved by the very author of the arrangement, and his assistant; by whom, in the latter year, the Records were re-bound, and the titles made uniform, for facility of reference, in lieu of the loose and discordant methods of reference till then in use! Other experienced officials proved that till the year 1806 no such mode of reference as “*Reg. Mag. Sig.*” existed, and they gave specimens of the former mode: *e. g.* “*Chart. in Archivis*,” appeared in a law book of 1763; and in a subsequent edition, in the year 1813, the reference was altered to “*Mag. Sig.*” If, therefore, the “excerpt” were a modern

forgery, it would almost appear as if the fabricator, aware of the missing leaves of Vol. LVII., but not knowing *how very recent was the lettering on the back*—“*Reg. Mag. Sig.*”—had taken it for granted that it was coeval with the original formation of the volume, or at least had been there for a century—*viz.* since 1723. But if this reference—“*Reg. Mag. Sig. Lib. LVII.*”—were a forgery, it must have been a very modern one, necessarily *later* than the year 1806, the date of Mr Thomson’s rebinding of the Record, and changing the titling. But we have seen that the prisoner had accompanied his father to France in the year 1802, and did not return to England till 1814; and in the subsequent year told his own agent, Mr Corrie, that he had no documents to support his claim. Is it a fair inference from these dates that, down to at least the year 1815, the famous excerpt was not in existence—or at least unknown to the prisoner? So much for the negative evidence that any such genuine document as the alleged Charter of 7th December 1639 had ever existed. But,

THIRDLY, the excerpt itself seemed to furnish a most conspicuous and glaring demonstration of spuriousness: we allude to the alleged attestation of the Charter by ARCHBISHOP SPOTTISWOODE, in the capacity of “OUR CHANCELLOR” of the kingdom, and as such, keeper of the Great Seal. Spottiswoode, the Archbishop of St Andrews, was undoubtedly for a considerable period Chancellor of Scotland; and his name is found in the Records as an official witness to all Charters from the Crown, passing the Great Seal of Scotland during the time that he held it. In the excerpt Charter, he appears in that capacity at the alleged date of the instrument—*viz.* the 7th December 1639; but, behold! not only had he ceased to be Chancellor on the 13th November 1638, *but he had actually died on the 26th November 1639*—that is, eleven days before that on which he was made to attest the alleged Charter of Novodamus! These facts were proved beyond all doubt, both directly and collaterally, as, for instance, by an instrument of a nature similar to that before the Court, dated only four

days afterwards—namely the 11th December 1639—a Charter in favour of the City of Edinburgh, and attested, &c., not by “John, Archbishop and Chancellor,” but by his successor, the Marquis of Hamilton, (whose appointment on the 13th November 1638 was proved,) and this very “William Earl of Stirling and Canada,” and others: all of whom were also witnesses, on the same day, to another charter, to Heriot’s Hospital. Here, then, was a great Charter, making under the Great Seal magnificent grants to a Scottish nobleman, and attested by a non-existent Chancellor, whose temporary successor had been installed in office thirteen months previous to the date of the Charter! Mr Swinton acutely points out* the source of this blunder, assuming the excerpt to be altogether a forgery. Archbishop Spottiswoode, as has been seen, ceased to be Chancellor on the 13th November 1638, and died on the 26th of the ensuing November—i.e. eleven days before the date of the alleged Charter. Now, from the date of the Archbishop’s resignation, till the appointment of the Earl of Loudon as Chancellor in 1641, the Great Seal was in commission, the head commissioner being the Marquis of Hamilton. But it singularly happens, that, in the catalogues of the Scottish Chancellors appended to Spottiswoode’s History, and other works, the list during the reign of Charles I. and the Commonwealth, is given as follows:—

“1622, George Hay, Earl of Kin-noul.

“1635, John Spottiswood, Arch-bishop of St Andrews.

“1641, John Campbell, Earl of Loudon.

“1660, William Cunninghame, Earl of Glencairne.”

—no mention being made, nor any notice taken, of the interval between the resignation of the Archbishop and the appointment of the Earl of Loudon. From this it may be inferred that the fabricator of the document,

if it were fabricated, took it for granted that from 1635 to 1641, and consequently in the year 1639, falling within that interval, the Archbishop was Chancellor of Scotland. But again—Is there any reason assignable for the supposed fabricator having pitched on the particular date of 9th December 1639? Yes! In Crawford’s Life of the Archbishop, the death of that prelate is erroneously alleged to have occurred on the 27th December 1639!—i.e., just eighteen days after the completion of the alleged Charter. † These really seemed rather awkward facts! But,

FOURTHLY, there was apparently another great blot pointed out by the lawyers. Immediately after the above-mentioned *testing clause*, followed the words “*Gratis*.—PER SIGNETUM.” ‡ Now, it has been seen that the testing clause is the conclusion of only a *completed Charter*. This “excerpt,” therefore, if taken from any document, must have been taken from a completed Charter. It could not have been taken from the Signature, nor the Signet Precept, nor the Privy Seal Precept, for in none of these instruments could such a clause appear. But in addition to this testing clause, appear the words “*Per Signetum!*” which are never to be found in any charter at all, but only in the Privy Seal Precept! So that here was a document containing, on the one hand, words (the testing clause) which are to be found in only a completed charter, and which could not exist in a Privy Seal Precept; and, on the other hand, certain other words (*Per Signetum*) never to be found in a completed charter, but only in a Privy Seal Precept! It was accordingly sworn unhesitatingly by all the professional witnesses, even on the strength of these conclusive elements of intrinsic evidence alone, that the document before the Court *could not be* an excerpt, or copy, of any authentic writ of any description whatever, known in the law of Scotland. “There seems some little force

* *Pref.* p. xxi.

† Swinton, p. 209.

‡ When the precept issues in favour of a Writer to the Signet, or of the Keeper of the Signet, (as Lord Stirling then was,) the precept passes the signet *gratis*: and that word is written at the bottom.—Swinton, p. 84.

in the Solicitor-General's observation on this part of the case: "Gentlemen, is there not here, then, the clearest and most satisfactory evidence that this is not, and cannot be, an excerpt from any real or genuine document? There is an incongruity about it, which shows it could not have been copied from any document that ever existed. The writer of it—whoever he was—may have had a sort of glimmering of what it ought to have been; but still, in his ignorance, he has made a monster of it. It is utterly impossible, looking merely to the intrinsic evidence, that it could be the document which it professes to be."

FIFTHLY, Not satisfied with these rigorous assaults upon the genuineness and authenticity of this unfortunate document, the Scotch lawyers detected, as they considered, several serious *intrinsic* evidences of spuriousness. *First*, the alleged charter professed to convey estates which had *never belonged to the Scottish Crown*—viz., lands, provinces, and territorial rights in New England. "It is not possible," said Lord Meadowbank, and the professional witnesses supported him, "that a charter granted by a king of Scotland could convey—or be granted, as if it had conveyed any property not belonging to the Crown of Scotland. That such a SIGNATURE should have passed the Barons of Exchequer, and their officers, is beyond all belief:" for it must be remembered, that the "Signature" is, in its first stage towards a charter, submitted to a Baron of Exchequer, to be "revised," before the sign-manual is affixed to it. This is, undoubtedly, a fact lending great weight to any really inconsistent or objectionable provisions in the "Signature," or subsequent charter. *Secondly*, In Crown charters of resignation, to which that in question professed to belong, it was proved that the *dates* of the resignation were "invariably given:" here were none—and this objection also must have escaped the somnolent Baron of the Exchequer of 1639. *Thirdly*, The "Charter" stated a resignation to have been made by a grandson of the Earl of Stirling, in the Earl's lifetime; which resignation the grandson had no title

to make; and till he had, *having* nothing, he could resign nothing according to the law of Scotland; and such could never have passed the Exchequer. *Fourthly*, The alleged charter professed to convey the titles and dignities of the earldom; the Earl professed to resign his earldom, which the king, by that deed, was made to reconvey, with *precedency from the date of the first grant*. "This," said Lord Meadowbank, and the evidence supported him, "I believe to be altogether unprecedented. It was totally unnecessary—the precedency conveyed following as a matter of course. I have seen many such grants, and *never* such a dignity reconveyed, with such a stipulation." *Fifthly*, While the invariable practice, in Royal Charters to Peers, is to address the one concerned as "*consanguineus noster*," and never to give that title to a commoner, the alleged charter in question twice applied that title to Alexander, the son of the peer, (consequently a commoner,) and *not* to the Earl himself!

LASTLY, As to the structure and aspect of the "Excerpt." It had red lines round the margin, which (said the principal witness, Mr Thomson, the Deputy-Clerk Register,) "were not introduced till the year 1780: at least it has not come under my notice at an earlier period." Then, again, three gentlemen, "the most experienced," said Lord Meadowbank, "as to old writings that are to be found here or anywhere else," stated that, at looking at the document, they had at first sight not the least doubt or difficulty in saying, that they did not believe it to be genuine, but of *recent fabrication*. One of them, the Mr Thomson above mentioned, declared that the paper was older than the ink in which the words on the face of it were written; that where the paper was folded over and stitched down, it was of the same tinge with the body of the paper which had been exposed to the air, and which could not be, had it been folded for any length of time. Here it must have been so folded for at least a century. That the "excerpt" appeared to consist of separate leaves recently cut from a book—all of them half-sheets detached from each other;

and that where, under the cover, the paper should have been whiter, through non-exposure to the atmosphere, it was not of a different colour from the rest of it. Two eminent professors of chemistry were engaged by the Court to make experiments on a portion of the paper, in order to ascertain whether the dark colour of the paper was the natural result of age, or of artificial means used to obtain that result. The doctors, however, came to opposite conclusions; and their evidence, therefore, was properly discarded from the case. Finally, As to the character of the handwriting, one of the most experienced of the professional witnesses, Mr Mackenzie, a Writer to the Signet of thirty-six years' standing, made, in the opinion of Lord Meadowbank, "a very striking remark:" that the writing was in a peculiar hand, in imitation of *old hand*, which was altogether different from the *Chancery hand* in which charters in Scotland are written; that he had never before seen a copy made like the one in question, in *old hand*; and that a person sitting down to make a copy of such a charter, would do it in the running-hand of the country where it was written. "It is my duty to observe to you," said Lord Meadowbank, "that impressions made by such appearances," as the above, "on the minds of persons of skill, at first sight, are often of great weight. . . . I leave this part of the case with this single observation—that the impression of these witnesses, when they first saw it, was to the prejudice of the genuineness of this document, as an excerpt from a genuine charter. Whether it was a writing somewhat older, or only thirty years old, seems to be very little to the purpose; but they said it appeared to be a document of recent formation—that that was the first impression made upon their minds, when it was submitted to their inspection." The Solicitor-General had thus closed *his* remarks on the subject of the above excerpt charter: "These considerations make the absence of all explanation as to the history of this document a most suspicious circumstance in the prisoner's case; so much so, with submission, that the possession of the

deed must be accounted for by the prisoner in some way or other, before he can shake himself free from the charge that is now made against him."

The following is the substance of the answer to this portion of the case, offered by his eloquent and ingenious advocate. Unable to struggle against the bulk of the professional evidence tending to impeach the genuineness of the excerpt, and to disprove the existence of the alleged charter from which it was taken, Mr Robertson admitted that there were the great distinctions which had been alleged, between a completed charter and the instrument which preceded it; that the words "*per signetum*" could not properly appear on a completed charter; that the document under consideration purported to be an excerpt of such completed charter; that the abbreviations "*Reg. Mag. Sig. Lib. LVII.*" could not appear on an excerpt of the date assigned by the prisoner to that which he had brought forward before the Scottish courts; that it was proved that no such charter as that of the 9th Dec. 1639 was entered on record; and that Archbishop Spottiswoode could not have attested such an instrument, having undoubtedly ceased to be chancellor, and died previously to its date. But he said that there was a vast difference between a genuine, though erroneous copy, and a forged principal; and also between a forgery (if such it were) so palpable as to challenge everybody's notice, and one so skilfully executed as to have been capable of deceiving all the Scottish law functionaries, and the prisoner's own law advisers, and himself, for a period of ten years, during which it had been courting examination, without forgery having been suggested till that prosecution. But *was* the excerpt proved to be a forgery? The statement in the Lord Ordinary's judgment, relating to Hovenden's affidavit, showed that there was evidence—or something like it—in that proceeding, to establish the existence of the excerpt in 1723. The document was not a *copy* of the alleged charter, but only an excerpt or *extract*; and so might be explained the absence of some matters which would be in the origi-

nal. And as to the admitted errors, the excerpt was made in Ireland, not in Scotland; was "an old Irish bungled copy"—"a blundered Irish extract"—"an Irish excerpt of a copy of a deed"—"an Irish copy." The marking "*Reg. Mag. Sig. Lib. LVII.*" in the margin may have been an *ex post facto* addition by some third person, who may be the person who had invented the story of Cromwell carrying off the records of Scotland. "*Consanguineus noster*," and the attestation of the Archbishop, were both Irish blunders. "And on such evidence," said Mr Robertson, "this bungled excerpt is to be held proved to be a deliberate forgery!"* Before leaving this part of the case, let us remind the reader of the fact mentioned in our former Number, that it was Mr Thomas Christopher Banks who, according to his own letter, discovered this challenged "excerpt" in Ireland, and transmitted it to the prisoner; that the prisoner's council elicited at the trial that this Mr Thomas Christopher Banks had been seen, by a witness, alive, at Edinburgh, a few weeks before the trial, and at the office of the Crown Solicitor; and that Mr Banks was not called as a witness by either side.

Was then this "excerpt charter" a forgery, or a genuine document? The reader has before him the same materials for forming a judgment which were presented to the Edinburgh jury. Let us proceed now to—

II. THE LE NORMAND PACKET—*i. e.*, THE FRENCH EVIDENCE. It now lies before us, in the large *fac-simile*, nearly a yard square, (one prepared for use at the trial,) prefixed to Mr Swinton's Report, representing eight different inscriptions or indorsements, on the back of an old French map of Canada. Six of them are written on the paper itself of the map, and two on two other pieces of paper, which were afterwards pasted on the back of the map. We beg to repeat emphatically the observation made in our last Number,† that "we doubt whether such an extraordinary document, or series of documents, as this

map, with its accompaniments, has ever, before or since, challenged deliberate judicial investigation." It is at once fearful and ludicrous to regard these documents as forgeries, *expected by their fabricators to be received as genuine*, and intrepidly submitted to competent scrutiny. So, at least, we own it would have appeared to ourselves; but, after all, there is nothing like a jury for deciding upon conflicting testimony. We cordially concur in the following admirable observations of Lord Brougham, delivered on a very important occasion, when he was sitting as Lord Chancellor,‡—"The best tribunal for investigating contested facts is a jury [of twelve men] of various habits of thinking, of various characters of understanding, of various kinds of feeling, of moral feeling—all of which circumstances enter deeply into the capacity of such individuals. . . . The diversity of the minds of the jury, even if they are taken without any experience as jurors, their various habits of thinking and feeling, and their diversity of cast of understanding, and their discussing the matter among themselves, and the very fact of their not being lawyers, their not being professional men, and believing as men believe, and acting on their belief, in the ordinary affairs of life, give them a capacity of aiding the court in their eliciting of truth, which no single judge, be he ever so largely gifted with mental endowments, be he ever so learned with respect to past experience in such matters, can possess." Without presuming therefore to express, or even to suggest or insinuate, anything like dissatisfaction with the conclusions arrived at by the jury with reference to the class of facts now before us, but more fully laid before them, we request the reader to imagine himself a jurymen, under a sacred obligation to resist prejudice and guard against first impressions.

It is proper to remind the reader that the very essence of the prisoner's pedigree, as he endeavoured to establish it before Lord Cockburn, consisted of proof that the Reverend John Alexander (John No. 3)§ was

* *Ante*, p. 470. † *Ante*, p. 483. ‡ Starkie On Evidence, vol. i. p. 8, note G, 3d ed.
§ See the Pedigree, *ante*, p. 473.

the son of John of Antrim, (John No. 2;) and that this John No. 2 was the son of John of Gartmore (John No. 1.) "The whole of the case," said Lord Cockburn on the 3d December 1836, "depends upon the genuineness of these two descents."* And his judgment, as has been seen, demolished the case which had been set up before him, for he pronounced "that the evidence, whether considered in its separate parts or as a whole, was utterly insufficient." † Now, if the writings on the back of the map were genuine and authentic, they exactly established, beyond all possibility of cavilling, the case which it was the prisoner's object to establish; going, moreover, far beyond the exigencies springing out of the adverse judgment of Lord Cockburn. For, first, those writings were designed to demonstrate not only that John No. 3 was son of John No. 2, and he son of John No. 1; but also, secondly, that the ORIGINAL CHARTER OF NOVODAMUS, of the 9th December 1639, was bodily in existence in the archives of Canada in the year 1702—as indubitably attested by those who had seen and examined it, and made copies and extracts from it!—as testified by right reverend, noble, and royal personages, two very eminent bishops, a marchioness, and a king of France—all under their own hands. These singular writings, eight in number, were given *in extenso* and *verbatim*, but translated into English in our last Number; ‡ and we hope that the reader will take the trouble of referring to, and carefully reading them, before he proceeds further with the present paper. We promise him that his trouble shall be amply repaid, by disclosures which he will then, and then only, fully appreciate.

I. First comes the statement, written on the back of the map, of a certain "M. MALLET"—supposed to be a Canadian French gentleman—who simply makes the memorandum in question, without signing it, or mentioning his own name, but heading it, "Lyons, 4th August 1706." He states that in the year 1702 he was residing in Acadia [Nova Scotia.] "His curiosity had been excited by

what he was told of an 'ancient' charter, preserved in the archives of that province—it is the charter of confirmation, *De Novo Damus*, of date 9th December 1639." He says, "My friend Lacroix gave me a copy of it, which I took the precaution of having duly attested. From this authentic document I am about to present some extracts, in order that every person who opens this map [the one in question] of our American possessions, may form an idea of the vast extent of territory which was granted by the King of England to one of his subjects. If the fate of war, or any other event, should replace New France and Acadia under the dominion of the English, the family of Stirling would possess these two provinces, as well as New England, as well as—" and then he quotes the "passages," as from the original charter. He proceeds, "The order of succession! to this inheritance is as follows:" and gives the entire of the new limitations of the alleged charter *in extenso!*—concluding, "Thus the King of England has given to the Earl, and has secured to his descendants in perpetuity, enough of land to found a powerful empire in America." So much for M. Mallet. Opposite his important memorandum was the following autograph memorandum, forming No.—

VIII. in our series, of LOUIS XV! "This note is worthy of some attention, under present circumstances; but let the copy of the original charter be sent to me." Subjoined to M. Mallet's memorandum was another—

II. Signed "CARON SAINT ESTIENNE," and dated "Lyons, 6th April 1707," announcing the sudden death of the aforesaid M. Mallet, whose loss was, it seems, an irreparable one to his friends, from his "good qualities and rare understanding." He it was who "first procured M. Saint Estienne a perusal of the charter—an extraordinary document extending over fifty pages," and the "unclassical Latin" of which shocked the accomplished reader. He says that "the above note of M. Mallet is precious—giving in few words an

* Swinton, Append., p. xxiii.

† *Id.*, p. xxix.‡ *Ante*, p. 484-7.

extremely correct idea of the wonderful charter in question." "As to the copy," which M. Mallet had "taken the precaution of having duly attested," M. Estienne informs us by whom it had been attested—viz. by the Keeper of the Records, and the Acadian witnesses—and it, (the copy) must be in entire conformity with the register of Port Royal.—"M. Mallet had foreseen," observes his friend St Estienne, "that the copy would not make the charter known in France, hence he conceived the idea of writing, ON ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL MAPS OF GUILLAUME DE L'ISLE, a note which all the world may read with interest. Had he lived long enough"—poor soul—"he could have added to this interest; for he wished to obtain information in England as to the then situation of the descendants of the Earl who had obtained the charter; and all the information which he might have received respecting them, he would have transferred to this very map." M. St Estienne, however, concludes with the consolatory assurance—"But, after all, with the two documents [*i. e.* the duly attested copy, and his own memorandum on the map] "which he has left to us, no person in France can question the existence of such a charter." Here then were two gentlemen who had been actually favoured with a sight of the *ipsissima charta*; had obtained a copy of it from a third (M. Lacroix)—himself, doubtless, similarly privileged; had taken the precaution of having that copy officially attested; and had given accurate extracts of its essential provisions. We are, however, under still further obligations to the solicitous vigilance of St Estienne; for two months afterwards he procured no less a person than Flechier, the eminent Bishop of Nismes, to add the sanction of his eminent name to the authenticity of his—St Estienne's—memorandum. Accordingly, the obliging Bishop wrote on the map the following certificate:—

III. Signed "Esprit, Ev. de Nismes," [*i. e.* Esprit Flechier, Bishop of Nismes] and dated, "Nismes, 3d June 1707." The Bishop had been shown by St Estienne the "copy" of

the charter, and thus chronicles the event—"I read lately at the house of Monsieur Sartre, at Caveyrac, the copy of the Earl of Stirling's charter. In it I remarked many curious particulars, mixed up with a great many uninteresting details, [what a natural observation!] I think, therefore, that the greatest obligations are due to M. Mallet for having, by the above note, enabled the French public to judge of the extent and importance of the grants made to the Scottish nobleman. I also find that he has extracted the most essential clauses of the charter; and, in translating them into French, he has given them with great fidelity (!) Monsieur Caron St Estienne has asked me to bear this testimony. I do so with the greatest pleasure." Courteous and venerable Bishop of Nismes! But you must now make your exit, for an Archbishop approaches, and that no less a personage than the great, the good, the justly revered FENELON, Archbishop of Cambray, who, in the ensuing autumn—viz., on the 16th October 1707—on the solicitation doubtless of St Estienne, and other zealous friends of the excellent deceased M. Mallet, condescended to write the following memorandum round the margin of a letter presented to him for that purpose, and forming No.—

V. "The friends of the late Mr. Ph. Mallet will, doubtless read with great interest this letter of a *grandson of the Earl of Stirling's*! M. Cholet, of Lyons, setting out to-day, 16th October 1707, on his way home, will have the honour of delivering it to M. Brossette, on the part of Madame de Lambert. To authenticate it, I have written and signed this marginal note. FR. AR. DUC DE CAMBRAY." "Nec Deus intersit," says our ancient astute adviser, "nisi dignus vindice nodus." Who, thinks the reader, was the writer of the letter thus solemnly authenticated by so distinguished a witness? Who but (the very man of all others on earth that was wanted)—JOHN OF ANTRIM—John No. 2—John Alexander, grandson of the first Earl of Stirling!

IV. This was a letter of John Alexander, dated "Antrim, 27th

August, 1707,"—*i. e.* five years only before his death—addressed to a certain Marchioness de Lambert, a lady of fashion, whose splendid hospitalities he therein commemorates. He there thanks her ladyship for having, through the good-natured interposition of *the Archbishop*, favoured him so soon with a copy of "the note respecting '*my grandfather's* charter.'" "I shall preserve with care the interesting note of M. Mallet. The charter was at one time registered in Scotland, as well as in Acadia: but during the Civil War, and under the usurpation of Cromwell, boxes containing a portion of the records of that kingdom were lost during a storm at sea; and, according to THE ANCIENT TRADITION of our family, the REGISTER in which this charter was RECORDED was amongst the number of those that perished! Such, madam, is all that I can say in reply to your questions; for it is impossible, in this country of Ireland, to obtain any other information with regard to the registered charter. I believe that MY GRANDMOTHER" [*i. e.* the first countess] "gave the ORIGINAL CHARTER (which she brought from Scotland, when she came to take up her abode in Ireland) to her son-in-law, Lord Montgomery, in order that he might preserve it carefully in Castle Comber, where he resided. I shall ascertain what this family have done with it; and I shall have the honour of acquainting you with any discovery which I may make." He proceeded to give a remarkably neat and succinct account of that state of the pedigree which the Lord Ordinary had so ruthlessly annihilated; particularly explaining that John of Gartmore (John No. 1) had had a second wife, named Maxwell, "the mother" of the communicative writer. The benevolent and indefatigable Marchioness de Lambert seems to have pushed her inquiries, even after the death of her correspondent; for we have, constituting No.—

VII. A memorandum, though without signature or date, showing that "this lady had not ceased to bestow on the son," the Rev. John Alexander, (John No. 3.) "of this distin-

guished man," (John No. 2,) "marks of her good-will and friendship. This son is favourably known in England as a Protestant clergyman, and a learned philologist. . . . He is at the head of a college for the education of young clergymen, established at Stratford, in the county of Warwick." But this memorandum contained, as the first sentence, one of infinite significance—"THIS INSCRIPTION has been communicated by Madame de Lambert!" And that was document

VI. Forming the inscription on the tombstone of John of Antrim,* whom it stated to be "the best of husbands, the most indulgent of fathers; as a friend warm, sincere, faithful; a man of such endowments, &c.; and universally respected for his piety and benevolence." But what was vastly more to the purpose, as far as concerned his descendants, he was also the only son of the Hon. John Alexander! who was the *fourth* son of William Earl of Sterline! and "married Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. Mr Hamilton of Bangor, by whom he had issue a son, John, who "at this present time is the Presbyterian minister at Stratford-on-Avon, in England." There could not be a doubt as to these facts, seeing that a certain "W. C. Gordon, junior," of Stratford-on-Avon, certified, on the margin of a copy of the inscription, that it "was a faithful copy!" Here, however, occurred a somewhat disagreeable fact. The figure "7" in the date, "Oct. 6th, 1723," was originally a figure "8" [*i. e.* 1823] "made into a 7." This swore Mr Lizars; on which "a juryman asks, Has there been an erasure?—A. No. It has been a different figure, corrected, and made into a 7. Lord Meadowbank.—Look at it again, Mr Lizars. Are you sure it has not been a blot? *The witness*, (having carefully examined the document with a glass.)—No, my lord, it has been decidedly a figure. There are both the top and middle of a figure here, my lord."

Such were the documents indorsed on and attached to the map of Canada; and a perusal of them suggests a few questions. *First*, According to them, the original charter of the 7th

* See it in *extenso*, ante, p. 486.

December 1639 was, in the year 1702, in Acadia, "in the archives there." How did it get thither, and why was it sent? According to another part of the prisoner's case before the Lord Ordinary, the first Earl, grievously dejected by the death of three of his sons, and fearing, from the declining health of two of the survivors, that his honours might, at no distant period, pass to a collateral branch of the family, obtained the new charter in question in 1639. This charter conveyed large estates in Scotland as well as in America: "but," as Lord Meadowbank observed, "while the former were within reach, and easily accessible, those in Canada and the State of Maine, being" [*then, i. e.* in 1639, the original grants having been made in 1626 and 1628] "in the hands of the French, were altogether out of the reach of the grantees. In these circumstances, you are required to believe that the Earl, in place of retaining this charter in Scotland, and getting it recorded and perfected *there*, where he might have got something by it, carried it to Canada, and had it recorded, where he could get nothing; and where, except as a matter of curiosity to men like Monsieur Mallet and his friend Lacroix, it was altogether a piece of waste paper. . . . I again put it to you, is it credible that, if the Earl had really got such a charter, and had wished to *change the destination* of his estates—and we know that he was a person of no ordinary talents—he would have omitted taking means for preserving in his own country the evidence of what he had done?" But, *secondly*, again, the original charter was, in 1702, in Nova Scotia. Now, we have seen that, in 1723, this 'original charter' was, on the 10th July 1723, in Ireland, in the hands of a Mr Thomas Conyers, of Carlow, who "permitted" Mr Hovenden "to see it, and he did most minutely examine the contents:" and on the 20th of that month, in the same year, the son of the aforesaid Conyers certified that that charter "had been trusted to his late father, in troublesome times, by the deceased Mary, Countess of Mount Alexander." At that time the fifth Earl was living.

When, then, did the charter return from Acadia to Scotland, and go thence to Ireland? According to the letter of John of Antrim on the map, his grandmother, the first Countess, took it to Ireland to her son-in-law, Lord Montgomery, to be taken care of. That son-in-law died in 1670. What did he do with it? Did he send it to Canada?—and why? What were the three Earls of Stirling about, that they did not get possession of this document, the very foundation of their fortunes and honours? It gets, however, to Canada in 1702; is back again, and in Ireland, at all events, in 1723; and then gets placed in uncomfortable circumstances, and encounters queer adventures. It found its way into the hands of the Rev. John Alexander, (John No. 3,) *in the lifetime of the fifth Earl of Stirling*; and on his death, in 1743, it gets into the hands of his widow, who took it to Birmingham when she went to reside there; whence it was stolen, in 1758, by an emissary of the then claimant of the peerage, William Alexander, who took it off to America, and either suppressed or destroyed it, the latest trace of it existing in 1806 or 1812, when it was presumably destroyed. All this was the original official statement of his case, by the prisoner himself, in 1829, in the process of "proving the tenor." * *Thirdly*, In 1702, this M. Mallet speaks of the charter as "an ancient one;" whereas it was then only sixty-three years old—its date being 1639. *Fourthly*, It having been thus a dead letter for sixty-three years, owing to the altered ownership of the territories included in it—they having become the undisputed property of France, and so continued for half a century afterwards, namely, till General Wolff's conquest of Quebec in 1760: yet we have a Frenchman, in 1702, represented as calmly speculating in the year 1702, without anything to suggest such an idea, on the possibility of the territories being reconquered from France by the English, and in that event the charter becoming an object of great interest! *Fifthly*, We have him also giving himself very particular concern

* *Ante*, p. 475.

with the *limitations* and family destinations of the tenures of the foreign grantees claiming under this “*ancient*” dead letter—then a mere useless piece of parchment, likely to attract the eye and attention of none but some curious antiquarian. Who was this M. Mallet? There is no suggestion that he was acquainted with any member of the family, or had ever been concerned in any way with them. Why, then, should he feel it necessary to “take the precaution” of having the copy which he had made “duly attested?” Who, again, was Lacroix? What was there *then* to interest any one in France or America in the fortunes of the noble Scottish family of the Alexanders? Why was it to be expected that “all the world would read with interest” the note which M. Mallet had so quietly written on his map, and then committed it to his bureau? *Sixthly*, In 1702, and 1706, and 1707, Acadia was in the hands of the French, and consequently its archives or registers were under their control; and a copy of any instrument deposited there could be easily obtained. Why, then, was not the command of Louis XV. obeyed, and a copy procured for his Majesty? Again, what became of the solemnly-attested copy spoken of by M. Mallet, Lacroix, and St Estienne? No account whatever is given of it, nor any reason why it was necessary to set such store by a brief epitome of one or two of the clauses to be found in that copy! Why, therefore, was the “Note” of M. Mallet so “*precious*,” when those interested in the matter to which it related could have so easily seen the original of which it spoke, and obtained a *verbatim* copy of the whole? The “Note” of M. Mallet might, indeed, be precious in the eyes of his suddenly-bereaved survivors as an autograph memento of their deceased friend, but not otherwise. *Seventhly*, Why should there be, in 1707, in the family of John of Antrim, a tradition, and that, too, an “*ancient*” one—*i. e.*, forty or fifty years old—concerning the loss of the record of a copy of the charter, *when the original* was in existence in the archives of Acadia?

Lastly, Why is the great shade of the author of *Telemachus* evoked? Simply to “*authenticate*” the letter of John Alexander to the Marchioness De Lambert; to whom that letter was then on its way! This much for the intrinsic indication of genuineness or spuriousness afforded by the indorsements on the map of Canada, which we have hitherto been considering. We have now to record a remarkable incident which occurred at the trial, in open Court. As already stated, one of the two documents *pasted* on the back of the map was the alleged tombstone inscription. As the map was lying on the table of the court, owing to either the heat of the densely crowded Court, or some other cause, one of the corners of the paper on which the inscription was written curled up a little—just far enough to disclose some writing underneath it, on the back of the map. On the attention of the Solicitor-General being directed to the circumstance, he immediately applied to the Court for its permission to Mr Lizars, the eminent engraver, then present, to detach from the map the paper on which the tombstone inscription was written. Having been duly sworn, he withdrew for that purpose, and soon afterwards returned, having executed his mission very skilfully, without injury to either paper. That on which the inscription was written proved to be itself a portion of another copy of the map of Canada, and the writing which it covered was as follows, but in French:—

“There has just been shown to me a *letter of Fenelon*, written in 1698, having reference to this grandson of Lord Stirling, who was in France during that year, and with regard to whom he expresses himself as follows:—‘I request that you will see this amiable and good Irishman, Mr John Alexander, whose acquaintance I made some years ago. He is a man of real merit, and whom every one sees with pleasure *at Court*, and in the best circles of the capital.’ These were the initials, as far as they are legible, “E. Sh.” This was represented by the Solicitor-General as palpably an incoherent abortive forgery; and Lord Meadowbank

pointed out to the jury the evident and partially successful effort which had been made to *tear off* that portion of the surface of the map on which the above had been written. That effort failing, said he, "the only precaution that remained to prevent its appearing was to cover it over; for which purpose the parties used the inscription. But then the apprehension of its appearing, if the map were held between the light and the eye, seems to have come across the minds of the parties engaged in the operation, and hence, with a very singular degree of foresight, expertness, and precaution, they used for their cover that by which the eye of the inquirer might be misled in his investigation; for you have seen that the lines and words of the map forming the *back* of the inscription were exactly such as would naturally fall in with those on the *front* of the map of Canada, from which the extract from the pretended letter of Fenelon had refused to be separated. Accordingly the invention, it would appear, had proved hitherto most successful; for though this map has been examined over and over again by persons of the first skill and talent, and scrutinised with the most minute attention, the writing which was thus covered up escaped detection, till, by the extreme heat of the Court-house yesterday, or some other cause of a similar nature, a corner of the inscription separated from the map, and revealed to our observation that which was hidden below. Gentlemen, it is for you to consider the *effect* of this revelation; but I must fairly tell you, that, in the whole course of my experience, I have never seen more clear and satisfactory evidence than has hereby been unexpectedly afforded, of the progress of a palpable and impudent forgery." The reader will bear in mind these observations against the time when we apprise him of the finding of the jury. The reason suggested by Lord Meadowbank for the abandonment and concealment of this sub-inscription was, that it was of such a nature as could not acquire credit from any one, as Fenelon was therein made to speak as if he were a

courtier, familiar with the gay scenes of the court and the capital; whereas it was notorious that he lived more at his diocese than at Paris. Mr Lizars stated that this newly discovered writing did not resemble that of the letter signed "John Alexander." "How the Crown counsel would have chuckled," said the prisoner's counsel to the jury, "if the marvellous new discovery had resembled that of Mallet or Alexander!" And that was his only remark on the subject. To us the handwriting of these three manuscripts appears certainly different: all those on the map, indeed, appear different; but an obvious suggestion occurs, that, if they were really forgeries, those perpetrating them may have taken the precaution of employing distinct writers. Let us now come to the *extrinsic* evidence, to determine the genuineness or spuriousness of these multifarious writings. First, as to the ink and character of the writings. Two eminent French witnesses, (M.M. Teulet, joint-secretary of the archives of the kingdom of France, and Jacobs, geographical engraver attached to the Institute of France at Paris) peculiarly conversant with the art of making *fac-similes* of ancient writings, solemnly and confidently pronounced their opinions that all the documents on the back of the map were false, that they were written with ink generally used for that purpose—viz., a composition of China ink, yellow and carmine, or red; and the paper afforded visible indications of little red splashings, or spottings, the result of accidents in using that composition.

"Q.—'M. Teulet, from what you know, are you of opinion that these writings on the back of the map are authentic writings of the dates they bear?'

"A.—'I have considered them; and say, on my conscience, that all the writings on the back of that map are false.'

"Q.—To M. Jacobs.—'Forming a judgment from the ink alone, and the appearance of the writing itself, is it your opinion that these are genuine or false documents—documents of the dates they bear?'

"A.—'I should think them false.'

word "*Géographe*" occupying the vacant space above—contained in brackets; and by the absence of the line "*et premier Géographe du Roy*," so evidently interposed subsequently between the preceding and subsequent lines. And the fact was, that on the 24th August 1718, fifteen years after the original publication of the map, De l'Isle had received the high appointment of "*PREMIER Géographe du Roi*." M. Teulet, one of the keepers of the "Register of the Secretary of State" in France, a "register of the greatest possible authenticity,"—"*the only register of authentic documents in which the commission of Guillaume De l'Isle could be found*," produced an "extract made after the most authentic manner in France, certified by the keeper of the register, and by the seal of the archives of France,"—an "extract which would have all possible authenticity in a court of justice in France," and which extract M. Teulet "had compared twice over, word for word, and letter for letter, with the record," and swore that "it was correct." The extract was as follows:—

"Du vingt quatre Aoust mil sept cent dix huit

"Brevet de Premier Géographe du Roy pour l'Isle." The entry runs thus in English:—

"*This day* (24th August 1718) the king being in Paris, having authentic proofs of the profound erudition of the S. Guillaume de l'Isle, of the *Royal Academy of Sciences*, in the great number of geographical works which he has executed for his Majesty's use, and which have been received with general approbation by the public, his Majesty, by the advice," &c. &c., "wishing to attach him more particularly to his Majesty's service by a title of honour, which may procure him at the same time the means of continuing works of such usefulness, has declared, and declares, wishes, and enjoins, that the said S. de l'Isle be henceforward [*'DORÉNAVANT'*] his first geographer," &c. &c. This appointment was signed by the king, and countersigned by the Secretary of State. It was distinctly sworn by M. Teulet and M. Jacobs, than whom there could not have been higher authorities on

such a subject, that they had carefully examined the map in question—and that, till the 24th August 1718, there never was a map of De l'Isle thrown off having on its face the title of "*Premier Géographe du Roi*;" but that, after that date, this designation was invariably added to his name;—and though the period of printing was later than 1718, it was necessary to retain the original date of the map, 1703, in order to secure the copyright; because the privilege of printing it, as recited on the map, extended to only twenty years from the time of the map being originally published. Thus was clearly and most satisfactorily explained the erasure of the word "*Géographe*" after the name of Guillaume de l'Isle, and the contemporaneous interpolation of the new title of dignity—*Premier géographe du Roy*—between the next line and the one following. All the three witnesses (MM. Teulet, Jacobs, and Mr Lizars) swore, and gave conclusive reasons for doing so, that the same copperplate was used in making the engravings—that De l'Isle was in the habit of retouching his plates, and making alterations in them from time to time; and great numbers of his plates were produced, showing that, in the maps dated anterior to 1718, the words "*Premier Géographe du Roy*" were interpolated; and in the one before the court, the interpolated line was much "fresher" than the rest of the inscription. In those subsequent to 1718 there was no such interpolation, the words being always regular with the other part of the title." In addition to this, it was proved, that the word "*Géographe*" had been mechanically effaced from the copper; for, on carefully examining the under side of the copper, there were "evident traces of hammering, which had been done to fill up the spaces where the words had been effaced." Nothing could be more lucid and decisive than the evidence given by the eminent M. Teulet on these points; the result being a downright demonstration, as far as the nature of the case admitted of demonstration, that the copy of the map in question could not have been, and was not, in existence, till after the 24th August 1718. The prisoner's counsel, fearfully pressed by these considerations, frankly—but neces-

sarily—admitted, that “if the map were not in existence till 1718, the writings on it purporting to be dated prior to 1718 were forgeries.” But he contended that, though “he should be ashamed to deny that there were *strong reasons* for supposing the fact to be so, there was not *conclusive* evidence that the copy of the map in question was not in existence till 1718; for the Crown had not proved a search of the Records of France prior to 1718, and it might be, that the commission which had been proved, was not the *first* in favour of De l’Isle — there might have been a previous one.” “But this,” said Lord Meadowbank, unanswerably, “was a strange supposition, refuted by the patent proved before the jury. Had any *former grant* existed, it must have been there referred to; notice of it could not have been omitted.” One other suggestion was offered, faintly, from a sense of its hopelessness; that the alterations on the title of the map, might have been effected by the use of double plates; the additional line having been inserted by a second impression *on the same sheet of paper*. Such a process, however, could not have *effaced* the word “Geographe,” or effected the changes which appeared in the statement of De l’Isle’s residence — the words “à l’Aigle d’Or” being manifestly engraved on the site of only partially-obliterated previous letters. That this, in point of fact, had been the process, was distinctly sworn to by those who had seen the original plate. Before quitting this part of the case, we shall quote a very critical section of the evidence given by the Crown — that of Pierre François Joseph Leguix, a print and map seller at Paris, whom the prisoner’s counsel made a very desperate effort to exclude from the witness-box. He said, “My print-shop is in the Quai Voltaire, Paris. I remember *in the winter of 1836-7* a person coming frequently to my shop in search of maps. I think he was an Englishman. The maps he sought for were maps of Canada. He came during the length of five or six weeks. I sold him several maps of Canada. He wished to get one map of a particular date. *It was the date of 1703*. I sold him a

map of 1703. It was procured by me after considerable search. He came to my shop no more after getting that map. It was similar to this [the one in question]. There were no writings then on the back of it. He did not explain who he was, nor say why he wished to have that map. He inquired chiefly for a map of 1703.

“Q.—‘Have you seen the prisoner before?’

“A.—‘Yes.’

“Q.—‘It was not he?’

“A.—‘No, Sir.’”*

What a moment for the prisoner!

In a letter written to the prisoner by Mademoiselle Le Normand, dated Paris, 8th January 1839, occurs the following passage, (read in evidence at the trial) which may possibly relate to the facts above deposed to. “. . . . *Seulement on a découvert l’homme du Quai; on veut le faire partir pour l’Ecosse; il déclare que voilà 18 mois il a vendu une Carte du Canada à un Anglais, qui plusieurs fois est venu chez lui, on lui a dit: le reconnaissez-vous? je le crois.*”

Finally, M. Tenlet proved that Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, died at five o’clock in the morning of the 7th February 1715, by the following examined extract from the Register of the Chapter of Cambray—“*Feria 2, die vii Januarii 1715.—Hodie circa quintam matutinam obiit illustrissimus Dominus Franciscus de Salignac de la Mothe Fenelon, Archiepiscopus et Dux Cameracensis, sacri Romani Imperii Princeps, Comes Cameracensis, etc. Requiescat in pace.*” †

The death of Flechier, Bishop of Nismes, in 1711, was also proved by M. Tenlet, who produced an examined copy of letters patent for the installation of the successor of Flechier, dated the 26th February 1711; and one of the witnesses, M. de Pages, stated that the Bishop died in the year 1710. Notwithstanding, however, this evidence, M. de Pages, (a nephew of the Marquis de Valfour, and attached to the Historical department in the King’s Library, and possessing some little familiarity with ancient manuscripts,) having brought over some alleged writings of Louis the XV. and Flechier, said “that the writing on the map attributed to

* Swinton, pp. 143-4.

† *Id.*, App. lviii.

Louis was *exactly like* the specimens of his writing which the witness had brought;” and of that attributed to Flechier he said, “I think it is the same as the writing of his which I produce.” On this, one of the Judges (Lord Moncrieff) put this acute question:—

“Q.—‘If you were assured that that map had no existence till 1718, would you still say that the writing on it was Flechier’s?’

“A.—‘Wherever it might be placed, I find it conformable to the writing of Flechier.’

Lord Moncrieff to the Interpreter.—Remind him that he said Flechier ceased to be Bishop of Nismes in 1710, and then ask him the question again. [This was done.]

“A.—‘It would be not the less like.’”

Lord Meadowbank, it may be observed in passing, regarded the writings brought over by M. de Pages as “important,” and handed them to the jury, on their retiring to consider their verdict.

The signatures of Louis, Fenelon, and Flechier were attempted to be proved also by certificates from M. Daunon, M. Villenave, and other eminent French antiquaries; but as they were living, such certificates were of course rejected. If these writings, then, *were* forgeries, they must have been most skilfully executed; and, in fact, the question as to their genuineness or spuriousness excited—as we learn from Mr Swinton,—great interest and much discussion in Paris. It may also be here mentioned, as a somewhat singular circumstance, that, a few years previously to this trial—as we also learn from Mr Swinton—a series of portraits and autographs of illustrious Frenchmen, published by Delpech, (Quai Voltaire, Paris,) contained *fac-similes* of the writing of Louis XV., Fenelon, and Flechier, exactly resembling the writings on the map attributed to them;—and in the specimen given in that work of the writing of Louis XV., which was taken from the collection of M. Villenave above-mentioned, occur the very *two expressions*, and *similarly spelled*, which are found on the map—“*les cerconstances presentes*” — and “*oregenale.*” Mr

Swinton speaks of this coincidence as “remarkable;” but to us it appears not at all so. What is easier than to conceive that, if the writings on the map were forgeries, the fabricator had before him at the time these very fac-similes, and astutely determined to introduce the expressions in question, with the peculiar spelling?

Let us now recur for a moment to the excerpt charter of the 7th February 1639. On the assumption that it was a forgery—*what becomes of the writings on the map of De l’Isle?* They then speak of—are bottomed on—a document of which there is no earthly trace whatever, except in a forged extract! If the excerpt be annihilated, so is the charter! And if so,—in the name of holy truth and ordinary common sense, how comes it, but by a double forgery, that we find on the map of De l’Isle, produced for the first time in 1837, *all the essential elements of that charter*, as far as sufficed to further the interests of the prisoner—viz., the altered destination of the titles and property, set forth *verbatim et literatim*, in conformity with the terms of the forged excerpt? “How, but through the evidence of one in the possession of this first forgery of the charter,” asked the Solicitor-General,* “could the persons who executed the second arrive at such a close and perfect correspondence with the terms and effect of the former, as has been exhibited through the whole contents of the last?”

The prisoner’s counsel said, in defence to this serious section of the charge—the map is not pretended to have been forged; nor is the date “1703” false. Who Ph. Mallet, or Caron St. Estienne, was, “at the distance of one hundred and thirty years, no one could tell.” Flechier was alive in 1707, and therefore *might* have written the note attributed to him in that year, and so with Fenelon. “Now, gentlemen,” said Mr Robertson, “what is the case of the Crown on the map? I think it rests entirely on the appointment of De l’Isle as *premier géographe du Roi*,” which was unquestionably the true—the inevitable—issue on which to put the case; and he proceeded to contend, on grounds which we have

* Swinton, p. 237.

already indicated in passing, that the Crown had not established the act of forgery, by clear, irrefragable, irresistible proof.

What, then, says the considerate reader, we ask, as we did in the former instance—were these writings on the map of Canada—any or all of them—genuine or spurious?

III. THE DE PORQUET PACKET.

With every disposition to treat this item of evidence with the gravity and impartiality befitting quasi-judicial investigation, we acknowledge feeling extreme difficulty in doing so. To us, as English lawyers, intense would seem the simplicity of those expecting any rational being to give credit for an instant to the contents of this astonishing packet, as genuine. Two months after the judgment of the Lord Ordinary, pointing out the fatal flaw in the prisoner's pedigree—(viz., the non-proof of two particular steps in that pedigree—that John No. 3 descended from John No. 2, and the latter from John No. 1,) a sensitive and conscientious thief died—viz. in March 1837—in the exact nick of time, having kept by him till that sad event a packet which he had purloined from his employer in 1798* i. e. for forty years; and which packet contained four family documents, of vital moment, applying themselves with miraculous exactness to the deficiency in the pedigree aforesaid! We are here stating shortly, but correctly, the effect of a document under this head of the charge, set forth in the indictment. That document we gave *verbatim* in our last Number.† Messrs De Porquet, London booksellers, received a packet by the penny post, on opening which they found one addressed to Lord Stirling, accompanied by a note from a “Mrs. Innes Smyth,” (of whom no one has hitherto seen, heard, or known anything whatever,) requesting them to send it to his lordship; whose son happening in the month of April 1837—i. e., a few weeks after the opportune death of the mysterious thief—to call at Messrs De Porquet, they gave him the packet addressed to his father. Instead of at once forwarding it to

him, the young gentleman instantly took it to his solicitors; and after an exciting colloquy as to what this packet might contain, (the idea never occurring to him, that it would be the proper formal course to send it off to his parent according to its address,) it is arranged that they should go on the ensuing morning to a notary public, and open the packet in his presence! This was done; on which they discovered the interesting document above referred to, explaining the theft of the packet which it accompanied, cased in parchment, sealed with three black seals, “evidently,” said the young Alexander, in his letter to the prisoner, “my grandfather's seals—not like those we have”—and with the following words, also instantly recognised as being in his grandfather's handwriting, on the packet—“*Some of my wife's family papers*”—that wife being the prisoner's mother, Hannah, daughter of John No. 3 (the Rev. John Alexander,) the “person of such great humility, and so perfectly unostentatious,” according to her daughter's statement,‡ “that she did not take upon herself the title of Countess, though she often told her children that they had noble blood in their veins;—that she had two brothers, ‘John’ and ‘Benjamin,’ who had fully intended assuming their peerage honours, but for their premature death—*unmarried!*—whereby she,” the lady aforesaid, “believed herself the last of the family of Alexander who were entitled to be Earls of Stirling!” The sheet of paper accompanying this mystic parchment packet had a black border, “owing to the death of the thief!”—who “had never dared to break the seals”—the threefold seals of the packet—“which accounts for the admirable state of preservation” in which the contents were after this forty years' interval!!!§ This inner packet the modest notary felt to be of too solemn a character to be opened in his presence; and recommended its being taken for that purpose to a functionary of commensurate solemnity—to wit, a proctor.|| No sooner said than done: away they went to

* *Ante*, pp. 466, 480.

† *Ante*, p. 480.

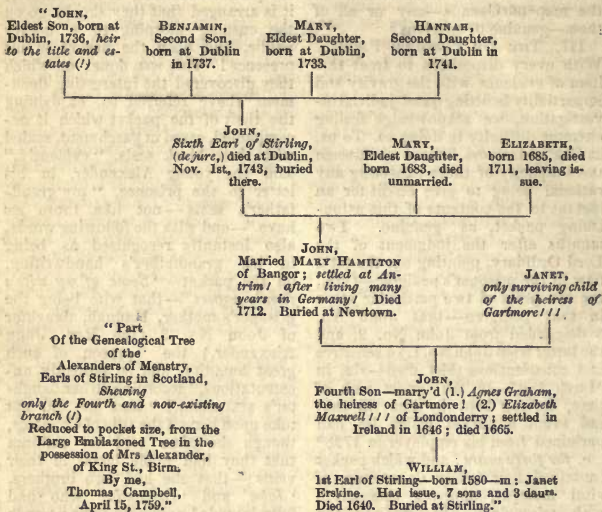
‡ *Ante*, p. 467.

§ *Ante*, pp. 481-2.

|| p. Swinton, 263.

the proctor, with whom they were closeted five hours; and in whose presence—and that “of four witnesses”—the young gentleman ventured to cut the parchment over the middle black seal—and there appeared

four enclosures which completely settled the business in favour of the claimant of the Stirling peerage. Never was anything so beautiful in aptitude. *First*, was a genealogical tree—thus



Secondly, came a letter from the above-mentioned “Benjamin” to the above-mentioned “John,” his elder brother, (John No. 3,) speaking of the tombstone, and giving many interesting particulars concerning *John of Antrim*—his portrait, his education at Londonderry under his maternal grandsire Maxwell! his travels abroad, and “visiting foreign courts,” (as indeed Fenelon would seem to have testified, as well as the aforesaid John himself, on Madlle. le Normand’s map.) *Thirdly*, a letter to the same “John,” (No. 3,) from a certain “A. E. Bailie,” certifying as to the missing tombstone, who had written the inscription, (which was given at length in Madlle. Le Normand’s map,) and assuring “John No. 3” that the writer had “always heard that *your great-grandfather, the Hon. Mr Alexander*, (who was known in the county as

Mr Alexander of Gartmoir.) died at Derry, but ‘the Papists of the north’ had unfortunately destroyed the parish registers.” *Lastly*, “a beautiful miniature painting of *John of Antrim!*”

Such were the contents of the De Porquet packet; and we must here add, that the superscription on the parchment, “Some of my wife’s family papers,” was clearly proved to be really the handwriting of the prisoner’s father.

The Solicitor-General, partly from the intrinsic preposterous absurdity of this whole transaction, and partly from his extended and very able analysis of the two former heads of evidence, dealt rather summarily with the De Porquet packet. “This packet, too,” he observed, “was received through the post-office. We have not, therefore, had the same

means of tracing these documents as we possessed in regard to the map.* His commentary, however, though brief, was cutting, particularly on the "absurd solemnity" of the "opening" of the packet by the prisoner's son, the "death of the thief in the very nick of time," and the mysterious unknown "Mrs Innes Smyth." "I admit," said he, "that there is no direct evidence as to these English documents. But it must be taken into account how closely the whole case is here riveted and dovetailed together; so that I think the documents produced are all parts and portions of the grand machinery of forgery which has been set agoing here, to meet the effect of the Lord Ordinary's interlocutor setting aside the panel's title."†

The prisoner's counsel prudently dealt still more briefly with this part of the case. The very little that he did say, however, was excellently said. He dwelt on the proof that the superscription, "Some of my wife's family papers,"‡ had been proved to be genuine. "Yet a verdict of forgery is demanded on that paper, and all the documents contained in that parcel are said to be forged—the one, because we have proved it to be genuine; the others, because the Crown has proved—nothing at all. That is the plain English of it, gentlemen, and I leave it in your hands."§

Lord Meadowbank dealt with this portion of the case at considerably greater length, and very carefully. He remarked on the absurd improbability of so notable a discovery being made at the precise moment of difficulty, and in the manner alleged, by the son of the prisoner—a packet full of most critical documents, sent anonymously—exactly as in the case of the Le Normand packet, in both respects—the one in April, the other in July next, after the Lord Ordinary's judgment had indicated the *hiatus* in the proof which these two windfalls *exactly filled up*. The two letters enclosed in it—viz., from Benjamin Alexander to his brother John, (No. 3,) and from "A. E. Baillie"

to the same person—Lord Meadowbank regarded as "deserving the most serious consideration of the jury, not so much for the sake of the letters themselves, as from being a part of that great mass of evidence which bore upon the whole question of the authenticity of these various productions."|| He remarked strongly on young Alexander's letter announcing to his father the discovery of the packet—his going to a notary and proctor to have it opened, instead of at once sending it on to his father. "For aught his son is supposed to have known, or could possibly tell, it was strictly confidential to his father, and he had no right to make any conjectures as to the contents of it. Did you ever hear a more extraordinary story than he tells? I leave it to you to consider whether such a proceeding can be accounted for on any rational principle. Did you ever hear of such a thing as this being done before? For my own part, the proceeding is altogether incomprehensible upon any supposition but one—and that is, upon the notion *that the contents of the packet were not unknown to some of the performers in the drama, before ever it [the packet] entered the shop of De Porquet.*" Lord Meadowbank laid great stress on the following certainly very significant passage in this letter, relating to the "*inscription*" mentioned in the two letters of "Benjamin Alexander" and "A. E. Baillie,"—"You will see that the inscription is *now made a good document, being confirmed* by the letters of B. Alexander and A. E. Baillie. The cause is enrolled to be heard on the 31st day of May." The son was writing on the 23rd April. "The better to appreciate this letter," continued Lord Meadowbank, "let me recall your recollection to the map of Canada. You have thus three letters, and that inscription confirming *another inscription* (as stated in young Alexander's letter) *fixed on the map*; and if you do not hold the map or the papers upon it to be genuine, you will consider how the two sets of papers

* Swinton, p. 263.

† *Ib.* p. 265.

‡ This superscription was charged in the indictment as a forgery.

§ *Ib.* p. 293-4.

|| Swinton, p. 324.

are affected by each other—the one produced at the same moment to confirm that which had been produced before.” As for the superscription, “Some of my wife’s family papers,” the “writing on the cover,” said Lord Meadowbank, “may be genuine, while the documents said to be contained in it may be forged; original enclosures may have been withdrawn, and others substituted.”—“If you have arrived at the conclusion that the documents at the back of the old map are forgeries, (and how you are to do otherwise it is difficult for me to imagine,) I think you will not find it very easy to disconnect *this reference to the inscription*, and to the alleged genealogy of the persons with whom it was the object of the prisoner to connect himself, from these documents, or to entertain any reasonable doubt that both are in *pari casu*—were fabricated with the view of bolstering up one another, and must be alike liable to the imputation of forgery: both sets of documents were exactly calculated for making up those defects in the chain of evidence pointed out by the Lord Ordinary. I shall conclude what I have to say upon this matter with an observation which will have occurred to yourselves—that if you hold *the excerpt charter* a forgery, and that the documents written and pasted upon the back of the map are forgeries, it will be difficult for you not to hold that this must affect in a most material degree the evidence relating to the *other* documents, which the public prosecutor avers to be also forgeries. In other words, if you are satisfied that the proof is clear that *any* of these sets of documents are forged, but that the evidence with respect to others is not so conclusive, you will have to make up your minds whether, considering that the whole are so connected with and bear upon each other, there can be any good reason for fixing a character upon the one which must not also belong to the other.”

We have been thus particular in laying before the reader the just and able observations of Lord Meadowbank on this last portion of the case, chiefly because of the result at which the jury arrived. It seems to us not a little singular that one material en-

closure in the De Porquet packet escaped the notice of both the counsel for the Crown and the prisoner, and also the judge: we allude to the Genealogical Tree, professed to be certified by “Thos. Campbell, 15th April 1759,” and forming one of the charges in the indictment. If this be really a forgery, it seems one of extraordinary impudence.

Again, then, as in the two former instances, we ask the reader, weighing well the evidence, and particularly the above observations upon it of Lord Meadowbank, to say *Ay* or *No* to the question, Were the documents contained in the De Porquet packet genuine or spurious? Bearing in mind that all three were the contributions of anonymous informants—the excerpt charter, sent to Mr Banks by—he knew not whom; the Le Normand papers, by—an exceedingly mysterious and exalted personage; and the De Porquet packet, by—a third mysterious unknown: the first sent to the confidential agent of the prisoner in Ireland; the second to one of his oldest and most confidential friends at Paris; the third to his bookseller in London. It may also be worth mentioning that neither Mr Banks, nor Mademoiselle Le Normand, nor either of the prisoner’s sons, nor his sister, “Lady Eliza Pountney,” was called as a witness by the prisoner, nor by the Crown.

There remains to be determined, however, a question of infinite moment to the prisoner—whether, in the event of the foregoing documents, or any of them, being pronounced forgeries, he was guilty of either having forged them, or having used and uttered any of them, knowing them to have been forged? “This,” said Lord Meadowbank, with an air of deepening solemnity, “is the heaviest part of the charge against the panel; and I assure you, gentlemen, that in the whole course of my life I never addressed a jury with greater anxiety than I do at present.”

Let us pause, however, for a moment, to see how this very grave question was first dealt with by the counsel for the Crown, and then for the prisoner.

I. The Solicitor-General, it will be observed, according to the Scottish mode of criminal procedure, had only

one opportunity of addressing the jury—and that after the whole evidence on both sides had been laid before them, and immediately *before* the speech by the prisoner's counsel. In England, the counsel for the Crown speaks also only once, but that before the evidence has been adduced, unless the prisoner call evidence—in which event the counsel for Crown “has the last word,” as it is called, “to the jury.” This difference may perhaps account for the earnestness with which the Solicitor-General, in the case before us, appears to have “pressed for a conviction”—such is the phrase used on such occasions in England. We are bound, however, to say that, in our opinion, the Solicitor-General did not exhibit any undue or unseemly eagerness; nor approach even towards unfairness, or exaggeration, misrepresentation, or suppression. The prisoner, said he, is at all events, *de facto* the utterer of these various documents, and the presumption is always against the utterer—especially when, as in the present case, these documents were calculated to advance his own direct personal interest exclusively. The *onus* lay on him to prove that he innocently uttered, having been deceived by others. Could the jury, in the face of such a marvellous coincidence of times, of means, of objects, believe that a number of different persons were concerned in promoting the prisoner's objects and interests, and he all the while profoundly ignorant of what was being done? The documents are all proved forgeries; and these he utters, and for the advancement of his own interests alone! In the agony of his difficulty—the crisis of his fate—he goes to France clandestinely, and is proved to have been in constant intercourse with Mademoiselle le Normand, and to have incurred immense pecuniary liabilities to her at that very period; giving, however, a most contradictory account of his relations and transactions with her! Up to the hour of his trial, he had given no explanation whatever of his doings at Paris, whither he went immediately after Lord Cockburn's adverse judgment, and returned so shortly after the discovery of the Le Normand and the De Porquet

packets! And Leguix is found selling a map of Canada, of 1703, exactly at the time of the prisoner's being at Paris; and Mademoiselle Le Normand writes to him—“They have found the man on the quay!”

II. The prisoner's counsel made an ingenious, eloquent, and judicious address—very brief, and directed vigorously and steadily towards the strong parts of the defence, and leaving untouched the formidable points arising out of the prisoner's correspondence with Mademoiselle Le Normand, and the conflicting accounts of his movements and transactions given in his judicial examinations. All the forgeries are charged on, or supposed to be, the act of *one man*—the prisoner; yet not only does no single witness trace the faintest resemblance, in any of the alleged forgeries, to the handwriting of the prisoner, or Mademoiselle Le Normand, but an able witness for the Crown, Mr Lizars, negatives such a fact. Well might the prisoner be deceived—if the documents *were* forgeries—when his counsel, his agents—the Lord Advocate, and the Judge Ordinary, every one concerned during the ten years' litigation—was so deceived, and never once suspected it. Why did not the Crown produce Mademoiselle le Normand? And as to the purchase of the old map of Canada from Leguix, on the Quai Voltaire, he explicitly stated that the prisoner was *not* the man! But there was no evidence of the forgery, and therefore the guilty knowledge, using, and uttering, fell to the ground. If even there were doubts on the subject, the prisoner was clearly entitled to the benefit of them: his character “was everything;” for he had received as high as man could give. In an early part of his address, Mr Robertson averred that he saw in the countenances of the jury “the cheering light of an acquittal—so that he could almost stop *there*;” and his last sentence was one which would be deemed highly objectionable on the part of counsel, under such circumstances, in England—“*On my conscience I believe him innocent of the crimes here charged, and to have been merely the dupe of the designing, and the prey of the*

unworthy!"* So solemn an expression of belief could not, of course, have been made by a gentleman if he were not sincere; but it is certainly not a part of the duty of counsel to make such protestations; and in doing so he trespasses beyond his province upon that of others, and that one the confines of which ought to be most jealously and sacredly guarded—we mean the province of the witness, and that of the jury. Bating a little wilful blindness to ugly facts, which is occasionally to be found elsewhere than in Scotland, the address of Mr Robertson was as fair as can be expected from a prisoner's advocate, and calculated to make a strong impression upon the jury.

III. Lord Meadowbank's summing up was long and elaborate: stern and uncompromising from first to last in the expression of a very hostile view of the whole case, as against the prisoner, but still never straining the proved facts. It is the charge of an upright yet severe judge, not ambitious of replying to the prisoner's counsel, but vigorously expressing his own conscientious opinions.

It is evident that Lord Meadowbank regarded the advantage derived by the prisoner from the presence in the dock of his distinguished friend Colonel D'Aguilar, and also from the very flattering testimony to character which he had received, as likely to prove a disturbing force to the jury in forming their estimate of the case. He therefore, in the first instance, addressed himself with a very evident air of anxiety to this section of the evidence. "That of Colonel D'Aguilar," said he, "of the gallant officer now seated with the panel at the bar,† was not more creditable to the panel than it was to the witness. It proved that his feelings of obligation, long ago conferred, had not been obliterated by the lapse of time; and it was given with an earnestness which, if it told on your minds as it did on mine, must have been by you felt as most deeply affecting. . . . But in weighing

this evidence to the character of the prisoner, you must attend to what that proof really amounts."‡ He proceeded to point out the chasm of thirty years in their *personal* intercourse; and then exhibited, in lively colours, by way of set-off, the conduct of the prisoner in raising large sums of money on false representations as to his resources—"raising a sum of £13,000 on bonds granted by him for £50,000. All this, gentlemen, is, to say the least of it, a most discreditable proceeding on the part of a person bearing the high character which has been given the prisoner. . . . It is for you, gentlemen, to consider if the evidence which has been given as to the character he once bore, be or be not counterbalanced by these disreputable proceedings at a later period."§

The "evidence of the prisoner having uttered the whole of the instruments and documents charged in the indictment to be forgeries has not been called in question by the prisoner's counsel, he not having said one word on the subject. For my own part, I see no ground for disputing that the whole were uttered by the prisoner, and I shall content myself with referring to the evidence of the official witnesses, who received them from the agents of the prisoner; who again, in so producing, and so delivering them, acted under his authority, and were the mere instruments for carrying into effect those acts for which he alone can be responsible." Shortly afterwards, Lord Meadowbank gave a blighting summary of undisputed facts.

On the 10th December 1836, the Lord Ordinary issued his note, pointing out the evidence that was deficient: "The prisoner admits that he left the country immediately afterwards, and went to Paris. Where he went to then, he does not tell; under what name he went, he does not tell; where he got his passport has not been discovered, because he concealed the name under which he travelled. He continued in Paris till the ensuing

* Swinton, p. 333-4.

† Such a thing would not be allowed in England, except, probably, under very special circumstances. We never witnessed anything of the kind.

‡ Swinton, pp. 333-4.

§ *Ib.*, pp. 335-6.

August, when he returned, as he says, to Scotland, to be present at the Peers' election, and there he voted. He then despatched his son to Paris, and *he* returned with the map (which you are *now*, in considering the case in this view, to assume to be a fabrication) in the month of October, having all these documents written or pasted upon it." Lord Meadowbank proceeded to point out a circumstance "of the last importance to this branch of the case," which "had been lost sight of by the prisoner's counsel, and had not attracted the attention of the counsel for the Crown." And certainly the judge was right. This was the "circumstance" in question. One of the documents pasted on the back of the map was a portion of the envelope in which the supposed letter of John of Antrim (John No. 2) had been enclosed; and on this envelope was the impression of a *seal*. Now, in the prisoner's judicial examination before the Lord Ordinary, (the step admitted by Mr Swinton to have been "unusual,") he was shown the parchment packet contained in the De Porquet packet, indorsed, "Some of my wife's family papers;" and the seal attached "was an impression of his *grandfather's seal* (John No. 3); he had not seen that seal later than the year 1825; it is in the possession of my sister, Lady Elizabeth Pountney." The judge then pointed out to the jury a fact which he had himself discovered, that the impression of the seal on this packet and that on the envelope on the map *were identical*—a fact, indeed, which the prisoner himself had admitted in another part of his examination. "Now, gentlemen," continued Lord Meadowbank, "supposing there was not another tittle of evidence in the case to connect the prisoner with these proceedings, see what this amounts to. You find a link in his pedigree wanting in December 1836. Immediately after this has been pointed out he is in Paris, and stays there till August. During this short interval he is brought into immediate and close connection with this mass of fabrications, of fabrications of no earthly use or moment to any human being but himself, and having among them *the impression of that seal which he admits to*

be in the possession of his own sister. Gentlemen, suppose that the name of Mademoiselle le Normand had never been heard of in this case, I leave it to you to consider, whether the irresistible inference be not, that that seal could have been appended only by the person in possession of it, and, at least, that that person was within his own domestic circle!"

Next followed some weighty remarks on the evidence of Leguix as to the purchase, by an Englishman, in the winter of 1836-7, of the map of Canada of 1703; and then Lord Meadowbank pointed out certainly a most serious contradiction in the prisoner's statements, under his different "examinations," as to the period of his becoming acquainted with Lord Cockburn's judgment of December 1836. When first examined, on the 18th December 1838, in answer to the direct question when he first knew of that judgment, he declared that "it was not till the month of *March* or *April* following, [*i.e.* 1837,] that he was made acquainted with that or any part of his Lordship's judgment or proceedings, *except as to their general import*, which he had learned from a letter addressed to him by his own family." Then he was asked whether he had not been made acquainted with Lord Cockburn's judgment in the same month of December in which it was pronounced. He declared "that *he had not*, and even *then*, [*i.e.*, 18th December 1838,] he knew nothing of the particulars of that judgment." On the 14th February 1839, however, on being again examined before the Sheriff, he declared that, "when in Paris, in March or April 1837, he heard that Lord Cockburn had pronounced an unfavourable judgment in his case; and *at that time a copy of the printed papers of the judgment and of the note* was sent him by his family from Edinburgh, and until that time he was not aware that Lord Cockburn had formed an unfavourable opinion of his case!" "Here are declarations of the prisoner, contradictory on matters as to which there could be no error in point of recollection,—an important contradiction, and one testifying a desire of concealment of the truth,

which, in all cases like this, has ever been deemed greatly to affect the innocence or guilt of a party." Again, "if these declarations establish the prisoner's knowledge of what had been done by Lord Cockburn, you are bound to consider whether that knowledge does not materially affect the evidence of the fabrication of these documents, as having been known to him, to whom alone they could be useful."

Then Lord Meadowbank came to the prisoner's visits to Mademoiselle le Normand—his having trafficked with her as far back as 1812,‡ since which time he said, "she had been in the constant habit of advancing money to himself and his wife;" and yet her existence, even, was not known to his most intimate friends! Then he admits that he and his wife "desire her to institute a search for documents and charters to support his claims;" that he had never dreamed of searching in France for documents illustrative of his own pedigree; and it was with the greatest surprise he afterwards learned that they had been discovered! Then Lord Meadowbank contrasted the prisoner's statements as to the paucity of his visits to this old lady with the evidence of one Beaubis, the porter at the hotel where she resided, and who stated that the prisoner "saw her every night." Infinitely more serious, however, were the conflicting answers given by the prisoner, as to the nature and amount of his pecuniary liabilities to Mademoiselle le Normand, which Lord Meadowbank pronounced to be "a mass of contradictions." At one time he stated that he had given her his bond for *four hundred thousand francs!*—then only two bonds for 100,000 francs each, sent by him to her in 1837!—"payable, palpably, on the event of his succeeding in his claims on the Earldom of Stirling. This," continued Lord Meadowbank, "perhaps affords a pretty good key for solving the mystery of the interest that this woman has taken in these productions!" Having adverted to various portions of this old lady's correspondence with the prisoner, which had been seized at his house—certainly containing matters pregnant with violent sus-

picion—Lord Meadowbank said, "These are the circumstances from which you are to infer, or not, the guilty knowledge of the panel, and of his being, or not, art and part in the forgery of these documents. Remember, it is not said or proved that he forged them with his own hand; the question is, whether he had a knowledge of the forgeries that were going on at Paris during his stay there. . . . You will judge whether his obligation to Mademoiselle le Normand for 400,000 or 200,000 francs was or was not given for the fabrication of that document. And in looking to that document itself, [*i. e.*, the map with its indorsements,] you will see his statement as to the seal on the back of it; and consider whether he be not thereby brought into immediate contact with the fabrication of that document, in consequence of the impression of the seal on its back, which he admits was in the possession of a member of his family." Lord Meadowbank proceeded to advert briefly to "the exculpatory evidence," and said that the fact of the fabricated excerpt charter having escaped the notice of the Lord Ordinary, and also of Mr Lockhart, was "no doubt a strong circumstance in favour of the prisoner," if that excerpt charter had been the *only* case against him; but it was altogether a different matter when regard was had to the great number of other documents alleged to have been forged, or knowingly uttered as forged, by the prisoner. "Gentlemen," said Lord Meadowbank, "the prisoner *may* have been a *dupe* in all these transactions; . . . but you have it clearly made out that the only person who enjoyed the fruits of the imposition was the prisoner himself! . . . Gentlemen, I have now laid before you the whole case as it occurs to me. I have never bestowed more pains upon any case than I have upon this; and in none have I ever summed up the evidence with greater pain. . . . Our business is to do justice, and you, in particular, have to weigh the evidence calmly and deliberately; and, should you doubt of that evidence being sufficient to bring the present charge home to the prisoner, to give him

the full benefit of that doubt. But, to entitle you to do so, these doubts must be well considered, and the circumstances on which they are founded deliberately weighed. To doubts that are not reasonable, you have no right whatever to yield. You are not entitled to require from the Procurator *direct proof* of the facts laid in his charge. The circumstances laid in evidence must be put together; and it is your duty, then, to consider what is the reasonable inference to be drawn from the whole of them: in short, whether it be possible to explain them upon grounds consistent with the innocence of the party accused; or whether, on the contrary, they do not necessarily lead to a result directly the reverse."

The jury, thus charged with their solemn responsibility, withdrew to consider their verdict; and as they were absent for FIVE HOURS, we have time to ask the reader what would have been *his* decision, as one of that jury, on this deeply interesting, this most serious and remarkable case.

First, Were any or all of these documents forgeries?

Secondly, If they were, did the prisoner forge them?

Thirdly, If forgeries, though not by the prisoner, did he use and utter them with a guilty knowledge of their being forgeries?

We regard Lord Meadowbank's summing up as a dignified and righteous one, blinking no responsibility, and making difficult matters plain to the humblest capacity, and leaving no excuse for an inefficient performance of duty. At length, however, after their long absence from Court—a torturing five hours' absence—the return of the jury is announced; the four judges resume their seats with stern gravity and expectation; the agitated prisoner, still accompanied by his chivalrous friend, Colonel D'Aguiar, appears at the bar; the anxious crowd is hushed

into silence; and the chancellor (or foreman) delivered in the following verdict:—

I. "The Jury UNANIMOUSLY find it proved that the *excerpt charter is a forged document*; and, BY A MAJORITY,* find it NOT PROVEN that the panel forged the said document, or is guilty art or part thereof,—or that he UTTERED it, knowing it to be forged." [Here arose a burst of applause from the audience, in consequence of which the Court immediately ordered the gallery to be cleared.]

II. "UNANIMOUSLY find it proved that the *documents on the map are forged*; and by A MAJORITY find it NOT PROVEN that the panel forged the said documents, or is guilty art and part thereof, or that he UTTERED them, knowing them to be forged."

III. "UNANIMOUSLY find it *Not Proven* that the documents contained in De Porquet's packet are forged; or were uttered by the panel as genuine, knowing them to be forged."

IV. "UNANIMOUSLY find it *Not Proven* that the copy letter to Le Normand,† in the fifth and last charge of the Indictment, is either forged, or was uttered by the panel as genuine, knowing it to be forged."

As soon as the chancellor of the jury had finished delivering the above verdict the prisoner swooned, and was carried out of court insensible. On one of his counsel certifying to the court, on the authority of a medical gentleman in attendance on him, the continued indisposition of the prisoner, and that it would be dangerous to bring him back into court, his further attendance was dispensed with, the Public Prosecutor consenting; and as soon as the verdict had been formally approved of and recorded, the Court pronounced the following sentence:—

"The Lords Commissioners of Justiciary, in respect of the foregoing verdict of Assize, assolzie the panel *simpliciter*, and dismiss him from the bar."

* In Scotland, the verdict in a criminal case is according to a majority of the jury; in a civil case they must be unanimous.

† This was the anonymous letter to Madlle. le Normand, dated the 10th July 1837, accompanying the map professed to have been left with her so mysteriously on the ensuing day. See it *in extenso* in our last Number, p. 482.

By the law of Scotland a verdict of "*Not Proven*" has the same effect as a verdict of "*Not Guilty*," with reference to liability to a second or subsequent trial on the same charge.

Thus ended, on Friday the 3d May 1839, this extraordinary trial—than which we know none more so on record. That the jury found the slightest difficulty in pronouncing the excerpt charter, and the Le Normand map, with its indorsements, to be forgeries, no one can think probable; but we own our very great surprise at finding them of opinion, and that "unanimously," that the forgery of the De Porquet packet, and the letter accompanying the Le Normand packet, had "not" been "proven." One thing, however, is perfectly clear, that these forgeries could not have been committed by lawyers, either Scottish or English; for the slightest smattering of legal knowledge would have sufficed to show the stark staring absurdity of imagining that such "*evidence!*" could be received or acted upon, for a moment, by any court of justice in a civilised country. In an English court, the De Porquet packet would have been hailed, but for decorum's sake, with a shout of laughter. A single rule of English law, that documents offered in evidence—especially ancient ones—must be proved to have come from the proper custody, would have disposed of the whole matter in a trice.

On what grounds proceeded the

verdict of "not proven," with reference to the charge against the prisoner of forgery, or guilty uttering of forged documents, we know not, and it were almost idle to speculate. We doubt not, however, that Colonel D'Aguilar played the part of a guardian angel to his friend throughout his ordeal, and think that the jury attached the utmost weight to the suggestion with which the prisoner's counsel skilfully concluded his address, that "the prisoner had been merely the dupe of the designing, and the prey of the unworthy."* He may, indeed, have been a weak and insensibly credulous person, and may have unconsciously encouraged others to be guilty of forgery, in imaginary furtherance of his own ambitious objects, by the promise of liberal recompense in the event of his being successful—as in the case of Mademoiselle le Normand, to whom he had given a bond for four hundred thousand francs.

In conclusion, we have to express our obligation to the accomplished and learned editor of the report of this trial, Professor Swinton, for the fulness and fidelity with which he has placed it before us. It is a valuable and deeply interesting addition to the records of Scottish jurisprudence; and it is also well worth the while of an English lawyer to procure and study it. Nay, even the novelist may find it well worth his while to ponder its marvellous details.

* Swinton, p. 300.

THE DINNER TO LORD STANLEY.

FIFTEEN years have elapsed since Sir Robert Peel made his memorable speech in Merchant Tailors' Hall; and the foundation was laid, in the unanimity of three hundred and fifteen independent members of the House of Commons, of that great party which at length proved triumphant in the country, and some years afterwards returned him by a majority of 700,000 out of 1,000,000 of electors, and a majority of 91 in the House of Commons, as Prime Minister of England. The victory then achieved, the triumph then gained, rendered the future a matter of comparative ease in Government, of certainty in anticipation. The nation had spoken out: PROTECTION TO NATIVE INDUSTRY in all its branches — agricultural, manufacturing, and colonial—was the principle which had banded the majority together; and the victory was so great, the bond which united them so strong, that, for this generation at least, all attempts, by external aggression, to shake their government must have proved nugatory. England was once again united: the great cause of domestic industry of the universal people had triumphed. All that was required of its leaders was to have remained true to themselves, to have adhered to their principles, to have proved faithful to their professions; and most assuredly the great majority of the nation would have proved faithful to them. An opening was afforded, a foundation was laid, for the formation of a great NATIONAL PARTY, which, discarding the now senseless divisions of former times, was intent only on fostering the industry of the whole working-classes of the community, and on rearing up, on the basis of experienced benefits and acknowledged blessings, a great and united British empire in every quarter of the globe.

What has prevented the realisation of so glorious a vision? what has stepped between Great Britain and the diadem encircling the earth thus presented to her grasp, and converted an empire which might now have

daily, and for centuries to come, been growing in strength, overflowing with prosperity, unanimous in loyalty, into one declining in numbers, shivered in power, divided in opinion? Whence is it that, while the debates in Parliament are daily filled with the piteous, and, alas! too faithful accounts of Irish destitution, of metropolitan suffering, of agricultural distress, of industrial depression, the colonies are all meditating separation from the mother country, and Government at home, anticipating a severance of the empire which they can no longer defend, are already, like the Romans of old, abandoning the distant parts of the empire to their own resources? How has it happened that, after reading a glowing eulogium in the leading articles of the *Times* on the prosperous condition of the country, the increase of its exports and imports, the cheapened food of its inhabitants, we read in the next columns of the very same paper a piteous statement from Lord Ashley on the frightful condition of the working-classes in the metropolis—a heart-rending account from Mr Reynolds of the daily declining resources and increasing pauperism of Ireland—an alarming statement, from the official return, of the daily increasing importation of foreign grain, at prices below what it can be raised at in this country—a decisive proof, in the monthly return, of the decline of British and increase of foreign shipping—and Lord Grey's circular to Australia and the Mauritius, announcing the approaching withdrawal of the British troops from those valuable settlements? Whence have arisen those obvious and undeniable and well-known symptoms of national decline, immediately after the opening of so glorious a dawn, and when the means of such lasting and universal prosperity had, by the benignity of a gracious Providence, been placed within our grasp?

No one need be told from what these melancholy results, after such splendid prospects, have arisen. *It is dereliction of principle which has*

done the whole. A statesman was placed at the helm, of great ability, of unwearied industry, of vast influence, but who wanted the one thing needful for great statesman-like achievement—singleness and consistency of principle. He rose to power by the exertions of the Conservative party; and the first use he made of that power, when fully acquired, was to spread dissension among that party, and for a time destroy their influence. He made himself not the representative of the nation, but of a section of the nation; not of the British empire in every part of the world, but of Manchester and Glasgow. To their interests everything else was sacrificed. The agricultural interest was sacrificed by the repeal of the Corn Laws; the colonial, by the equalising the duties on sugar and wood; the shipping, by the repeal of the Navigation Laws; the manufactures for the home market, by the unrestrained admission of foreign manufactured produce. The interests of no class were consulted but those of the buyers and sellers of commodities, and of the great manufacturers for the *export* sale, the class from whom Sir Robert Peel sprang; and as the interests of that class are on most points adverse to the interests of the rest of the community, the vast majority are now suffering for their benefit.

The time was when such an anomaly as this could not have existed. Within the lifetime of half the present generation, the interests of the merchant, the manufacturer, and the farmer, were identified; and no one of these classes could be benefited without extending the impulse to all the others. The toast of "The Plough, the Loom, and the Sail," was as regularly to be heard at public dinners as that of the "British Constitution, and may it be perpetual." But now neither is heard—they have gone out of fashion together. Whence this extraordinary, this woeful change, in so short a time, and in a nation which has not been subjected to the convulsions of at least a violent and bloody revolution? It is that the principle of protection to native industry has been abandoned by the Government. A section of the community has become so rich and powerful, from the shelter

afforded to it during a hundred and fifty years of protective policy, that it has succeeded in setting all other classes at defiance, and changing our policy for its own immediate benefit, but their certain decline and ruin.

This class is that of manufacturers for the *export* sale. When Great Britain was a self-supporting country, as it was to all practical purposes down to 1842, the growth of our manufactures, whether for the home or the foreign market, acted immediately and powerfully on the interests of all other classes, agricultural and commercial, with which they were surrounded. They eat the British or Irish farmer's bread and beef; they were clothed in the British manufacturer's clothing; the machinery they made use of was made by English hands; their goods, when completed, were exported in British bottoms; and the profits of the master manufacturers, who put the whole in motion, were for the most part spent in the purchase of British luxuries and the encouragement of British industry. Thence the universal feeling, that the interest of all classes was identical, and that you could not benefit the one without at the same time benefiting the others. But since the fatal period when protection was abandoned, this mutual dependence has been done away with—this great and beautiful bond of cohesion has been destroyed. We can no longer give "The Plough, the Sail, and the Loom," at any public dinner. Every one feels that the interests of these classes have now been set at variance. The old fable of the Sheaf of Arrows has been realised. *One* arrow, marked "Protection to Native Industry," has been drawn out, and the whole sheaf is falling to pieces.

It is not surprising that consequences so wide-spread and disastrous should follow the abandonment of the principle of protection to native industry; for it is the cement which alone has hitherto held together the vast and multifarious parts of the British empire. What was it, during the war, which retained all the colonies in steady and grateful loyalty to the British throne, and made even foreign colonial settlements hail with joy the pendants of our fleets fitted

out for their subjugation, and in secret pray for the success of their enemy's arms? It was a sense of individual advantage—the consciousness that the Imperial Government on the throne knew no distinctions of locality, but distributed the same equal justice to the planter of Jamaica or the back-woodsman of Canada, as to the manufacturer of Manchester or the farmer of Yorkshire. All were anxious to gain admittance into the great and glorious empire, whose flaming sword, like that of the cherubim at the gate of Paradise, turned every way, and which extended to all its subjects, how distant and unrepresented soever, the same just and equal protection. Norway petitioned to be admitted into the great confederacy, and tendered its crown to Great Britain. Java mourned being shut out from it. The day when the British standard was withdrawn from the colonies, restored with imprudent generosity by victorious England at the peace of 1814, was to them one of universal mourning. There was no thought *then* of breaking off from the British empire; no mention of Bunker's Hill or Saratoga. The object of universal ambition was to gain admission, or remain in it.

And what were the dependencies which were then so anxious to obtain an entrance into, or retain their connection with, the British empire, and are now equally, or more solicitous, to break off from it? They were the West Indies, which at that period took off £3,500,000 worth annually of our manufactures, and employed 250,000 tons of our shipping; Canada, which has since, with 1,500,000 inhabitants, taken off above £3,000,000, and employed 1,100,000 tons of our shipping; and Australia, which now, with only 250,000 inhabitants, consumes above £2,000,000 worth of our manufactures; while Russia, with 66,000,000, takes off only £1,500,000 worth annually. So vast, various, and growing are the British colonies in every quarter of the globe, that half our export trade had become to us a home trade; and we enjoyed the inestimable advantage, hitherto unknown to any country that ever existed, of reaping domestic profits at each end of the chain which encircled

the earth. This it was which held together the British empire, which preserved it intact amidst the greatest dangers, and caused the industry of the heart of the empire to grow with the growth, and strengthen with the strength, of its most distant extremities. In casting away our colonies, in destroying the bond of mutual interest which had so long held them in willing obedience to the heart of the empire, we have voluntarily abandoned our best customers; we have broken up the greatest and most growing dominion that ever yet existed upon earth; we have loaded ourselves at home with a multitude of useless mouths, which cannot find bread from the decline of the colonial market, and let the boundless fields of our distant provinces remain waste for want of the robust arms pining for employment at home, which might have converted them into an earthly paradise, and these islands into the smiling and prosperous heart of an empire which embraced half the globe.

The emigration which has gone on, and has now increased to 300,000 a-year, has done little to obviate these evils: for, since protection to our colonies has been withdrawn, four-fifths of it has gone to the United States, where the principle of protection to native industry is fully established, and constantly acted upon by their Government.

Matters, however, are not yet irremediable. Appearances are threatening, the danger is imminent, but the means of salvation are still within our grasp. All that is requisite is, to return with caution and moderation to the Protective policy which raised the British empire to such an unparalleled pitch of grandeur, and to abandon, cautiously and slowly, the selfish and suicidal policy which is now, by the confession of all, breaking it up. The great party—the NATIONAL PARTY—which placed in Sir Robert Peel's hands the means of arresting this downward course, of restoring this glorious progress, still exists in undiminished numbers and increased spirit. It has gained one inestimable advantage—it has learned to know who are to be relied on as faithful to their principles, and who

are to be for ever distrusted, as actuated only by the motives of ambition or selfishness. It has gained an equally important advantage in having had sophistry laid bare by *experience*. We have now learned, by actual results, at what to estimate the flattering predictions of the Free-Traders. The frightful spectacle of 300,000 emigrants annually driven for years together, since Free Trade began, into exile from the British islands; the proved decline of the taxable income of the industrious classes (Schedule D) by £8,000,000 since 1842, and £6,000,000 since 1846; the rise of our importation of foreign grain, in four years, from less than 2,000,000 of quarters annually to above 10,000,000; the increase of our imports in the last eight years by sixty-eight per cent, while our exports have only increased by fifty-one per cent during the same period; the increase of crime in a year of boasted prosperity to 74,000 commitments, a greater amount than it had ever reached in one of the severest adversity; the diminution of Irish agricultural produce by £8,000,000 in four years, and of British by at least £60,000,000 in value during the same period; the total ruin of the West Indies, the approaching severance of the other colonies from our empire, or their voluntary abandonment by our Government; the admitted increase of the national debt by £20,000,000 during twenty years of general peace;—these, and a hundred other facts of a similar description, have opened the eyes of so large a proportion of the nation to the real tendency of the new system, that it has already become evident, even to their own adherents, that, at latest, at the next election, if not before, the Protectionists will be in power.

Lord Stanley has announced, with the candour and straightforwardness which become a lofty character, what are the principles on which he is prepared to accept office. He was instantly to have taken off the Income Tax, which presses so severely on the industrious classes, and supplied the deficiency, which would amount to about £3,000,000, by a moderate import duty on all *foreign* commodities. The effect of these measures would

have been incalculable: it is hard to say whether they would have benefited the nation most by the burdens which were taken off, or those which were laid on. The first would relieve the most hard-working and important part of the middle class, and let loose above £5,000,000 a-year, now absorbed by the Income Tax, in the encouragement of domestic industry; the second would produce the still more important effect of enabling the nation to bear the burden of the necessary taxation, and compel the foreigners, who now so liberally furnish us with everything we desire *tax-free*, to bear the same proportion of our burdens which we do of theirs. A large part of the taxes of Prussia, and all the Continental States—the whole of the American—is derived from import duties; and in this way our artisans and manufacturers are compelled to pay a considerable proportion, probably not less than a half, of the national burdens of these states. Meanwhile their rude produce is admitted duty free to our harbours, so that we get no part of our revenue from them. They levy *thirty per cent* on our goods, and the whole of that goes to swell their revenue, to the relief of their subjects; we levy *two or three per cent* on their grain, and the miserable pittance is scarcely perceptible amidst the immense load of our taxation.

The benefit of the fiscal changes which Lord Stanley proposed would have been great, immediate, and felt by the most meritorious and heavily burdened class of the community—the middle class; the burden for which it would have been commuted would have afforded a certain amount of protection to native industry, so as to relieve the most suffering classes engaged in production, and that at the cost of a burden on consumers so trifling as to have been altogether imperceptible.

To illustrate the extreme injustice of the Income Tax, and the way in which it presses on the most industrious and hard-worked, as well as important class of the community, we subjoin a Table of Schedule D (Trades and Professions) for the year ending 5th April 1848; and we take

that year in preference to the subsequent ones, to avoid the objection of the commercial crisis of 1848 having rendered the view partial and deceptive.* From this important Table it appears that the sums received from persons under £500 a-year were—

CLASSES.	Tax Received.	No. of Persons.	Income Assessed.
Under £150,	£73,539	34,270	£2,521,334
£150 and under £200, .	178,986	38,825	6,136,676
£200 " £300, .	195,036	29,909	6,686,939
£300 " £400, .	139,904	15,043	4,796,729
£400 " £500, .	89,856	7,324	3,080,766
	£677,321	125,371	£23,222,444

And the incomes above £4000 stood thus:—

CLASSES.	Tax Received.	No. of Persons.	Income Assessed.
£4,000 to £5,000, . .	£50,500	400	£1,731,412
£5,000 to £10,000, . .	149,740	788	5,133,931
£10,000 to £50,000, . .	191,687	371	6,572,146
£50,000 and upwards, . .	50,184	22	1,720,593
	£442,111	1581	£15,156,082

* Table showing Number of Persons charged for the Income Tax, and Sum received, for the Year ending 5th April 1848 (under Schedule D.)

CLASSES.	Income on which the duty is charged.	Number of Persons in each Class.	Amount of Tax received from each Class.
	£		£
Under £150 a-year	2,521,334	34,270	73,539
£150 and under £200	6,136,676	38,825	178,986
200 " 300	6,686,939	29,909	195,036
300 " 400	4,796,729	15,043	139,904
400 " 500	3,080,766	7,324	89,856
500 " 600	2,858,869	5,532	83,384
600 " 700	1,884,934	3,043	54,976
700 " 800	1,542,040	2,124	44,976
800 " 900	1,417,502	1,713	41,343
900 " 1,000	821,923	875	23,973
1,000 " 2,000	6,832,015	5,234	199,268
2,000 " 3,000	3,431,064	1,483	100,073
3,000 " 4,000	2,342,674	703	68,328
4,000 " 5,000	1,731,412	400	50,500
5,000 " 10,000	5,133,931	788	149,740
10,000 " 50,000	6,572,146	371	191,687
50,000 and upwards	1,720,593	22	50,184
	59,511,547	147,659	1,735,753

Note.—From a Return ordered by the House of Commons to be printed 31st May 1849.

So that out of £1,685,977, which was the sum received from persons in trades and professions in Great Britain that year, no less than £677,000 came from 125,371 persons whose incomes were under £500 a-year, while only *one thousand five hundred and eighty-one* persons were assessed as having incomes above £4000! This dreadful tax therefore is, *par excellence*, the shopkeeper's, manufacturer's, and professional man's tax; and they are assessed for it in numbers sixty times more numerous than the rich. And yet the assessment of all is laid on at the same rate! Is it surprising that the Chancellor of the Exchequer said, in support of this tax, that it was so unjust to all, that no one was worse off than his neighbour, or had any reason to complain? And let every tradesman, manufacturer, clerk, and professional man, who pays this odious and unjust tax for the next three years, recollect that he owes the burden *entirely to the Free-Traders*; for if they had not been in a majority in the House of Commons, Lord Stanley would have come in and taken it off.

Two statesmen, belonging to different schools, have come prominently forward during the late Ministerial crisis; and to one or other of them, or perhaps to both alternately, if they live, the destinies of the empire, for a long period of time, will in all probability be intrusted. These are Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham. Both are men of great ability, vast application, extensive experience, tried business habits, great oratorical and debating power; but, in other respects, their characters are as opposite as the poles are asunder. As usual, in such cases, while their

characters bear the marks of distinct individuality, they are the types or representatives of the two great parties which now divide the British empire. The first is straightforward, intrepid, and manly—patriotic, but not vacillating—willing to undertake the burdens of office, but unwilling to do so unless he can carry out the principles which he deems essential to the salvation of his country. The second is ambitious, cautious, diplomatic, desirous of power, but fearful of the shoals with which it is beset; and desirous so to shape his policy and conceal his intentions, as to avoid shipwreck by coming openly into collision with any powerful party in the state. The *device* of the one is the steady polar star of duty; the guide of the other the flickering light of expedience. The first refused the Premiership when offered to him by his sovereign, because he thought the time had not yet arrived when he could carry out his principles; the latter has so often changed his side, and held office under so many parties, that no man alive can tell what his principles are. The first broke off from Sir Robert Peel in office, when he deserted his principles; the latter deserted his principles to join Sir Robert Peel when entering on power. The first, while still in opposition, has already announced to the country what line of policy he is determined to adopt if placed in power; the last has talked of a mutiny in the army as a reason for continuing the ruin of agriculture, and a rebellion in Ireland as a reason for tamely submitting to Papal aggression. The one is of the true breed of the British lion, the other a mongrel cross between the Whig and the Free-Trader.

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ÆSCHYLUS, SHAKSPEARE, AND SCHILLER.

ÆSCHYLUS is universally regarded as the father of Greek Tragedy, and the original author of the Drama throughout the world; and, in some respects, he has carried it to a perfection which has never since been exceeded. The idea of telling a story by dialogue, of awakening the interest in a series of events by representing their catastrophes, was by him, for the first time, reduced to practice. Like Homer in epic poetry, and Michael Angelo in historical painting, he has pushed human genius to its utmost length in the career thus for the first time opened to it. Subsequent attempts in the same style have done little more than follow his footsteps, adopt his thoughts, and, in some instances, improve upon his combinations. We must recollect, however, in forming an estimate of his powers, that he was the *first* dramatic poet. We must not look in his dramas for the exquisite pathos of Sophocles, or the oratorical power of Euripides: still less for the stately grandeur of Corneille, or the refined tenderness of Racine. All these were the growth of subsequent ages, the additions made by changes in society in after times, the drapery thrown, in the refined or corrupted periods of the world, over the pristine majesty of natural man. Æschylus reminds us more of the unstudied intensity of Homer's pathos, the sublime

simplicity of the book of Job. He carries us back to the age when Adam and Eve heard the voice of God when walking about in the garden; when they were both naked, and were not ashamed.

The great characteristic of works of genius in early ages—that which the utmost force of fancy and the most extreme hardihood of conception seek in vain to rival in subsequent times—is the simplicity by which they are distinguished. They are great without being conscious of it: they move the heart without apparent intention. Macaulay says that he who would be a great poet must first be a little child; and it is, if possible, to regain the simplicity of childhood that the retrograde step must be attempted. But it is impossible; "*vestigia nulla retrorsum*" is true not less of the species than the individual. We may go on and become old, but we cannot go backward and become young. The knowledge of the world is fatal to the resumption of the character of primeval innocence. The kingdom of heaven, we know, is filled with those who are like little children; but no kingdom of the earth ever was or ever will be. The stains of the world—the knowledge of good and evil—must be expiated by suffering, or washed out in the waters of Lethe, before this state of primeval simplicity is regained. There is too much

of the wisdom of the serpent, and too little of the innocence of the dove, in all the assemblages of full-grown men or nations in this state of corruption and trial. The productions of after times often greatly exceed those of the first ages of the world in beauty of description, variety of images, richness of versification, or pomp of language; but in guileless simplicity, unaffected pathos, unintentional sublimity, they rarely if ever equal them. They work the feelings up to the highest degree by skilful combinations, pathetic situations, eloquence of language, delicacy of sentiment; but they do not, as in early ages, rend the heart at once asunder by a word—an epithet—a line. That marvellous power is to be found in early times, and in early times alone; just as the simplicity of a child will often move the heart more strongly than all the eloquence or passion of maturer years.

The simplicity, however, which is so great a charm in the first efforts of genius among mankind, may sometimes be found in those who have appeared in an advanced stage of society. It is very rare there, however, and never appears except in persons of the most transcendent genius, who have become great mainly by the power of that genius alone, without the adventitious aid of learning or past acquisition. We see this in Shakspeare, we see it in Goethe, we see it in Burns, we see it in Dante. All these men arose in late ages of the world, but they appeared in it under circumstances when to them it was young. They inhaled chiefly, if not entirely, the inspirations of their own genius: they described what they felt, not what they had read—what they had seen, not what they had heard of. They arose in periods when a new morning was opening upon mankind, after the deep darkness of a long night; or when the native force of their genius had forced their thoughts, as it were, into expression, without any knowledge of what had been expressed before them. How much this was the case with Shakspeare is well known to all those who have studied his immortal works; and his greatness, equally with his weakness, his perfection and his faults, are to be traced

to this cause. It is a mistake to say he was too great to be fettered by rules, too original to descend to imitation. The fact was he had never heard of rules, and he knew of nothing to imitate: whatever he did he did from himself and his own inspiration alone. He gathered sometimes, from reading, the materials of his combinations; but in the mode of combining he consulted himself, and himself alone. He portrayed what he saw or could himself conceive from that sight, and neither more nor less. It is that which makes his plays so eminently, and beyond any other work produced by man except Homer's *Iliad*, descriptive of the human heart. It is to the same cause that his frequent, and to some painful, violation of the unities is to be ascribed. He jumbled together the sublime and the ridiculous, the heroic and the worldly, the generous and the selfish, because he found them so jumbled together in real life; just as Homer gives us alternately the speeches in a council of the gods, and the details of roasting and broiling the soldiers' dinners—the death of a hero, and the terrors of a poltroon.

In Æschylus, combined with this simplicity so eminently and peculiarly characteristic of the first assemblages of men, we find, at the same time, the grandeur and loftiness of thought which is not less remarkable in the heroic ages. So generally is this quality observed in his dramas, so strongly does it pervade his thoughts, that it is generally regarded as their main characteristic. There is no great variety of subjects in his plays. He had not, like Schiller, Alfieri, or Corneille, the book of history spread out before him, and all the tragic incidents which have occurred since the beginning of time laid open for his selection. Like the other tragic dramatists of Greece, a few mythological legends taken from its early annals, and chiefly from the disasters which followed the return of the chiefs from the Siege of Troy, formed the sole subjects on which his genius was exerted. Seven only of his dramas have come down to our times, and they relate entirely to these subjects; but they are sufficient to demonstrate the vastness and majesty of his genius, and to render

credible what is told of the prodigious impression which they produced upon the Athenian audiences. Antiquity has not left us another composition so sublime as his *Prometheus Vincit*—one in which the noble and heroic qualities are so finely displayed, and the self-sacrifice of a generous and devoted mind is so touchingly portrayed. One is almost tempted to think, indeed, that the work was inspired; and that to the vision of the poet were foreshadowed by a prophetic hand the approaching self-sacrifice of the Redeemer, and all the wonders which in subsequent, and especially in the present times, have followed the application of FIRE to the agency, and to augment the power of man. In other tragedies, particularly *The Seven against Thebes*, the heroic, and in the *Agamemnon* and the *Eumenides* the terrible, are equally strongly portrayed; and if we would learn what is the spirit which has rendered Greece immortal—what it was that animated its armies, inspired its poets, furnished images to its artists, and produced the thunder of its orators—perhaps we shall nowhere find it so entire as in the Plays of Æschylus.

Lyric poetry forms so considerable and important a part of Greek tragedy, that we are almost tempted to think that with them the drama was the accompaniment of the chorus, not the chorus of the drama. It is on the strophes and antistrophes that the greatest powers of the poet are exerted, and the dramas which were most popular in Athens were not so much those in which there occurred the most pathetic incidents, the most moving stage effect, but those in which the beauties of lyric poetry were most strongly displayed in the bursts and rhapsodies of the chorus. To us who are accustomed to go to the theatre for a different object, and expect to have our interest excited by the development of a story at its most entrancing epoch, or our feelings moved by catastrophes of the most heart-rending description, this restraint voluntarily imposed upon themselves by the Greek dramatists appears not a little strange; and accordingly in the *Bride of Messina*, when it was undertaken by Schiller, all the magic of his lyric muse cannot

prevent the strophes and antistrophes of the first and second choruses from being often felt as wearisome. We long to get on with the story, to see the issue of a piece in which we have become so strongly interested, the denouement of the complication of events in which the principal personages seem hopelessly involved; and cannot help feeling provoked when, instead, we are often presented with the moral reflections of the chorus on the events which are in progress. But with the Greeks those moral reflections, clothed in magnificent lyric verse, seem to have formed the most important part of the drama; and the incidents appear often to have been adopted or imagined chiefly to form the groundwork of their introduction. So strongly had this idea taken possession of their minds that it appears even in their comic poets; and, accordingly, Aristophanes has exerted all his powers on his choruses, many of which are of the very highest genius and power. This peculiarity essentially distinguishes the drama of Greece from that of modern Europe, and must never be lost sight of in comparing the *chef-d'œuvres* of the two schools. A little consideration will show to what causes the difference has been owing, and to what extent the principles of the one are applicable to the other.

In modern times the drama is looked to mainly for telling an interesting story, and exciting the feelings by the vivid portraiture of its catastrophe; and everything is with reason rejected, or considered injurious, which interferes with that one paramount object. The whole events of the world, from Semiramis and Sesostris, to Queen Mary and Napoleon, form the subjects of the drama; and as they can be supposed to be familiar only to a very limited part of the audience, and even to them in their general outline only, the bringing forward of the story is the object which both the audience expect and the poet aims at effecting. Moral reflections, exhortations to duty, lamentations on the cruelty of fate and the hard destiny of mortals, by third parties are not required, and would be felt as misplaced. The audience have enough of them in the pulpit and in schools,

in works on morality and religion, which are in everybody's hands, in a faith which satisfies the cravings of the human mind on the most important subject of human thought. But in ancient times the case in all these respects was entirely the reverse, and thence the great differences of their drama from that of modern days. The incidents or catastrophes on which their tragedies were formed were few and universally known. The woes of the Atridæ, the curse worked out on Pelops' line, the sacrifice of Iphigenia, the gloomy prophecies of Cassandra, the return of Menelaus, the murder of Agamemnon, the tenderness of Andromache, and a few similar incidents, almost all of which are to be found sketched out in Homer's *Odyssey*, comprised the whole circle of their tragic subjects. There could be little gained by rousing the feelings from the development of the incidents, for they were universally known: going to the theatre, to the Athenians, was like our reading a novel for the second or third time, when, the story being known, the mind dwells chiefly on the beauty of the language, or the fidelity of the picture of nature.

The ancients had no churches or revealed religion. The oratory and instructions of the pulpit, the hopes and fears of a spiritual faith, were to them alike unknown. Works on religion did not exist: their devotion consisted entirely in the observances of a few well-known forms, the paying of certain prescribed sacrifices. Morality and natural theology were indeed taught in the academies, but the tuition was so extremely expensive, and books, being all written, were so very costly, that the study of these subjects was confined to the very highest class of the community. The great body even of the free portion of the community, itself but a small fraction of the whole, had, practically speaking, no other school of politics but the Forum—of *morality and religion, but the Theatre.* The chorus uttered the reflections of humanity on the virtues and vices displayed by the persons on the stage, of a devout spirit on the mysterious dispensations of Providence or Fate in bringing them about. The

moderns go to the tragic theatre to be interested or moved: the ancients went to be interested, moved, *and instructed*; and the chorus was the mouthpiece by which the poet, in exquisite verse, conveyed that instruction. Thence its constant use; thence its never being felt by them as wearisome. Strong as the thirst for excitement and novelty is among men, the thirst for satisfaction and light on their fate here and hereafter is still stronger. In almost every community of modern Europe, the feelings and passions are more powerfully roused by the pulpit, where freedom is allowed to its eloquence, than by all the paths of the stage; and the reflecting portion of mankind will be ever more strongly attracted by considerations which point to their *own fate*, here or hereafter, than by the most powerful delineation of the fate, how mournful or interesting soever, of others.

To an intelligent being, who begins to reflect on the vicissitudes of joy and sorrow, of prosperity and adversity, of virtue and vice, of happiness and misery, which this world presents, and which all experience more or less in life, the most natural and interesting object of thought and inquiry is, what governs the world? Is there an order in human affairs, or is everything regulated by chance? Is virtue destined to ultimate reward, or vice to be ever triumphant? Does a supreme and beneficent Being watch over our progress, or are we the victims of a blind and inexorable Fate? Is there another world, the scene of final rewards and punishments; or is death an eternal sleep, and this world the final theatre on which the consequences of our actions are made manifest? It is to these reflections, which spring up inevitably in every intelligent and thoughtful mind on the contemplation of the events around us, that the chorus of the Greek drama was intended to give vent. They were clothed in verse, but they were in general inspired by the spirit of devotion, or the visions of an inquiring philosophy; they were written in rhythm, but their ideas were such as might have been conceived by the minds of Socrates or Plato. Every scholar knows how

constantly this is the case in Greek tragedies; and how many lofty ideas and sublime feelings, briefly but powerfully expressed, may be extracted from their strophes. In them we see strongly depicted the *doubts and fears* which inevitably arise in the human mind, unsupported by revelation, on the contemplation of the varied threads of human affairs. The natural man is painted inquiring, but apprehensive; anxious, but uncertain; inclined to devotion, but yet sceptical; and, if we desired any other proof than subsequent history has afforded of the necessity of a revelation, and the inestimable blessings it has conferred on mankind, it would be found in the doubts and wishes, the hopes and fears, the desires and yet dread, of the strophes of *Æschylus* and *Euripides*.

These considerations explain not only the constant use of the chorus, but two other peculiarities of Greek tragedy, which, at first sight, to us appear not a little extraordinary. These are the extremely limited range of subjects to which their pieces were confined, and the strict observance of the unities of time and place which they *in general* observed. We say in general, for it is a mistake to say that they were invariably attended to. In the *Agamemnon* of *Æschylus*, the first scene represents the receipt of the intelligence of the fall of Troy by the bale-fires, which conveyed it from beacon to beacon, across the *Ægean* Sea to Argos, while soon *Agamemnon* himself is introduced; although, unless he had travelled with the rapidity of the electric telegraph, he could not have so quickly followed the news of his victory. In the *Eumenides* of the same poet, the scene is first laid in the Temple of *Apollo* at *Delphi*, and afterwards in a temple in the Forum of *Athens*. But these were the exceptions, not the rule. In general they strictly observed the unities, and a few well-known incidents of a few families formed the repeated and exclusive subject of their dramas. The reason was, that these incidents were calculated to rouse the emotions or suggest the reflections which it was the principal object of the poet to awaken in the breasts of his audience; and any different or more com-

plicated story would disturb the unity of emotion thus produced. They thus chose a few simple, mournful, and well-known incidents for the subjects of their dramatic pencils, for the same reason that *Raphael*, the *Caraccis*, and *Murillo*, passing by the endless variety of subjects which history presented, confined themselves in general to the representation of the simple and well-known events of our Saviour's life, and sought, in the delineation of holy families, maternal tenderness, or infant innocence, to awaken a deeper emotion, because more generally felt, than could be produced by the most laboured representation of the novel and varied incidents of profane history. *Sir Joshua Reynolds* said that the object of painting was the representation of "general nature,"—that is, nature detached from local and individual peculiarity; and the same principles determined the Greek dramatists in the choice of their subjects, and the mode of treating them, equally as the Italian painters in their exquisite representations of Scripture incidents.

Æschylus had a mind not only lofty, but deeply imbued with that essential element of all real elevation—moral and religious impressions. That his mind was ardent, his feelings warm, his imagination creative, is abundantly proved by the intensity of his expressions, and the vividness of his conceptions; but through them all we discern breaking out, like the sun through the clouds, the light of a noble and religious spirit. In this respect he presents a striking contrast to *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, who aim chiefly at the representation of the intensity of passion, the pathos of woe, without any regard to the moral consequences of actions, or any attempt to trace a just administration of Providence in this complicated thread of human events. So strongly was this tendency conspicuous in the compositions of these great dramatists, that it came to be considered as the main object of the art, and accordingly *Aristotle* says that the end of tragedy is the painting of the human heart. In *Æschylus*, again, although this essential element in the production of interest is by no means overlooked, yet it is considered

as subordinate to the yet higher object of inculcating moral truths, and rousing to the performance of heroic duty. Alone of all the Greek poets, he seems to have obtained a glimpse of the moral administration of the Supreme Being. That this world is the scene and the commencement, as it were, of moral retribution, and that God will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, is as strongly and clearly announced in his tragedies as in the commandments which were revealed to Moses. In the *Eumenides*, the Furies are made to say—

“ With scourge and with ban
We prostrate the man
Who, with smooth-woven wile,
And a fair-faced smile,
Hath planted a snare for his friend;
Though fleet we shall find him,
Though strong we shall bind him,
Who planted a snare for his friend.

This work of labour earnest,
This task severest, sternest,
Let none remove from us.
To all their due we render
Each deeply marked offender,
Our searching eye reproveth,
Though blissful Jove removeth
From his Olympian glory,
Abhorred of all, and gory,
The Maids of Erebus.

For the Furies work readily
Vengeance unsparing,
Surely and steadily
Ruin preparing.
Dark crimes strictly noted,
Sure-remembered they store them;
And judgment once voted,
Prayers vainly implore them;
For they know no communion
With the bright-throned union
Of the gods of the day:
Where the living appear not,
Where the pale shades near not,
In regions delightless,
All sunless and sightless,
They dwell far away.”

—BLACKIE'S *Æschylus*, i. 206.

These considerations, while they explain the causes to which the general observance of the unities by the great dramatists was owing, point out the degree in which it is expedient to attend to them in the romantic drama of modern Europe. Although the inculcating of moral precepts, and the deducing of striking reflections from a single tragic event, is still a principal object in tragedy, and is the keystone, as it

were, in the arch of the poet's fame, it is neither its only nor its principal object. To tell an interesting or pathetic story, and bring it forcibly before the eyes of the spectators by the delineation of its most momentous scenes, is the object of the drama in our times; and therefore a much wider latitude is admissible than was permitted, in general, to the tragedians of antiquity. Considerable interval of time, especially between one act and another, and frequent change of place from one scene or act to another, is not only admissible, but often adds very powerfully to the effect of the piece, by transporting the audience to different places, where the events in progress in bringing about the final catastrophe were separately preparing. The spectator thus obtains the insight necessary to a full comprehension of the story in a more interesting and dramatic way than by having them narrated, as is unavoidable in the classical drama, in long preliminary speeches. He sees them actually in preparation by the actors in the piece. Yet has this latitude, which widens so materially the bounds, and enhances the interest of the drama, its limits; and to no cause, perhaps, is the degradation of the stage in our times so much owing as to the flagrant abuse of the enlarged facilities for producing interest now afforded to the poet. What the limits that should be observed are is sufficiently evident from the corresponding principles which must be observed, and can never be violated with impunity in the other fine arts. The great unity to be observed in them all is UNITY OF EMOTION; and that unity never yet was violated in any walk of genius without serious detriment, it may be inevitable ruin, to the artist's conception. To the erroneous ideas which prevail on this subject, and the extravagant latitude in point of time and place, as well as character, now generally taken both by our Romance writers and our Dramatic poets, we ascribe the generally admitted degradation of tragedy in our times; and from the same cause we anticipate the rapid decline in public estimation, and final extinction, of many of the novels now highest in reputa-

tion, and in which the brightest genius has been displayed.

No one need be told to what influence the general diffusion of these ideas, erroneous as they appear to us, is to be ascribed. Such was the genius of SHAKSPEARE, so bright is the halo of his glory, so dazzling the effulgence of his fame, that the eyes of his worshippers have been wellnigh blinded in the contemplation of it. They have come to worship him in his faults and eccentricities equally as in his excellencies; they have thought he became great from having violated the unities—not in spite of that violation. His fame, so far from declining, has visibly and rapidly increased in later times; with the extension of education, the spread of intelligence, and the more frequent admission of the middle class into the theatres, the knowledge of his works has been immensely extended, both in the Old and the New Hemisphere; and so great has been the influence of his imagination, that it has effected an almost total revolution in the character of dramatic writing throughout the world. This change may be perceived alike in the oldest as the youngest states: it is hard to say whether it is most conspicuous on the boards of Paris or Berlin, of London or New York. Foreign critics of all nations now vie with each other in doing homage to his excellence: inscribed on the boards of his house in Stratford-on-Avon are to be found the names of the representatives of the human race. We see an equally just and generous appreciation of his genius in Villemain, in Schlegel, in Ducis, and in Bonterwek. Whether the romantic school, which has in consequence succeeded in the French and German capitals to the classical, and produced such a prodigious flood of horrors and atrocities on the stage, is the true school of dramatic excellence, and will permanently supplant the severe simplicity of the Greek original, is a very different question, upon which future times will probably have little difficulty in arriving at a just conclusion.

This extraordinary and colossal fame—second only to that of Aristotle among mankind, and more sur-

prising than that of the immortal Stagyrte, because earned by one comparatively humble and uneducated—is to be ascribed to a combination of powers in Shakspeare's mind so peculiar and extraordinary, that it would pass for incredible and unnatural, if not attested in the clearest and most indisputable manner by his writings. In all intellects, indeed, of the very highest order, there is a *central power* which can direct its faculties at will in almost any direction, and powers adequate to the earning of fame in almost any department of human thought. This *plastic power* is perhaps the clearest proof of great capacity; and as it is the quality most completely beyond the reach of ordinary men, so it is the one the existence of which is most reluctantly admitted, at least by contemporary envy. Man can bear with patience, though not without secret repining, the eminence of a man in *one* line; but eminence in more than one is such a mortification to self-love in others, that it never fails to stir up the most general and acrimonious opposition. Hence the violent resistance always made to a man celebrated in one line acquiring distinction, or even being allowed common justice, in another: it is the invasion of a beauty into the territory of a wit. But in Shakspeare's mind there is presented such a combination of various and seemingly contradictory qualities, as might seem incredible, and never, perhaps, existed in so striking a degree in any human being.

That he was supremely great in the pathetic, need be told to none who recollect the scenes of tenderness in Juliet—of sorrow in Desdemona. That he was deeply imbued by the terrible, and a perfect master of all the chords which awaken horror in the human heart, is proved by the world-celebrity of Macbeth—the thrilling power of Hamlet. That he was acquainted with every, even the most secret pangs of jealousy, is evinced in the astuteness of Iago's art, and the pangs of the Moor's suffering. Henry V. and Julius Cæsar demonstrate that he could avail himself at will of all the heart-stirring feelings of patriotism and heroism; Antony and Cleopatra, of the whole arts of seductive love and

queenly magnificence. That he was a great rhetorician, is abundantly proved by many of his orations, particularly those of Brutus and Antony in *Julius Cæsar*—perhaps the most perfect imitation of the condensed eloquence of antiquity which modern times has afforded. That his imagination was “dipped in the orient hues of heaven,” need be told to none who recollect the exquisite visions of *Miranda* and *Juliet*. Various charming detached pieces prove that his poetical genius was of the very highest description, and that if he had not been the first dramatist, he certainly would have been one of the greatest lyric poets of England. Amidst this varied assemblage of the most wonderful dramatic and poetical powers, his writings exhibit the closest observation of ordinary nature, the most thorough acquaintance with the maxims of worldly prudence, and the clearest perception of the selfish principles which in general actuate the great bulk of men. While the visionary and imaginative turn to his works for the finest conceptions of romantic and highly-wrought fancy, the men of the world discover in them the most profound maxims of practical wisdom, the deepest insight into the secret workings of self-love in the human heart.

Not only are Shakspeare's powers thus varied, and his characters thus diversified, but in the delineation of the shades of *individual* character, he is equally graphic and discriminating. He not only draws to perfection the opposite characters of the hero and the poltroon, the generous and the selfish, the confiding and the jealous, the aristocrat and the democrat, the miser and the prodigal, the tender woman and the coquette, the faithful and the voluptuous, but he portrays with exquisite skill all the traits which distinguish the *individual* of each of these classes who is brought upon the boards. In this respect he is far before Æschylus, and greatly superior even to Schiller. Delineation of individual character, indeed, so great an object on the modern stage, appears to have been much less attended to in the dramas of antiquity; and in Æschylus, in particular, it seems to have been scarcely ever attempted.

Their object was to represent *passion in the abstract*—not the passion of particular characters; just as the object of their ideal statuary was to portray manly or female beauty in general, not the charms of particular persons or races. But in Shakspeare not only is the general character perfectly preserved, but the traits of the individual are sedulously attended to. The ambition of Richard III. is quite different from that of Macbeth; the heroism of Henry V. from that of Coriolanus; the love of Juliet from the reveries of *Miranda*: and of his characters may truly be said, what has been often observed of those in the *Iliad*, that if we hear one of the speeches read, we can tell, before we know the name, from whom it has proceeded. It is to this astonishing power of drawing individual character, and the entire justness and graphic truth of the portraits that are presented, that the prodigious and universal fame of Shakspeare is to be ascribed. Like Homer, Cervantes, and Scott, he has sounded the deepest abysses of the human heart, and yet has done this with so accurate an eye, and traced his delineations with so graphic a hand, that men of all countries and of all ages recognise in his characters not only the qualities, but almost the very persons whom they have known from their infancy, or often met with in real life.

As this graphic eye, deep reflection, and plastic power have been the great pillars of Shakspeare's fame, so it is to them that his principal defects are to be ascribed. Though by no means uninformed, and eminently capable, as many of his historical plays, particularly *Julius Cæsar*, *Coriolanus*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, and *Henry V.* demonstrate, of embodying, with consummate skill, and no small amount of knowledge, the ideas and manners of different ages in his leading characters, he yet had not received so refined an education as to have subjected all his powers to a delicate and overruling taste. He was entirely ignorant of rules or maxims in art. Aristotle and Horace were alike unknown to him: the influence of the Spanish stage is very conspicuous in his writings; but he was a stranger to Lope

de Vega's tongue. What he did he did of his own inspiration alone, without any aid from the efforts or experience of others. If this peculiarity in his situation justly adds to our estimate of his powers, and has, perhaps, added to the force, and certainly to the variety, of his conceptions, it has at the same time occasioned the blemishes which so often strike foreigners with astonishment, and which, even to his greatest admirers, must often be the subject of regret. He made no selection in the objects or characters which he drew; on the contrary, he appears to have designedly jumbled them all together, as we so often meet them in juxtaposition in real life. He put a gravedigger beside a prince, a hero beside a sycophant, an angel of sweetness beside a demon of hell, in order apparently to bring out more effectually, by the force of contrast, the striking opposition and diversity of their characters. There is no doubt that, by so doing, he often enhanced the relief with which his characters stand forth from their canvass; but at the same time he unavoidably destroyed the most material of all unities, that of emotion. It is this which so often makes it difficult for persons of a refined and cultivated taste to read for any length of time the plays of Shakspeare, and renders those of Schiller, to such persons, the source of much greater gratification. The powers of the latter were less—his knowledge of the human heart not so deep—his description of character greatly inferior; but his taste was much superior. The sublime and the ridiculous, the grave and the gay, grandeur and buffoonery, lofty tragedy and low farce, are never by him, as in the English dramatist, brought into close proximity. The frame of mind into which we are thrown at the commencement of one of his pieces continues with no alteration, save that of the interest being enhanced, to the very end: whereas, in Shakspeare, we are expected to mourn and rejoice, to laugh, to cry, to admire, and despise alternately and directly after each other; and we experience, in consequence, somewhat of the painful feelings with which we would regard, in one of Raphael's Holy Families, a

Flemish Frau of Rubens, or, in a corner of one of the historical pieces of Caracci, a group of the boors of Ostade.

When it is said, however, that Shakspeare became great by disregarding the unities, and presenting the mixture of character, times, and places on the stage, which occur to all in real life, the assertion is incorrect in point of fact, and the inference unfounded in point of reason. So far from his finest dramas, and those which experience has proved to be best adapted for the stage, being constructed in defiance of the unities, they follow them nearly as closely as Æschylus or Sophocles do, and owe their enchaining interest to that observance. The charming pastoral piece of *As You Like It*, from which modern genius, embodied in Miss Helen Faucit's conceptions, has made so charming a creation, is—if we except the first act, where the wrestling scene is displayed—a complete Greek pastoral. *Romeo and Juliet*—if the digression to Mantua and the interview with the apothecary are withdrawn, which add nothing to the effect of the piece—is constructed with the strictest regard to the unities. The scene is constantly in Verona—the time in that sunny land, where love is of such rapid growth, a day and a-half. Even in the dramas where the unities are obviously violated—as in *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*—the interest of the piece is owing to, and its great celebrity has been acquired by, those parts of the play in which they are substantially observed. In the first, it is the terrible catastrophe prepared and enacted in the castle of Inverness which has given the tragedy its enduring celebrity—in the last, the scenes immediately preceding and following the appearance of the ghost on the ramparts of Elsinore, in which the unities are strictly observed, which constitute the real interest of the drama. If it had been continued in the same style, it would be the most sublime tragedy in existence. No one can have witnessed the representation of the plays, such as *The Winter's Tale* and *Julius Cæsar*, in which the unities are glaringly violated, without feeling regret at so-

fatal a deviation from the principles of the art; and even in them it is the force of Shakspeare's genius which has caused the deviation to be forgiven. Such is the brilliancy of his pictures, the graphic force of his powers in the greater scenes, and the sorrows of the greater characters, that we dismiss from our minds the incidents of low life with which they are surrounded—as the wind, which refreshes the Eastern traveller, sweeps uncontaminated over the sandy desert, and bears only in its gales the fragrance of those green spots which are scattered over the face of Arabia Felix.

It is the strongest proof of Shakspeare's genius, and of the truth of the thoughts which he has delivered in such profusion to the world, that when we take up, after a considerable interval, one of his plays, and still more, when we see it represented, we are astonished at the quantity of his ideas and expressions which have taken root, as it were, in the general mind, and formed an integral part, not only of our thoughts, but of our very words. Till we do so, we are not aware of the immense extent to which his thoughts and maxims have spread throughout the world, of the manner in which they have become incorporated, as it were, with the framework of the universal mind. This is particularly conspicuous in *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Hamlet*. Every ten or twelve lines a sentiment occurs, or an expression is met, with which all are familiar, and which has become, as it were, proverbial; but, till we hear it there, we had not remembered from what source it had been derived. The same may be observed of many expressions in Milton, Gray, and Campbell. This is the most decisive proof that can be imagined, both of the enduring popularity of an author, and of the truth of his thoughts revealed to the world. No compliment can be so great as to say that, before his time, his ideas were unknown—after it, commonplace.

It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to say what Shakspeare's principles were—so variable was his disposition, so cameleon-like his powers, that it is

hard to say to what class of opinions he chiefly inclined. He painted them all with equal felicity and truth. In common with Homer, and indeed with deep observers of human nature in all ages, he seems to have entertained a sovereign contempt for the multitude told merely by head, and loses no opportunity of painting their fickleness, inconstancy, and frequent injustice. This is particularly conspicuous in *Julius Cæsar* and *Coriolanus*. He frequently indulges in sarcasms against the Catholic priesthood, and would, to all appearance, have stood forth an indignant opponent of the Papal Aggression. But, with these exceptions, it is hard to say what his principles really were. He has valour for the valourous, piety for the pious, humanity for the humane, selfishness for the selfish, gratitude for the grateful, love for the loving, tenderness for the tender, heroism for the heroic. All, by looking into his pages, will find their own prevailing dispositions, or even transient passions, reflected as in a mirror. The noblest thoughts, the most heroic resolve, the most lofty magnanimity, the most devoted tenderness, will be found depicted in his pages; but they are all painted with such force, that it is hard to say to which the native turn of his mind especially inclined him. He had evidently, however, felt the tender passion in full force; the words of Romeo and Juliet, Miranda and Desdemona, came straight from the heart, and bear its unmistakable signet-impress.

It is a more serious imputation on Shakspeare, that there is not to be found in his writings any habitual reverence for the Supreme Being, or permanent recognition of the superintendence of an all-wise and beneficent Providence. Expressions, indeed, having that tendency, and second in sublimity and truth to none that ever came from the human mind, are to be found scattered through his works; but it does not seem to have been the permanent direction of his thought. In this respect he is very different from Æschylus, whose dramas perhaps embody the noblest maxims of virtue and natural religion that ever emanated from the pen of uninspired man. In the same respect he is

inferior to Schiller, who, albeit lax in his youth, rose to the sublimest principles of morality and religion in his later works. Perhaps the neglect of Shakspeare's education, and the irregularities of his early life, had prevented him from acquiring any fixed ideas on the subject; perhaps the fierce dissension which at that period alienated the Protestants from the Roman Catholics had brought religion itself into discredit, and rendered even that great observer insensible, in a certain degree, to the moral government of the world.

Hardly inferior to either of his great predecessors, but differing from them essentially in the direction which his genius has taken, SCHILLER may be regarded as the founder of a third school of dramatic poetry—not inferior in effect, and perhaps more nearly framed on the true principles, than either of those which have preceded him. He is not uniformly sublime and lofty like Æschylus, nor graphic and bewitching, like Shakspeare; he has not the grandeur of the former's thoughts, nor is his pencil dipt in the hues of nature, like that of the latter. Except in one, and that not the least perfect of his dramas, he has made no attempt to introduce the chorus which forms so important, and, as it seems to us, so strange a part of Greek tragedy. He does not rigidly observe the unities, like Sophocles, nor daringly disregard them, after the manner of Shakspeare. He steers a middle course between these two extremes, which perhaps approaches nearer to the true principle on the subject than any that has yet been brought forward on the stage. He varies the scenes, and takes a considerable latitude in point of time; but he carefully observes the most important of all unities, that of emotion. Everything with him is subordinate to the one great interest of the piece; and if an episode is introduced, as of love, it is in connection with, and in a manner arising out of, the situations into which the principal characters are thrown. He has no turn for the grotesque or the ridiculous; he never seeks to give relief to grandeur of conduct by portraying baseness, nor to amuse his audience by the burlesque, after he had melted them by the

pathetic. He does not endeavour to thrill, by the representation of operatic horrors, nor to amuse, by the retailing of coarse buffoonery. He is uniformly measured, stately, and heroic; and if he introduces, as introduce he must—if he has the slightest regard to nature in his delineations—the perpetual struggle of good and evil, of virtue and wickedness, which characterises all the events of this world, he still maintains elevation of mind even in his worst characters. He often brings before us the tyrant, the selfish, the inhuman, the jealous; but never the base, the sordid, the cowardly, the despicable. He has many bad men in his plays; but they are all bad men six feet high, with a sword in their hand and a helmet on their head.

Schiller has been exceedingly fortunate, we should rather say judicious, in the choice of his subjects. With the exception of *The Robbers*, which was written early in life, and before his taste or feelings had assumed a stable character, they are all drawn from the most important or tragic events of *modern* history. He does not, like the French and Italian dramatists—at least in his greater pieces—renew the eternal and worn-out tale of classical story. We do not hear of the "Tale of Troy divine," nor the woes of Pelops' line. We have no Agamemnon, or Hecuba, or Orestes in his dramas: we are spared the ridicule of hearing Achilles address Iphigenia as "Madame," or Alexander apostrophise Porus as "Mon-sieur." He gives to his characters, if not the actual words, at least the ideas and sentiments of the age in which they arose: he is not for ever portraying, under historic names, the manners of the *Œil-du-Bœuf*, or the jealousies and sorrows of Versailles. He selects some great and important event in the annals of modern Europe for the groundwork of his drama; and, having done so, he exerts himself to the very uttermost to portray to the life the manners, ideas, feelings, and passions which really characterised the country and period of history in which it occurred. He does this with admirable skill and unequalled graphic and oratorical power; and so great is his knowledge,

and plastic his genius, that he throws himself, with equal vigour and success, into every subject which he selects, and every character which he brings prominently forward in his dramas. He gives everything which they thought, felt, said, and did; but it is the thoughts and feelings and words of the heroes and heroines of the period that he brings before us, and them alone. He never descends to the valets, or waiting-maids, or buffoons of the period—seldom even to the maids of honour or equeries of palaces; for that would disturb the unity of emotion which it is so much his object to preserve. It is this variety of subject, and yet unity of emotion, which constitute the great and unequalled charm of his dramas; for the first perpetually furnishes food to the imagination, while the latter as unceasingly gratifies the taste.

No German scholar need be told in how great and peculiar a manner this combination is the chief characteristic and most attractive quality in Schiller's tragedies. His historical information was great, his historic mind still greater: he had little turn for the philosophy of history, but the greatest possible for its incidents, its tragedies, its dramatic events. It is that which gives so enchaining an interest to his pieces—it is that which renders them perhaps the most fascinating study which exists to a well-informed and elevated mind. His tragedies are history dramatised. We are spared the dull and tedious intermediate parts, which are often felt as so oppressive by the writer, and always as so tedious by the reader, of history. We come at once to the denouement, and are taught the accompaniments of animated and still life from the mouths of the principal actors in them. So incomparably is this done—so vast is the store of ideas, events, scenery, and images which he has at his command, that the best informed historical scholar will find, after all the folios and quartos relating to the period have been gone through, that he has much to learn from the speeches in Schiller's dramas. The English historical student will admit there is nowhere to be found so true and faithful a picture of the conflicting passions and events of the most im-

portant part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as in his immortal tragedy of *Maria Stuart*; the French scholar will find a better account of the deliverance of his country by Joan of Arc in his beautiful drama of *The Maid of Orleans*, than either in the pages of Barante or the narrative of Michelet; the Spaniard will feel himself transported, in *Don Carlos*, to the dark passions, the priest-ridden tyrants, the gloomy halls of the Escorial; the German will discover, in his three dramas terminating with the death of Wallenstein, the most faithful mirror of the jealousies, ambitions, and passions of the Thirty Years' War in the Fatherland; the Swiss patriot will turn to *William Tell* for the most interesting exposition ever presented of the legend which has accompanied the rise of Swiss independence, and has for ever immortalised the Lake of Uri; while the Italian will seek, in *The Bride of Messina*, the most charming picture which human genius has ever drawn of that beautiful land where love is spontaneous, but jealousy its twin sister—where beauty is irresistible, but revenge uncontrolled—where passion grows up at once, but the fate of a life is chained to its development.

As this historical and graphic power is the greatest and most peculiar merit of Schiller's dramas, so from it has sprung the chief defects conspicuous in his writings. His desire to make the reader or spectator fully acquainted with the events, feelings, and passions of the country and time in which his story is laid, is so strong, that, in the effort to effect it, he sometimes becomes prolix; his rhetorical powers are so great that he often forgets that those of his readers are not on a similar scale, and that even the ablest arguments appear tedious to those who are impatient to see the denouement of the piece, and who care little to hear the ideas of the actors in it. He introduces, in the first two acts in general, long speeches, after the manner of Thucydides or Livy, in order to make the audience acquainted in a dramatic form with the circumstances and events which have preceded the catastrophe which is approaching.

They are always able, luminous, and instructive, but often monotonous and tiresome. Parliamentary debates are very good things, but no one goes to a theatre to hear them. He has enough of them in real life. Such expositions are unavoidable in all dramas constructed upon the true model, which is to take up the story when it approaches its denouement, and explain what has gone before in oral colloquy. We see it accordingly in Sophocles and Euripides, in Racine and Corneille, in Alfieri and Metastasio. But in Schiller it is often carried to an extravagant and unnecessary length. The object might be attained in half the space. The most ardent admirers of his genius must frequently lament the tedium of the speeches of the soldiers in the *Lager*, and of Terzky, Buttler, and Illo, in the *Piccolomini*; and although there is no subject more fit for tragedy than the terrible catastrophe of the son of Philip II., yet there is no drama which is more tiresome in the representation than *Don Carlos*. All the abridgments of stage managers, which are liberally exerted on the occasion—all the skill of the actors, which are seldom wanting on the German boards, cannot compensate the mortal tedium of the speeches of Marquis Posa and the soliloquies of Philip II.

Indeed, so conspicuous is this defect, that it may be doubted whether Schiller ever intended his greater plays for actual representation. He calls them not dramas, but dramatic poems, (*Dramatische Gedichte*.) They really are such. They more nearly resemble books of an epic poem than tragedies meant for the stage. *Don Carlos* is three hundred pages long: at least triple the dimensions admissible, with the utmost possible reliance on the patience of the audience, in any theatre. The three dramas formed on the meditated revolt of Wallenstein against the Emperor's authority, are, in reality, three books of a dramatic poem—the first representing the army collected in the camp; the second, the commencement of the conspiracy, and the arts used to implicate the chiefs, without their full knowledge, in revolt; and the third, the open junction with the Swedes by Wallenstein,

and the dark designs formed, and at length executed by his most trusted officers, to execute the Ban of the Emperor by murdering him in his bed. The catastrophe, as visibly approaching from the beginning, in reality only occurs in the very close of the last act of the last of the three dramas. It is the same in *Don Carlos*, itself as long as any three tragedies: the sentence of death is only pronounced by the zealous father on his unhappy son in the very last line of the last act. Such dramatic poems bear a much closer resemblance to the successive books of the *Iliad* than to the tragedies of Sophocles; and they cannot be brought forward on the stage without such abridgments as render the play represented little more than a skeleton of that which was written.

But if in these respects Schiller has deviated widely from the true model of representable dramas, he makes amends, and sometimes more than amends, for his temporary oblivion of the principles of his art, by his excellence in two particulars, in which he may truly be said to be supreme.

The first of these is the exquisite tenderness of his mind, and the surpassing beauty of the love-episodes, which, like so many veins of diamond and gold, pervade most of his dramas. The reader need not be told what is here alluded to—the heart-rending episode of Thekla, the deep love and tragic fate of the Bride of Messina, are engraven on every memory. Like Miranda in Shakspeare, or Clorinda in Tasso, they have become immortal; they are stereotyped in deathless characters on the human heart. Imagination never conceived a more enchanting picture than that of Thekla, as presented in the *Piccolomini* and the *Death of Wallenstein*. Fresh from the convent where her early years had been educated, she is brought into the world only to feel, at its very threshold, its strongest and yet most elevated passion. A journey of twenty days with her aunt, Wallenstein's sister, escorted by a young hero, Max Piccolomini, inspires her with a profound passion for that simple and noble character, which, it need hardly be said, is warmly returned. Human genius never conceived anything

more perfect than the picture of the love of this ill-fated pair, who have the cup of bliss presented to their lips, only to have it speedily dashed from them; who get a glimpse into paradise, only to feel the more acutely the desolation and heavy burden of this weary world. Similar touching and beautiful episodes are to be met with in other of his pieces: we see them in the interlude of Rudenz and Bertha in *William Tell*; in the deep though concealed passion of Queen Mary for Earl Leicester; in the sudden sentiment, like that of Erminia for Tancred, in Joan of Arc for the English duke Lionel of Clarence. But in the *Bride of Messina* the drama is based on the passion of two brothers for the same beauteous novice, who, unknown to them, is their own sister. In the one (Don Cæsar) it is the fierce passion of Oriental states inhaled at once—imbibed from the eye, not the ear—and sharing, from the outset, the jealousies and passions of the harem. In the other brother (Don Manuel) is portrayed the gentle, generous, and self-forgetting sentiment of modern Europe, arising mainly from sympathy of souls and identity of feeling; warmed and impassioned, but not created, by beauty of external form. In the force and truth with which these different passions, characteristic respectively of Asia and Europe, though awakened by the same charming object, are portrayed, is to be seen the clearest proof of Schiller's genius, as in the delicacy and tenderness with which the passion of Don Manuel is returned by Beatrice, we may read, as in a mirror, the combined ardour and refinement of his mind.

The next circumstance which has redeemed Schiller's tragedies from this tedium and prolixity of some of his speeches, is the great power which he possessed for the conception of striking incident, and the vast force with which he wielded that most effective weapon—stage effect. In this respect, indeed, he is superior to any modern dramatist, Shakspeare alone excepted. If he often wears us out by the length and tedium of his explanatory speeches in the three first acts, he never fails to make ample amends by the thrilling interest and heart-rend-

ing pathos of his great scenes in the two last. His mind, like that of many other men of the very highest class of intellect, was singularly, and, as at first sight appears, strangely combined of different and apparently opposite qualities. He was at once argumentative and poetical, didactic and lyric, rhetorical and dramatic. He shared alternately the fervour of Demosthenes' eloquence, the fire of Pindar's song, and the power of Shakspeare's theatrical imagination: he presents us, in the same piece, with the finest specimens of statesmanlike debate, the most thrilling lyrical strains, and the most entrancing scenes of stage effect. The terrible last Communion of Mary; her tender but yet dignified parting with, and reproaches to Leicester, by whom she had been loved and betrayed, will immediately occur to the reader's recollection. No man understood better, or has introduced more happily, that powerful engine of theatrical effect, which consists in bringing the principal character in the piece up to the very edge of the impending catastrophe, of which the audience are aware, but of which the victim himself is unconscious. This is done repeatedly, and with terrible effect, in the *Bride of Messina*; and it is exemplified with singular felicity in two scenes of *William Tell*: the first, the adventure with the apple and his son in the market-place of Altdorf; the next, the lying in wait of Tell to shoot Gessler in the defile of Kussnacht. But perhaps the drama of all others in which this is made use of with most power is that of Wallenstein's Death, where the audience are fully acquainted, from previous scenes, with the plan for assassinating him in his bed during the night, when the Swedish troops were expected—and which was the crisis of his fate—and he retires to rest, worn out with fatigue, at midnight, perfectly unconscious of his approaching death, with the words "I will sleep a long sleep."

There is no author, ancient or modern, whose morality is, with the exception of one work, strung on a higher key, or whose pages are more pure than Schiller's. In *The Robbers*, indeed, to which he was

chiefly indebted for his early celebrity, the case is different, and he was guilty of the crime—for it deserves no lighter name—of making heroes and heroines of the most reckless and abandoned characters: an example, as is generally the case with enticing but bad things, immediately followed by a host of imitators both in romance and on the stage. His early history explains and extenuates, though it cannot justify, that deviation from the high moral standard elsewhere conspicuous in his works. Endowed by nature, like most men of a powerful and ardent mind, with warm feelings and strong passions, he fretted against the restraints, at that period all but insupportable, of government and authority in Germany. Not content with debarring the people every approach to political power, it denied them even the lesser privilege of freedom of thought and action; it interfered with every important action of private life in both sexes: and it was only, as his biography shows, by a sudden flight from the place of his birth and education at Stuttgart, that, with his ardent feelings and impassioned mind, he escaped the horrors of being shut up for life in a cloister. *The Robbers* was written shortly after his escape from this frightful destiny, and it was a sort of safety-valve to let loose the indignation of an independent and powerful mind at the vexations restraints of society, and the mingled joys and excitement of an entirely lawless and predatory state of existence. It was an effusion prompted by the same feelings as Rousseau's first essay on the evils of civilisation, in which his object, as he himself tells us, was "rompre brusquement avec tous les maximes de son siècle." But Rousseau did not, like Schiller, work himself pure after this first ebullition of original sin was over. He continued the same bizarre defiance of all established principles down to the day of his death: whereas the German poet not only, when he was emancipated from control, established a code of morality of the very highest order for himself, from which he never afterwards deviated, but he was so sensible of the dangerous tendency of the

brilliant hues thrown over vice in his *Robbers*, that he resolved to make amends by writing a second play, in which the same characters were introduced, and the ultimate consequences of their immorality were made manifest—a design which, like many others formed by ardent and energetic dispositions, was only prevented from being carried into execution by his premature death, while still in the very zenith of his power and fame.

Like Shakspeare, Schiller was a lyric poet of the very highest order; and the fame acquired by his lesser pieces is second only to the colossal proportions of his dramatic renown. Indeed the dramatic and lyric talents are so closely connected, or rather they are both so much the emanation of the same mental disposition and powers, that it is scarcely possible that in a mind of the highest order the one can exist without the other. How closely they were allied in the dramatists of antiquity—how much of the charm of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, arises from the strophes and antistrophes of their choruses, need be told to no scholar; and the same is true, in an equal degree, of the less manly but still charming conceptions of Metastasio and Calderon. It is on the lyric songs or effusions with which their scenes so often conclude, that memory, in reflecting on their works, chiefly dwells. From the fragments of lyric poetry which are scattered through Shakspeare's plays, it is evident he had lyric powers of the very highest order; but he has not written enough in that line to earn for himself a great reputation irrespective of his dramatic productions. Schiller, on the other hand, has written so much fugitive poetry, and so many ballads, that it is hard to say whether his reputation does not rest on them as much as on his tragedies; and if the latter were all swept away, he would still stand forth in undying celebrity as the first lyric poet of the Fatherland.

His ballads are extremely numerous, but very unequal. Some, as the "Lay of the Bell," "Hero and Leander," and the "Triumph of Love," are incomparable; the first may literally

be styled perfection. Others are much inferior; and even in that style where brevity is the very soul of composition, the tendency of Schiller to undue prolixity is often conspicuous. We are indebted to Sir Edward Bulwer—who, like Schiller, unites the highest talents for romantic interest to the most brilliant lyrical powers—for translations of the greater part of these ballads. But fine lyric poetry is wellnigh untranslatable; and even the kindred English tongue can convey no adequate idea of the terseness and beauty of the originals. To do them full justice would require a mind as fervent, a taste as fastidious, correction as frequent, as occurred in Gray or Campbell; and where they coexist in the same mind, it is scarcely to be expected that there will be found also the patient and unassuming disposition which contents itself with the secondary honours of translation, when the primary glory of original composition is within reach.

Schiller will bear no comparison with Shakspeare in the fidelity with which the passions of the heart are depicted, or the graphic power with which traits of *individual* character are drawn. He does not appear, like the Bard of Avon, to have drawn his characters from what he saw around him, but rather to have taken them from the descriptions, whether in history or romance, of others. He was greatly more informed than Shakspeare, and therefore was less constrained to rely upon his own observation for his portraits; hence they are not so characteristically defined, and much less distinguished by individual nature. In this respect there is a remarkable gradation from Æschylus to Shakspeare, in whom by far the greatest amount of individual nature is to be discovered. Æschylus makes scarcely any attempt to paint character; it is passion, emotion, and suffering which he depicts, and he does that with a force and fidelity which never have been surpassed. Schiller went a step farther; he depicted not merely suffering and passion, but the characters of the sufferers and impassioned, and portrayed with perfect fidelity the emotions and passions which affected the respective *classes of men* to which

they belonged. But Shakspeare painted not only the emotions and passions which the characters of his dramas underwent, but the *individual* traits of these personages themselves: he not only painted the heroic or the tender character, but the particular hero or heroine whom he desired to bring before the spectator's eyes. No writer of the drama or romance ever painted general character, as well as the emotions and sufferings of that character, with more force and truth than Schiller; but we shall look in vain in his writings for the traits of individual nature which abound in Shakspeare. The German's mind was essentially heroic; every conception which he formed belonged to an elevated class of beings. In reading his plays, we feel ourselves transported to a race of heroes and statesmen, of elevated and charming women brought into the most interesting and moving situations recorded in history; we see the past, as it were, in a mirror, but it is a mirror which reflects only the lofty and dignified of mankind.

As this peculiarity of Schiller's mind has deprived his plays of that extraordinary truth of individual character, and that entire fidelity to nature, which form so remarkable a feature in the works of Shakspeare, so it has preserved him from the principal defects which are so conspicuous in the works of the English dramatist. He does not scruple to take considerable advantage of latitude in point of time and place; but the unity of emotion is carefully observed. His characters are all of a stately and heroic cast; his incidents all such as conspire to keep up or increase that impression. We have no Caliban beside a Miranda, nor Polonius beside a Hamlet, nor Falstaff beside a Henry V., in his dramas. Everything is stately, dignified, and majestic, or sweet, tender, and pathetic. That this is not nature need be told to none: we have only to go from an elegant drawing-room to the deck of a steam-boat or the second class of a railway train, to be convinced of the vast diversities in this respect that exist in actual life. But is it the object of art to paint life as it actually occurs, with all its imperfections on

its head—with its poltroonery beside its heroism, its vulgarity beside its refinement, its elevation of mind beside its selfishness of disposition? Is this, still more, the true principle of an art which is limited to a representation of three hours, and aims, within that short time, at rousing the feelings, animating the spirit, moving the heart? That is the point at issue between the admirers of Shakspeare and those of Schiller; and, without determining which of the two have the right most on their side, we shall content ourselves with observing, that those who look on the stage for a faithful picture of the real will always turn with inextinguishable zest to the works of Shakspeare; while those who thirst for a noble image of the ideal will resort, in preference, to the conceptions of Schiller.

But, leaving these general disquisitions, it is time to present the reader with a few parallel passages from the works of these great dramatists, from which, more than from any laboured eulogium or parallel, their respective merits may be appreciated. In doing so, we shall, of course, avail ourselves of the magic of Shakspeare's own words for the specimens of his greatness; and for those of Æschylus, of the admirable and faithful transcript of Mr Blackie, which has transferred to our tongue, with such force and truth, the peculiar and characteristic beauties of the original. For Schiller, in default of such aids—as Bulwer's beautiful version extends only to the ballads—we must bespeak the reader's indulgence for the feebleness of our prose translation.

Clytemnestra, in *Agamemnon*, thus describes the fire-signals which conveyed from the shores of the Hellespont to Argos, in Peloponnesus, the news of the fall of Troy:—

“Hephæstus first from Ida shot the spark,
And flaming straightway leapt the courier fire
From height to height: to the Hermæan rock,
Of Lemnos first from Ida: from the isle
The Athœan steep of mighty Jove received
The beaming beacon; thence the forward
strength
Of the far-travelling lamp strode gallantly
Athwart the broad sea's back. The flaming
pine
Rayed out a golden glory like the sun,
And winged the message to Macistus' watch-
tower;

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There the wise watchman, guiltless of delay,
Lent to the sleepless courier farther speed;
And the Messapian station hailed the torch
Far beaming o'er the floods of the Euripus;
There the grey heath lit the responsive fire,
Speeding the portioned message; waxing
strong,
And nothing dulled across Asopus' plain
The flame swift darted like the twinkling
moon,
And on Cithæron's rocky heights awaked
A new receiver of the wandering light.
The far-sent ray, by the faithful watch not
spurned,
With bright addition journeying, bounded
o'er
Gorgôpus' lake, and Ægiplanctus' mount,
Weaving the chain unbroken. Hence it
spread
Not scant in strength, a mighty beard of
flame,
Flaring across the headlands that look down
On the Saronic gulf. Speeding its march,
It reached the neighbour-station of our city,
Arachne's rocky steep, and thence the halls
Of the Atridæ recognised the signal,
Light not unfathered by Idæan fire.
Such the bright train of my torch-bearing
heralds,
Each from the other fired with happy news,
And last and first was victor in the race.
Such the fair tidings that my lord hath sent,
A sign that Troy hath fallen.”

Agamemnon, (Blackie,) i. 25.

As a parallel to this noble passage of descriptive poetry, we place Shakspeare's celebrated description of Dover Cliff:—

“Here is the place. Stand still—how fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast our eyes so low.
The crows and choughs that wing the midway
air,
Shew scarce so gross as beetles; half-way
down
Hangs one that gathers samphire—dreadful
trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring
bark,
Diminished to her cock: her cock a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring
surge,
That on th' unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.”

Or the well-known Invocation to Sleep:—

“O gentle Sleep!
Nature's soft nurse! how have I frightened
thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids
down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky huts
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with busy night-flies to thy
slumbers,

Than in the perfumed chambers of the
great,
 And lulled with sounds of sweetest me-
 lody?

O thou dull god! why liest thou with the
vile,

In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly
couch

Beneath rich canopies of costly state?

A watch-case to a common 'larum bell,

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast

Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his
brains

In cradle of the rude imperious surge,

And in the visitation of the winds

Who take the curling billows by the top,

Circling their monstrous heads, and hanging
them

With deafening clamour in the slippery
shrouds?

Can'st thou, O partial Sleep! give thy re-
pose

To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,

And in the calmest and serenest night,

With all appliances and means to boot,

Deny it to a king?"

Although Schiller's plays are rather dialogues of heroes and heroines than descriptive pieces, yet many of his passages prove that he possessed the graphic and pictorial powers in the very highest perfection. Take as an example the words of Wallenstein, when he looked out at the heavens from a window in the Castle of Egra, on the night of his death:—

"In the heaven there is a rapid movement. The wind doth wave the flag upon the tower. Swift flies the fleeting passage of the clouds: the moonsickle quivers, and through the night sheds uncertain light. No star is visible: that single gleam is from Cassiopeia, and therein stands Jupiter; but now the darkness of the thunder-laden heavens screens him."
 —WALLENSTEIN'S *Tod*, Aufz. v. Anft. 3.

Equally striking is the well-known soliloquy of Queen Mary on being liberated for a short space from her prison in Fotheringhay Castle:—

"Let me enjoy my new-born freedom! let me again become a little child! and be you ever with me, and on the green carpet of the meadows try the light, the winged step. From the dark dungeon I am freed; no more the mournful vault holds me; let me in full, in thirsty draughts, drink in the free, the heavenly air.

"Oh! thank, oh thank, those friendly green trees that shut out the sight of my prison walls. I will dream of freedom and happiness: why awaken me from the

blessed illusion? Am I not encircled by heaven's wide arch: the eye, free and unfettered, gazes over unmeasured space. There, where yon misty hills arise, commence my ancient kingdom's bounds; and those clouds that float to the south are seeking France's distant ocean.

"Swift clouds, ships of the air, swift is he that travels with you! Greet lovingly the land of my youth! I am fettered; I am in bonds. Alas! I have no other ambassadors. Free in heaven is your path; you are not subject to this earthly queen!

"Hearest thou the huntsman's horn? Heardst thou the cries, the joyous cries, through field and wood? Ah! would I could mount a mettlesome steed, and join in the gladsome chase! Yet more, yet more: oh the well-known voices, mournful, yet full of sweet recollections! Oft hath mine ear heard them with joy on the Highland mountain-heaths, when the boisterous cheers resounded." — *Maria Stuart*, Aufz. iii. Anft. 1.

How beautiful the succession of images presented in these few lines! how natural to a young and high-spirited princess, thus, for the first time, breathing the fresh air after her long and dreary captivity, at the instance of her cruel and inexorable rival! If these lines convey to us favourable specimens of Schiller's graphic powers, the passages which follow give some conception of mingled dignity and pathos in his melancholy scenes. It is the speech of Mary when she meets Lord Leicester, to whom Elizabeth, with fiend-like malignity, had committed the duty of seeing the sentence of death carried into execution, when discharging that terrible duty:—

"Now have I no more to do with this world! My Saviour! my Deliverer! As thou stretchest out thine arms on the cross, so wide open them to receive me. You have kept your word, Lord Leicester! You promised me your arm to free me from this dungeon, and now you lend me its aid. Yes, Leicester, and not the less will I thank you for my deliverance! You would have made liberty dear to me, and now through your hand, become blessed by love, will I receive the joys of another life. Now that I am about to leave the world, and become a blessed spirit, and no earthly feeling longer moves me, now, Leicester, may I without blushing confess my conquered weakness! Live, and, if you can, live happy! You

have dared to woo two queens; one tender loving heart have you in scorn betrayed to win a proud one. Fall at Elizabeth's feet. May your reward not prove your punishment. Farewell! I have nothing more to do with this earth."—*Maria Stuart*, Anfz. v. Auft. 10.

We add only a passage of transcendent beauty from the *Maid of Orleans*. It is the soliloquy of Joan of Arc, when, inspired by the mission to save her country, she mourns over her severance from the scene, the peace, and the simplicity of her infant years:—

"Farewell ye hills, ye beloved paths, ye well-known quiet vales, farewell! Joanna will never wander in you more, Joanna bids you for ever farewell! Ye meadows which I watered, ye trees which I planted, bloom green and fresh for ever. Farewell, ye grottos and ye cool fountains, and thou echo, the sole voice of these vales, which oft hath answered me when singing from my song-book: Joanna goes, and will never more return.

"Ye scenes of all my peaceful joys, I leave you behind me for evermore. Spread out, ye lambs, on the heaths; ye are now a guideless flock! Another flock must I guard there on the bloody fields of danger. The voice of the spirit hath reached me: no vain earthly desire impels me.

"He who to Moses, on Horeb's heights, from the fiery bush in flames, descended and ordered him to stand before Pharaoh; who once commanded the shepherd boy to stand in conflict with the giant: He who has ever loved the shepherd of the hills; He spoke to me from the boughs of this tree: 'Go hence! Thon art chosen from earth to bear witness for me.'

"In rude armour shalt thou bind thy limbs, with steel clothe thy tender breast; no love of man shall steal into thy bosom to fill it with the sinful flames of vain earthly passion. No bride's garland shall adorn thy locks; no loving child bloom at thy breast. But thee will I with warlike honours, before all maids of earth, encircle."—*Die Jungfrau von Orleans*, Aufz. i. Auft. 4.

Romeo's words in Shakspeare may well be placed beside this beautiful passage:—

"It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: Look, love! what envious
streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund
Day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops."
—*Romeo and Juliet*.

Or Ariel's song in the *Tempest*:—

"Where the bee sucks, there lurk I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."
—*Tempest*, Act v. s. 1.

Prospero's words in the same play, in a different style, are equally powerful:—

—"These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air.
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous
palaces,
The solid temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind."
Tempest, Act iv. s. 1.

It is painful to reflect on the state of degradation to which the noble art of the drama, which has produced the glorious and immortal works of Æschylus, Shakspeare, and Schiller; of Sophocles, Lope de Vega, and Racine; of Euripides, Alfieri, and Calderon, has been brought, both on the Continent and in this country, in these times. There is no department of human genius so well calculated as tragedy, when exhibited in its purest and most elevated form, to exalt and ennoble the mind, to raise it above the little cares and jealousies of the world, to nourish those generous feelings, that forgetfulness of self, which are the only real foundation for whatever is great or good in this world. Such it always is in the hands of Æschylus and Schiller; such it often is in those of Shakspeare; such it is when represented by the genius, and guided by the taste, and chastened by the purity of a Kemble, a Siddons, a Fancit. Dramatic talent is not wanting in our time. Sheridan Knowles has written some effective dramas; Bulwer some charming dramatic romances, distinguished by all his usual genius, pathos, and imagination; and very recently Mr Marston has brought forward an interest-

ing tragedy, in which the important part of his unhappy Queen Marie de Maranie has been sustained by the last of these great actresses with equal taste, dignity, and pathos. But it is all in vain. The drama is rapidly becoming extinct in this country, in the same manner, and from the same causes, as have characterised its decay in Greece, Spain, France, and every other nation where it had once attained the highest eminence. The theatre is supplanted by the amphitheatre; the drama by the melodrama. It is found by stage managers, that appeals to the senses are much more generally responded

to, by the mixed multitude who now fill our theatres, than appeals to the heart; incitements to pleasure more profitable than calls to virtue. It is the introduction into the theatre in great and daily increasing numbers of an inferior class, to whom appeals of the former sort are alone acceptable, and incitements of the latter irksome or distasteful, which is the cause of this degradation; and, like the appalling increase in our criminals, paupers, and emigrants, denotes the passing of the zenith of national virtue, and consequent prosperity, and the commencement of the long period of degradation and decay.

VESTIGES OF THE ANCIENT INHABITANTS OF SCOTLAND.

In a late number we were tempted, in commenting on *The Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities* of Mr Billings, to offer some general suggestions on the predominating characteristics of early Scottish architecture, and the ancillary arts. The critical remarks which the richness of these materials prompted us to offer were well received in antiquarian quarters; and we must hope that, when the great work we have alluded to is completed, some pen, led by more commanding knowledge, shall more completely and comprehensively extract the archaeological riches of which it is a treasury.

In the mean time, the appearance of a meritorious volume on the earlier archaeological remains of Scotland prompts us to continue our track, and take a step farther backward into the gloom of time. Backward is the appropriate direction in such inquiries. The historian's operation is synthetic—he begins at the beginning, putting together the materials collected for him; but the archaeologist, or antiquary, as we still prefer to call him, goes back step by step, groping and analysing—sometimes making far past centuries more distinct to the present generation than they

were to our distant ancestors, by passing through the intervening gloom, and throwing on them, from the torch of science, the full blaze of light of the age in which he lives. Thus we discard, without remorse, chapter after chapter of what the monkish chroniclers tell us of the races that inhabited the country, and our early line of kings, putting our finger on some forty or fifty of their catalogue whom we now know never to have existed, even though their portraits hang on the wall of the gallery of Holyrood. We tear out full smoothly reading pages from the book of history, substituting some produce of our inductive operations less ample and flourishing in its details, but more distinct.

This knowledge, scanty as it may be, is derived bit by bit from real things. We find sermons in stones, if not tongues in trees. Things which, to the monkish historians, would have seemed utterly contemptible, become Archimedean standing-places for moving great truths into their proper place. As in putting together the evidence for some great judicial investigation, where foot-prints are measured, and shreds of apparel examined, some

trifle dropped in the way enables us to prove the progress of the Roman, the Celt, the Scandinavian, or the Primitive Christian missionary. The collection and classification of antiquities changes its position under this changed use. It is as little to be laughed at as the old man Newton's blowing of bubbles, when he was testing the theory of gravitation. We have of late felt the want of a guide-book to the known Scottish archæological vestiges, scattered and trifling in number as they are, in comparison with what we hope they may yet be; and we feel indebted to Mr Wilson for the zeal, elaborateness, and ability with which he has performed his task.

It sometimes surprises people who see an antiquarian museum, or hear—often through newspaper paragraphs—of arrow-heads, hatchets, ancient beads, vases, and the like, being frequently dug up, that our ancestors should have left so great a number of vestiges buried in the earth. *We* are not likely in this age to leave so many, vast as are the accumulated riches of civilisation by which we are surrounded. But what is a generation, or even the century in which a generation has lived, to the thousands of years through which this archæological seed has been silently dropping into the earth? Of two trifling little things lying in the same shelf of a museum—a coloured adder-bead and a flint arrow-head, for instance—who shall tell whether we are to count back to the time of their use by hundreds of years or by thousands? Who can say that, however ancient the one may be, the other is not as much older as Wallace's sword is older than the Duke of Wellington's, with perhaps a thousand or so of additional years? We are "the heir of all the ages," as to this detritus of countless generations; and were it all gathered together from the skin of the crust of the earth, it would form a considerable heap.

This brings us to the verge of a very interesting and important matter. Either the vestiges which teach us what the inhabitants of this country were, and what they did, are worth preserving, or they are not. If the latter alternative is adopted, there is

no more to be said. But if the former should be the conclusion—and few, we believe, will dissent from it—then we may express surprise that no comprehensive effort has been made for the general security of these remains, and their preservation in a national collection; and we may complain that there exists a law which seems as if it were ingeniously made to restrain all private efforts to create such collections.

We hope Mr Wilson's book may have the effect of making people conscious of the amount of antiquarian treasures which have been from time to time exhumed in Scotland. Unfortunately, those which have been preserved are evidently a mere percentage of those which have been lost. Antiquities, it is true, do not propagate, and the quantity absolutely in existence is exhaustible; but we have no reason to believe that it is yet nearly exhausted, and the quantity ignorantly and barbarously wasted only shows us how much might yet be preserved. It would really be a fine thing to see, year after year, brought into one common centre, any vestiges of very early ages which are from time to time dug up in the course of agricultural and engineering operations. We truly believe that, if a system were adopted which merely attracted these relics through easy channels to a common centre, a magnificent national museum would soon exist, capable of teaching more of the history of the dumb past than a record commission. It would be unnecessary, as in the end it would perhaps be disappointing, to establish a positive system of search. Treasure-seeking is ever a losing trade, just because treasure-finding is often a fortunate accident. In a busy country like this, where, what with mining, engineering, and draining, the surface of the earth is allowed but little peace, the harvest of accidental discovery, were it garnered in, would go farther than elaborate efforts made with views of specific investigation. We have reason to know that many articles of rare interest—many of them of considerable sterling value—were dug out in the great railway cuttings of 1846 and 1847. Of those which possessed no metallic value, the greater

portion were cast away or destroyed, because there was no known and general market for the disposal of them. As to the gold and silver relics, the law of treasure-trove worked for their immediate destruction as effectively as if it had been invented for the purpose. "With us," says that early oracle of the Scottish law, Lord Stair, "treasures hid in the earth, whose proper owners cannot be known, are not his in whose ground they are found, nor the finder's, but belong to the king." The old feudal rule was preserved by our ancestors of the seventeenth century, probably from the notion that there were great treasures from time to time likely to be brought to light which might replenish the Exchequer, and that it was more fitting to sweep all such accidental riches into the national Treasury than to leave it in the hands of individuals, whom it might make dangerously wealthy. Visions of hidden treasure have had their charms for monarchs and legislators, as well as for German philosophers and Irish vagrants; and it was a mysterious cup full of gold pieces that tempted the timid Solomon of Scotland to put himself into the hands of the Ruthvens. Treasure-trove cannot really, within the last century and a-half, however, have had any charms for a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and probably the law has been permitted to remain from the impression that it tends to make newly-discovered relics public property, instead of leaving them in the hands of individuals. If any statesman has really hesitated, for such a reason, to touch the law of treasure-trove, we believe that he has countenanced the very evil he sought to avoid. Relics of trifling intrinsic value, if kept at all, are kept out of sight by individuals; while gold and silver ornaments go immediately to the melting-pot, to obviate all disagreeable inquiries. If a ditcher, or a set of railway navvies, find a gold torc, no law or logic will persuade them that they ought to give it up for the public benefit, and that they are committing an offence something equivalent to stealing or swindling if they treat it as their own property. Far from such a doctrine being unpalatable

to the uneducated, the gentry themselves cannot see it, and would never think of practising it. Who thinks of sending to the Remembrancer in Exchequer an old ring or amulet picked up on his grounds, as he would send the watch or purse to the guest who had left it on the drawing-room table? To know how such a cancer in the law eats out the sources of archaeological investigation, it must be remembered that a far larger proportion of the smaller articles for use and ornament which have come to us from past ages, even in this country, were made of gold or silver than the habits of civilisation would lead us to suppose. To account for this predominance, it is almost enough to remember the indestructibility of these metals in comparison with other materials, and the unknown number of centuries over which their use may have extended. But gold, besides the inducements of its brilliancy and beauty, is the easiest worked, and, to a certain extent, the easiest found of metals. It is true that the reason why it is a measure of value is the extreme difficulty of extracting it in the mine, and the amount of labour which, in the average, must ever be bestowed on its production. But, wherever it exists at all, a considerable quantity of it is superficial, and immediately obtainable by the semi-civilised inhabitant of the spot. This may account—we do not say that it *does* account fully—for the great quantity of golden ornaments of utterly unknown date found in the British Isles, and especially in Scotland. There is a disinclination, in these sceptical days, to believe in such things, and we have ourselves had misgivings about them; but the articles have been produced and weighed, and, unfortunately, melted and paid for. "The fact is equal to cash," as the Americans say. We knew a late instance of a negotiation for something which a few labourers had found somewhere—we dare not be too specific, lest we should commit somebody in some quarter—where the article was valued at £40. It was lost, for the crucible outbid the antiquary. There are circumstances mentioned by Mr Wilson which will show the reader that such occurrences

are not matter of astonishment. Many of the ornaments which have been lost—as well as of those fortunately preserved—were made of large pieces of solid gold. Thus some golden ornaments, a small portion of which are in the Museum of the Scottish Antiquarian Society, but the greater part in the possession of private gentlemen—

“Were found, along with various other relics, by a herd-boy, who, going early in the morning to his sheep, observed something glitter in the sun, and, on scraping with his feet, brought the whole valuable treasure to light. It consisted of three gold torcs or collars for the neck; the beautiful gold ornament, supposed to have been the head of a staff or sceptre, engraved here [Mr Wilson gives a woodcut] about one-half the size of the original, and a number of flattened circular gold pellets, each marked with a cross in relief. The value of the articles discovered in mere bullion exceeded £100, and it is doubtful if the treasure-finder did not privately dispose of more before his good fortune was known.”—P. 317.

This discovery was made at Cairn-mure in Peebleshire in the year 1806; and it is right to mention, in reference to our remarks on native gold, that this rich nest of ornaments appears to have belonged to a period when metallic manufactures were imported. An ornament was found in the farm of Balmae in Kirkcudbrightshire, which was sold for about £20, and is described in the *Old Statistical Account of Scotland* as “a straight plate of gold, which was somewhat thick at each end and at the middle. It bent easily at the centre, so as to admit the two extremes to meet.” Sir George Clerk, in his well-known antiquarian correspondence, talks of a little treasure trove:—

“Since my last to you, I have seen two other bracelets and a large ring, found in the draining of a lake, or part of it. There are no letters or inscriptions, and the make is very clumsy. Each bracelet is in weight six or seven guineas.”

And the number of valuable ancient ornaments which had come under his notice prompts him to say, “I begin to think that there are treasures of all kinds in Britain.”

There is at present a silver chain

in the Antiquarian Museum of Edinburgh, which weighs 39 ounces. It was found in the cuttings of the Caledonian Canal. To add to these distinct and specific indications of wealth, we have the mystery of the plundering pedlar of Norrislaw—an individual who, according to popular and Mr Wilson’s belief, has extracted untold wealth from a Fifeshire tumulus. Mr Wilson is thus solemn and mysterious on the matter:—

“Conscious as he is of the appropriation of treasure which was not his own, and not yet entirely free from apprehension of the interference of the Scottish Exchequer to reclaim the fruits of his ill-gotten wealth, he naturally declines all communication on the subject; and thus, as too frequently results from the operation of the Scotch law of treasure-trove, the history of the discovery is involved in impenetrable mystery. It may be permitted us to reflect, with some satisfaction, that by the fears thus excited, the depredator has not entirely escaped punishment for the irreparable mischief which his wretched cupidity has occasioned.”—P. 512.

The perils, indeed, which on all hands surround the precious rubbish of the antiquary, must sometimes drive that irritable kind of personage to the borders of distraction. Mr Wilson gives, among other incidents, an account of “a fowth o’ auld knick-knackets,” kettles, spear-heads, sword-blades, &c., found near Crieff.

“The most of these interesting relics were carefully packed in the largest kettle, and a flat stone placed on its mouth. This curious horde was purchased by my friend Mr John Buchanan of Glasgow, under whose zealous care they might have been assured of a safe asylum; but the weighty box in which they were packed tempted some covetous knave, and our only poor consolation for their loss is to picture the mortification of the thief when he unlocked his treasure, and found only a chest full of rusty iron.”

One is here reminded of a scene in Mercier’s *Dalleau de Paris*, where a seizure of supposed smuggled goods is made on its way to an antiquary’s house, and the officers of the *Octroi* are perplexed and somewhat horrified, on inspection, to find an Egyptian mummy!

We had intended, by the preceding remarks, merely to notice and regret the impediments in the way of an archaeological national museum, as introductory to a cursory account of some of the most curious and interesting vestiges of the ancient inhabitants of Scotland. In noticing the golden ornaments, we may perhaps have in some measure already performed part of our task. But in turning to what is really most peculiar and strange among the undatable vestiges of the North, the remains of the dwellings of the people—a class of antiquities with which the Remembrancer in Exchequer does not meddle—are naturally among the most important and interesting. After counting the palaces and castles with which it is dotted, how little, after all, has the earth preserved of the habitations in which the countless generations lived! In the days of the sculptured stones, the gold armlets, and the decorated torcs, we may suppose that there was much carved wood-work, or other adornment of the dwellings. Tribes contemporaneous with an inquisitive civilisation like that in which we now live, have their self-acquired arts preserved in literature or pictorial representation. Thus in the magnificent illustrations of New Zealand by Mr Angas, there are engravings of houses profusely adorned with carved work, the most magnificent of them, by the way, having an unpronounceable name, which, being translated, means “Eat Man House,” in commemoration, probably, of the many merry feasts, and the large consumption of missionaries, which the grotesquely grinning pearl-eyed monsters that encrust its walls have witnessed. Of the dwellings of the ordinary inhabitants of this country in so late a century as the fourteenth, we have little conception. We have already referred to those dismal square keeps, of which Mr Billings gives so full and lively an idea. Their leading peculiarity, when compared with the fortalices of other countries, is their blank darkness—the utter incapacity of the narrow slits to convey any more than a minute percentage of the light of day through the dense walls into the stony caverns. It is diffi-

cult to imagine even so much of literature and science as our ancestors possessed penetrating into such places. No wonder that the indweller, cut away from the sources of external knowledge, indulged in the *idola specus*, and lit up for himself the dread fictitious lights of the diabolical sciences.

But there are stone remains in Scotland of a still more dreary and mysterious darkness—the Picts' houses, or Eird houses of the north, belonging to an age who shall say how many centuries older than that of the old square keeps? You enter crawling along a cavernous drain-like passage, which descends and widens into a chamber. This chamber may be from three to six feet high, and twenty or thirty long. Its sides are made of huge rough stones, laid on each other so that the walls converge upwards, where great blocks of granite are laid across them. You pass through a lateral narrow opening, and enter another chamber of a like character. Some of these houses have three or more chambers. They are met with in fields, where the husbandman has for centuries passed the plough over them, unconscious of their existence, or of any farther peculiarity than a slight ascent, with a projecting stone or two dangerous to the plough. Nor are these cavernous edifices mere rare anomalies. In some places, and chiefly in the upper basin of the Don, there are complete villages of them. Professor Stuart, in a paper read to the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, mentioned between forty and fifty as the number opened in one parish. It is in the Orkney Isles, however, that they are found on the largest scale, and most elaborately built. The tradition of the country, not unnaturally, associates these and other mysterious antiquities with a race which, according to the popular, but now superseded, history of Scotland, was extinguished in conflict with the nation now occupying the soil. Hence they are deemed the dwelling-places of the Picts or Pechts, beings endowed with elvish faculties and malign propensities. They are supposed to have been of superhuman strength, but diminutive and dark; and no wonder, when such were their habitations. With the

Orcadians, the possible existence of a lingering remnant of the Pechts, dwelling in the recesses of the earth, is still a matter of substantial apprehension. The late Mr Stevenson, the engineer, when passing through Orkney on light-house business, was called upon, by the people of a small tavern, to decide for them a very important point. A being was then asleep in one of their beds, whom they verily believed to be a remnant of the accursed and not quite extinguished race—so diminutive was he, and so black withal. Now, if their suspicions were well founded, they would be under the disagreeable necessity of putting him to death; and this was just the question which Mr Stevenson, being a light-house engineer, should decide for them. On entering the chamber, Mr Stevenson, with curious sensations, beheld, in unconscious and peaceful repose, the familiar face of an old school-fellow. He was a being of slender proportions, and not very comely visage; but of a restless, enterprising, enthusiastic character, being no other than the Rev. John Campbell, subsequently renowned in African missionary history.

Did, then, human beings live here, in chambers not much wider than graves, in contact with the slimy walls, and with the company of a few snails and toads?—no rats, for the rat would not inhabit such a place. That houses of this laborious structure should have been built for the people at large, is out of the question; so that we must suppose them to have been in a manner the mansions of the aristocracy. One would like to know how they managed their households—how they carried on the etiquette of society—how, for instance, they exchanged visits, and received distinguished strangers recommended to their notice and attention by distant friends. But is it possible to believe that they were dwelling-houses? Fragile, temporary, and adapted to a shifting population, are the dwellings of savages in general, save those of the regions close upon eternal snow. Where we find substantial and elaborate works, destined to go down to after generations, the influence of a religious motive, or a dominant priest-

hood, or the almost universal sentiment of reverence for the dead, has generally been at work. If we were bound to make a theory for these artificial caverns, we should suppose the priest hiding himself in their dark recesses while he performs the mysteries of his barbarous religion, and emerging before his awe-inspired worshippers from caverns in the bowels of the earth known only to himself. But speculation on such a matter is of little use. What we only know is, that these edifices exist.

Turn we now to remains equally mysterious, but of a totally different character—perhaps contemporaneous with the Picts' houses, perhaps a few hundred years older or a few later—there is abundance of latitude. We allude to the tiny barbed darts made of flint, and called elfrey heads, or elf arrow-heads. So small are many of these weapons, and so perfect in their structure, that, not unnaturally, they are counted the playthings of the fairy people—but a malignant and deadly plaything—for their sharp points draw blood as readily as a needle; and it is evident that they were attached to the arrow shaft in such a manner that it left the thin barbed flint buried in the wound. Many a northern crofter possesses his mysterious treasure of these fairy missiles. It is not that the possession of them is deemed of great moment, but that, were they to fall into the hands of their original elvish owners, the result might be calamitous, in some mysterious form. The cow might be the victim, or the horse—or perhaps a child, or the head of the family himself. The only protection against such a disaster is the keeping the deadly weapon from sun and air; and if a stranger be permitted to see it, the door is carefully closed—the shutters too, perhaps—lest an unexpected sun-blink should dart through them; and a little box containing the fatal dart is brought up from the lowest recesses of a clothes-trunk. The best representation we have ever seen of the elf-arrow heads is in the volume appropriated to Scotland, of the great Atlas of the Dutch geographical publisher, Blaeu. The materials were supplied by an eminent Scotsman, Sir Robert Gor-

don of Straloch. The attempts to convey a notion of their vernacular name, and its mythic origin, in Latin, are amusing,—“*Hos vulgus patrio sermone elf arrow-heads vocant: si Latine interpreteris, ferreas sagittarum cuspides, quibus Lamiae sagittant, sonat: Faunos enim, Lamiasque, et id genus spirituum Elfs nominant.*” The geographer evidently believes them not to be the production of human hands. He says they look as if they had been artificially fabricated; but it is impossible for human hands to achieve such accurate perfection in so hard and at the same time brittle a material as flint. He says they are always found unexpectedly, and by accident—never when they are searched for; and that you will find them after mid-day in places where you knew there were none before noon. He mentions two instances vouched to him by persons of good repute, which he adduces in farther evidence of their supernatural movements. In the one case, a friend, when travelling on horseback, found an arrow head on the top of his boot—the big trunk-boot of the cavalier; the other instance was that of a lady who found one in the vest of her robe. Doubtless, these individuals were deemed to have escaped from imminent peril. Among the peasantry, there are some who will say that the fatal elfin dart might be found sticking in some vital part of a person who had died of a rapid and frightful disease; and maintain that, in the old days of better faith, it had been known to be searched for and discovered. As to cattle, you will be told that they have been repeatedly found in their carcasses, where the cow of some one who has given umbrage to the elves has died strangely and suddenly. This may have actually occurred, for the worthy ruminator which should happen to draw in one of these fiendish little triple-spiked instruments would doubtless fare the worse for it.

Nothing, indeed, can be more perfect than their construction—which augurs high progress in a certain kind of constructive capacity. They are made by chips, it is true, but each chip does not remove much more than a pin-head's-breadth; and they

are balanced against each other with perfect precision, so as to bring out a result as uniform as manufacturer ever produced. That so much advance should be made in mechanical construction before a better and more easily adapted material was found, is a curious circumstance, and goes with others to show that sometimes manipulative construction outruns knowledge and invention, just as these sometimes outrun a people's ideas of symmetrical or beautiful form. It cannot be doubted that the people who made these exquisite, and we doubt not formidable, little weapons, were adepts in other kinds of structure—probably with more fragile materials; and it would be curious, but we fear impossible, to know whether, while ignorant of the use of metals, they knew aught of woven fabrics. The places where these instruments are chiefly found are indications of their having been an article of commerce. They are almost uniformly made of light tawny flint, but they are dug up in great numbers in the granite districts, where flint nodules are unknown, and yet where there is abundance of silicious quartz and porphyry, from which coarse native weapons might be constructed. Once, and but once, we happened to see an arrow-head of dark cairngorm, but it was coarsely finished, as if it had been a bungling provincial imitation of the produce of some staple manufactory. More or less, probably, stone weapons are found all over the world: the peculiarity of these elvish darts is in their smallness—though a few have been found large enough to be called spear or javelin heads—and their symmetrical beauty. Flint weapons have been found in such abundance in the northern nations as to be now an article of commerce in Copenhagen, where, too, they have been classified and commented on by able archæologists. There are collected swords, spears, daggers, knives, hatchets, hammers, and arrow-heads too, though those which we have seen were markedly inferior to the elfin armoury of our own country. At the same time, we are not deficient in other instruments of flint; and if the same encouragement were given for their preservation and accumula-

tion which is offered in Denmark, we might possess a magnificent museum of the stone period of structure, capable of teaching a lesson in unwritten history.

We are not left to the mere character of these relics to know that they are the production of human hands. Manufactories of them have been discovered both in England and Scotland. Mr Wilson quotes at length Mr MacEney's description of Kent's Hole, near Torquay, where, among other wonders, was found a heap of flints "in all conditions, from the rounded pebble as it came out of the chalk, to the instruments fabricated from them—as arrow and spear-heads and hatchets."

"Some of the flint blocks were chipped only on one side, such as had probably furnished the axes; others on several faces, presenting planes corresponding exactly to the long blades found by their side, and from which they had been evidently sliced off; other pebbles, still more angular, and chipped at all points, were no doubt those which yielded the small arrow-heads. These abounded in by far the greatest number. Small irregular splinters, not referable to any of the above divisions, and which seem to have been struck off in the operation of detaching the latter, not unlike the small chips in a sculptor's shop, were thickly scattered through the stuff, indicating that this place was the workshop where the savage prepared his weapons for the chase, taking advantage of its cover and the light."

Several instances of similar deposits in Scotland, on a smaller scale, are mentioned by Mr Wilson, whose diligence in collecting such details, and in adjusting them to an extended range of observation, is greatly to be commended. One instance is curious and interesting, apparently discovering to this generation the workman of the stone-weapon period dying at his work, and interred along with the contents of his workshop:—

"North of the Mull of Islay, Argyleshire, there is a road which leads from Port Ellen, in a north-westerly direction, towards the shooting-lodge of Islay. At a point in this road, where it is cut into the side of the hill, distant about four

miles from Port Ellen, some workmen engaged in widening the road exposed a cist in cutting into the sloping ground, within which lay a skeleton with a large quantity of flint flakes and chips beside it. A distinguished artist, who happened fortunately to be in the neighbourhood at the time of this interesting discovery, has furnished me with sketches of the locality. He describes the flint flakes as so numerous that they formed a heap of from eighteen inches to two feet in height, when removed from the cist."

One of the most meritorious services which Mr Wilson has performed is his examination of the bronze or composite metal weapons which have been so abundantly found throughout Scotland, but of which so small a proportion have been preserved in any accessible place. The cast seem always, in the regular course of things, to precede the welded metals; and thus in Scotland weapons and other things were made of the hard alloys of copper long ere the iron riches of the soil were touched. It used to be the fashion to attribute all articles made of bronze to the Romans. Of old, when we gave some little practical attention to these matters, we could see no reason for attributing the clumsy hatchet called a *cell* or *kelt* to that people, since similar instruments are not known among the relics of their own country. We thought it likely, however, that the Romans had taught the art of casting in metal to the Britons. Later inquirers have vindicated casting in metals as an indigenous British art, and perhaps they are right. Mr Wilson joins these patriotic archæologists, and deems that even the beautiful leaf-shaped weapon which we were always accustomed to deem undoubtedly a Roman *gladius*, is a native manufacture of a time probably long anterior to the invasion of Agricola—so that we can trace our proficiency in the hard-goods line very far back indeed. This beautiful instrument has been found repeatedly in Scotland, sometimes in places where it is known that the Romans cannot have penetrated; and, singularly enough, flint weapons of the same peculiar shape have been found in Norway. It is a tiny weapon, with

a handle which few hands of the present day are found small enough to grasp, and looks like a relic of some effeminate and elegant people. Its shape is that of the iris leaf. The proportions are faultless, and so durable is the material that the sharpness of the point and edges is preserved; and when dug from the barrows or mosses in which they have lain—who shall say how many centuries?—they are as fit for duty as ever they were. The depth at which these bronze weapons have been found embedded in moss is among the arguments for attributing to them an antiquity beyond the Roman invasion. Among the most interesting of the antiquarian results of excavations have sometimes been the mould from which the bronze axe or spear-head was cast. It generally consists of a double matrix cut in stone, and shaped so as to make the valves adjustable to each other. A pair of these moulds was lately found in the parish of Roskeen, in Rosshire.

“The site of this interesting discovery,” says Mr Wilson, “is about four miles inland, on the north side of the Cromarty Firth, on a moor which the proprietor is reclaiming from the wild waste, and restoring once more to the profitable service of man. In the progress of this good work, abundant evidence demonstrated the fact, that the same area from which the accumulated vegetable moss of many centuries is now being removed, had formed the scene of a busy, intelligent, and industrious population, ere the first growth of this barren produce indicated its abandonment to solitude and sterility.”—P. 224.

Discoveries still more interesting have been made in the hard line. In the neighbourhood of Arthur Seat several bronze swords and other instruments had been found; and an accident brought to light the fact that either a manufactory or arsenal of weapons had been submerged by the water of Duddingstone Loch, which sleeps so picturesquely at the south-western base of the hill. Sir Alexander Dick of Prestonfield, the owner of the adjoining estate—a scientific agriculturist, and an antiquary—was, in 1775, dredging the lake for marl, when a discovery was made, which may be best told in his own words,

as cited by Mr Wilson from an unpublished letter:—

“As my operations were proceeding northward, about one hundred and fifty yards from the verge of the lake next the King’s Park, the people employed in dredging in places deeper than usual, after having removed the first surfaces of fat blackish mould, got into a bed of shell marl from five to seven feet deep, from which they brought up in the collecting leather-bag a very weighty substance, which, when examined as it was thrown into the marl-boat, was a heap of swords, spears, and other lumps of brass, mixed with the purest of the shell-marl. Some of the lumps of brass seemed as if half melted; and my conjecture is, that there had been upon the side of the hill, near the lake, some manufactory for brass arms of the several kinds for which there was a demand.”—P. 226.

The store thus so unexpectedly acquired has gone to enrich several collections in England and Scotland.

Most of the sharp-edged instruments which the earth gives up as the deposits of early centuries are, we at once divine, constructed by man for the destruction of his fellow man. We never can mistake a deadly weapon when we see it. Other curious productions of early ingenuity have been developed to a great extent in Scotland, of which it is not so easy to divine the character or use. Many of these are made of bronze and of gold, and others are of many-coloured glasses. That these curious little articles have, in general, been personal ornaments may be readily guessed; but there are some of them which seem to have been, from their peculiar structure, intended to serve special purposes, which perhaps will ever remain a mystery. This glass manufactory, like the bronze, is by Mr Wilson and other late antiquaries claimed as indigenous. There is something almost uncomfortable in thus opening up the hatchway of an unfathomable antiquity. It was easy to trace every art to the invasion of Agricola; but if we are driven out of this easy refuge, with nothing, perhaps, but the Phœnicians and the ships of Tyre to snatch at, where are we to find a mental resting-place?

And yet the contemplation of objects utterly beyond the periods of written record embodies a sort of mysterious

pleasure; and, leaving the question of glass and amber ornaments with Mr Wilson, we are going to trouble our readers with some rapid remarks on the most dimly mysterious, and most remarkable, in our view, of all the Scottish ancient remains—the sculptured stones. They are peculiar to this country. We know that there are several richly-decorated stones, generally cruciform, in Ireland, coeval with the earlier Christian edifices, and usually found standing like sentinels beside the mysterious round towers of that country. Of a still later, yet comparatively early period, are sculptured crosses and other decorated stones. Scotland has a few specimens of both kinds, borrowed from Ireland on the right and England on the left; but the sculptured stones peculiar to our country bear marks of a far higher antiquity than either of them. No one who has not been an extensive pedestrian can have any conception of the greatness of their number. They are indiscriminately made of all the various stones of this stony country—granite, porphyry, the common sandstone, and limestone, or marble. The granite specimens are probably the most numerous—not perhaps from their original preponderance, but from the durability of the materials. It is extremely difficult to give an accurate pictorial transcript of the rude faint sculptural lines on these monuments. Mr Chalmers of Oldbar, who magnificently engraved many of those in his own county of Forfar, says, in presenting his engravings to the Bannatyne Club:—

“It may be permitted to remark, how hard it is to persuade an artist that, in antiquarian drawings, extreme accuracy in delineation is far preferable to picturesque effect; and how difficult to restrain the imagination, when tempted by dim lights and uncertain lines. In drawing from old and weather-worn stones, such as are the subjects of this volume, it is often necessary to watch the lights, to draw one side of the stone in the morning, the other in the afternoon; and, above all, the sense of touch is in some cases to be more surely relied on than that of sight.”

It was believed that the daguerreotype would not only preserve

transcripts of such of these early monuments as are doomed to destruction, but would be the means of laying the whole series virtually on the antiquary's table for classification and analysis. But a shadow overmuch, or a gleam of sunshine striking into a hollow, completely obscures and obliterates some important feature. The daguerreotype transfer may remain as a check on the accuracy of the draughtsman, but will not supersede his labours. The most ludicrous diversities have occurred in depicting these stones, from that inveterate vice of antiquaries—a vice from which we are happy to say we think Mr Wilson is wonderfully free—that of supporting a theory, instead of finding out the truth. Cordiner, who, after Gordon and Pennant, was among the first to notice these monuments, made them distinct enough, for he had a theory to make out—he had to show that the figures on them were Egyptian hieroglyphics—and he did it. In a department of the wonderful stone of Forres, where it depends on the wetness or sunniness of the weather whether one traces quadrupeds or human beings, a living antiquary found, according to a preconceived notion that he had formed from a passage in a Saga, two priests or soothsayers performing the delicate operation of slitting up the back-bone of an eagle; and he represented it, too, very effectively in a draught. There is a stone near Aberlemno, on which old Gordon, in his *Itinerarium Septentrionale*—no inaccurate draftsman in general—has represented something like Hebrew letters, out of what later antiquaries have found to be two angels kneeling at prayer. Even in the elaborately accurate engravings in Mr Chalmers's collection, the open mouth of that boar devouring a man—so artistically above the general sculpture of these stones—we had set down from inspection as the mere effect of an accidental surface fracture. On another of the Meikle stones, it is a nice question whether the beasts are caressing or devouring the principal figure. Gray, by the way, when he sojourned in that neighbourhood, got a very distinct account of the tableau, which he humorously enough repeats. “We passed,” he says, “through Megill,

where is the tomb of Queen Wanders, that was riven to dethe be staned horses for nae gude that she did—so the women there told me, I am sure.”*

These sculptured stones are like nightmares: there is no taking a distinct picture or impression from them, on the accuracy of which any two people will agree; yet the impression which all have of the original sculptured stones will be as like as so many cases of disturbed sleep from a heavy supper;—writhing snakes, intertwined and knotted into a kind of pattern-work, such as serpents might make if they could be passed through the bobinet-loom; crocodiles with heads at either end of the body; horribly contorted grinning apes; centaurs; proboscidian animals of various kinds—the country people call them elephants, and they are as like them as any other living things; strange fishes, if fishes they can be called, which partake slightly of the quadruped and the serpent. Along with these living and crawling things are others which are called combs and looking-glasses, because, for all the world, their shape is just as like these toilet articles, in the nineteenth century, as burning embers in the twilight sometimes are to Turks' heads, with the turbans on, or genuine etchings by Rembrandt. Perhaps a competent idea may be formed of the perplexing nature of these undatable sculptures from the following statement by Mr Wilson—prefaced by our own statement that, having seen the monuments which he mentions, we do not agree with his catalogue of the things represented on them; and if bound to state what we believed them to be—which we would not do, except under a penalty enforceable before two justices—we would give an account quite different from his.

“Besides these figures of most frequent occurrence, [the comb and mirror,] however, others are also occasionally found, curiously referable to an Eastern origin; and, in particular, a symbolic elephant, as on Martin's Stone at Ballutheron, on one of the crosses in the churchyard of Meigle, and on the Maiden Stone of

Bennochie, Aberdeenshire, where it accompanies the comb and mirror, from which the monument has probably derived its name. The peculiar character of these singular representations of the elephant is well worthy of study, from the evidence they afford of the existence of Eastern traditions at the period of their execution. It is impossible to mistake the object intended by the design; while, at the same time, it is obvious that the artist can never have seen an elephant. What should be the feet are curled up into scrolls, and the trunk is occasionally thrown in a straight line over the back; whereas horses, and other animals with which he is familiar, are executed with great spirit and truth. Fabulous and monstrous figures also accompany these, such as the centaur, occasionally bearing the cross in his hands, and what appears in some to be a branch of mistletoe, as on the reverse of another of the singular crosses in the churchyard of Meigle. On a stone near Glamis, a man with a crocodile's head is introduced; on one of the Meigle crosses, among sundry other nondescript animals, is the capricornus or sea-goat; and on the inscribed cross of St Vigean's, a grotesque hybrid, half bird, half beast, stalks among the fantastic animals and intertwining snakes which decorate its border. . . . Both [two stones at St Andrews] are covered with intricate network; and in the most perfect of the two there are four compartments, two of which are occupied, each with a pair of apes, and the other with globes, each encircled with two serpents. Not the least curious feature of this elaborate design is the introduction of well-executed apes, and other animals, which we would have supposed entirely unknown to the ancient sculptor. Besides these, the ram, the horse, and hawk, the greyhound pursuing the fox in the thicket, and the tiger or leopard—as the fierce assailant of the horseman seems to be—are all executed with great fidelity and spirit. In addition to these, there is a nondescript monster, a sort of winged griffin, preying upon a prostrate ass.”—P. 501-505.

We despair of any distinct and satisfactory transcript of these strange monuments being brought into the closet for inspection, until Mr Billings shall undertake the task. His thorough knowledge of form; his critical sagacity in separating the accidental from the

* GRAY'S Works, iv. 57.

structural; and, most of all, his ability to present to the eyes of others what he knows, point to the delineator of our ecclesiastical and baronial antiquities as the most competent person for this and other like tasks, requiring nicety and strength of pencil.

In one respect we feel indebted to Mr Wilson's elucidations. He discards the Druids—that hitherto easy stepping-stone over all difficulties. A Druid's circle, a Druid's temple, a Druid's altar, was the ready solver of every perplexing stone monument and stumbling-block from Stonehenge to the Dumby Stone of Orkney. Every implement in flint or metal was a Druid's sacrificial knife or hook. Every incoherent group on the sculptured stones was a Druidical sacrifice of human victims, or a Druid cutting the sacred mistletoe with a golden hook; and everything like an inscription which nobody could read, was one of the unreadable inscriptions in that Greek alphabet which the Druids knew, but never committed to writing. It was high time to quit the society of these solemn long-bearded gentlemen, and look to simple facts. We have been accustomed to consider these sculptured stones entirely destitute of inscription. The following statement by Mr Wilson does not improve their position for any of the explanatory purposes which inscriptions serve, but rather tends to make one believe that they *are* without any inscribed legend. He says—

“Only two of the ancient sculptured-standing stones peculiar to Scotland are accompanied with inscriptions. One of them, discovered about thirty years since, in demolishing the ancient church of Fordun in the Mearns, was then apparently undecipherable, and has since become illegible.”

The account of the other is not much more hopeful in the direction of elucidation. All that can be said is, that Mr Petrie, the author of the valuable work on the round towers, “is of opinion, from a portion of it which he has deciphered, that the monument is Pictish, and he expresses a hope that he will be able to explain the inscription.”

There is, however, we ought to

mention, one stone which has unfortunately too much inscription. We need only mention it to antiquaries as the Newton stone: they will remember its distresses but too acutely. It is as like a Greek inscription as anything not in letters of the Greek alphabet can be. It is equally like a Celtic inscription; indeed, so much so, that the rapid and profuse Irish antiquary, Colonel Valancey, read it off at once without a moment's hesitation; but could not show any other person whether it had or had not any connection with Aiken Drum's long ladle. A cast of the stone is in the Museum of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh. It has been seen by scholars and investigators of all kinds and countries, but with the same negative result. Mr Wilson mentions this stone, but only to plunge it into deeper mystery; for he brings forth what had only been deemed some incidental chips made by the stone-cutter who engraved the unintelligible inscription, and says that—

“The series of chips has recently been pronounced by Irish antiquaries an Ogham inscription, and as such is an object of considerable interest, no other example of the use of that simple and extremely primitive character, which the older antiquaries of Ireland have made the subject of so many extravagant theories, having been discovered in Scotland. It does not necessarily follow that the two inscriptions belong to the same period, though found on one stone; but both are as yet equally dumb and irresponsive oracles.”

This is too bad—that the Irish antiquaries cannot be content with their “simple and extremely primitive character,” but must foist it on Mr Wilson. We remember the ridicule that was created when two members of the Irish Royal Society reported their readings of an Ogham inscription, and they were nearly, very nearly, identical; but it was found that one of them had read from left to right in the ordinary manner; and the other, according to a peculiar theory of his own, from right to left! No one dared to speak out about such matters in Irish antiquarian circles in that day, however; and we could not help suspecting that there was deep satire in this sentence

in Moore's *History of Ireland*, which we emphasise our own way—"Could *some* of the inscriptions, said to be in the Ogham character, be *once* satisfactorily authenticated, they would place beyond doubt the claims of the natives to an ancient form of alphabet *peculiarly their own*."

Were we not on the verge of our limits, we would be inclined to ask attention to the powerful fortifications dispersed through Scotland on the hill-tops—works to which, no more than to many of the smaller memorials we have alluded to, can any faint approximation of a date be yet suggested. The fort generally crowns some conspicuous conical hill, overlooking a vast range of country; and for some purpose or other, which those who built them knew, there are smaller forts or redoubts on the surrounding eminences. The hill-fort is a coronet consisting of one or several rings of loose stones, with trenches and guarded entrances. The vastness

of the work can only be conceived by walking round the exterior of one of the stony circles. General Roy, a military engineer not likely to admire such a work without cause, said of the White Caterthnn, which overlooks Strathmore on the one side and faces the slopes of the Grampians on the other, that "the vast labour it must have cost to amass so incredible a quantity of stones, and carry them to such a height, surpasses all description." The outer rampart is a hundred feet thick at its base, and twenty-five feet thick at the top. But, wonderful as this structure is, we deem that called the Barmkin, or Barbican of Echt, some twenty miles north of it, still more remarkable. It consists of three annular walls of great strength and solidity; the innermost enclosing a full acre of ground on the flattened crown of a steep conical hill. The race who raised such works were not deficient either in continuous energy or military skill—but who were they?

THE VISION OF POLYPHEMUS.

IN the noontide of the summer,
 When the sea had gone to sleep,
 And the purple haze was girdling
 All the islets of the deep ;
 When the weed lay still and floating
 From the rock whereon it grew,
 And the mirror of the ocean
 Seemed a lower heaven of blue ;
 Then I lay amidst the sea-pinks,
 Poring on the ancient song
 Of the wise and brave Ulysses,
 Kept from Ithaca so long.
 Coast by coast I traversed with him,
 From Sigæum's distant strand,
 Through the clustering heaps of islands,
 To the lonely Lotos land.
 Thence again, until at morning
 Rose the sweet Sicilian hills,
 With their wooded gorges cloven
 By the leaping of the rills.
 And I saw them heave the anchor—
 Saw them bounding on the shore—
 Saw them rolling on the meadows,
 Freed from labour at the oar—
 Saw them there, like joyous children,
 Milking ewes beneath the shade ;
 Quaffing draughts more sweet than nectar,
 From the bowls that nature made.
 Undisturbed I left them roaming—
 Sleep at length came down on me :
 'Twas the influence of the season,
 Not the weight of Odyssey !

But my spirit travelled onwards
 With that old adventurous crew—
 Ancient story hath its symbols,
 That may well concern the new.
 In my dream, I saw them lying—
 Ten or twelve—the last remains
 Of the Ithacan persuasion,
 Bound in most unpleasant chains.
 Only one was free from fetters ;
 He, the fattest of the whole,
 For a hideous one-eyed giant
 Turned the spit, and filled the bowl.
 And I shuddered as I saw it ;
 For I knew within my dream
 'Twas Ulysses, the Fundholder,
 Serving Giant Polypheme !

With a chuckle said the monster,
 " If you're wise, you'll not provoke me :
 Serve me up another dainty,
 For the last did nearly choke me.
 You're my cook—you're used to Peeling—
 Well, then, peel another fellow !

Don't suppose you discompose me
 If you make the rascals bellow !
 You began by cooking farmers
 From your Ithacan estate :
 They were more digestive morsels
 Than the food you've served of late.
 Mariners I gladly swallow,
 But they're somewhat tough and ropy :
 And I find that indigestion
 Must engender misanthropy.
 So I beg that from your comrades—
 Be they under ones or upper—
 You will straight select a proper
 Subject for my evening supper !”
 So spoke Giant Polyphemus :
 And, by way of oath, a snore
 Issued from his bloated nostrils,
 Shaking the Sicilian shore.
 By the crackling fire he laid him,
 Stretched his monstrous limbs supine,
 Then betook him to his slumber,
 Gorged with flesh and drunk with wine.

But a wailing filled the cavern,
 From the wretched creatures bound—
 “ O Ulysses ! rise and save us—
 Save us from that hell-born hound !
 Are we not thine own companions ?
 Have we not been true to thee ?
 Valiant offspring of Laertes,
 Cut our bonds, and set us free !”
 But Ulysses slowly answered,
 And his cheek was wan and white—
 “ If you make so loud a shrieking
 All of us must die to-night !
 Don't you see the Giant's sleeping ?
 Let him sleep a little longer !”
 But in answer to Ulysses
 Rose the cry of terror stronger.
 “ Can it be our lord and chieftain
 Who such abject counsel speaks ?
 Is it thou, indeed, Ulysses—
 Thou, the wisest of the Greeks ?
 Have we not beheld our comrades
 Swallowed by that monster there ?
 Lie we not the next for slaughter,
 Writhing, moaning in despair ?
 Oh, by all the toils we suffered,
 Far with thee at windy Troy—
 By the honour of thy princess,
 By the life-blood of thy boy,
 Come and help us, O Ulysses !
 Save us ere we perish wholly !”
 But the chief again responded,
 In a tone of melancholy—
 “ If it seemeth to Athenè,
 And to Zeus correct and proper,
 That the whole of you should perish
 On the spit or in the copper,

What availeth lamentation?
 Cries are but of little use;
 Therefore bow ye to the sentence
 Of Athenè and of Zeus!"

"Ha! thou false and fickle traitor,
 Hast thou turned against thy kind?
 Plunge that firebrand in his eyeball—
 Strength remains not with the blind!"

"That is not a bad idea!"

Said Ulysses with a smile,

"And perhaps I may adopt it:

But I'll wait a little while;

For our friend, the Cyclops yonder,

Just before he broke his fast,

Pledged his sacred word of honour

That he'd spare me till the last.

'Speak thy name?' he bellowed fiercely,

As the mantling cup I gave—

And I said, 'Iones Loidos

Is the title of thy slave.'

Gruffly then, he said, 'Iones,

Be thou jocund in thy cheer!

Not until the rest are eaten

Shall thy carcase disappear.'

There are ten of you remaining—

He must work a little harder,

If before a week, at soonest,

He can finish all the larder.

When the week is past and over

I shall entertain the question,

Whether it may not be prudent

Then to act on your suggestion.

Meanwhile keep your minds quite easy—

Zounds! I think he's getting up!—

One of you, my friends, is wanted,

For at nine he's fixed to sup!"

Then a scream of mortal anguish

Pierced, methought, into my brain—

And the vision faded from me

As the mist fades o'er the main.

Nothing more of Polyphemus

Or his victims did I see—

But the clouds above were flying,

And the waves were rolling free.

All had passed away—excepting

That, by some erratic freak,

Still my fancy kept the image

Of the sly and selfish Greek.

So I took my volume with me,

Wended homewards all alone,

Wondering if Ulysses really

Was so like Lord Overstone!

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

BOOK V. CONTINUED.—CHAPTER VII.

LEONARD had been about six weeks with his uncle, and those weeks were well spent. Mr Richard had taken him to his counting-house, and initiated him into business and the mysteries of double entry; and, in return for the young man's readiness and zeal in matters which the acute trader instinctively felt were not exactly to his tastes, Richard engaged the best master the town afforded to read with his nephew in the evening. This gentleman was the head-usher of a large school—who had his hours to himself after eight o'clock—and was pleased to vary the dull routine of enforced lessons by instructions to a pupil who took delightedly—even to the Latin grammar. Leonard made rapid strides, and learned more in those six weeks than many a cleverish boy does in twice as many months. These hours which Leonard devoted to study Richard usually spent from home—sometimes at the houses of his grand acquaintances in the Abbey Gardens, sometimes in the Reading-room appropriated to those aristocrats. If he stayed at home, it was in company with his head-clerk, and for the purpose of checking his account-books, or looking over the names of doubtful electors.

Leonard had naturally wished to communicate his altered prospects to his old friends, that they in turn might rejoice his mother with such good tidings. But he had not been two days in the house before Richard had strictly forbidden all such correspondence.

"Look you," said he, "at present we are on an experiment—we must see if we like each other. Suppose we don't, you will only have raised expectations in your mother which

must end in bitter disappointment; and suppose we do, it will be time enough to write when something definite is settled."

"But my mother will be so anxious—"

"Make your mind easy on that score. I will write regularly to Mr Dale, and he can tell her that you are well and thriving. No more words, my man—when I say a thing, I say it." Then, observing that Leonard looked blank and dissatisfied, Richard added, with a good-humoured smile, "I have my reasons for all this—you shall know them later. And I tell you what,—if you do as I bid you, it is my intention to settle something handsome on your mother; but if you don't, devil a penny she'll get from me."

With that Richard turned on his heel, and in a few moments his voice was heard loud in objurgation with some of his people.

About the fourth week of Leonard's residence at Mr Avenel's, his host began to evince a certain change of manner. He was no longer quite so cordial with Leonard, nor did he take the same interest in his progress. About the same period he was frequently caught by the London butler before the looking-glass. He had always been a smart man in his dress, but he was now more particular. He would spoil three white cravats when he went out of an evening, before he could satisfy himself as to a tie. He also bought a Peerage, and it became his favourite study at odd quarters of an hour. All these symptoms proceeded from a cause, and that cause was—Woman.

CHAPTER VIII.

The first people at Screwstown were indisputably the Pompleys. Colonel Pompley was grand, but Mrs Pompley was grander. The colonel was

stately in right of his military rank and his services in India; Mrs Pompley was majestic in right of her connections. Indeed, Colonel Pompley

himself would have been crushed under the weight of the dignities which his lady heaped upon him, if he had not been enabled to prop his position with "a connection" of his own. He would never have held his own, nor been permitted to have an independent opinion on matters aristocratic, but for the well-sounding name of his relations, "the Digbies." Perhaps on the principle that obscurity increases the natural size of objects, and is an element of the Sublime, the Colonel did not too accurately define his relations "the Digbies:" he let it be casually understood that they were the Digbies to be found in Debrett. But if some indiscreet *Vulgarian* (a favourite word with both the Pompleys) asked point-blank if he meant "my Lord Digby," the Colonel, with a lofty air, answered—"The elder branch, sir." No one at Screws-town had ever seen these Digbies: they lay amidst the Far—the Recondite—even to the wife of Colonel Pompley's bosom. Now and then, when the Colonel referred to the lapse of years, and the uncertainty of human affections, he would say—"When young Digby and I were boys together," and then add with a sigh, "but we shall never meet again in this world. His family interest secured him a valuable appointment in a distant part of the British dominions." Mrs Pompley was always rather cowed by the Digbies. She could not be sceptical as to this connection, for the Colonel's mother was certainly a Digby, and the Colonel impaled the Digby arms. *En revanche*, as the French say, for these marital connections, Mrs Pompley had her own favourite affinity, which she specially selected from all others when she most desired to produce effect; nay, even upon ordinary occasions the name rose spontaneously to her lips—the name of the Honourable Mrs M'Catchley. Was the fashion of a gown or cap admired, her cousin, Mrs M'Catchley, had just sent to her the pattern from Paris. Was it a question whether the Ministry would stand, Mrs M'Catchley was in the secret, but Mrs Pompley had been requested not to say. Did it freeze, "my cousin, Mrs M'Catchley, had written word that the icebergs at the Pole

were supposed to be coming this way." Did the sun glow with more than usual fervour, Mrs M'Catchley had informed her "that it was Sir Henry Halford's decided opinion that it was on account of the cholera." The good people knew all that was doing at London, at court, in this world—nay, almost in the other—through the medium of the Honourable Mrs M'Catchley. Mrs M'Catchley was, moreover, the most elegant of women, the wittiest creature, the dearest. King George the Fourth had presumed to admire Mrs M'Catchley, but Mrs M'Catchley, though no prude, let him see that she was proof against the corruptions of a throne. So long had the ears of Mrs Pompley's friends been filled with the renown of Mrs M'Catchley, that at last Mrs M'Catchley was secretly supposed to be a myth, a creature of the elements, a poetic fiction of Mrs Pompley's. Richard Avenel, however, though by no means a credulous man, was an implicit believer in Mrs M'Catchley. He had learned that she was a widow—an honourable by birth, an honourable by marriage—living on her handsome jointure, and refusing offers every day that she so lived. Somehow or other, whenever Richard Avenel thought of a wife, he thought of the Honourable Mrs M'Catchley. Perhaps that romantic attachment to the fair invisible preserved him heart-whole amongst the temptations of Screws-town. Suddenly, to the astonishment of the Abbey Gardens, Mrs M'Catchley proved her identity, and arrived at Col. Pompley's in a handsome travelling-carriage, attended by her maid and footman. She had come to stay some weeks—a tea-party was given in her honour. Mr Avenel and his nephew were invited. Colonel Pompley, who kept his head clear in the midst of the greatest excitement, had a desire to get from the Corporation a lease of a piece of ground adjoining his garden, and he no sooner saw Richard Avenel enter, than he caught him by the button, and drew him into a quiet corner in order to secure his interest. Leonard, meanwhile, was borne on by the stream, till his progress was arrested by a sofa table at which sate Mrs M'Catchley herself, with Mrs Pompley

by her side. For on this great occasion the Hostess had abandoned her proper post at the entrance, and, whether to show her respect to Mrs M'Catchley, or to show Mrs M'Catchley her wellbred contempt for the people of Screwstown, remained in state by her friend, honouring only the *elite* of the town with introductions to the illustrious visitor.

Mrs M'Catchley was a very fine woman—a woman who justified Mrs Pompley's pride in her. Her cheekbones were rather high, it is true, but that proved the purity of her Caledonian descent; for the rest, she had a brilliant complexion, heightened by a *souçon* of rouge—good eyes and teeth, a showy figure, and all the ladies of Screwstown pronounced her dress to be perfect. She might have arrived at that age at which one intends to stop for the next ten years, but even a Frenchman would not have called her *passée*—that is, for a widow. For a spinster, it would have been different.

Looking round her with a glass, which Mrs Pompley was in the habit of declaring that "Mrs M'Catchley used like an angel," this lady suddenly perceived Leonard Avenel; and his quiet, simple, thoughtful air and look so contrasted with the stiff beaux to whom she had been presented, that, experienced in fashion as so fine a personage must be supposed to be, she was nevertheless deceived into whispering to Mrs Pompley—

"That young man has really an *air distingué*—who is he?"

"Oh," said Mrs Pompley, in unaffected surprise, "that is the nephew of the rich Vulgarian I was telling you of this morning."

"Ah! and you say that he is Mr Arundel's heir?"

"Avenel—not Arundel—my sweet friend."

"Avenel is not a bad name," said Mrs M'Catchley. "But is the uncle really so rich?"

"The Colonel was trying this very day to guess what he is worth; but he says it is impossible to guess it."

"And the young man is his heir?"

"It is thought so: and reading for College, I hear. They say he is clever."

"Present him, my love; I like clever people," said Mrs M'Catchley, falling back languidly.

About ten minutes afterwards, Richard Avenel, having effected his escape from the Colonel, and his gaze being attracted towards the sofa table by the buzz of the admiring crowd, beheld his nephew in animated conversation with the long-cherished idol of his dreams. A fierce pang of jealousy shot through his breast. His nephew had never looked so handsome and so intelligent; in fact, poor Leonard had never before been drawn out by a woman of the world, who had learned how to make the most of what little she knew. And, as jealousy operates like a pair of bellows on incipient flames, so, at first sight of the smile which the fair widow bestowed upon Leonard, the heart of Mr Avenel felt in a blaze.

He approached with a step less assured than usual, and, overhearing Leonard's talk, marvelled much at the boy's audacity. Mrs M'Catchley had been speaking of Scotland and the Waverley Novels, about which Leonard knew nothing. But he knew Burns, and on Burns he grew artlessly eloquent. Burns the poet and peasant; Leonard might well be eloquent on *him*. Mrs M'Catchley was amused and pleased with his freshness and *naïveté*, so unlike anything she had ever heard or seen, and she drew him on and on, till Leonard fell to quoting: And Richard heard, with less respect for the sentiment than might be supposed, that

"Rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

"Well!" exclaimed Mr Avenel. "Pretty piece of politeness to tell that to a lady like the Honourable Mrs M'Catchley. You'll excuse him, ma'am."

"Sir!" said Mrs M'Catchley, startled, and lifting her glass. Leonard, rather confused, rose, and offered his chair to Richard, who dropped into it. The lady, without waiting for formal introduction, guessed that she saw the rich uncle.

"Such a sweet poet—Burns!" said she, dropping her glass. "And it is so refreshing to find so much youthful enthusiasm," she added,

pointing her fan towards Leonard, who was receding fast among the crowd.

"Well, he is youthful, my nephew—rather green!"

"Don't say green!" said Mrs M'Catchley. Richard blushed scarlet. He was afraid he had committed himself to some expression low and shocking. The lady resumed, "Say unsophisticated."

"A tarnation long word," thought Richard; but he prudently bowed, and held his tongue.

"Young men nowadays," continued Mrs M'Catchley, resettling herself on the sofa, "affect to be so old. They don't dance, and they don't read, and they don't talk much; and a great many of them wear *toupets* before they are two-and-twenty!"

Richard mechanically passed his hand through his thick curls. But he was still mute; he was still ruefully chewing the cud of the epithet *green*. What occult horrid meaning did the word convey to ears polite? Why should he not say 'green?'

"A very fine young man your nephew, sir," resumed Mrs M'Catchley.

Richard grunted.

"And seems full of talent. Not yet at the University? Will he go to Oxford or Cambridge?"

"I have not made up my mind yet, if I shall send him to the University at all.

"A young man of his expectations!" exclaimed Mrs M'Catchley, artfully.

"Expectations!" repeated Richard, firing up. "Has the boy been talking to you of his expectations?"

"No, indeed, sir. But the nephew of the rich Mr Avenel. Ah, one hears a great deal, you know, of rich people; it is the penalty of wealth, Mr Avenel!"

Richard was very much flattered. His crest rose.

"And they say," continued Mrs M'Catchley, dropping out her words very slowly, as she adjusted her blonde scarf, "that Mr Avenel has resolved not to marry."

"The devil they do, ma'am!" bolted out Richard, gruffly; and then, ashamed of his *lapsus linguæ*, screwed up his lips firmly, and glared on the company with an eye of indignant fire.

Mrs M'Catchley observed him over her fan. Richard turned abruptly, and she withdrew her eyes modestly, and raised the fan.

"She's a real beauty," said Richard, between his teeth.

The fan fluttered.

Five minutes afterwards, the widow and the bachelor seemed so much at their ease that Mrs Pompley—who had been forced to leave her friend, in order to receive the Dean's lady—could scarcely believe her eyes when she returned to the sofa.

Now, it was from that evening that Mr Richard Avenel exhibited the change of mood which I have described. And from that evening he abstained from taking Leonard with him to any of the parties in the Abbey Gardens.

CHAPTER IX.

Some days after this memorable *soirée*, Colonel Pompley sate alone in his drawing-room (which opened pleasantly on an old-fashioned garden) absorbed in the house bills. For Colonel Pompley did not leave that domestic care to his lady—perhaps she was too grand for it. Colonel Pompley with his own sonorous voice ordered the joints, and with his own heroic hand dispensed the stores. In justice to the Colonel, I must add—at whatever risk of offence to the fair sex—that there was not a house at Screwstown so well managed as the

Pompleys'; none which so successfully achieved the difficult art of uniting economy with show. I should despair of conveying to you an idea of the extent to which Colonel Pompley made his income go. It was but seven hundred a-year; and many a family contrive to do less upon three thousand. To be sure, the Pompleys had no children to sponge upon them. What they had they spent all on themselves. Neither, if the Pompleys never exceeded their income, did they pretend to live much within it. The two ends of the year

met at Christmas—just met, and no more.

Colonel Pompley sate at his desk. He was in his well-brushed blue coat—buttoned across his breast—his grey trowsers fitted tight to his limbs, and fastened under his boots with a link chain. He saved a great deal of money in straps. No one ever saw Colonel Pompley in dressing-gown and slippers. He and his house were alike in order—always fit to be seen—
“From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve;”

The Colonel was a short compact man, inclined to be stout—with a very red face, that seemed not only shaved, but rasped. He wore his hair cropped close, except just in front, where it formed what the hairdresser called a feather; but it seemed a feather of iron, so stiff and so strong was it. Firmness and precision were emphatically marked on the Colonel's countenance. There was a resolute strain on his features, as if he was always employed in making the two ends meet!

So he sate before his house-book, with his steel pen in his hand, and making crosses here and notes of interrogation there. “Mrs M'Catchley's maid,” said the Colonel to himself, “must be put upon rations. The tea that she drinks! Good Heavens!—tea again!”

There was a modest ring at the outer door. “Too early for a visitor!” thought the Colonel. “Perhaps it is the Water rates.”

The neat man-servant—never seen, beyond the offices, save in *grande tenue*, plushed and powdered—entered, and bowed.

“A gentleman, sir, wishes to see you.”

“A gentleman,” repeated the Colonel, glancing towards the clock. “Are you sure it is a gentleman?”

The man hesitated. “Why, sir, I ben't exactly sure; but he speaks like a gentleman. He do say he comes from London to see you, sir.”

A long and interesting correspondence was then being held between the Colonel and one of his wife's trustees touching the investment of Mrs Pompley's fortune. It might be the trustee—nay, it must be. The trustee had talked of running down to see him.

“Let him come in,” said the Colonel; “and when I ring—sandwiches and sherry.”

“Beef, sir?”

“Ham.”

The Colonel put aside his house-book, and wiped his pen.

In another minute the door opened, and the servant announced

“MR DIGBY.”

The Colonel's face fell, and he staggered back.

The door closed, and Mr Digby stood in the middle of the room, leaning on the great writing-table for support. The poor soldier looked sicker and shabbier, and nearer the end of all things in life and fortune, than when Lord L'Estrange had thrust the pocket-book into his hands. But still the servant showed knowledge of the world in calling him gentleman; there was no other word to apply to him.

“Sir,” began Colonel Pompley, recovering himself, and with great solemnity, “I did not expect this pleasure.”

The poor visitor stared round him dizzily, and sank into a chair, breathing hard. The Colonel looked as a man only looks upon a poor relation, and buttoned up first one trouser pocket and then the other.

“I thought you were in Canada,” said the Colonel at last.

Mr Digby had now got breath to speak, and he said meekly, “The climate would have killed my child, and it is two years since I returned.”

“You ought to have found a very good place in England, to make it worth your while to leave Canada.”

“She could not have lived through another winter in Canada—the doctor said so.”

“Pooh,” quoth the Colonel.

Mr Digby drew a long breath. “I would not come to you, Colonel Pompley, while you could think that I came as a beggar for myself.”

The Colonel's brow relaxed. “A very honourable sentiment, Mr Digby.”

“No: I have gone through a great deal; but you see, Colonel,” added the poor relation, with a faint smile, “the campaign is wellnigh over, and peace is at hand.”

The Colonel seemed touched.

“Don't talk so, Digby—I don't like it. You are younger than I am—nothing more disagreeable than these gloomy views of things. You have got enough to live upon, you say—at least so I understand you. I am very glad to hear it; and, indeed, I could not assist you, so many claims on me. So it is all very well, Digby.”

“Oh, Colonel Pompley,” cried the soldier, clasping his hands, and with feverish energy, “I am a suppliant, not for myself, but my child! I have but one—only one—a girl. She has been so good to me. She will cost you little. Take her when I die; promise her a shelter—a home. I ask no more. You are my nearest relative. I have no other to look to. You have no children of your own. She will be a blessing to you, as she has been all upon earth to me!”

If Colonel Pompley's face was red in ordinary hours, no epithet sufficiently rubicund or sanguineous can express its colour at this appeal. “The man's mad,” he said at last, with a tone of astonishment that almost concealed his wrath—“stark mad! I take his child!—lodge and board a great, positive, hungry child! Why, sir, many and many a time have I said to Mrs Pompley, ‘Tis a mercy we have no children. We could never live in this style if we had children—never make both ends meet.’ Child—the most expensive, ravenous, ruinous thing in the world—a child!”

“She has been accustomed to starve,” said Mr Digby, plaintively. “Oh, Colonel, let me see your wife. Her heart I can touch—she is a woman.”

Unlucky father! A more untoward, unseasonable request the Fates could not have put into his lips.

Mrs Pompley see the Digbys! Mrs Pompley learn the condition of the Colonel's grand connections! The Colonel would never have been his own man again. At the bare idea, he felt as if he could have sunk into the earth with shame. In his alarm he made a stride to the door, with the intention of locking it. Good heavens, if Mrs Pompley should come in! And the man, too, had been announced by name. Mrs Pompley might have learned already that a

Digby was with her husband—she might be actually dressing to receive him worthily—there was not a moment to lose.

The Colonel exploded. “Sir, I wonder at your impudence. See Mrs Pompley! Hush, sir, hush!—hold your tongue. I have disowned your connection. I will not have my wife—a woman, sir, of the first family—disgraced by it. Yes; you need not fire up. John Pompley is not a man to be bullied in his own house. I say disgraced. Did not you run into debt, and spend your fortune? Did not you marry a low creature—a vulgarian—a tradesman's daughter?—and your poor father such a respectable man—a beneficed clergyman! Did not you sell your commission? Heaven knows what became of the money! Did not you turn (I shudder to say it) a common stage-player, sir? And then, when you were on your last legs, did I not give you £200 out of my own purse to go to Canada? And now here you are again—and ask me, with a coolness that—that takes away my breath—takes away—my breath, sir—to provide for the child you have thought proper to have;—a child whose connections on the mother's side are of the most abject and discreditable condition. Leave my house, leave it—good heavens, sir, not that way!—this.” And the Colonel opened the glass door that led into the garden. “I will let you out this way. If Mrs Pompley should see you!” And with that thought the Colonel absolutely hooked his arm into his poor relation's, and hurried him into the garden.

Mr Digby said not a word, but he struggled ineffectually to escape from the Colonel's arm; and his colour went and came, came and went, with a quickness that showed that in those shrunken veins there were still some drops of a soldier's blood.

But the Colonel had now reached a little postern-door in the garden wall. He opened the latch, and thrust out his poor consin. Then looking down the lane, which was long, straight, and narrow, and seeing it was quite solitary, his eye fell upon the forlorn man, and remorse shot through his heart. For a moment the hardest of all kinds of avarice,

that of the *genteel*, relaxed its gripe. For a moment the most intolerant of all forms of pride, that which is based upon false pretences, hushed its voice, and the Colonel hastily drew out his purse. "There," said he—"that is all I can do for you. Do leave the town as quick as you can, and don't mention your name to any one. Your father was such a respectable man—beneficed clergyman!"

"And paid for your commission, Mr Pompley. My name!—I am not ashamed of it. But do not fear I

shall claim your relationship. No; I am ashamed of you!"

The poor cousin put aside the purse, still stretched towards him, with a scornful hand, and walked firmly down the lane.

Colonel Pompley stood irresolute. At that moment a window in his house was thrown open. He heard the noise, turned round, and saw his wife looking out.

Colonel Pompley sneaked back through the shrubbery, hiding himself amongst the trees.

CHAPTER X.

"Ill-luck is a *bêtise*," said the great Cardinal Richelieu; and on the long run, I fear, his eminence was right. If you could drop Dick Avenel and Mr Digby in the middle of Oxford Street—Dick in a fustian jacket, Digby in a suit of superfine—Dick with five shillings in his pocket, Digby with a thousand pounds—and if, at the end of ten years, you looked up your two men, Dick would be on his road to a fortune, Digby—what we have seen him! Yet Digby had no vice; he did not drink, nor gamble. What was he, then? Helpless. He had been an only son—a spoiled child—brought up as "a gentleman;" that is, as a man who was not expected to be able to turn his hand to anything. He entered, as we have seen, a very expensive regiment, wherein he found himself, at his father's death, with £4000, and the incapacity to say "No." Not naturally extravagant, but without an idea of the value of money—the easiest, gentlest, best-tempered man whom example ever led astray. This part of his career comprised a very common history—the poor man living on equal terms with the rich. Debt; recourse to usurers; bills signed sometimes for others, renewed at twenty per cent; the £4000 melted like snow; pathetic appeal to relations; relations have children of their own; small help given grudgingly, eked out by much advice, and coupled with conditions. Amongst the conditions there was a very proper and prudent one—exchange into a less expensive regiment. Exchange ef-

fect; peace; obscure country quarters; *ennui*, flute-playing, and idleness. Mr Digby had no resources on a rainy day—except flute-playing; pretty girl of inferior rank; all the officers after her; Digby smitten; pretty girl very virtuous; Digby forms honourable intentions; excellent sentiments; imprudent marriage. Digby falls in life; colonel's lady will not associate with Mrs Digby; Digby cut by his whole kith and kin; many disagreeable circumstances in regimental life; Digby sells out; love in a cottage; execution in ditto. Digby had been much applauded as an amateur actor; thinks of the stage; genteel comedy—a gentlemanlike profession. Tries in a provincial town, under another name; unhappily succeeds; life of an actor; hand-to-mouth life; illness; chest affected; Digby's voice becomes hoarse and feeble; not aware of it; attributes failing success to ignorant provincial public; appears in London; is hissed; returns to provinces; sinks into very small parts; prison; despair; wife dies; appeal again to relations; a subscription made to get rid of him; send him out of the country; place in Canada—superintendent to an estate, £150 a-year; pursued by ill-luck; never before fit for business, not fit now; honest as the day, but keeps slovenly accounts; child cannot bear the winter of Canada; Digby wrapped up in the child; return home; mysterious life for two years; child patient, thoughtful, loving; has learned to work; manages for father; often supports him; constitution rapidly

breaking; thought of what will become of his child—worst disease of all. Poor Digby!—Never did a base, cruel, unkind thing in his life; and here he is, walking down the lane from Colonel Pompley's house! Now, if Digby had but learned a little of the world's cunning, I think he would have succeeded even with Colonel Pompley. Had he spent the £100 received from Lord l'Estrange with a view to effect—had he bestowed a fitting wardrobe on himself and his pretty Helen; had he stopped at the last stage, taken thence a smart chaise and pair, and presented himself at Colonel Pompley's in a way that would not have discredited the Colonel's connection, and then, instead of praying for home and shelter, asked the Colonel to become guardian to his child in case of his death, I have a

strong notion that the Colonel, in spite of his avarice, would have stretched both ends so as to take in Helen Digby. But our poor friend had no such arts. Indeed, of the £100 he had already very little left, for before leaving town he had committed what Sheridan considered the extreme of extravagance—frittered away his money in paying his debts; and as for dressing up Helen and himself—if that thought had ever occurred to him, he would have rejected it as foolish. He would have thought that the more he showed his poverty, the more he would be pitied—the worst mistake a poor cousin can commit. According to Theophrastus, the partridge of Paphlagonia has two hearts; so have most men: it is the common mistake of the unlucky to knock at the wrong one.

CHAPTER XI.

Mr Digby entered the room of the inn in which he had left Helen. She was seated by the window, and looking out wistfully on the narrow street, perhaps at the children at play. There had never been a playtime for Helen Digby. She sprang forward as her father came in. His coming was her holiday.

"We must go back to London," said Mr Digby, sinking helplessly on the chair. Then with his sort of sickly smile—for he was bland even to his child—"Will you kindly inquire when the first coach leaves?"

All the active cares of their careful life devolved upon that quiet child. She kissed her father, placed before him a cough mixture which he had brought from London, and went out silently to make the necessary inquiries, and prepare for the journey back.

At eight o'clock the father and child were seated in the night-coach, with one other passenger—a man muffled up to the chin. After the first mile, the man let down one of the windows. Though it was summer, the air was chill and raw. Digby shivered and coughed.

Helen placed her hand on the window, and, leaning towards the passenger, whispered softly.

"Eh!" said the passenger, "draw up the windows? You have got your own window; this is mine. Oxygen, young lady," he added solemnly, "oxygen is the breath of life. Cott, child!" he continued, with suppressed choler, and a Welch pronunciation, "Cott! let us breathe and live."

Helen was frightened, and recoiled.

Her father, who had not heard, or had not heeded, this colloquy, retreated into the corner, put up the collar of his coat, and coughed again.

"It is cold, my dear," said he languidly to Helen.

The passenger caught the word, and replied indignantly, but as if soliloquising—

"Cold—ugh! I do believe the English are the stuffiest people! Look at their four-post beds!—all the curtains drawn, shutters closed, board before the chimney—not a house with a ventilator! Cold—ugh!"

The window next Mr Digby did not fit well into its frame.

"There is a sad draught," said the invalid.

Helen instantly occupied herself in stopping up the chinks of the window with her handkerchief. Mr Digby glanced ruefully at the other window. The look, which was very eloquent, aroused yet more the traveller's spleen.

"Pleasant!" said he. "Cott! I suppose you will ask me to go outside next! But people who travel in a coach should know the law of a coach. I don't interfere with your window; you have no business to interfere with mine."

"Sir, I did not speak," said Mr Digby meekly.

"But Miss here did."

"Ah, sir!" said Helen plaintively, "if you knew how papa suffers!" And her hand again moved towards the obnoxious window.

"No, my dear; the gentleman is in his right," said Mr Digby; and, bowing with his wonted suavity, he added, "Excuse her, sir. She thinks a great deal too much of me."

The passenger said nothing, and Helen nestled closer to her father, and strove to screen him from the air.

The passenger moved uneasily. "Well," said he, with a sort of snort, "air is air, and right is right; but here goes"—and he hastily drew up the window.

Helen turned her face full towards the passenger with a grateful expression, visible even in the dim light.

"You are very kind, sir," said poor Mr Digby; "I am ashamed to"—his cough choked the rest of the sentence.

The passenger, who was a plethoric, sanguineous man, felt as if he were stifling. But he took off his wrappers, and resigned the oxygen like a hero.

Presently he drew nearer to the sufferer, and laid hand on his wrist.

"You are feverish, I fear. I am a medical man. St!—one—two. Cott! you should not travel; you are not fit for it!"

Mr Digby shook his head; he was too feeble to reply.

The passenger thrust his hand into his coat-pocket, and drew out what seemed a cigar-case, but what, in fact, was a leathern repertory, containing a variety of minute phials. From one of these phials he extracted two tiny globules. "There," said he; "open your mouth—put those on the tip of your tongue. They will lower the pulse—check the fever. Be better presently—but

should not travel—want rest—you should be in bed. Aconite!—Henbane!—hum! Your papa is of fair complexion—a timid character, I should say—a horror of work, perhaps. Eh, child?"

"Sir!" faltered Helen, astonished and alarmed—Was the man a conjuror?

"A case for *Phosphor!*" cried the passenger; "that fool Browne would have said *arsenic*. Don't be persuaded to take *arsenic*."

"Arsenic, sir!" echoed the mild Digby. "No; however unfortunate a man may be, I think, sir, that suicide is—tempting, perhaps, but highly criminal."

"Suicide," said the passenger tranquilly—"suicide is my hobby! You have no symptom of that kind, you say?"

"Good heavens! No, sir."

"If ever you feel violently impelled to drown yourself, take *pulsatilla*. But if you feel a preference towards blowing out your brains, accompanied with weight in the limbs, loss of appetite, dry cough, and bad corns—*sulphuret of antimony*. Don't forget."

Though poor Mr Digby confusedly thought that the gentleman was out of his mind, yet he tried politely to say "that he was much obliged, and would be sure to remember;" but his tongue failed him, and his own ideas grew perplexed. His head fell back heavily, and he sank into a silence which seemed that of sleep.

The traveller looked hard at Helen, as she gently drew her father's head on her shoulder, and there pillowed it with a tenderness which was more that of mother than child.

"Moral affections—soft—compassionate!—a good child, and would go well with—*pulsatilla*."

Helen held up her finger, and glanced from her father to the traveller, and then to her father again.

"Certainly—*pulsatilla!*" muttered the homœopathist; and, ensconcing himself in his own corner, he also sought to sleep. But, after vain efforts, accompanied by restless gestures and movements, he suddenly started up, and again extracted his phial-book.

“What the deuce are they to me!” he muttered. “Morbid sensibility of character—*coffee*? No!—accompanied by vivacity and violence—*Nux!*” He brought his book to the window, contrived to read the label on a pigmy bottle. “*Nux!* that’s it,” he said—and he swallowed a globule!

“Now,” quoth he, after a pause, “I don’t care a straw for the misfortunes of other people—nay, I have half a mind to let down the window.”

Helen looked up.

“But I won’t,” he added resolutely; and this time he fell fairly asleep.

CHAPTER XII.

The coach stopped at eleven o’clock, to allow the passengers to sup. The homœopathist woke up, got out, gave himself a shake, and inhaled the fresh air into his vigorous lungs with an evident sensation of delight. He then turned and looked into the coach—

“Let your father get out, my dear,” said he, with a tone more gentle than usual. “I should like to see him in-doors—perhaps I can do him good.”

But what was Helen’s terror when she found that her father did not stir. He was in a deep swoon, and still quite insensible when they lifted him from the carriage. When he recovered his senses, his cough returned, and the effort brought up blood.

It was impossible for him to proceed farther. The homœopathist assisted to undress and put him into bed. And having administered another of his mysterious globules, he inquired of the landlady how far it was to the nearest doctor—for the inn stood by itself in a small hamlet. There was the parish apothecary three miles off. But on hearing that the gentlefolks employed Dr Dosewell, and it was a good seven miles to his house, the homœopathist fetched a deep breath. The coach only stopped a quarter of an hour.

“Cott!” said he angrily to himself—“the *nux* was a failure. My sensibility is chronic. I must go through a long course to get rid of it. Hollo, guard! get out my carpet-bag. I shan’t go on to-night.”

And the good man, after a very slight supper, went up stairs again to the sufferer.

“Shall I send for Dr Dosewell,

sir?” asked the landlady, stopping him at the door.

“Hum! At what hour to-morrow does the next coach to London pass?”

“Not before eight, sir.”

“Well, send for the doctor to be here at seven. That leaves us at least some hours free from allopathy and murder,” grunted the disciple of Hahnemann, as he entered the room.

Whether it was the globule that the homœopathist had administered, or the effect of nature, aided by repose, that checked the effusion of blood, and restored some temporary strength to the poor sufferer, is more than it becomes one not of the Faculty to opine. But certainly Mr Digby seemed better, and he gradually fell into a profound sleep, but not till the doctor had put his ear to his chest, tapped it with his hand, and asked several questions; after which the homœopathist retired into a corner of the room, and, leaning his face on his hand, seemed to meditate. From his thoughts he was disturbed by a gentle touch. Helen was kneeling at his feet.

“Is he very ill—very?” said she; and her fond wistful eyes were fixed on the physician’s with all the earnestness of despair.

“Your father is very ill,” replied the doctor after a short pause. “He cannot move hence for some days at least. I am going to London—shall I call on your relations, and tell some of them to join you?”

“No, thank you, sir,” answered Helen, colouring. “But do not fear; I can nurse papa. I think he has been worse before—that is, he has complained more.”

The homœopathist rose and took two strides across the room, then he

paused by the bed, and listened to the breathing of the sleeping man.

He stole back to the child, who was still kneeling, took her in his arms and kissed her. "Tamm it," said he angrily, and putting her down, "go to bed now—you are not wanted any more."

"Please, sir," said Helen, "I cannot leave him so. If he wakes he would miss me."

The doctor's hand trembled; he had recourse to his globules. "Anxiety, grief suppressed," muttered he. "Don't you want to cry, my dear? Cry—do!"

"I can't," murmured Helen.

"*Pulsatilla!*" said the doctor, almost with triumph. "I said so from the first. Open your mouth—here! Good night. My room is opposite—No. 6; call me if he wakes."

CHAPTER XIII.

At seven o'clock Dr Dosewell arrived, and was shown into the room of the homœopathist, who, already up and dressed, had visited his patient.

"My name is Morgan," said the homœopathist—"I am a physician. I leave in your hands a patient whom, I fear, neither I nor you can restore. Come and look at him."

The two doctors went into the sick-room. Mr Digby was very feeble, but he had recovered his consciousness, and inclined his head courteously.

"I am sorry to cause so much trouble," said he. The homœopathist drew away Helen; the allopathist seated himself by the bedside and put his questions, felt the pulse, sounded the lungs, and looked at the tongue of the patient. Helen's eye was fixed on the strange doctor, and her colour rose, and her eye sparkled when he got up cheerfully, and said in a pleasant voice, "You may have a little tea."

"Tea!" growled the homœopathist—"barbarian!"

"He is better, then, sir?" said Helen, creeping to the allopathist.

"Oh, yes, my dear—certainly; and we shall do very well, I hope."

The two doctors then withdrew.

"Last about a week!" said Dr Dosewell, smiling pleasantly, and showing a very white set of teeth.

"I should have said a month; but our systems are different," replied Dr Morgan drily.

DR DOSEWELL, (courteously.)—"We country doctors bow to our metropolitan superiors; what would you advise? You would venture, perhaps, the experiment of bleeding."

DR MORGAN, (spluttering and growing Welsh, which he never did but in excitement.)—"Plead! Cott in heaven! do you think I am a butcher—an executioner? Plead! Never."

DR DOSEWELL.—"I don't find it answer, myself, when both lungs are gone! But perhaps you are for inhaling."

DR MORGAN.—"Fiddledee!"

DR DOSEWELL, (with some displeasure.)—"What would you advise, then, in order to prolong our patient's life for a month?"

DR MORGAN.—"Stop the hæmoptysis—give him *Rhus!*"

DR DOSEWELL.—"Rhus, sir! *Rhus!* I don't know that medicine. *Rhus!*"

DR MORGAN.—"*Rhus Toxicodendron.*"

The length of the last word excited Dr Dosewell's respect. A word of five syllables—this was something like! He bowed deferentially, but still looked puzzled. At last he said, smiling frankly, "You great London practitioners have so many new medicines; may I ask what *Rhus toxicodendron*—"

"Dendron."

"Is?"

"The juice of the *Upas*—vulgarly called the Poison-Tree."

Dr Dosewell started.

"Upas—poison-tree—little birds that come under the shade fall down dead! You give upas juice in hæmoptysis—what's the dose?"

Dr Morgan grinned maliciously, and produced a globule the size of a small pin's head.

Dr Dosewell recoiled in disgust.

"Oh!" said he very coldly, and

assuming at once an air of superb superiority, "I see—a homœopathist, sir!"

"A homœopathist!"

"Um!"

"Um!"

"A strange system, Dr Morgan," said Dr Dosewell, recovering his cheerful smile, but with a curl of contempt in it, "and would soon do for the druggists."

"Serve 'em right. The druggists soon do for the patients."

"Sir!"

"Sir!"

DR DOSEWELL, (with dignity.)—"You don't know, perhaps, Dr Morgan, that I am an apothecary as well as a surgeon. In fact," he added, with a certain grand humility, "I have not yet taken a diploma, and am but Doctor by courtesy."

DR MORGAN.—"All one, sir! Doctor signs the death-warrant—'pothecary does the deed!"

DR DOSEWELL, (with a withering sneer.)—"Certainly we don't profess to keep a dying man alive upon the juice of the deadly upas-tree."

DR MORGAN, (complacently.)—"Of course you don't. There are no poisons with us. That's just the difference between you and me, Dr Dosewell!"

DR DOSEWELL, (pointing to the homœopathist's travelling pharmacopœia, and with affected candour.)—"Indeed, I have always said that if you can do no good, you can do no harm, with your infinitesimals."

Dr Morgan, who had been obtuse to the insinuation of poisoning, fires up violently at the charge of doing no harm.

"You know nothing about it! I could kill quite as many people as you, if I chose it; but I don't choose."

DR DOSEWELL, (shrugging up his shoulders.)—"Sir! 'tis no use arguing; the thing's against common sense. In short, it is my firm belief that it is—is a complete—"

DR MORGAN.—"A complete what?"

DR DOSEWELL, (provoked to the utmost.)—"Humbug!"

DR MORGAN.—"Humbug! Cott in heaven! You old—"

DR DOSEWELL.—"Old what, sir?"

DR MORGAN, (at home in a series of alliterative vowels, which none but a Cymbrian could have uttered without gasping.)—"Old allopathical anthropophagite!"

DR DOSEWELL, (starting up, seizing by the back the chair on which he had sate, and bringing it down violently on its four legs.)—"Sir!"

DR MORGAN, (imitating the action with his own chair.)—"Sir!"

DR DOSEWELL.—"You're abusive."

DR MORGAN.—"You're impertinent."

DR DOSEWELL.—"Sir!"

DR MORGAN.—"Sir!"

The two rivals fronted each other.

They were both athletic men, and fiery men. Dr Dosewell was the taller, but Dr Morgan was the stouter. Dr Dosewell on the mother's side was Irish; but Dr Morgan on both sides was Welsh. All things considered, I would have backed Dr Morgan if it had come to blows. But, luckily for the honour of science, here the chambermaid knocked at the door, and said, "The coach is coming, sir."

Dr Morgan recovered his temper and his manners at that announcement. "Dr Dosewell," said he, "I have been too hot—I apologise."

"Dr Morgan," answered the allopathist, "I forgot myself. Your hand, sir."

DR MORGAN.—"We are both devoted to humanity, though with different opinions. We should respect each other."

DR DOSEWELL.—"Where look for liberality, if men of science are illiberal to their brethren?"

DR MORGAN, (aside.)—"The old hypocrite! He would pound me in a mortar if the law would let him."

DR DOSEWELL, (aside.)—"The wretched charlatan! I should like to pound him in a mortar."

DR MORGAN.—"Good-bye, my esteemed and worthy brother."

DR DOSEWELL.—"My excellent friend, good-bye."

DR MORGAN, (returning in haste.)—"I forgot. I don't think our poor patient is very rich. I confide him to your disinterested benevolence."—(Hurries away.)

DR DOSEWELL, (in a rage.)—"Seven miles at six o'clock in the

morning, and perhaps done out of my fee! Quack! Villain!"

Meanwhile, Dr Morgan had returned to the sick-room.

"I must wish you farewell," said he to poor Mr Digby, who was languidly sipping his tea. "But you are in the hands of a—of a—gentleman in the profession."

"You have been too kind—I am shocked," said Mr Digby. "Helen, where's my purse?"

Dr Morgan paused.

He paused, first, because it must be owned that his practice was restricted, and a fee gratified the vanity natural to unappreciated talent, and had the charm of novelty which is sweet to human nature itself. Secondly, he was a man

"Who knew his rights; and, knowing, dared maintain."

He had resigned a coach fare—stayed a night—and thought he had relieved his patient. He had a right to his fee.

On the other hand he paused, because, though he had small practice, he was tolerably well off, and did not care for money in itself, and he suspected his patient to be no Cæsus.

Meanwhile, the purse was in Helen's hand. He took it from her, and saw but a few sovereigns within the well-worn network. He drew the child a little aside.

"Answer me, my dear, frankly—is your papa rich?" And he glanced at the shabby clothes strewed on the chair, and Helen's faded frock.

"Alas, no!" said Helen, hanging her head.

"Is that all you have?"

"All."

"I am ashamed to offer you two guineas," said Mr Digby's hollow voice from the bed.

"And I should be still more ashamed to take them. Good-bye, sir. Come here, my child. Keep your money, and don't waste it on the other doctor more than you can help. His medicines can do your father no good. But I suppose you must have some. He's no physician, therefore there's no fee. He'll send a bill—it can't be much. You understand. And now, God bless you."

Dr Morgan was off. But as he paid the landlady his bill, he said, considerately, "The poor people up stairs can pay you, but not that doctor—and he's of no use. Be kind to the little girl, and get the doctor to tell his patient (quietly, of course) to write to his friends—soon—you understand. Somebody must take charge of the poor child. And stop—hold your hand; take care—these globules for the little girl when her father dies—(here the Doctor muttered to himself, 'grief;—aconite')—and if she cries too much afterwards—these (don't mistake.) Tears;—caustic!"

"Come, sir," cried the coachman.

"Coming;—tears—caustic," repeated the homœopathist, pulling out his handkerchief and his phial-book together as he got into the coach: And he hastily swallowed his antilachrymal.

CHAPTER XIV.

Richard Avenel was in a state of great nervous excitement. He proposed to give an entertainment of a kind wholly new to the experience of Screwestown. Mrs M'Catchley had described with much eloquence the *Déjeûnés dansants* of her fashionable friends residing in the elegant suburbs of Wimbledon and Fulham. She declared that nothing was so agreeable. She had even said point-blank to Mr Avenel, "Why don't you give a *Déjeûné dansant*?" And, there-with, a *Déjeûné dansant* Mr Avenel resolved to give.

The day was fixed, and Mr Avenel entered into all the requisite preparations, with the energy of a man and the providence of a woman.

One morning as he stood musing on the lawn, irresolute as to the best site for the tents, Leonard came up to him with an open letter in his hand.

"My dear uncle," said he, softly.

"Ha!" exclaimed Mr Avenel, with a start. "Ha—well—what now?"

"I have just received a letter from Mr Dale. He tells me that my poor

mother is very restless and uneasy, because he cannot assure her that he has heard from me; and his letter requires an answer. Indeed, I shall seem very ungrateful to him—to all—if I do not write.”

Richard Avenel's brows met. He uttered an impatient “pish!” and turned away. Then coming back, he fixed his clear hawk-like eye on Leonard's ingenuous countenance, linked his arm in his nephew's, and drew him into the shrubbery.

“Well, Leonard,” said he, after a pause, “it is time that I should give you some idea of my plans with regard to you. You have seen my manner of living—some difference from what you ever saw before, I calculate! Now I have given you, what no one gave me, a lift in the world; and where I place you, there you must help yourself.”

“Such is my duty, and my desire,” said Leonard, heartily.

“Good. You are a clever lad, and a genteel lad, and will do me credit. I have had doubts of what is best for you. At one time I thought of sending you to college. That, I know, is Mr Dale's wish; perhaps it is your own. But I have given up that idea; I have something better for you. You have a clear head for business, and are a capital arithmetician. I think of bringing you up to superintend my business; by-and-by I will admit you into partnership; and before you are thirty you will be a rich man. Come, does that suit you?”

“My dear uncle,” said Leonard frankly, but much touched by this generosity, “it is not for me to have a choice. I should have preferred going to College, because there I might gain independence for myself, and cease to be a burden on you. Moreover, my heart moves me to studies more congenial with the college than the counting-house. But all this is nothing compared with my wish to be of use to you, and to prove in any way, however feebly, my gratitude for all your kindness.”

“You're a good, grateful, sensible lad,” exclaimed Richard heartily; “and believe me, though I'm a rough diamond, I have your true interest at heart. You *can* be of use to me, and in being so you will best serve your-

self. To tell you the truth, I have some idea of changing my condition. There's a lady of fashion and quality who, I think, may condescend to become Mrs Avenel; and if so, I shall probably reside a great part of the year in London. I don't want to give up my business. No other investment will yield the same interest. But you can soon learn to superintend it for me, as some day or other I may retire, and then you can step in. Once a member of our great commercial class, and with your talents, you may be anything—member of parliament, and after that, minister of state, for what I know. And my wife—hem!—that is to be—has great connections, and you shall marry well; and—oh, the Avenels will hold their heads with the highest, after all! Damn the aristocracy—we clever fellows will be the aristocrats—eh!” Richard rubbed his hands.

Certainly, as we have seen, Leonard, especially in his earlier steps to knowledge, had repined at his position in the many degrees of life—certainly he was still ambitious—certainly he could not now have returned contentedly to the humble occupation he had left; and woe to the young man who does not hear with a quickened pulse, and brightening eye, words that promise independence, and flatter with the hope of distinction. Still, it was with all the reaction of chill and mournful disappointment that Leonard, a few hours after this dialogue with his uncle, found himself alone in the fields, and pondering over the prospects before him. He had set his heart upon completing his intellectual education, upon developing those powers within him which yearned for an arena of literature, and revolted from the routine of trade. But to his credit be it said that he vigorously resisted this natural disappointment, and by degrees schooled himself to look cheerfully on the path imposed on his duty, and sanctioned by the manly sense that was at the core of his character.

I believe that this self-conquest showed that the boy had true genius. The false genius would have written sonnets and despaired.

But still, Richard Avenel left his nephew sadly perplexed as to the knotty question from which their talk on the future had diverged—viz. should he write to the Parson; and assure the fears of his mother? How do so without Richard's consent, when Richard had on a former occasion so imperiously declared that, if

he did, it would lose his mother all that Richard intended to settle on her. While he was debating this matter with his conscience, leaning against a stile that interrupted a path to the town, Leonard Fairfield was startled by an exclamation. He looked up, and beheld Mr Sprott the tinker.

CHAPTER XV.

The tinker, blacker and grimmer than ever, stared hard at the altered person of his old acquaintance, and extended his sable fingers, as if inclined to convince himself by the sense of touch that it was Leonard in the flesh that he beheld, under vestments so marvellously elegant and preternaturally spruce.

Leonard shrank mechanically from the contact, while in great surprise he faltered—

"You here, Mr Sprott! What could bring you so far from home?"

"'Ome!" echoed the tinker, "I 'as no 'ome! or rayther, d'ye see, Muster Fairfilt, I makes myself at 'ome ver-ever I goes! Lor' love ye, I ben't settled on no parridge. I vanders here and I vanders there, and that's my 'ome ver-ever I can mend my kettles, and sell my tracks!"

So saying, the tinker slid his paniers on the ground, gave a grunt of release and satisfaction, and seated himself with great composure on the stile, from which Leonard had retreated.

"But, dash my vig," resumed Mr Sprott, as he once more surveyed Leonard, "vy, you bees a rale gentleman now, surely! Vot's the dodge—eh?"

"Dodge!" repeated Leonard mechanically—"I don't understand you." Then, thinking that it was neither necessary nor expedient to keep up his acquaintance with Mr Sprott, nor prudent to expose himself to the battery of questions which he foresaw that further parley would bring upon him, he extended a crown-piece to the tinker; and saying with a half smile, "You must excuse me for leaving you—I have business in the town; and do me the favour to accept this trifle," he walked briskly off.

The tinker looked long at the crown-piece, and then sliding it into his pocket, said to himself—

"Ho—'ush-money! No go, my swell cove."

After venting that brief soliloquy he sat silent a little while, till Leonard was nearly out of sight, then rose, resumed his fardel, and, creeping quick along the hedgerows, followed Leonard towards the town. Just in the last field, as he looked over the hedge, he saw Leonard accosted by a gentleman of comely mien and important swagger. That gentleman soon left the young man, and came, whistling loud, up the path, and straight towards the tinker. Mr Sprott looked round, but the hedge was too neat to allow of a good hiding-place, so he put a bold front on it, and stepped forth like a man. But, alas for him! before he got into the public path, the proprietor of the land, Mr Richard Avenel, (for the gentleman was no less a personage) had spied out the trespasser, and called to him with a "Hillo, fellow," that bespoke all the dignity of a man who owns acres, and all the wrath of a man who beholds those acres impudently invaded.

The tinker stopped, and Mr Avenel stalked up to him.

"What the devil are you doing on my property, lurking by my hedge? I suspect you are an incendiary!"

"I be a tinker," quoth Mr Sprott, not louting low, (for a sturdy republican was Mr Sprott,) but like a lord of humankind,

"Pride in his port, defiance in his eye."

Mr Avenel's fingers itched to knock the tinker's villanous hat off his jacobinical head, but he repressed the undignified impulse by thrusting both hands deep into his trousers' pockets.

“A tinker!” he cried—“that’s a vagrant; and I’m a magistrate, and I’ve a great mind to send you to the treadmill—that I have. What do you do here, I say? You have not answered my question?”

“What does I do ‘ere?” said Mr Sprott. “Vy, you had better ax my crakter of the young gent I saw you talking with just now; he knows me!”

“What! my nephew know you?”

“W—hew,” whistled the tinker, “your nephew is it, sir? I have a great respek for your family. I’ve knowed Mrs Fairfilt, the vashervoman, this many a year. I’umbly ax your pardon.” And he took off his hat this time.

Mr Avenel turned red and white in a breath. He growled out something inaudible, turned on his heel, and

strode off. The tinker watched him as he had watched Leonard, and then dogged the uncle as he had dogged the nephew. I don’t presume to say that there was cause and effect in what happened that night, but it was what is called “a curious coincidence” that that night one of Richard Avenel’s ricks was set on fire; and that that day he had called Mr Sprott an incendiary. Mr Sprott was a man of a very high spirit and did not forgive an insult easily. His nature was inflammatory, and so was that of the lucifers which he always carried about him, with his tracts and glue-pots.

The next morning there was an inquiry made for the tinker, but he had disappeared from the neighbourhood.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was a fortunate thing that the *déjeûné dansant* so absorbed Mr Richard Avenel’s thoughts, that even the conflagration of his rick could not scare away the graceful and poetic images connected with that pastoral festivity. He was even loose and careless in the questions he put to Leonard about the tinker; nor did he set justice in pursuit of that itinerant trader; for, to say truth, Richard Avenel was a man accustomed to make enemies amongst the lower orders; and though he suspected Mr Sprott of destroying his rick, yet, when he once set about suspecting, he found he had quite as good cause to suspect fifty other persons. How on earth could a man puzzle himself about ricks and tinkers, when all his cares and energies were devoted to a *déjeûné dansant*? It was a maxim of Richard Avenel’s, as it ought to be of every clever man, “to do one thing at a time;” and therefore he postponed all other considerations till the *déjeûné dansant* was fairly done with. Amongst these considerations was the letter which Leonard wished to write to the Parson. “Wait a bit, and we will both write!” said Richard good-humouredly, “the moment the *déjeûné dansant* is over!”

It must be owned that this fête was no ordinary provincial ceremonial.

Richard Avenel was a man to do a thing well when he set about it—

“He soused the cabbage with a bounteous heart.”

By little and little his first notions had expanded, till what had been meant to be only neat and elegant now embraced the costly and magnificent. Artificers accustomed to *déjeûnés dansants* came all the way from London to assist, to direct, to create. Hungarian singers, and Tyrolese singers, and Swiss peasant-women who were to chaunt the *Ranz des Vaches*, and milk cows or make syllabubs, were engaged. The great marquee was decorated as a Gothic banquet hall; the breakfast itself was to consist of “all the delicacies of the season.” In short, as Richard Avenel said to himself, “It is a thing once in a way; a thing on which I don’t object to spend money, provided that the thing is—the thing!”

It had been a matter of grave meditation how to make the society worthy of the revel; for Richard Avenel was not contented with the mere aristocracy of the town—his ambition had grown with his expenses. “Since it will cost so much,” said he, “I may as well come it strong, and get in the county.”

True, that he was personally acquainted with very few of what are called county families. But still, when a man makes himself of mark in a large town, and can return one of the members whom that town sends to parliament; and when, moreover, that man proposes to give some superb and original entertainment, in which the old can eat and the young can dance, there is no county in the island that has not families enow who will be delighted by an invitation from THAT MAN. And so Richard, finding that, as the thing got talked of, the Dean's lady, and Mrs Pompley, and various other great personages, took the liberty to suggest that Squire this, and Sir Somebody that, would be so pleased if they were asked, fairly took the bull by the horns, and sent out his cards to Park,

Hall, and Rectory, within a circumference of twelve miles. He met with but few refusals, and he now counted upon five hundred guests.

"In for a penny, in for a pound," said Mr Richard Avenel. "I wonder what Mrs M'Catchley will say?" Indeed, if the whole truth must be known, Mr Richard Avenel not only gave that *déjeûné dansant* in honour of Mrs M'Catchley, but he had fixed in his heart of hearts upon that occasion, (when surrounded by all his splendour, and assisted by the seductive arts of Terpsichore and Bacchus,) to whisper to Mrs M'Catchley those soft words which—but why not here let Mr Richard Avenel use his own idiomatic and unsophisticated expression? "Please the pigs, then," said Mr Avenel to himself, "I shall pop the question!"

CHAPTER XVII.

The Great Day arrived at last; and Mr Richard Avenel, from his dressing-room window, looked on the scene below as Hannibal or Napoleon looked from the Alps on Italy. It was a scene to gratify the thought of conquest, and reward the labours of ambition. Placed on a little eminence stood the singers from the mountains of the Tyrol, their high-crowned hats and filagree buttons and gay sashes gleaming in the sun. Just seen from his place of watch, though concealed from the casual eye, the Hungarian musicians lay in ambush amidst a little belt of laurels and American shrubs. Far to the right lay what had once been called (*horresco referens*) the duckpond, where—*Dulce sonant tenui gutture carmen aves*. But the ruthless ingenuity of the head artificer had converted the duckpond into a Swiss lake, despite grievous wrong and sorrow to the *assuetum innocuumque genus*—the familiar and harmless habitants, who had been all expatriated and banished from their native waves. Large poles twisted with fir branches, stuck thickly around the lake, gave to the waters the becoming Helvetian gloom. And here, beside three cows all bedecked with ribbons, stood the Swiss maidens destined to startle the shades with the

Ranz des Vaches. To the left, full upon the sward, which it almost entirely covered, stretched the great Gothic marquee, divided into two grand sections—one for the *dancing*, one for the *déjeûné*.

The day was propitious—not a cloud in the sky. The musicians were already tuning their instruments; figures of waiters—hired of Gunter—trim and decorous, in black trousers and white waistcoats, passed to and fro the space between the house and marquee. Richard looked and looked; and as he looked he drew mechanically his razor across the strop; and when he had looked his fill, he turned reluctantly to the glass and shaved! All that blessed morning he had been too busy, till then, to think of shaving.

There is a vast deal of character in the way that a man performs that operation of shaving! You should have seen Richard Avenel shave! You could have judged at once how he would shave his neighbours, when you saw the celerity, the completeness with which he shaved himself—a forestroke and a backstroke, and *tendenti barba cadebat!* Cheek and chin were as smooth as glass. You would have buttoned up your pockets instinctively if you had seen him.

But the rest of Mr Avenel's toilet was not completed with correspondent despatch. On his bed, and on his chairs, and on his sofa, and on his drawers, lay trousers and vests, and cravats, enough to distract the choice of a Stoic. And first one pair of trousers was tried on, and then another—and one waistcoat, and then a second, and then a third. Gradually that *chef d'œuvre* of Civilisation—a *man dressed*—grew into development and form; and, finally, Mr Richard Avenel emerged into the light of day. He had been lucky in his costume—he felt it. It might not suit every one in colour or cut, but it suited him.

And this was his garb. On such occasions, what epic poet would not describe the robe and tunic of a hero?

His surtout—in modern phrase, his frockcoat—was blue, a rich blue, a blue that the royal brothers of George the Fourth were wont to favour. And the surtout, single-breasted, was thrown open gallantly; and in the second button-hole thereof was a moss rose. The vest was white, and the trousers a pearl-grey, with what tailors style “a handsome fall over the boot.” A blue and white silk cravat, tied loose and debonaire; an ample field of shirt front, with plain gold studs; a pair of lemon-coloured kid gloves, and a white hat, placed somewhat too knowingly on one side, complete the description, and “give the world assurance of the man.” And, with his light, firm, well-shaped figure, his clear complexion, his keen bright eye, and features that bespoke the courage, precision, and alertness of his character—that is to say, features bold, not large, well-defined, and regular—you might walk long through town or country before you would see a handsomer specimen of humanity than our friend Richard Avenel.

Handsome, and feeling that he was handsome; rich, and feeling that he was rich; lord of the fête, and feeling that he was lord of the fête, Richard Avenel stepped out upon his lawn.

And now the dust began to rise along the road, and carriages, and gigs, and chaises, and flies, might be seen at near intervals and in quick procession. People came pretty much about the same time—as they do in

the country—heaven reward them for it!

Richard Avenel was not quite at his ease at first in receiving his guests, especially those whom he did not know by sight. But when the dancing began, and he had secured the fair hand of Mrs M'Catchley for the initiatory quadrille, his courage and presence of mind returned to him; and, seeing that many people whom he had not received at all seemed to enjoy themselves very much, he gave up the attempt to receive those who came after,—and that was a great relief to all parties.

Meanwhile Leonard looked on the animated scene with a silent melancholy, which he in vain endeavoured to shake off—a melancholy more common amongst very young men in such scenes than we are apt to suppose. Somehow or other the pleasure was not congenial to him: he had no Mrs M'Catchley to endear it—he knew very few people—he was shy—he felt his position with his uncle was equivocal—he had not the habit of society—he heard incidentally many an ill-natured remark upon his uncle and the entertainment—he felt indignant and mortified. He had been a great deal happier eating his radishes, and reading his book by the little fountain in Riccabocca's garden. He retired to a quiet part of the grounds, seated himself under a tree, leant his cheek on his hand, and mused. He was soon far away;—happy age, when, whatever the present, the future seems so fair and so infinite!

But now the *déjeûné* had succeeded the earlier dances; and, as champagne flowed royally, it is astonishing how the entertainment brightened.

The sun was beginning to slope towards the west, when, during a temporary cessation of the dance, all the guests had assembled in such space as the tent left on the lawn, or thickly filled the walks immediately adjoining it. The gay dresses of the ladies, the joyous laughter heard everywhere, and the brilliant sunlight over all, conveyed even to Leonard the notion, not of mere hypocritical pleasure, but actual healthful happiness. He was attracted from his reverie, and timidly mingled with the groups. But Richard Avenel, with

the fair Mrs M'Catchley—her complexion more vivid, and her eyes more dazzling, and her step more elastic than usual—had turned from the gaiety just as Leonard had turned towards it, and was now on the very spot (remote, obscure, shaded by the few trees above five years old that Mr Avenel's property boasted) which the young dreamer had deserted.

And then! Ah then! moment so meet for the sweet question of questions, place so appropriate for the delicate, bashful, murmured popping thereof!—suddenly from the sward before, from the groups beyond, there floated to the ears of Richard Avenel an indescribable mingled ominous sound—a sound as of a general titter—a horrid, malignant, but low cacchination. And Mrs M'Catchley, stretching forth her parasol, exclaimed, "Dear me, Mr Avenel, what can they be all crowding there for?"

There are certain sounds and certain sights—the one indistinct, the other vaguely conjecturable—which nevertheless, we know by an instinct, bode some diabolical agency at work in our affairs. And if any man gives an entertainment, and hears afar a

general ill-suppressed derisive titter, and sees all his guests hurrying towards one spot, I defy him to remain unmoved and uninquisitive. I defy him still more to take that precise occasion (however much he may have before designed it) to drop gracefully on his right knee before the handsomest Mrs M'Catchley in the universe, and—pop the question! Richard Avenel blurted out something very like an oath; and, half guessing that something must have happened that it would not be pleasing to bring immediately under the notice of Mrs M'Catchley, he said hastily—"Excuse me. I'll just go and see what is the matter—pray, stay till I come back." With that he sprang forth; in a minute he was in the midst of the group, that parted aside with the most obliging complacency to make way for him.

"But what's the matter?" he asked impatiently, yet fearfully. Not a voice answered. He strode on, and beheld his nephew in the arms of a woman!

"God bless my soul!" said Richard Avenel.

CHAPTER XVIII.

And such a woman!

She had on a cotton gown—very neat, I dare say—for an under housemaid: and *such* thick shoes! She had on a little black straw bonnet; and a kerchief, that might have cost tenpence, pinned across her waist instead of a shawl; and she looked altogether—respectable, no doubt, but exceedingly dusty! And she was hanging upon Leonard's neck, and scolding, and caressing, and crying very loud. "God bless my soul!" said Mr Richard Avenel.

And as he uttered that innocent self-benediction, the woman hastily turned round, and, darting from Leonard, threw herself right upon Richard Avenel—burying under her embrace blue-coat, moss-rose, white waistcoat and all—with a vehement sob and a loud exclamation!

"Oh! brother Dick!—dear, dear brother Dick! and I lives to see thee agin!" And then came two such

kisses—you might have heard them a mile off! The situation of brother Dick was appalling; and the crowd, that had before only tittered politely, could not now resist the effect of this sudden embrace. There was a general explosion!—It was a roar! That roar would have killed a weak man; but it sounded to the strong heart of Richard Avenel like the defiance of a foe, and it plucked forth in an instant from all conventional let and barrier the native spirit of the Anglo-Saxon.

He lifted abruptly his handsome masculine head, looked round the ring of his ill-bred visitors with a haughty stare of rebuke and surprise.

"Ladies and gentlemen," then said he very coolly, "I don't see what there is to laugh at! A brother and sister meet after many years' separation, and the sister cries, poor thing. For my part, I think it very natural that *she* should cry; but not that you

should laugh!" In an instant the whole shame was removed from Richard Avenel, and rested in full weight upon the bystanders. It is impossible to say how foolish and sheepish they all looked, nor how slinkingly each tried to creep off.

Richard Avenel seized his advantage with the promptitude of a man who had got on in America, and was therefore accustomed to make the best of things. He drew Mrs Fairfield's arm in his, and led her into the house; but when he had got her safe into his parlour—Leonard following all the time—and the door was closed upon those three, then Richard Avenel's ire burst forth.

"You impudent, ungrateful, audacious—drab!"

Yes, drab was the word. I am shocked to say it, but the duties of a historian are stern; and the word *was* drab.

"Drab!" faltered poor Jane Fairfield; and she clutched hold of Leonard to save herself from falling.

"Sir!" cried Leonard fiercely.

You might as well have cried "sir" to a mountain torrent. Richard hurried on, for he was furious.

"You nasty, dirty, dusty dowdy! How dare you come here to disgrace me in my own house and premises, after my sending you fifty pounds? To take the very time, too, when—when"—

Richard gasped for breath; and the laugh of his guests rang in his ears, and got into his chest, and choked him. Jane Fairfield drew herself up, and her tears were dried.

"I did not come to disgrace you; I came to see my boy, and"—

"Ha!" interrupted Richard, "to see *him*."

He turned to Leonard: "You have written to this woman, then?"

"No, sir, I have not."

"I believe you lie."

"He does not lie; and he is as good as yourself, and better, Richard Avenel," exclaimed Mrs Fairfield; "and I won't stand here and hear him insulted—that's what I won't. And as for your fifty pounds, there are forty-five of it; and I'll work my fingers to the bone till I pay back the other five. And don't be afraid I shall disgrace you, for I'll never look

on your face agin; and you're a wicked bad man—that's what you are."

The poor woman's voice was so raised, and so shrill, that any other and more remorseful feeling which Richard might have conceived was drowned in his apprehension that she would be overheard by his servants or his guests—a masculine apprehension, with which females rarely sympathise; which, on the contrary, they are inclined to consider a mean and cowardly terror on the part of their male oppressors.

"Hush! hold your infernal squall—do!" said Mr Avenel in a tone that he meant to be soothing. "There—sit down—and don't stir till I come back again, and can talk to you calmly. Leonard, follow me, and help to explain things to our guests."

Leonard stood still, but shook his head slightly.

"What do you mean, sir?" said Richard Avenel, in a very portentous growl. "Shaking your head at me? Do you intend to disobey me? You had better take care!"

Leonard's front rose; he drew one arm round his mother, and thus he spoke:—

"Sir, you have been kind to me, and generous, and that thought alone silenced my indignation, when I heard you address such language to my mother; for I felt that, if I spoke, I should say too much. Now I speak, and it is to say shortly that"—

"Hush, boy," said poor Mrs Fairfield frightened; "don't mind me. I did not come to make mischief, and ruin your prospex. I'll go!"

"Will you ask her pardon, Mr Avenel?" said Leonard firmly; and he advanced towards his uncle.

Richard, naturally hot and intolerant of contradiction, was then excited, not only by the angry emotions which, it must be owned, a man so mortified, and in the very flush of triumph, might well experience, but by much more wine than he was in the habit of drinking; and when Leonard approached him, he misinterpreted the movement into one of menace and aggression. He lifted his arm: "Come a step nearer," said he between his teeth, "and I'll knock you down." Leonard advanced that forbidden step; but as Richard

caught his eye, there was something in that eye—not defying, not threatening, but bold and dauntless—which Richard recognised and respected, for that something spoke the freeman. The uncle's arm mechanically fell to his side.

"You cannot strike me, Mr Avenel," said Leonard, "for you are aware that I could not strike again my mother's brother. As her son, I once more say to you,—ask her pardon."

"Ten thousand devils! Are you mad?—or do you want to drive me mad? you insolent beggar, fed and clothed by my charity. Ask her pardon!—what for? That she has made me the object of jeer and ridicule with that d—d cotton gown, and those double-d—d thick shoes. I vow and protest they've got nails in them! Hark ye, sir, I've been insulted by her, but I'm not to be bullied by you. Come with me instantly, or I discard you; not a shilling of mine shall you have as long as I live. Take your choice—be a peasant, a labourer, or"—

"A base renegade to natural affection, a degraded beggar indeed!"

cried Leonard, his breast heaving, and his cheeks in a glow. "Mother, mother, come away. Never fear—I have strength and youth, and we will work together as before."

But poor Mrs Fairfield, overcome by her excitement, had sunk down into Richard's own handsome morocco leather easy-chair, and could neither speak nor stir.

"Confound you both!" muttered Richard. "You can't be seen creeping out of my house now. Keep her here, you young viper, you; keep her till I come back; and then if you choose to go, go and be"—

Not finishing his sentence, Mr Avenel hurried out of the room, and locked the door, putting the key into his pocket. He paused for a moment in the hall, in order to collect his thoughts—drew three or four deep breaths—gave himself a great shake—and, resolved to be faithful to his principle of doing one thing at a time, shook off in that shake all disturbing recollection of his mutinous captives. Stern as Achilles when he appeared to the Trojans, Richard Avenel stalked back to his lawn.

CHAPTER XIX.

Brief as had been his absence, the host could see that, in the interval, a great and notable change had come over the spirit of his company. Some of those who lived in the town were evidently preparing to return home on foot; those who lived at a distance, and whose carriages (having been sent away, and ordered to return at a fixed hour) had not yet arrived, were gathered together in small knots and groups; all looked sullen and displeased, and all instinctively turned from their host as he passed them by. They felt they had been lectured, and they were more put out than Richard himself. They did not know if they might not be lectured again. This vulgar man, of what might he not be capable?

Richard's shrewd sense comprehended in an instant all the difficulties of his position; but he walked on deliberately and directly towards Mrs M'Catchley, who was standing near the grand marquee with the Pompleys

and the Dean's lady. As these personages saw him make thus boldly towards them, there was a flutter. "Hang the fellow!" said the Colonel, intrenching himself in his stock, "he is coming here. Low and shocking—what shall we do? Let us stroll on."

But Richard threw himself in the way of the retreat.

"Mrs M'Catchley," said he very gravely, and offering her his arm, "allow me three words with you."

The poor widow looked very much discomposed. Mrs Pompley pulled her by the sleeve. Richard still stood gazing into her face, with his arm extended. She hesitated a minute, and then took the arm.

"Monstrous impudent!" cried the Colonel.

"Let Mrs M'Catchley alone, my dear," responded Mrs Pompley; "she will know how to give him a lesson!"

"Madam," said Richard, as soon

as he and his companion were out of hearing, "I rely on you to do me a favour."

"On me?"

"On you, and you alone. You have influence with all those people, and a word from you will effect what I desire. Mrs M'Catchley," added Richard, with a solemnity that was actually imposing, "I flatter myself that you have some friendship for me, which is more than I can say of any other soul in these grounds—will you do me this favour, ay or no?"

"What is it, Mr Avenel?" asked Mrs M'Catchley, much disturbed, and somewhat softened—for she was by no means a woman without feeling; indeed, she considered herself nervous.

"Get all your friends—all the company in short—to come back into the tent for refreshments—for anything. I want to say a few words to them."

"Bless me! Mr Avenel—a few words!" cried the widow, "but that's just what they are all afraid of! You must pardon me, but you really can't ask people to a *déjeûné dansant*, and then—scold 'em!"

"I'm not going to scold them," said Mr Avenel, very seriously—"upon my honour, I'm not! I'm going to make all right, and I even hope afterwards that the dancing may go on—and that you will honour me again with your hand. I leave you to your task; and, believe me, I'm not an ungrateful man." He spoke, and bowed—not without some dignity—and vanished within the breakfast division of the marquee. There he busied himself in re-collecting the waiters, and directing them to rearrange the mangled remains of the table as they best could. Mrs M'Catchley, whose curiosity and interest were aroused, executed her commission with all the ability and tact of a woman of the world, and in less than a quarter of an hour the marquee was filled—the corks flew—the champagne bounced and sparkled—people drank in silence, munched fruits and cakes, kept up their courage with the conscious sense of numbers, and felt a great desire to know what was coming. Mr Avenel, at the head of the table, suddenly rose—

"Ladies and Gentlemen," said he, "I have taken the liberty to invite you once more into this tent, in order to ask you to sympathise with me, upon an occasion which took us all a little by surprise to-day.

"Of course, you all know I am a new man—the maker of my own fortunes."

A great many heads bowed involuntarily. The words were said manfully, and there was a general feeling of respect.

"Probably, too," resumed Mr Avenel, "you may know that I am the son of very honest tradespeople. I say honest, and they are not ashamed of me—I say tradespeople, and I'm not ashamed of them. My sister married and settled at a distance. I took her son to educate and bring up. But I did not tell her where he was, nor even that I had returned from America—I wished to choose my own time for that, when I could give her the surprise, not only of a rich brother, but of a son whom I intended to make a gentleman, so far as manners and education can make one. Well, the poor dear woman has found me out sooner than I expected, and turned the tables on me by giving me a surprise of her own invention. Pray, forgive the confusion this little family scene has created; and though I own it was very laughable at the moment, and I was wrong to say otherwise, yet I am sure I don't judge ill of your good hearts when I ask you to think what brother and sister must feel who parted from each other when they were boy and girl. To me (and Richard gave a great gulp—for he felt that a great gulp alone could swallow the abominable lie he was about to utter)—to me this has been a *very happy occasion!* I'm a plain man: no one can take ill what I've said. And, wishing that you may be all as happy in your family as I am in mine—humble though it be—I beg to drink your very good healths!"

There was an universal applause when Richard sate down—and so well in his plain way had he looked the thing, and done the thing, that at least half of those present—who till then had certainly disliked and half despised him—suddenly felt that they

were proud of his acquaintance. For however aristocratic this country of ours may be, and however especially aristocratic be the genteeler classes in provincial towns and coteries—there is nothing which English folks, from the highest to the lowest, in their hearts so respect as a man who has risen from nothing, and owns it frankly! Sir Compton Delaval, an old baronet, with a pedigree as long as a Welshman's, who had been reluctantly decoyed to the feast by his three unmarried daughters—not one of whom, however, had hitherto condescended even to bow to the host—now rose. It was his right—he was the first person there in rank and station.

“Ladies and Gentlemen,” quoth Sir Compton Delaval, “I am sure that I express the feelings of all present when I say that we have heard with great delight and admiration the words addressed to us by our excellent host. (Applause.) And if any of us, in what Mr Avenel describes justly as the surprise of the moment, were betrayed into an unseemly merriment at—at—(the Dean's lady whispered ‘some of the’)—some of the—some of the”—repeated Sir Compton, puzzled, and coming to a dead lock—(‘holiest sentiments,’ whispered the Dean's lady)—“ay, some of the holiest sentiments in our nature—I beg him to accept our sincerest apologies. I can only say, for my part, that I am proud to rank Mr Avenel amongst the gentlemen of the county, (here Sir Compton gave a sounding thump on the table,) and to thank him for one of the most brilliant entertainments it has ever been my lot to witness. If he won his fortune honestly, he knows how to spend it nobly!”

Whiz went a fresh bottle of champagne.

“I am not accustomed to public speaking, but I could not repress my sentiments. And I've now only to propose to you the health of our host, Richard Avenel, Esquire; and to couple with that the health of his—very interesting sister, and long life to them both!”

The sentence was half drowned in enthusiastic plaudits, and in three cheers for Richard Avenel, Esquire, and his very interesting sister.

“I'm a cursed humbug,” thought Richard Avenel, as he wiped his forehead; “but the world is such a humbug!”

Then he glanced towards Mrs M'Catchley, and, to his great satisfaction, saw Mrs M'Catchley wiping her eyes.

Now, though the fair widow might certainly have contemplated the probability of accepting Mr Avenel as a husband, she had never before felt the least bit in love with him; and now she did. There is something in courage and candour—at a word; in manliness—that all women, the most worldly, do admire in men; and Richard Avenel, humbug though his conscience said he was, seemed to Mrs M'Catchley like a hero.

The host saw his triumph. “Now for another dance!” said he gaily; and he was about to offer his hand to Mrs M'Catchley, when Sir Compton Delaval, seizing it, and giving it a hearty shake, cried, “You have not yet danced with my eldest daughter; so, if you won't ask her, why, I must offer her to you as your partner. Here—Sarah.”

Miss Sarah Delaval, who was five feet eight, and as stately as she was tall, bowed her head graciously; and Mr Avenel, before he knew where he was, found her leaning on his arm. But as he passed into the next division of the tent, he had to run the gauntlet of all the gentlemen, who thronged round to shake hands with him. Their warm English hearts could not be satisfied till they had so repaired the sin of their previous haughtiness and mockery. Richard Avenel might then have safely introduced his sister—gown, kerchief, thick shoes and all—to the crowd; but he had no such thought. He thanked heaven devoutly that she was safely under lock and key.

It was not till the third dance that he could secure Mrs M'Catchley's hand, and then it was twilight. The carriages were at the door, but no one yet thought of going. People were really enjoying themselves. Mr Avenel had had time, in the interim, to mature all his plans for completing and consummating that triumph which his tact and pluck had drawn from his momentary disgrace. Excited as he

was with wine and suppressed passion, he had yet the sense to feel that, when all the halo that now surrounded him had evaporated, and Mrs M'Catchley was redelivered up to the Pompleys, whom he felt to be the last persons his interest could desire for her advisers—the thought of his low relations would return with calm reflection. Now was the time. The iron was hot—now was the time to strike it, and forge the enduring chain.

As he led Mrs M'Catchley after the dance, into the lawn, he therefore said tenderly—

“How shall I thank you for the favour you have done me?”

“Oh!” said Mrs M'Catchley warmly, “it was no favour—and I am so glad”—She stopped.

“You're not ashamed of me, then, in spite of what has happened?”

“Ashamed of you! Why, I should be so proud of you, if I were—”

“Finish the sentence, and say—‘your wife!’—there it is out. My dear madam, I am rich, as you know; I love you very heartily. With your help, I think I can make a figure in a larger world than this; and that whatever my father, my grandson at least will be—But it is time enough to speak of *him*. What say you?—you turn away. I'll not tease you—it is not my way. I said before, ay or no; and your kindness so emboldens me that I say it again—ay or no?”

“But you take me so unawares—so—so—Lord, my dear Mr Avenel; you are so hasty—I—I—” And the widow actually blushed, and was genuinely bashful.

“Those horrid Pompleys!” thought Richard, as he saw the Colonel bustling up with Mrs M'Catchley's cloak on his arm.

“I press for your answer,” continued the suitor, speaking very fast. “I shall leave this place to-morrow, if you will not give it.”

“Leave this place—leave me?”

“Then you will be mine!”

“Ah, Mr Avenel!” said the widow, languidly, and leaving her hand in his; “who can resist you?”

Up came Colonel Pompley; Richard took the shawl: “No hurry for that now, Colonel—Mrs M'Catchley feels already at home here.”

Ten minutes afterwards, Richard Avenel so contrived that it was known by the whole company that their host was accepted by the Honourable Mrs M'Catchley. And every one said, “He is a very clever man, and a very good fellow,” except the Pompleys—and the Pompleys were frantic. Mr Richard Avenel had forced his way into the aristocracy of the country. The husband of an Honourable—connected with peers!

“He will stand for our city—Vulgarian!” cried the Colonel.

“And his wife will walk out before me,” cried the Colonel's lady—“nasty woman!” And she burst into tears.

The guests were gone; and Richard had now leisure to consider what course to pursue with regard to his sister and her son.

His victory over his guests had in much softened his heart towards his relations; but he still felt bitterly aggrieved at Mrs Fairfield's unseasonable intrusion, and his pride was greatly chafed by the boldness of Leonard. He had no idea of any man whom he had served, or meant to serve, having a will of his own—having a single thought in opposition to his pleasure. He began, too, to feel that words had passed between him and Leonard which could not be well forgotten by either, and would render their close connection less pleasant than heretofore. He, the great Richard Avenel, beg pardon of Mrs Fairfield, the washerwoman! No; she and Leonard must beg his. “That must be the first step,” said Richard Avenel; “and I suppose they have come to their senses.” With that expectation, he unlocked the door of his parlour, and found himself in complete solitude. The moon, lately risen, shone full into the room, and lit up every corner. He stared round, bewildered—the birds had flown. “Did they go through the key-hole?” said Mr Avenel. “Ha! I see!—the window is open!” The window reached to the ground. Mr Avenel, in his excitement, had forgotten that easy mode of egress.

“Well,” said he, throwing himself into his easy-chair, “I suppose I shall soon hear from them; “they'll be wanting my money fast enough, I fancy.” His eye caught sight of a

letter, unsealed, lying on the table. He opened it, and saw bank-notes to the amount of £50—the widow's forty-five country notes, and a new note, Bank of England, that he had lately given to Leonard. With the money were these lines, written in Leonard's bold, clear writing, though a word or two here and there showed that the hand had trembled—

"I thank you for all you have done to one whom you regarded as the object of charity. My mother and I forgive what has passed. I depart

with her. You bade me make my choice, and I have made it.

"LEONARD FAIRFIELD."

The paper dropped from Richard's hand, and he remained mute and remorseful for a moment. He soon felt, however, that he had no help for it but working himself up into a rage. "Of all people in the world," cried Richard, stamping his foot on the floor, "there are none so disagreeable, insolent, and ungrateful as poor relations. I wash my hands of them!"

OUR COMMERCIAL AND MANUFACTURING PROSPERITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

LIVERPOOL, *May 13, 1851.*

SIR,—There is nothing so greatly to be desired at the present moment as an accurate knowledge of the social and industrial condition of the British people. The careful and wise physician, who has been tempted to resort to a new mode of treating the disease of his patient, is to be found at his bed-side, watching every symptom produced, testing from time to time the strength of the current of life, and guarding himself, by every available means, against being led away by those treacherous efforts of the vital principle within to maintain its hold upon the flesh, which are not unfrequently the precursors of dissolution. And thus the statesman ought to act, who has submitted the interests of an entire community to the untried operation of a great experiment. It is the duty of such a man to carry his observations below the mere surface of society; to test practically the condition of every class; to throw aside that hackneyed and deceitful evidence, which gives only great national results; and to ascertain, if possible, whether the show, which may exist, of present health and vigour, is not bought by the sacrifice of some portion of the community, whose prostration will ultimately endanger the stability of the whole. Such, however, is not the wholesome practice of the political doctors of the present day. They have prescribed; and, whether he will or not, they insist that the

patient is doing well. If any particular portion of the community, which compose the patient, remark that they are suffering from the effect of the prescription, they are assured that their case is only a temporary exception to the general rule. And if other important classes join to swell the cry of complaint, they are coolly assured, that their representations are altogether at issue with the statistics of the Board of Trade, and are therefore fabulous; that the imports and exports have increased; that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has a surplus; that, therefore, they are most unreasonable and benighted people; and finally, as a clenching fact, to be admitted by every one, they are told that the manufacturing and commercial interests never before enjoyed a condition of more plethoric prosperity.

I propose, sir, with all deference to these doctors, to dispute the fact of the healthy state of the manufacturing and commercial interests, which seem to engross so completely the sympathies and care of the Legislature; and in doing so I shall, as on a former occasion, take my evidence from documents received as authoritative amongst themselves, viz., the periodical Trades Circulars, and from such other correct data as can be derived from communications with practical and well-informed parties. Lest it should be said that I am taking undue advantage of the depression

existing at present in the cotton manufacturing business, caused in part by the decline in the price of the raw material, I shall give the reports of two months, during the former of which prices were advancing. It is but fair to do so; and the truth is all that we aim at. Without further preface, therefore, I take up the Circular of Messrs T. and H. Littledale and Co., the extensive brokers of Liverpool, dated April 4th. Two of the most important articles of consumption in this country—especially as bearing upon the social position of our population—are sugar and coffee. We have already been legislating to promote the increased consumption of the former, by withdrawing the protection given to the colonial grower, and admitting the produce of foreign slave labour on more favourable terms. How, then, does the consumption of sugar this year bear out the assertions made to us by the Free-Traders, that the country is in a state of increasing prosperity? Messrs Littledale report:—

“SUGAR.—We have had another unsatisfactory month in sugar, and though holders generally have refrained from pressing their stocks on the market, prices have declined 1s. per cwt. The country demand has been extremely limited, being almost confined to daily requirements, and our wholesale dealers have in consequence purchased very sparingly—indeed there is a general want of confidence pervading all our markets, which it is difficult to account for. The arrivals of sugar during the month have been large, chiefly from the East and South America, and the total deficiency of stock in the country is now only 25,000 tons. Trade is equally depressed on the Continent—they taking their tone from the prospects in this country—and the demand for foreign sugar has been unusually limited. The consumption for the month has rather increased, though the three months show a falling off of 2000 tons, the quantity duty paid so far this year being 57,000 tons against 59,000. Molasses have also participated in the general flatness, and lower prices have been accepted, particularly for the common descriptions.”

This was certainly not a very favourable state of things, and argued little in favour of a greater consuming power existing amongst our popula-

tion. I would particularly direct attention to it, as bearing upon the reduction which has taken place in the consumption of another article—coffee—which in the first three months of this year has been 5,200,000 lb. against 5,700,000 lb. in the same months of 1850, showing a decrease of 500,000 lb. The Chancellor of the Exchequer attributes this “apparent” decrease, as he considers it, to an extended adulteration with chicory, and assures us that we are now consuming more of the mixed article called *coffee* than at any former period in our history. But people generally sweeten this beverage with sugar; and the falling off in the consumption of that article is not quite in keeping with the assumption of an increase in the consumption of coffee, adulterated or not. Moreover, the resort of a large portion of our population to an article of food deteriorated as described, is not a very satisfactory proof of their prosperous condition. It is notorious how sensitive the palates of a well-fed and well-paid population become. Let us proceed, however, to examine the state of our markets for raw materials. Of the article *silk* Messrs Littledale remark—

“The preceding month has been marked by a want of demand for all raw and thrown silks, not known for many years previous at this season of the year, particularly as importers and dealers have evinced a disposition to meet the wishes of the trade.

“Amongst the causes of the depression, there has been an inability on the part of manufacturers to sell their goods, and a considerable falling off in the exportation of raw and manufactured silks.”

A similar account is given of another important raw material—wool:—

“There has been but few transactions in wool since the public sales; and though prices have remained stationary, there is little disposition on the part of manufacturers to purchase, owing to the want of demand for their goods, which have considerably accumulated for the last two months.”

I append the summing up of this story of depression and suffering:—

“GENERAL REMARKS.—We regret again having to repeat the same unvarying tale of dulness in our produce mar-

kets, but seldom has such a state of things continued with so little change for three months in succession, as has been the case for the first quarter of '51. Notwithstanding, however, this total want of animation, there is a moderate consumptive demand from day to day, and the light stocks in the hands of dealers would warrant the expectation of relief to importers ere long.

"It affords a strong proof of the sound position of produce, as regards prices, to see how little decline, comparatively, has taken place throughout this long suspension;—with the exception of *indigo*, which had been previously driven up 1s. per lb. by speculation, and has now lost nearly the same; and *sugar*, partly from the same cause, but more from the depression existing amongst the refiners, attributed in some degree to the increased competition of Dutch refined sugar, and the country grocers working off their previously heavy stocks of raw sugar—the value of most articles remain without material change—say cotton, silk, wool, tea, saltpetre, oil seeds, ivory, kips, spices, spirits, and other minor articles.

"*Coffee* forms another exception; but when the largely increased estimates of supply, the long suspense of the Budget, and the diminished consumption from the amount of unheard-of trash now used in adulteration are considered, the surprise is that the decline has not been greater.

"We do not, however, believe that the country at large is by any means in so prosperous a condition as generally supposed—and hence this protracted depression. To say nothing of the agricultural and shipping interests—notoriously bad—there is scarcely one article of import which gives a profit to the importer at the present moment. And even amongst the different classes of manufacturers, complaints are very general—the silk men cannot get rid of their stocks—in the woollen districts short time is being partially resorted to, to reduce the discrepancy between the relative value of wool and yarns. At Manchester the home trade continues dull; and though the export of calicoes and yarns show a great excess over 1850—as Messrs Du Fay and Co. justly observe—'quantity alone is not an infallible test of the prosperity of our export trade, as many a pound of yarn and many a yard of cloth exported this year has not left any profit either to the maker or sender, while our printers, dyers, and finishers have been loud in their complaints about want of employment.' The iron trade, too, has long been in a most depressed state. With all these adverse features, how can the

country be said to be prosperous, and how can it be otherwise than that our produce markets should feel the effect!"

In their *May* Circular, Messrs Littledale remark, with respect to the article of *sugar*:—

"In the early part of the month the demand for all descriptions of sugar was exceedingly limited, and it was almost impossible to effect sales at anything approaching to a market value; but we are happy to have it in our power to be able to quote a decided improvement in the demand, and the grocers show a disposition to get into stock at the present moderate rate."

They add, "The consumption is going on steadily; and the stock in the country is estimated at 25,000 tons less than this time last year." I need scarcely apologise for directing attention to the paragraph which I have marked in italics. The decrease of stock spoken of may have had quite as much to do with the reported increase of demand as any real increase of the actual consumption. Sugar has been, evidently, an article of tolerably safe investment for the capitalist. Besides, the three preceding months had exhibited a decreased demand from the trade; and stocks in the hands of the retailers, previously large, and becoming exhausted, would have to be replenished. Moreover, the approach of the fruit season invariably affects the demand for sugar.

With respect to the article of *silk*, Messrs Littledale do little more than repeat their remarks of the preceding month. They say:—

"The considerable transactions alluded to in our circular of the 21st ultimo, which had taken place in China silks at a reduction of 1s. 6d. per lb., and in Italians of 2s. to 3s. per lb., and others in the same proportion, led us to hope that trade was about to resume a more healthy state, having been so much depressed since the commencement of the year; but we regret there is still little disposition to purchase shown by the manufacturers, who are unable to dispose of their accumulated stocks of manufactured goods for the spring trade; and this has induced several of the principal manufacturers and throwsters to resort to short time in Macclesfield, Congleton, and other places. Our export trade is greatly diminished, and prices are still depressed both for raw and thrown silks."

Of *silk waste, knobbs, and husks*—rather important materials, as composing a portion of the wear of the humbler classes of our population, and a great part of our exports of mixed fabrics—they state:—

“The supply has been large for the last six weeks, and prices have declined 3d. per lb. on gum waste, and 1d. to 1½d. per lb. on knobbs and husks, in consequence of the check given to exportations of yarns to France and Germany, which had so much assisted the spinners for the last twelve months.”

Of *wool* they remark that “the market remains quiet, and business generally contracted.” I append their “General Remarks,” which, although in a trifling degree more encouraging than those contained in their *April Circular*, given above, are anything but satisfactory:—

“We are happy to report a somewhat more cheerful feeling in our colonial markets, as well as a more extensive business, particularly in sugar, which, after five months’ dulness, has come into active demand, and will, in all probability, continue so for some time. Indigo, too, has rallied, and regained part of its decline. The final settlement of the Chancellor’s Budget has imparted more confidence to coffee, and the more general adoption of grinding the berry at home, instead of purchasing the mixed trash from the grocers, may tend greatly to increase the consumption of the article, while it is the only sure means of checking the present shameful system of adulteration. The equalisation of the duty has produced comparatively little effect: colonial has declined 3s. to 5s., and foreign advanced 3s. per cwt. As to its preventing the fraud intended is ridiculous, so long as the adulterating article can be had at 1d. to 1½d. per lb., whilst the cheapest class of coffee, duty paid, costs 6d. in an unroasted state. The reports from the *cotton, woollen, and silk districts show a depressed trade*; the former, no doubt, in a great measure owing to the uncertain position of our cotton market.”

I shall not say a word more in comment upon this extract than to state that, with respect to *indigo*, (a very important dyeing material, which is reported to have rallied since the previous month,) their closing remark is, that “the market continues very dull.”

Since the publication of Messrs

Littledale’s *Circular*, however, the slight improvement in the demand for colonial produce, to which they refer, has almost entirely disappeared. Sugar, indeed, has maintained itself, for both the reasons mentioned above—viz., the small stock, and the approach of the principal season of consumption. With respect to other articles, I quote the report of the writer of the city article in the *London Times* of 10th May:—

“Coffee has met with very little inquiry, and prices have again declined: plantation Ceylon has fallen 1s. 6d., while native is fully 1s. lower. Mocha also shows a reduction of 3s., and other descriptions of foreign are dull. Rice continues extremely depressed, and all the quantities offered have been taken in. Saltpetre has fallen 6d. per cwt. The spice market continues rather quiet, but considerable sales are advertised for next week. In tea, business has been somewhat checked by the arrival of several vessels, the cargoes of which have not yet been put upon the market, but the dealers look forward to these to fix prices for some time to come. Common congou is still quoted at 1s. per lb. At the public sale of Tuesday about one-fourth of the quantity put up found buyers. There was not any particular spirit apparent in the biddings, nor any alteration from previous prices.”

The dulness in the Liverpool market is equally great.

But the cotton-manufacturing business—surely, it will be said, that great stronghold of the Free-trade party must be an exception to the general rule, notwithstanding the doubts upon the subject expressed by Messrs Du Fay and Co. in their *April Circular*. In the first place, however, I may remark that the members of the firm in question are thorough Free-Traders, doing a large export business to the German and other Continental markets, from which we have been drawing a considerable portion of our grain supplies. I may add that, in their *Circular* issued at the commencement of the present year, they indulged in the most lively anticipations of a prosperous business to come. I need not, however, confine myself to the evidence of Messrs Du Fay and Co. upon the condition of the cotton-manufacturing interest, for I have before me

abundant confirmatory evidence in the circulars of other eminent mercantile houses. Take the following from the highly respectable firm of Messrs M'Nair, Greenhow, and Irvine, dated "Manchester, March 31st, 1851 :"—

"*March*, which is generally looked forward to in this district as a period when great activity ought to prevail, has this year certainly failed in sustaining its ordinary reputation. Much akin to the changes connected with the seasons, *the old landmarks, in a business point of view, would appear to be passing away. Great social and commercial changes in this country, in the abstract, readily and easily account for this.*

"The improved feeling indicated in our last Circular was but of momentary duration. With the supplies which had been then secured, a gradual cessation of operations, consequent upon the declining state of the cotton market, immediately took place, acquiring greater force and confirmation, and accompanied with a material fall in the value of both goods and yarns, until about the middle of the month, when intelligence from the United States, indicating a rise in cotton, had the effect of causing considerable transactions to be entered into, in yarns and goods for Germany, Italy, India, China, and some other Eastern as well as South American and West Indian markets. The accounts by the last 'overland mail' being also of a more satisfactory character, tended to increase operations, and to impart a degree of greater confidence to the market generally. The consequence has been the recovery of the decline in prices which had previously taken place, and the rates now ruling are much about what they were a month ago—if certain descriptions be excepted."

Before completing the quotation, I may be allowed to refer briefly to two portions of the above. "The old landmarks of trade are passing away!" Yes, we have thrown the manufacturer into increased dependence upon foreign markets, whilst we have limited proportionally the home demand; and hence he is continually at sea, both with respect to the quantities and qualities of the goods which it is prudent in him to produce. As Messrs M'Nair remark, in another portion of their Circular, of one description of cloth—and the remark is applicable generally—"Great irregularity of prices

prevails; *the wanted or not wanted fabric determining the value.*" Occasionally we hear, as in the second paragraph, of increased confidence pervading the entire manufacture; but then it is caused solely by some intelligence received indicative of a rise in the raw material, by which buyers are induced to make a speculative increase in their stocks, or by favourable news from some distant market giving a temporary impulse to business. Messrs M'Nair conclude:—

"Though the transactions indicated have imparted much greater confidence generally, *the market is far from being satisfactory.* Complaints to this effect are very frequent, and determined resolutions in favour of *reducing the production of cloth of certain descriptions are becoming general on the part of manufacturers, who assign, with reason, their inability to render their manufactures remunerative. Vitality is wanted; and the absence of anything approaching to a demand for the country trade contributes necessarily to aggravate and deepen the dissatisfaction. It is but within the recollection of few of those engaged in it, that the demand for it has been so trifling.* The heavy purchases made in December; the unusual mildness of the winter and spring, which has left much of the winter supplies undisposed of; and *the condition of some of the agricultural districts, together with a disposition on the part of many of the retail dealers in the United Kingdom to delay, as far as possible, purchases of fancy goods especially until after the opening of the ensuing Exhibition, have, individually and collectively, produced the present state of things.*

"The accounts with respect to the supply of cotton are still of a very conflicting character; and as stocks here, of goods and yarns, in consequence of the price of the raw material, rule relatively high, future operations must, we think, be rigidly governed by existing wants.

"Continuing to dissent from the views of many parties who, at its commencement, prognosticated almost unqualified prosperity, we remain steadfast in the belief that much caution and circumspection will be required throughout the year. Apart from considerations connected with the value and supply of cotton, the negative efforts of the Legislature, so far, *this session, and which have, during the closing month, exercised an injurious influence upon the trade and commerce of the country, involve the*

probability of political changes, in our opinion, at no distant period; and though much too early to form a conclusive opinion, humanly speaking, the nature of the winter and spring has been so far unfavourable, in the opinion of many, to a well-grounded belief in an abundant harvest."

What say these gentlemen in the month following? Bear in mind that a turn has taken place in the cotton market. The crop is reported larger than was anticipated; and prices have declined. But does that circumstance bear out such a statement as the following?—

"The demand, which throughout the month has been limited to existing wants, as indeed it was sure to be, has been essentially confined to export purposes, little or nothing having been done for the country trade, which continues in the same inanimate condition."

If it was a mere transition state in the price of the raw material which produced the "gradually increasing dulness and depression" of which these gentlemen complain in another part of their Circular, the foreign demand would surely be as much affected by it as the home demand. Messrs M'Nair and Co. conclude:—

"Altogether, the condition of this market cannot but be regarded as very unsatisfactory. Spinners and manufacturers are almost everywhere, with too much reason, complaining of the loss incidental to their calling; and no important or permanent amelioration need be apprehended, until something decisive can be realised regarding the supply and value of cotton. Then, and not until then, can we expect a better state of things; for the recollection of the value of the raw material and the manufactured article in 1848, cannot be supposed to pass away from the memory so soon. The working of short time is on the increase, and many of the smaller class of producers will, we fear, be obliged to give way to the pressure now operating against them."

I may briefly remark, that every report which has come from the cotton manufacturing districts since the commencement of the present month has spoken of increasing depression. Messrs Du Fay and Co.'s Circular for May, however, deserves a passing

notice. These gentlemen, I may repeat, are Free-Traders, and of the most sanguine temperament. They have been prophesying the advent of a Millennium of manufacturing prosperity for months past; and still they "babble of green fields"—of a near approach to an oasis in the dreary desert of our experience of Free Trade. This very month, with stagnation and difficulty around them on every side, they say—mark the apologetic view!—

"We shall be very much disappointed if from this time forward, although upon a different basis, and in a contrary direction, the present month do not prove, like that of last year, the starting-point of a more extensive and regular business than we have hitherto enjoyed in 1851."

They continue—

"Business in the United States of America has assumed rather a better aspect as regards the sale of English fabrics, although prices are still named as unsatisfactory for most articles, and particularly for the coarser descriptions of domestics and other home-made goods. It is evident that the American manufacturers have suffered even more than our own from the anomalous state of prices of the raw material and goods."

Our own manufacturers and exporters have suffered, then; but the American manufacturers have suffered more! Let me refer to another authority on this point—the *New York Courier and Enquirer* of the 16th ult., which was received in Liverpool on the 28th, probably whilst the circular of Messrs Du Fay and Co. was in the press. The *Courier* says of the market for foreign dry goods—

"The past week has been a busy one with the auctioneers generally; but at private sale, operations have not equalled the expectations of holders. Still there has been a considerable amount of business with the importers and domestic commission-houses, especially for the month of April. The jobbers are now extremely busy, and large sales are making daily to the northern and western trade. Notwithstanding the activity of trade, the desire to realise is so great, that prices are even lower than they were a week since, with an evident downward tendency as the season advances.

"The very heavy sales made of domestic light prints have put an end to all inquiry for the foreign article; and we do not know

a case of English prints that will bring the prime cost, whilst the majority must suffer a heavy loss. The prospect for prints is anything but agreeable.

"Nor is the market better for gingham : few, if any, bring cost and charges, and the market is completely overstocked. The long passages of the vessels have kept back the goods so late that parties who had bought them by sample card refused to receive them when they arrived. This misfortune has added to the previous difficulties, and many consignees have thought it best to sell the goods at the best prices they could obtain, rather than hold them until another season.

"There has been some inquiry for lawns, and sales have been effected at a very low figure indeed: the consigner must expect a shabby account of these goods in due time. *The American article was forced upon the market through the auctions in such large quantities as to spoil the prices for the entire season. The losses on lawns will be twenty-five per cent at least.*"

A still later account, received by the mail, which reached here yesterday morning, says of the market for foreign dry goods, manufactures of cotton, wool, &c., in New York :—

"Prices realised thus far this season have not been at all satisfactory, and large losses must be submitted to on stocks now on hand, before the fall trade commences. The raw material for most manufactured articles is likely to be much cheaper than at present; and in that event, goods already in the market will stand a very poor chance of paying cost."—*New York Herald, April 29.*

Messrs Du Fay and Co. conclude:—

"The condition of the mass of the people in this country continues satisfactory; and although we do not question that the home trade has suffered momentarily from an accumulation of secondary, and almost unaccountable circumstances, we have no doubt it will gradually improve. Symptoms of improvement are already, if we mistake not, dawning upon us; indeed, there has been more inquiry and more business done, at the low prices which our spinners and manufacturers have been obliged to submit to, during the last two days. Some of the poorer foreign markets will again be able to take our cotton goods at moderately low prices."

The public, I fancy, would have preferred a few facts to these mere opinions of theirs. The "symptoms

of improvement" spoken of have long since been dissipated.

It was a striking remark which was made by Lord Stanley, at the dinner given recently at the Merchant Tailors' Hall, that "the amount of cotton taken into consumption, in 1850, falls short of the amount of consumption in the year 1846, by 100,000 bales, or 40,000,000 lb.; or, to give a better idea of the amount, by what would be equivalent to 200,000,000 yards of calico." But a little further examination would almost lead us to the conclusion, especially with the evidence contained in the above circulars before us, that, under our present system, the cotton manufacture of this country has reached the maximum to which it can safely be carried. The Free-Trader would remind his lordship that some portion of the falling off referred to was attributable to the prevailing high prices of the raw material. But we have the evidence before us that, whereas the cotton manufacture nearly doubled itself from 1832, when the consumption was 858,438 bales, as given in Mr Burns' *Commercial Glance*, to 1845, when it was 1,577,617 bales, it has been stationary ever since—the average of the last five years having only reached 1,457,363 bales—a falling off of nearly 120,000 bales, or about one-twelfth of the entire manufacture, during a period when the average price of cotton was certainly not very high. The home demand has notoriously decreased; and what is there in the prospect before us to hold out any reasonable expectation of a large accession of foreign demand to supply the vacancy created? There is no such ground of hope; but, on the contrary, there is every prospect of an increasingly hostile competition against us in every market of the world.

It is a very material point to bear in mind, when inquiring into the state of the manufacturing interest, that, as remarked by Messrs Du Fay and Co., "Quantity alone is not an infallible test of the prosperity of our export trade—as many a pound of yarn and many a yard of cloth exported this year has not left any profit either to the

maker or the sender;" a valuable admission, by the bye, from a Free-trade authority! But there is another fact which it is important to remember, that, in the long run, every pound of that yarn, and every yard of that cloth exported, must be paid for in imported foreign produce. If we have sacrificed the home market for the purpose of stimulating the export trade in manufactures, we shall find that, at the same time, we have decreased the power of our population to consume the foreign produce, received as the returns for those manufactures. What are we to think of the nature of such an export trade as this, when we are told by such a firm as that of Messrs Littledale, that "there is scarcely one article of import which gives a profit to the importer at the present moment"? Why, it is like opening the sack at both ends! If we cannot maintain a pros-

perous body of consumers at home, we cannot import at a profit; and if we cut down our imports, a decrease of exports is inevitable. A more suicidal policy than that which the selfish greed of the manufacturing interest has dictated, it is impossible to conceive; and it is not at all improbable that the fact is already forcing itself upon their conviction. In fact, very many reasonable people amongst the Free-trade party in the manufacturing districts now admit that the system is not working to their satisfaction.

It is perfectly demonstrable that the margin at present existing between the manufactured article and the raw material, which represents wear and tear of machinery, labour, factorage, and profit, has been very materially decreased during the last five years. I append the relative prices of a few staple articles in 1845 and 1851 in proof of this fact:—

	No. 40's. Water Twist. Common Seconds.		No. 40's. Water Twist. Best Seconds.	
1845.				
Price,	12½d.		13¾d.	
Price of bowed cotton,	4d.		4d.	
Left for wages, profit, &c.,	8½d.		9¾d.	
1851.				
Price,	12¼d.		13d.	
Bowed cotton,	7d.		7d.	
Left for wages, profit, &c.,	5½d.		6d.	
	No. 40's. Mule Twist. Common Seconds.		No. 40's. Mule Twist. Best Seconds.	
1845.				
Price,	9¾d.		10¾d.	
Bowed cotton,	4d.		4d.	
Left for wages, profit, &c.,	5½d.		6¾d.	
1851.				
Price,	10¾d.		11¼d.	
Bowed cotton,	7d.		7d.	
Left for wages, profit, &c.,	3¾d.		4¼d.	
	¾ Printer's Cloth.		Shirtings.	
	26 in. 64r. 4 lb. 2 oz.	27 in. 72r. 4 lb. 13 oz.	40 in. 60r. 8 lb.	
1845.				
Price,	4s. 11¼d.	6s. 0d.	9s. 2d.	
Cost of cotton,	1s. 4¼d.	1s. 7d.	2s. 8d.	
Left for wages, profit, &c.,	3s. 7d.	4s. 5d.	6s. 6d.	
1851.				
Price,	4s. 7¼d.	5s. 6d.	9s. 9d.	
Cost of cotton,	2s. 5d.	2s. 9d.	4s. 8d.	
Left for wages, profit, &c.,	2s. 2¼d.	2s. 9d.	5s. 1d.	

We have thus, for spinning a pound of

Water twist, No. 40,	common seconds,	less by	3½d.
"	" best	"	3¾d.
Mule twist,	" common	"	1¾d.
"	" best	"	2½d.

And for spinning and manufacturing a piece of

¾ Printer's cloth, 26 in. 64 ^r ,	less by	1s. 4½d.
" 27 in. 72 ^r ,	"	1s. 8d.
Shirtings, 40 in. 60 ^r ,	"	1s. 5d.

Obviously, then, if we could even boast of an increased production of manufactured cotton goods, which we cannot, that increase would not show a profitable result to the manufacturer; and although our exports of manufactured goods have increased in quantity, or official value, they have gone out to the foreigner leaving very much less behind them as a return for the interest of capital, machinery, labour, and profit. If we admit that the declared value of our cotton exports has increased, that circumstance is solely attributable to the higher rates which we have had to pay for the raw material.

But the operative classes in the manufacturing districts, it will be urged, are doing well. They, at any rate, are enjoying the full advantages of a cheap loaf. I grant that this is the case wherever the operative is in full employment at full wages. But it is perfectly obvious that there can be no increased demand for labour in the cotton-manufacturing districts to insure either full employment or full wages; for the production has decreased since 1845. We have had

also, during the last five years, a large displacement of human labour by improvements in manufacturing machinery. It is in the nature of things, too, that our operative population should have increased in numbers since 1845. Can a decreased manufacture have absorbed this increase? Surely not. It is clear, then, that, although we have heard as yet of no general reduction of wages in the manufacturing districts—the Free-Traders being unwilling so soon to throw off the mask, and to confirm the assertion of their opponents that cheap labour was one of the principal objects of their agitation—there must be accumulating in these districts a surplus supply of hands, which renders such a general reduction inevitable. It is not to be supposed that a body of men, whose profits, as I have shown above, have so greatly diminished—if, indeed, any profit at all attends their business—will continue to pay high wages in an overstocked labour market. A fact or two will show how speedily the boon of a cheap loaf for the operative would disappear in case of such an event:—

In 1845, factory wages were advanced	5 per cent.
In 1846, (the beginning) another	5 „
In all,	10 per cent.
In 1847 (March) they were reduced	10 „
	0 per cent.

The previous advance thus disappearing.

In 1845, wheat was on the average 50s. 9d. per quarter, and the price of 12 lb. of common seconds flour in Manchester (as per Board of Trade Returns) was	1s. 8d.
In 1850, wheat was 40s. 4d.; 12 lb. seconds flour,	1s. 4d.
Saving per 12 lb.,	0s. 4d.

Assuming 24 lb. of flour to be the consumption, per week, of a family consisting of an adult male and female, and three children, and that the average earnings amounted to 25s. per week, the saving in bread would be

8d. weekly, whilst a reduction of ten per cent in wages would be a loss of 2s. 6d. weekly.

But it is not even the fact at present that the operative classes in the manufacturing districts are fully employed; and, in noticing this truth, I must explain that the prosperity "Trade Reports," which we occasionally find in the various newspapers, stating that these classes are so employed, are calculated very seriously to mislead the reader. When it is stated that the operative population is in full work, the inference which would be drawn by the uninformed in such matters is, that the whole of that population was referred to. The reports in question, however, in nine cases out of ten, refer solely to the factory hands—to those engaged in converting the raw material into manufactured goods in any of the stages of its convertibility into money. Such a state of full employment of this class of the manufacturing population is quite consistent with accumulating stocks, and the absence of employment of a very numerous class, usually engaged in the ulterior processes required to prepare the goods produced for the consumers' market. Thus we have for the past quarter fully kept up to the production of the corresponding quarter of last year. In other words, we are working up into yarns and cloth as much cotton as we did in the first quarter of 1850. But I refer back to the extract given in Messrs Du Fay and Co.'s Circular; and there we are told that "our printers, dyers, and finishers have been loud in their complaints about want of employment." The parties engaged in these trades are by no means a mere handful. They are large consumers of imported produce, in the shape of dye-stuffs, colours, and chemicals, both foreign and native. It is their labour and skill added to the rude manufacture which gives its chief value to our manufactured products, whether for home consumption or export. A thousand pounds' weight of cotton yarn exported may leave only as many threepences or sixpences of profit to the nation. A thousand pieces of cotton cloth may leave only from eighteenpence to two shillings per piece of profit—capital-

ised labour—to the nation. The remainder of the price of each is only the cost re-exported of the imported raw material. But that yarn and that cloth, worked up by the skill, the taste, and the labour of the printer, the dyer, and the finisher, leave behind to the country, when exported, a largely increased balance as the nett earnings of the national industry. Hence it is a woful sign when, as most correctly stated by Messrs Du Fay and Co., these classes "are loud in their complaints about want of employment."

But I may be referred to the high price of the raw material as having tended to limit the demand for cotton manufactures. To a certain extent, no doubt, this is true; but not nearly to the extent which the Free-Traders would have us believe. Were this the main cause of a diminished consumption of cotton goods, we should surely witness an increased consumption of the article substituted. We find no such symptom, however; but, on the contrary, dulness appears to pervade nearly every manufacturing market. In proof, I append reports of a few of these; and, to avoid the possible imputation of any unjust bias, I have taken them from a Free Trade and prosperity paper—the *Manchester Guardian*:—

ROCHDALE, *Monday, April 7.*—The flannel market to-day has been quiet and inactive, and much like that of last Monday. In kerseys and coarse goods there has been little doing, and the purchases have been upon a much more limited scale. The wool-dealers complain of the little demand for the raw material, but still keep up the former prices.

HALIFAX, *Saturday, April 8.*—The worsted trade presents no noticeable feature of variation since our last; the demand for most descriptions of goods being still languid, and the merchants manifesting great reluctance to purchase. In the yarn market there have been more sales, under the impression that prices are at the lowest; but the spinners are producing less, as the quotations are very unsatisfactory.

HUDDERSFIELD, *Tuesday, April 8.*—Our market to-day, although pretty well attended by buyers, has scarcely been an average one: business has not been so brisk in the Cloth Hall; stocks look heavier than they have done for some time.

MACCLESFIELD, *Tuesday, April 8.*—We are again under the necessity of reporting a similar state of things to that of last week; very little business having taken place in the interim. The wholesale houses are said to be exceedingly busy, but as yet are buying sparingly. It may, however, be fairly anticipated that they will shortly become purchasers; to what extent remains to be seen, as, up to the present, scarcely a shadow of the usual spring trade has been done.

LEEDS, *Tuesday, April 8.*—On Saturday there was more done at the Cloth Halls than has been the case for some time back, but to-day the market has only been a quiet one. There has been no alteration to notice in prices, and stocks do not increase.

That the depression in these markets was not accidental, and that it still exists, is clearly shown in Messrs Littledale's May Circular, from which I have quoted above. And that the market for cotton manufactures is in a still more deplorable state than last month, is evident from the following account, which I quote from the *Manchester Courier* of the 10th inst.—

“We are still without any decided improvement, the market continuing dull and depressed, with a further downward tendency. At the early part of the week an expression was indulged in, that we had reached the lowest point; but the wish seemed to be father to the thought, as prices have still further receded since then, and no offer at all, within reason, has been refused. *Perhaps, on the whole, there has not been such an utter stagnation in business, either in yarns for home consumption or export; but, at the same time, what orders have been given out are confined to such as would not admit of further delay, and manufacturers seem to be buying yarns merely to such an extent as will enable them to execute such orders as they receive, or have not yet completed. Yarns of all kinds are ½d. to ¼d. lower this week, and at this reduction the greater portion of the purchases have been made for home use. On Tuesday some business was done for Germany, which has since been more restricted again. Yarns are by no means largely held, so that on the first renewal of the demand an upward movement may be expected, but in the present weak state of the cotton market all purchases are naturally confined within the narrowest limits. There has been rather more inquiry for cloth; but, extremely low as prices are, buyers find a lower depth, and*

but little business has been done. Stocks have not accumulated to so great an extent as might have been supposed, which is to be accounted for by the *large number of looms that are now standing, not only in Manchester but in the out towns.*”

But if it is the high price of cotton which has checked consumption during the past four months, and the greater part of last year, how is it that, in the five years beginning from 1846, the average production of goods has been less than in 1845? During the greater part of these years prices have been low, as will be seen from the following table:—

	Price of Bowed Cotton last week of Dec.	Consumption. Bales.
1845,	3½d. to 4½d.	1,577,617
1846,	1d. ~ 7½d.	1,561,232
1847,	3½d. ~ 5d.	1,120,279
1848,	3½d. ~ 4½d.	1,504,541
1849,	5½d. ~ 6½d.	1,584,831
1850,	6½d. ~ 8d.	1,515,931
Average of last five years, }		1,457,363 bales.

But it will be said that 1847 was an exceptional year—a year of monetary panic and commercial disaster, induced by our large imports of foreign grain deranging our vicious banking system. Leave 1847 out, however, and the deficiency remains striking. We were to have had, as the result of those large importations, an extended foreign trade. We have had such an extension—whether attended with profit to those engaged in it, or not, is a question for them to settle. And our position at the present moment only serves the more clearly to show, that *no practicable extension of our foreign trade can make up for the loss of the home market.* Of the entire quantity of cotton spun in England in 1849, we exported, according to Mr Burns' tables, 369,027,962 lb. We exported in 1850, 401,064,575 lb. Yet the total consumption in 1850, as shown above, was less than that of 1849, by 68,900 bales. The falling off is obviously in the home market, which, from the higher and more perfected class of goods consumed in it, is the last to feel the effect of an advance of a penny or two per lb. in the price of the raw material.

Strive as the Free-Traders may to mystify matters, exhaust their laboratory of statistics, twist and torture

facts, and invent reasons till they become "plenty as blackberries," the truth cannot be got rid of, that there has been a large falling off in the consumption of the agricultural districts throughout the kingdom. How could it be otherwise? Can the struggling small farmer afford to consume the imports of the merchant and the goods of the manufacturer, with wheat not realising for him more than a *nett* price of 35s. per quarter, to the same extent which he was enabled to do with wheat at 56s. per quarter? The idea is preposterous. Nor can the large farmers, who are now paying rent out of capital, afford long to keep up their present consumption. The landowner, too, with his income diminished by from 15 to 25 per cent., must inevitably be driven to retrench his expenditure somewhere. As yet this process is only beginning. Men do not ordinarily go down the social scale *per saltum*. The agricultural classes, at least, do not. They cling to their accustomed position with a tenacity inspired by hope, grasping at any means which offers itself to retard their fall; but this resistance to their certain fate cannot last long. New experiments, new modes of culture, reduced expenses, and, alas! less wages for the labourer, may bear them up for a time; but, meanwhile, we shall have preparing around us, on every side, a mass of discontent and suffering, the elements of a social earthquake, whose upheaving will scatter dismay and ruin amongst the very classes whose selfish and mad policy will have precipitated the crisis. There are men hardy enough to deny that anything of this kind is going on, men who read the history of the times from Poor-law and Criminal Returns, and Board of Trade statistics. The agricultural classes, these men argue, cannot be suffering severely, because they have not as yet become paupers or criminals, and they still manage to scramble for a meal. But let such men go abroad into the actual world; let them visit the hotels in our leading country towns, to which commercial men resort, and they will hear little save complaints of declining orders and ill-paid accounts. Let them enter the establishments of the retail

shopkeepers in the towns of our agricultural districts, and they will find the complaints of dulness, and of loss of capital and profit, to be almost universal. Let them enter any score of warehouses of parties engaged in the country trade—in Manchester, in Leeds, or in London—and the same conclusion will result from their inquiries. We have, unhappily, no statistics which exhibit conclusively the state of our home trade. Increased Customs' revenue, and increased Excise revenue, do not always represent increased prosperity. Profits of trade may be swept away, but the trader still lives, still consumes, and will continue to consume, at his own expense, or his neighbour's—more sparingly, perhaps, but still sufficiently to enable a Chancellor of the Exchequer, or an *Economist* of the Wilson school, to make out a tolerable case of prosperity, and to ask us to disbelieve the evidence of our own senses.

Our supply of grain, or rather flour, from one country, France, has been an enigma to our Free-Trade philosophers. It was treated as an exceptional case. France, they assured us, was in average years an importing country, not growing usually sufficient for her own consumption. Importations were shortly to cease; the lowest point of cheapness had been attained; and the French Government were about to buy up a large stock, to be stored in their granaries for the consumption of the army and navy. Yet still, unaccountably to these gentlemen, cargo after cargo of French flour has been poured into our markets; and instead of the stock in France being exhausted, and the trade an exceptional one, we hear of preparations being everywhere made for its continuance, by the erection of new mills, and the adaptation of additional land to wheat culture.

The actual fact is, that Normandy has become an English county. The cost of transporting a sack of flour from any of its ports is less than that of transporting a sack from Newcastle or Norfolk to London. It is materially less than the carriage of the same article from the place of growth to the provision market.

How then, it will be asked, is Paris, which used to draw largely its food from the northern departments, now supplied? The answer is—with the low-priced grain of the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, the Rhine, and the Danube, of which Marseilles is the great depot, and which, by the Customs' arrangements, made to facilitate the operation of supplying the British markets with manufactured French flour, is virtually admitted duty free. For the product of every quarter of wheat exported, the French miller is allowed to import a quarter of grain duty free. The operation is thus practically a system of *grinding in bond*, with the advantage of retaining at home the coarse flour and feeding-stuffs, and thus adding to the supply of food for the people, whilst France is reaping the profit to which the British miller has the justest claim. By this process, too, we are supplied with the wheats of the whole of the north of Europe, as well as of Normandy, manufactured into flour at Boulogne, Dunkirk, and other ports. France is, in short, both an importing and an exporting country; and, whilst in this apparently anomalous position, she is creating a most important trade as the great milling or corn-grinding power, not only for England, but for Europe. In the course of another couple of years she will have as large an amount of capital and labour embarked in the corn-milling trade as Great Britain has in the cotton trade. And, in the mean time, every sack of French flour imported into Great Britain robs the sacking manufacturer of Dundee, and the poor sack-maker of this country, as every barrel of American flour imported robs, to a certain extent, the cooper of this country. France, and America as well, retain, too, the bran, pollard, seconds, and sharps, which so materially aid the British farmer and miller, and a portion of which, the seconds, constitute so large a portion of the food of the working-classes of this country.

Sir, I conceive that we are going down the hill more rapidly than Government Returns show, because the parties at present suffering are the middle classes—the small tradesmen, the small manufacturers, the arti-

sans in our country towns and villages. These men do not at once come upon our poor-rates: they do not at once rush into crime. But they are sinking, step by step, into an abyss from which, before long, their protests against our insane legislation will rise in judgment against us. Where are our skilled artisans? Tramping the country, or expatriating themselves. Look at the iron trade, the building trades,—are these prosperous? It is a fact that they are quite the reverse. I am aware that I ought to apologise for adducing the increase of emigration as a sign that our population are becoming convinced that they cannot live in the country which gave them birth. Increased emigration, our Free-trade philosophers say, is a proof of the increased *enterprise* of Britons. I fear, under these circumstances, to state that within the past four months the emigration from Liverpool has been 67,130 persons, against 49,463 in the first four months of last year; and that the emigrants have consisted of a greater proportion of English and Irish farmers of small capital, and of skilled artisans. It is a sorry sign of prosperity, however, when such men leave a country. But it is *enterprise* which sends these men to try their fortunes in new countries! *Enterprise* which drives men to leave their country as if it were a pest-house! Would that the same *enterprise* would attack the minds of some of the Woods, the Greys, and Russells of the community!

And now, a few words with respect to the condition of our shipping interests, as affected by the double influence of Free Trade in grain, and the repeal of the Navigation Laws. And here again I must respectfully decline to receive, as a correct reflex of that condition, the statistical tables of the Board of Trade. I do not refuse such evidence merely because it has been proved, over and over again, to have been "cooked," in order to serve the purposes of its authors; and those just published for the past month, and indeed for the whole quarter, are especially fallacious. They show a large increase in the tonnage both inwards and outwards; but their authors forget to tell us that, as the result of

the late mild spring and unusually early opening of the navigation, both in Europe and in the United States, we have been supplied with our spring imports at least two months before the average period. The following brief extract from the Return will exhibit this :—

IMPORTATIONS, FIRST THREE MONTHS.

	1850.	1851.
Wheat, qrs.,	197,184	493,954
Flour and meal, cwt.,	206,750	480,890
Tea, lb.,	3,298,270	14,838,620
Sugar, cwt.,	276,609	576,032
Tobacco, lb.,	1,563,447	3,144,044
Raw silk,	498,298	893,983
Cotton, cwt.,	261,821	884,113
Wool, lb.,	2,717,426	3,495,949

It must be clear that the "prosperity" thus indicated is the result of exceptional circumstances. I conceive, however, that a mere comparison of "entries inwards and outwards" would at any time be inconclusive as to the profitable nature of the shipowner's business. Men are not supposed, at the outset of any change, to abandon at once the trade in which they have embarked their capital, and in which they have been brought up from their youth. The shipowner is not likely to burn his ships, any more than the farmer is likely, after a few years only of trial of a new system, to sacrifice his stock and implements in the event of that system being unsatisfactory, and to abandon at once all chance of regaining the capital which he has sunk in the soil—in the shape of manure, expensive drainage, &c. The only correct mode which we can resort to, in order to test the actual operation of these and of similar changes, is to examine carefully their effect upon the returns of profit to those engaged in the trades legislated for; and if such an examination shows, instead of profit, a ruinous loss, it be-

comes only a question of time as to how soon we may expect to see them retire in despair from the struggle.

In pursuing such an inquiry, I will furnish, first, a few facts and figures connected with the present condition of the shipping engaged in the trade with distant countries. I have had these carefully collated from the freight-books of an eminent ship-broker's firm in Liverpool, (whose names I hand you privately for your own satisfaction;) and I may explain that the ships, the result of whose voyages I furnish, are all first-class "regular traders," and some of them of the clipper build. With these vessels the rates of freight vary very little *outwards*, the number put on for loading being always regulated by the quantity of goods offering, which can easily be ascertained. With respect to the return voyages, they must take their chance,—having, however, generally a preference of about 2s. 6d. per ton over casual vessels, owing to their sailing qualities, and the abilities of their captains, being favourably known in the foreign ports to which they are accustomed to trade.

With respect to the outward voyages, therefore, during the period over which I shall extend my observations, the reader will be prepared to find that there has been little change. To East Indian ports, for example, the rates are at present about 20s. per ton for fine merchandise, (cases and bales,) and coarser freight and dead-weight in proportion. Five or six years ago, however, the average range was from 30s. downwards. The decline which has taken place during the past two or three years will be found to have been very serious. The rates, remember, which I give below are those *actually received* by vessels whose names and characters I have before me.

FROM CALCUTTA.

Date of Arrival in Liverpool.		Freights paid.
March 1848.	Jute,	£5 5 0 per ton.
	Sugar,	7 0 0 "
Dec. 1850.	Jute,	3 5 0 "
	Sugar,	3 0 0 and £3 5 0 per ton.
	Borax,	3 10 0 per ton.
	Saltpetre,	3 7 6 "

It will be observed that the articles are generally *by weight*—the ton of brought are seldom precisely alike in 20 cwt. When they are by measure—different vessels. The rates, however, ment, it is specified.

FROM BOMBAY.

Arrival in Liverpool.		Freights paid.
March 1848.	Rice,	65s. per ton.
	Nigrabolams,	50s. ”
(This article is dead weight.)		
May 1850.	Rice,	32s. 6d. per ton.
	Linseed,	32s. 6d. ”
	Cotton,	65s. and 62s. 6d. per ton.

FROM WEST COAST OF AMERICA.

	<i>Arica.</i>	
May 1848.	Wool,	£6 10 0 and £7 10 0 per ton.
	Bark,	6 10 0 and 7 0 0 ”
	Cotton,	6 10 0 per ton.
<i>Valparaiso.</i>		
Oct. 1848.	Copper,	£4 0 0 per ton.
	Skins,	5 0 0 per 40 square feet.
<i>Coquimbo.</i>		
March 1851.	Bark,	£4 0 0 per ton.
	Copper,	3 7 6 ”
<i>Lima.</i>		
March 1851.	Guano,	£3 12 0 per ton.
<i>Buenos Ayres.</i>		
March 1851.	Tallow and hides,	£1 15 0 per ton.

There is a considerable diversity here in the articles carried, and in the ports from which they came. With respect to the former, bark, wool, and cotton may be regarded as regulating the rates of produce or merchandise, and copper that of dead-weight. We have therefore bark, cotton, and wool, in 1848, paying from £6, 10s. to £7, 10s. per ton; and in 1851 paying

only £4. Copper in 1848 paid £4, and in 1851, £3, 7s. 6d. With respect to the diversity of markets, they are so in little more than in name, lying along the same coast, and the great expense of the voyage to and from the whole of them consisting in the long and tedious navigation round Cape Horn.

FROM SINGAPORE.

Arrival at Liverpool.		Freights.
May, 1848.	Sago,	£4 15 0 per ton.
	Hides,	5 0 0 per 16 cwt.
	Pepper,	5 0 0 ”
July, 1850.	Tin,	2 5 0 per ton.
	Sapanwood,	2 10 0 ”
	Valonia,	1 12 6 ”
	Linseed,	1 12 6 ”
	Cotton,	3 5 0 ”

The falling off here is large, as will be acknowledged by parties acquainted with the comparative rates of freights paid for, and the relative space occupied in a vessel's hold by, different articles.

One of the greatest competitors which we have had in all these ports has been the American shipowner, who possesses an incalculable advantage over us, both in the ports of the West Coast and of British India.

This advantage he derives from the extensive commerce now carried on from the ports of the Atlantic to his newly-achieved California. American ships are constantly sailing with goods and passengers, at high rates, to the gold diggings. Thence they can well afford to run in ballast to the ports of South America, British India, or China, and underbid us there for a cargo for England, or any part of Europe, whence they are cer-

tain of a very lucrative return freight of goods and emigrants to their own country. The British shipowner, however, is stopped by the American laws from this advantageous business. He cannot take a cargo of either goods or passengers from an Atlantic port of America to California, because the Government of the United States persist in regarding that distant settlement as included in the regulations which secure for its citizens the exclusive possession of the *coasting trade*! The result is seen in the immense increase in vessels of the largest description, and splendid build, adapted peculiarly to this trade, which is now taking place in the United States, and which threatens to render Great Britain only a second-rate maritime power.

There is no portion of the trade of this country which has felt more severely the effects of our mad policy than the coasting trade—that oft and truly boasted nursery of our naval and maritime strength. It is the repeal of the Corn Laws, how-

ever, by which it has been most materially damaged. A few years ago a large amount of this class of our tonnage was employed in the transport of wheat and flour from port to port along our coasts. It was the great agency by which the abundance of one portion of the kingdom was allowed to supply the deficiency of other portions. The repeal of the Corn Laws has altered all this. The foreigner brings his grain and flour to Cork, or to the Nore, “to wait for orders;” and in whatever portion of the kingdom a demand has been experienced, thither he is at once sent to glut it with his supplies. As the result, a coasting freight of grain cannot be had; and the vessels formerly employed in that trade are driven to underbid each other for the conveyance of minerals, coals, salt, &c. The disastrous effect will be seen at once by the following comparison of freights now ruling, and those which were being paid two years ago:—

	Feb. 1849.	Feb. 1851.
	Per ton.	Per ton.
Liverpool to Tralee, (Ireland,) . . .	9s. 6d.	7s. 6d.
... Dingle Bay, do., . . .	10s. 6d.	7s. 6d.
... Westport, do., . . .	10s. 6d.	8s. 0d.
... Londonderry, do., . . .	6s. 3d.	4s. 8d. to 5s.
... Waterford, do., . . .	6s. 6d.	4s. 6d.
... Dublin, do., . . .	5s. 0d.	4s. 6d.
... Galway, do., . . .	10s. 0d.	7s. 6d.
... Limerick, do., . . .	9s. 0d.	7s. 0d.
... Belfast, do., . . .	5s. 0d.	4s. 3d.
... Newcastle, (England,) . . .	8s. 0d.	5s. 0d.

The same ruinous reduction of freights is observable in the whole of the coasting trade, and especially between the various ports along the eastern and southern coasts, except in those cases where the owner of the vessel is also owner of the freight, as is the case with many of our large millers and maltsters. In such cases the old rates are charged, thus crediting the ship's account to the detriment of the mercantile operation itself. The precise figures relating to this portion of the kingdom, however, I find it almost impossible to ascertain. But with respect to the entire coasting trade of the kingdom, and the far greater portion of our sea-going ships, the estimate I believe to be a fair one, that there has been a *deteriora-*

tion of at least thirty per cent within the past three or four years.

I am quite prepared to find these facts, and my mode of arriving at them, unpalatable to the Free-trade party. If they are true, however—and I wait to hear them disproved—what a lamentable picture do they present of the result of that policy which was to have raised Great Britain to the highest pinnacle of commercial prosperity, and to have carried peace, happiness, and plenty to every fire-side throughout the land! We see around us, instead, a prostrate agriculture, a depressed shipping interest, complaining shopkeepers, and a mass of abject poverty in the bye-streets, alleys, and courts of our large towns, grovelling in squalor and ignorance,

and already becoming initiated into the beginnings of crime, which ought not to exist in any Christian country. Why, if the success of our Free-Trade policy is a fact, have we been told, by Free-Trade organs, of men toiling in fever-tainted cellars and garrets for eighteen or twenty hours per day, to earn only a miserable subsistence; or of women plying their needles during the long and weary watches of the night, and yet only enabled to exist by the sacrifice of their virtue? Why are outrage, incendiarism, and murder stalking abroad throughout the land? Why are our gaols and union workhouses not emptied, and a prosperous and contented population not

lifting up their hands to Heaven, in praises and thanksgiving for blessings conferred? Free Trade was to have brought about *this* result. Under its humanising and beneficent influence, there was not to have been an unemployed man, woman, or child within these realms. It has failed, however, in realising its profuse promises to these and other classes; and I more than fear, I *believe*, that before very many months pass over their heads, its selfish authors will have to confess, in humiliation before the world, that it has failed even in bringing what worldly minds consider a blessing to their own doors.

HOUSSAYE'S SKETCHES AND ESSAYS.

THE title of M. Arsène Houssaye's volume is not to be literally understood. There is more in it than falls at first upon the tympanum of our intelligence. The scene and action of the book are by no means restricted to academic groves and theatrical green-rooms. Its author allows himself greater latitude. Adopting a trite motto, he declares the world a stage. His philosophers and actresses comprise a multitude of classes and characters; he finds them everywhere. Artists and thinkers, women of fashion and frequenters of courts, the lover of science and the favoured of wit and beauty—the majority of all these, according to his fantastical preface, are philosophers and actresses. Only on the stage and at the Sorbonne, he maliciously remarks, few actresses and philosophers are to be found.

To a good book a title is a matter of minor moment. It was doubtless difficult to find one exactly appropriate to a volume so desultory and varied as that of M. Houssaye. In the one selected he has studied antithetical effect, as his countrymen are prone to do; but we are not disposed to quarrel with his choice, which was perhaps as good as could be made. Philosophers certainly figure in his pages—often in pursuits and situations in which few would expect to find them; actresses,

too, are there—actresses as they were in France a century ago, rivalling, in fashion, luxury, and elegance, the highest ladies of the court, who, on their part, often vied with them in dissipation and extravagance. But M. Houssaye is a versatile and excursive genius, loving change of subject, scene, and century; and he skips gaily down the stream of time, from the days of Plato and Aspasia to our own, pausing here and there, as the fancy takes him, to cull a flower, point a moral, or tell a tale. Thus have accumulated a series of pleasantly desultory papers—neither history, biography, criticism, nor romance, but compounded of all four; thoroughly French in tone and spirit, and in some instances rather free and irreverent, but always lively and graceful, and often sparkling with *esprit*, that subtle essence which may be so much better illustrated than defined. M. Houssaye's aim in these sketches—for evidently he had an aim beyond the one he alleges of pastime for his leisure hours—seems to have been to discourse of persons rather celebrated than known, whose names and works are familiar to all, but with whose characters and histories few are much acquainted. To the mass of readers, his book will have the charm of freshness; the student and the man

of letters, who have already drunk at the springs whence M. Houssaye has derived his inspiration and materials, will pardon any lack of novelty for the sake of the spirit and originality of the treatment.

A few of M. Houssaye's essays may possibly have been suggested by recently-published works, and this is likely to have been the case with the first, a short paper entitled *Scarron's House*, which has much the appearance of having first seen the light in some critical periodical, as a kind of review of the Duke de Noailles' *Memoirs of Madame de Maintenon*. At the present day, both in France and England, the reviewer has in great measure disappeared, and become merged in the essayist; and articles, nominally reviews, often contain scarcely a reference to the works they profess to take for a theme. The system is frequently more advantageous to the public than satisfactory to authors. *Scarron's House* is succeeded by a sprightly sketch, divided into chapters, and consisting chiefly of dialogue, called *Voltaire and Mademoiselle de Livry*, having for its subject the amours of the philosopher of Ferney. It is excellent of its class, a little *décolleté*, as befits the period at which its incidents occurred; but commendable as a specimen of French literary grace and skill. Cotemporary in date, and somewhat of the same family, is the biographical sketch of the beautiful Mademoiselle Gaussin, for whom Voltaire wrote the part of Zaire, one of the best of his creations, and to whom he so far sacrificed his exorbitant self-love as to attribute to her (in madrigals, whose wit and neatness are more remarkable than their poetical merits) the success of more than one of his tragedies. The celebrated dancer, La Camargo, who turned so many heads, and squandered such vast fortunes, was wont to boast, with or without reason, of thirty-six quarters of nobility. Madeleine Gaussin could make no such aristocratic pretensions. Her father was coachman to Baron the comedian; her mother was cook to Mademoiselle Lecouvreur, an actress at the Theatre Français. Her first public appearance was in *tableaux vivants*—a kind of exhibition to which

her personal charms, her expressive mouth and eyes, and the grace of all her movements, gave great vogue. Abandoning this dumb show for a higher style of performance, she began her theatrical career, according to the custom of the time, by provincial engagements. Her adventures during these country rambles are said to have been many, but no indiscreet pen has recorded them. One thing certain is that, when she returned to Paris, she lacked not experience, either as a woman or an actress. Her first appearance in the capital took place on the boards of the Comédie Française, the 28th April 1731. The characteristics of her acting were deep passion and great versatility, rapid transitions from tears to joy, from gaiety and folly to fury or grief. For ten years—an eternity for a theatrical reign—she was queen of the stage, and Paris bowed before her throne. Courtiers and clergy, burgesses and lawyers, men of the sword and men of the pen, all were deep in love with La Gaussin.

“Ce n'est pas moi qu'on applaudit,
C'est vous qu'on aime et qu'on admire,
Et vous damnez, charmante Alzire,
Tous ceux que Guzman convertit.”

Thus wrote Voltaire, after her brilliant success in the part of Alzire. But her triumph was in that of Inès, in La Motte's celebrated tragedy. A line occurs in it—

“Tout Paris, pour Inès, a les yeux de Don Pédre.”

One can imagine the thunder of applause which this drew down from the Parisian audience, ever apt to seize an allusion. Tournières painted La Gaussin in this part: La Motte had the line inscribed in golden letters upon the frame of the portrait. Needless to say, when her lovers comprised a whole public, that aspirants to her good graces were many. In the middle of the eighteenth century, few troubled themselves about the virtue of an actress, or thought the worse of her for having none. Madeleine chose to take life lightly, and to obey each breeze of fancy or caprice: reversing the proverb of her country, she loved a golden girdle better than fair fame. She had an independent spirit, and the proudest were fain to present themselves before her as sup-

pliants, not as conquerors. Richelieu, the presumptuous *roué* of the Regency, albeit unused to defeat, saw his homage disdained by the capricious *débutante*. Dissolute though she was, this Magdalen of the foot-lamps still had a heart, and knew how to prize passion and sincerity. There was a reason for Richelieu's repulse, other than his cavalier and confident mode of summoning the garrison. What that reason was we shall learn by accompanying M. Houssaye into the boudoir of the actress—slippery ground, it must be admitted, but trodden by him with cautious and delicate steps. One morning Mademoiselle Gaussin's maid brought to her bedside her chocolate, her *nouvelles à la main*, (the newspaper of that day,) and the following letter:—

“Mademoiselle, — I am a poor law-student, whose happiness your eyes have for ever destroyed. I must throw myself at your feet, and die there for love of you. I saw you yesterday in Zaire! You are so beautiful that I heard not a word. I have passed the night beneath your windows, unwitting of the weather. For pity's sake, grant me life or death. Your lackey refuses to admit me. I will not wait in your ante-room. Give orders for my admittance. When you see me so simple, or so sublime in my folly, you will be moved to tears or to laughter—my life or my death. BAGNOLÉ.”

“Mademoiselle Gaussin read the letter thrice. ‘He is mad,’ said she; and she rang her bell. ‘Jacquelinette!’ ‘Mademoiselle?’ ‘What is the meaning of this?’

“Jacquelinette laughed. ‘Ah! Mademoiselle, he might well turn your head, but the wrong way.’ ‘He is ugly, then?’ ‘Oh! no. But his dress! You would expire of laughter. He has been here already three or four times this morning, as if we got up with the sun.’ ‘His letter is very pretty.’ ‘If he returns, what shall we tell him?’ ‘Tell him to write me more letters.’

“Bagnolé returned. He made a great disturbance at the door, but could not effect an entrance. Then he placed himself on sentry at the

foot of the staircase, to catch the actress as she went out. When noon came, and she had not appeared, he went into the *Café Procope* to write her a second letter. Whilst he was writing, she went out. That day she performed in *The Oracle*. Between the acts, as she was receiving, in the green-room, her usual tribute of bouquets and compliments, Bagnolé, still madder than the night before, rushed in and threw himself at her feet, upsetting Pont-de-Vesle on his way. There were five-and-twenty persons in the green-room. Bagnolé, in the violence of his passion, saw none but Madeleine Gaussin. ‘I love you,’ he exclaimed in agitated tones, as he kneeled before her; ‘and I will tell you so wherever you go.’

“Mademoiselle Gaussin rose, and would have escaped, but Bagnolé detained her by the arm. A young man, the Marquis of Imécourt, addressed him sharply, and endeavoured to release the actress by force; but Bagnolé was not to be repulsed. Meanwhile Mademoiselle Gaussin, offended though she was by this strange conduct, took notice of the student's face. It was a handsome face—very pale, and very expressive, and beaming with intellect. It was as if illumined with the light of youth and poetry. ‘Do you know he has a charming countenance!’ said the actress to the Marquis of Imécourt, who was afterwards her lover. ‘*Ma foi!*’ cried the Marquis, ‘I wash my hands of the business.’ And he let Bagnolé go.

“Just then the soldiers on guard at the Theatre Français came in to seize the intruder. Under the potent spell of a relenting glance from Mademoiselle Gaussin, he suffered himself to be led like a drunken man to the barracks of the Luxemburg. His father, a wine-seller at La Rapée, was sent for; believing his son mad, or on the brink of all the follies of the prodigal son, he conveyed him under escort to the prison of St Lazare. But the next day the love-stricken youth escaped through a window, and was off to the Theatre Français. This time he waited till Mademoiselle Gaussin came by. When she got out of her phaeton, he again threw himself at her feet. ‘I was deter-

mined to see you again,' cried he, passionately.

"'But be not angry,' continued Bagnolé, showing her a dagger. 'All will soon be over.' 'You are a child,' replied the actress, taking his hand to take away the dagger; 'rise, and talk not of death. I am not so cruel as all that. If I must love you, so be it—I will love you.'

"Poor Bagnolé was so violently overjoyed at these unexpected words, and at the tender accents of that musical voice, that he sank fainting upon the pavement. Madeleine Gaussin raised his head and called her footman, who took him in his arms and carried him into the Café Procope, followed by the actress herself.

"Piron and Boissy were in the coffee-house. A circle was formed round the actress, who related, with her usual *naïve* simplicity, the story of the student's madness. Piron, who at that time had never been in love, approached the young man, and respectfully bowed to him. 'Academicians,' said he to Boissy, 'do homage to Wisdom, who is sterile; for my part, I imitate Erasmus, and salute Folly, wandering whithersoever her heart leads her.'

We break off our translation in discouragement. It is not possible to render, scarcely to imitate, sketches so thoroughly French as these, nor can their merit and animation be appreciated in an English version. Derived in substance—perhaps in parts almost verbatim—from the memoirs, letters, and *nouvelles à la main* of the time, they bring vividly before us the tone, sentiments, and manners of French society a hundred years ago, transporting us for the time amongst the sententious wits, coquettish actresses, and dissolute aristocracy of the eighteenth century. Poor Bagnolé's happiness was of very brief duration. La Gaussin did not pride herself on constancy. Indeed her reputation was about as bad as it could be, but it was redeemed, in the eyes of a not very fastidious public, by her wit and originality. Occasionally, however, the audience at the *Comédie Française* thought fit to give her a gentle hint. At the first performance of Destouches' comedy, *La Force du Naturel*, when the line—

"Je crois que de sa vie elle ne dira non"

was spoken, as applied to the character she represented, the whole audience burst out laughing. She had her good qualities; she was disinterested and capable of generous acts. To her personal attractions, Mademoiselle Clairon, whilst severely criticising her dramatic abilities, has borne ready witness. "Mademoiselle Gaussin," she says, "had the most beautiful head, the most touching voice; her whole aspect was noble, all her movements had an infantine grace which was irresistible." There is a portrait of Mademoiselle Gaussin in the green-room at the *Theatre Français*—"more or less authentic," says M. Houssaye. It represents her as a pretty woman with rouge and powder, with a considerable display of white and well-turned shoulders, and is attributed to the brush of Nattier.

The latter days of Madeleine Gaussin—the type of the French actress of the eighteenth century—were as unhappy as the severest moralist could desire. The flush of youth and fashion past, the wreath of mingled roses and laurels fell from her brow. In the green-room she was no longer the centre of an admiring circle. The century was turning to more serious things. Her lovers became philosophers—from rakes that they had been; and La Gaussin, as if emulating their metamorphosis, took to virtuous living. She was nearly fifty, according to theatrical chronicles, when she conceived a sudden and violent desire to end her days in the holy bonds of matrimony. Alas the day and the resolve! She, who had lived on terms of equality with dukes and philosophers, with a Richelieu and a Helvetius, married an ex-dancer, a Mr Toalaigo, who was jealous of the past and beat her for the lovers of her youth. Doubtless it was the best match her damaged reputation and mature age would allow her to make. Her husband bought a country-house in Berry. "It is related," says M. Houssaye, "that, during a season passed at this famous chateau, she met her dear Bagnolé, who had loved her so sincerely, but whom she had not taken time to love. Bagnolé had become a rural philosopher, addicted to field-

sports and to meditations on the vicissitudes and vanities of human life. 'Ah! Bagnolé! Bagnolé!' cried she, throwing herself into his arms, 'it was you, and not the others.' 'True,' said Bagnolé, turning pale, 'but it is now too late to rest upon a heart that no longer beats for you.' She returned to her husband, more disconsolate than ever. Toalaigo was so obliging as to take his departure for the other world. But what remained to her in this one? Her eyes—wherewith to contemplate the solitude which reigns around those who have lived too much in a crowd."

Poor Madeleine Gaussin did not long survive her husband. She, who had had four horses to her carriage, who had been sung by Voltaire and adored by all Paris, died penniless and friendless. It were something if her fate deterred from the like follies others of her heedless class. But its efficacy as a warning may fairly be doubted. La Guimard, who succeeded La Gaussin, had an equally brilliant career, an equally wretched end.

A lover of art, M. Houssaye is never more felicitous than when writing of painters; analysing their genius, tracing their struggles, exhibiting their eccentricities. There is not in his volume a more curious and interesting section than that in which, under the fanciful heading of an *Epopée Carnavalesque*, he has brought together the most salient incidents and adventures in the singular life of Jacques Callot, that Hoffmann of the graver, whose productions are marked with so distinct and extraordinary a stamp of individuality and genius. Callot has always appeared to us one of the most striking artistical physiognomies of his own or perhaps of any century. Little known at the present day except by his works, his memoirs would be a task well worthy of an industrious and talented biographer—worthy, too, to occupy more space than M. Houssaye has allotted to them. This gentleman has not attempted a finished portrait, but a bold and graphic sketch, after the manner of Callot himself. His touch is broad and masterly, and the effects

produced are powerful and impressive. His six short chapters on Jacques Callot are studies, which will be found of no slight use by any subsequent artist who may undertake the subject on a larger scale. And to the romance-writer who should select Callot as a hero—and a better figure round which to group fiction is scarcely to be found in the artistical annals of the middle ages—M. Houssaye's essay will be invaluable as a magazine of indications, incidents, and suggestions.

Nancy, the once famous capital of the powerful dukes of Lorraine, was the cradle and the grave of Callot. At the present day a visitor to that decayed town, gazing upon its dull streets, and upon the smiling and peaceful landscape that surrounds them, might well wonder whence the great engraver derived his inspiration—where he found all those wild and fantastical figures, those gipsies and banditti, soldiers, mendicants, and sorcerers, who are to be seen in all manner of picturesque rags and eccentric costumes, strolling, thieving, drinking, fighting, begging, and conjuring through the many hundred pages of his fanciful works. But if Callot was born in Nancy, he went out into the world as an adventurer at an age when most children have scarce left the nursery; if the latter years of his short life were passed in domestic retirement, the earlier ones were a series of strange wanderings and romantic episodes. Nor was Nancy an unsuitable birth-place for an artist, at the date when he came into the world. Its historical and military associations were numerous, its rank amongst the cities more than respectable, its buildings ancient and picturesque. Of one of these we will borrow a description from M. Houssaye.

"If you would glance with me at the curious childhood of Callot, rebuild, by the aid of your historical associations, at Nancy, near the old *Hotel de Marque*, a somewhat lofty house-front, its door and windows ornamented with carvings rusted by the rain and corroded by the moonbeams. Between the two windows of the ground-floor is a stone bench for beggars and pilgrims; on the first floor are two casements—that is

to say, stone crosses—each forming four openings; on the second floor, two attic windows open in the roof above the gutter; they are surrounded by moss, a few tufts of grass, a stray flower sown by the wind or by a bird; on the summit of the roof is one tall chimney, which continually smokes. At the two casements we may catch a glimpse now and then, as in a frame, of a mother's gentle and anxious features, or of a father's grave and dignified countenance—the father and mother of Callot, Jean Callot, and Renée Bruneault. At the upper windows we behold a young family, joyous and heedless; presently, amongst these young children, we recognise Jacques Callot by his proud and inquisitive gaze, which already scans everything, and fixes itself on you and me, as if he found us worthy of his gallery.

“On entering this house, we find it furnished in a severe style, in harmony with the pale light that penetrates through the little lozenge-shaped panes: walnut-tree presses, a desk for prayer, an ebony crucifix surmounted with consecrated garlands, amongst which the spider has never time to spin his web, settees in carved oak, gothic tables with twisted feet, a vast chimney over which hangs an ornamented mirror; upon the mantle-shelf silver goblets, handsome in form and ample in contents, chiselled in a century when men knew how to drink; between the two casements a gothic clock, on the shelves of the press a brilliant display of pewter vessels, earthen pots embellished with wreaths, and a beautiful cup of Bohemian glass. At the first glance we perceive Jean Callot, in velvet breeches, all puffed and slashed, walking up and down, deep in thought, or Renée Bruneault, seated at the chimney-corner and busy with her distaff.”

In such a house as this was Callot born, in 1593. His grandfather, Claude Callot, a valiant man at arms, was ennobled, for his good services, by Charles III., duke of Lorraine, and married a grand-niece of Joan of Arc. Claude's son, Jean, married Renée Bruneault, daughter of the physician of the Duchess Christina of Denmark. Renée was

a good and simple-hearted woman, formed for the duties of a mother. She had eleven children. Jacques, the youngest of the sons, was her Benjamin. The death of all her daughters redoubled her tenderness for him. Jean Callot, the father, was herald-at-arms to the duke of Lorraine, and was prouder of his post than the duke of his duchy. His elder sons having entered other professions, he intended Jacques to succeed him, and began to teach him, at the age of eight years, to draw and illuminate coats of arms. The child's passion for drawing was so ardent, that, at school, when learning to write, he made a picture of every letter of the alphabet. A was the gable of his father's house, B was the neighbour's weathercock, and so on with the other letters. His mother encouraged him in his pictorial caprices: there had been artists in her family, amongst others an uncle, a pupil of Holbein. Renée loved art, and had little sympathy with her husband's dry genealogical investigations. She had store of tales and anecdotes touching the old masters, and these she loved to impart to her darling boy, as he stood attentively and thoughtfully by her chair, his hands clasped in hers, the sunbeams streaming through the deep embrasures of the windows and gilding his long fair hair. All she told him sunk deep into the child's retentive memory, and he would ponder it afterwards when alone, and whilst gazing from his window over the green meadows that surround Nancy, or, more to his taste, watching the advent of some detachment of irregular soldiers, or band of minstrels or ropedancers, or of some pilgrim in tattered mantle bedecked with scallop shells and artificial flowers, with boxwood rosaries and leaden medallions. In France, and out of Paris, in the year 1600, almost all theatrical performances were in the open air. Those were the palmy days of jugglers, buffoons, and charlatans of all kinds, and these were young Callot's favourite subjects. Born a master of the grotesque, he would seat himself on the ground, produce paper and pencil from his schoolboy's satchel, and jot down, in a few bold touches, the characteristic outline

of some bear-leader, morris-dancer, or cup-and-ball player, who was pursuing his vocation at the street corner. When such models were wanting, he would pass long hours in churches, before old frescoes, painted windows and quaint carvings; penetrating, in the ardour of his artistic curiosity, into monasteries and mansions, and even into the palace of the dukes of Lorraine—his only passport his pretty face, set off by his waving curls, and by the rich Flanders lace with which Renée loved to adorn his doublet. But, even at this early age, all went not smoothly with the child-artist. Encouraged by his mother's smiles, on the other hand he had to endure his father's frowns and reproaches. The old herald could not appreciate the promise of his youngest born. "You are unworthy of my name and office," he would say to the boy, just returned from playing truant in a gipsy's tent or before a stroller's platform. "You are but a mountebank. How do you suppose the Grand-duke can ever intrust you with his genealogical records? Instead of studying the heraldic history of the nobility of our country, and doing justice to each according to his arms and deeds, you would illustrate the history of juggling; to you the greatest duke would be the greatest ropedancer. I despair of you, rebellious child! with your vagabond propensities you will end amongst mountebanks." And the venerable Jean Callot walked solemnly into his study. Renée wept whilst admonishing her son diligently to study the noble science of heraldry; and then she dressed him in his best suit and hurried him off to mass, for which he was habitually late. And the boy wept too, but soon he dried his tears, and glanced at his new clothes, and thought how well they would do for the journey to Italy, of which he had so often dreamed. He continued to dream of it, until, one day, when he was not yet quite twelve years old, he set out, alone, on foot, without baggage and with a light purse, but hopeful and joyful, and confident that his resources sufficed for a journey to the uttermost ends of the earth.

There exist but imperfect records

of Callot's first journey. Although gently nurtured and accustomed to a mother's care, to a good bed and a delicate table, he seems not to have felt the hardships of the road, but to have readily contented himself with a truss of straw for a couch, and, for a meal, with a peasant's mess of beans and black bread. Did he pass an orchard—he stayed his stomach with fruit; did he find a donkey in a meadow, or a skiff moored to the river side, he jumped on the one or into the other, rode or rowed a league or two, and then released his steed, or turned his boat adrift. When detected in such irregular appropriations, his tender years and his good looks soon obtained his pardon. In this manner he got to Bâle, in Switzerland. It was the time of the hay-harvest; every stroke of the scythe made a fragrant bed for Callot. To such a couch, upon a certain evening, he was about to consign himself, when he heard strains of music which reminded him of his friends the ropedancers. Following the sound, he reached a neighbouring hamlet, where a band of gipsies, attired in spangled rags and tawdry tatters, were performing a grotesque dance before a gaping throng of rustics. The red rays of the setting sun lighted up the strange group. Callot was particularly struck by the grace and beauty of two young girls of fifteen or sixteen; he took out his paper and pencils, without which he never stirred, and began to sketch their portraits. Soon a number of peasants stood round him, marvelling at his skill; then came some of the gipsies; and, at last, the subjects of his drawing. The gipsy maidens were enchanted both with picture and artist, and asked the pretty boy whether he was going. "To Rome," was Callot's unhesitating reply. "And we to Florence! What a fortunate chance! What a charming fellow-traveller!" "Yes," said Callot, producing his meagre purse, "but here is all I have for travelling expenses, and my dinner to-day was none of the best." "Poor child! let us take him to the *Auberge Rouge*, where supper and bed await us—beans in milk, and a score sheaves of wheaten straw on the barn floor. Come, the sun is set, our wallets are full."

Thenceforward Callot, solemnly admitted into the gipsy family, travelled with them. He was to be escorted safely to Florence, in consideration of what little money he had left, and on condition of painting the portraits of the entire band, both brute and human, without any exception. In this strange company he traversed Switzerland and the Alps, and entered Italy, that land of promise of every artist, after six weeks of strange and often perilous adventures. Whatever the risk of the boy's moral contamination by his lawless and licentious associates, as an artist he greatly profited by that wild and rambling journey, some of whose episodes afterwards served as the first subjects of his graver. After dancing, fortune-telling, and begging in the towns, it was the gipsies' custom to retire into the forests, and there pitch their tents for a few days, during which they lived by rapine. The object of these halts was to give rest to man and beast, to mend their clothes, wash lace and linen, file spangles, coin money, and manufacture the rude jewellery, necklaces, rings of lead and copper, buckles, medals, and the like, which they sold to the peasant women. Callot soon found that life in the forest was at least as pleasant as in the hedge taverns, which the gipsies at other times frequented. Three of the gang were first-rate sportsmen, and contributed abundance of game to the *al-fresco* kitchen. Whilst the elder women remained at the bivouac, on household cares intent, Callot wandered in the woods with the two young gipsy girls, collecting feathers for head-dresses, and berries for necklaces—gathering wild fruits for the dessert of the band, and making fantastical sketches on the bark of trees. At night a great fire was lighted to keep off prowling animals; and the gipsies, sprawling around this or beneath the tents, told each other grotesque stories of ghosts and murders. The nights were fresh in the forest, but Callot felt not the cold,—so great was the care taken of him by his two protectresses, who carried their tender solicitude for his welfare so far as even to conceal from him the scandalous scenes which were of frequent occurrence in their disorderly camp.

So long did the gipsies linger on their way, that, after passing the Alps, they were fain to hurry on to Florence, not to be too late for the fair of the Madonna; and Callot had little time allowed him to examine the palaces, columns, fountains, and statues of Milan, Parma, and Bologna. He was dragged away, after a hasty glance, dazzled and enchanted. At Florence, his delicate countenance and noble manners attracted the notice of a Piedmontese gentleman in the service of the Grand-duke, who observed him one day gazing earnestly at the sculpture of a fountain, whilst his gipsy companions were executing one of their wild dances, and doing their best to wheedle alms from the spectators. The gentleman questioned Callot, at first in Italian, afterwards in bad French, but in a more paternal tone than the boy had been accustomed to from the old herald at Nancy. Callot told him his history—how he had set out one fine morning, with his joyous youth and his sanguine hopes for sole baggage; and how, by the protection of Providence and of the kind-hearted gipsies, he had got thus far on his way to Rome, whither he was going to study the great masters, and, if it pleased God, to become a great master himself. The boy's courage and strong will greatly interested the Grand-duke's officer, who took him straight to the studio of a friend of his, the painter *Canta Gallina*. There, on his recommendation, Callot was instantly admitted, and remained six weeks, at the end of which time he declared his intention to proceed to Rome. His protector began to think there was more of the vagabond than of the artist in his composition. Seeing him resolute, however, he did not oppose his design, but bought him a mule, filled him a portmanteau, gave him good advice, promised to go and see him at Rome, and bade him God speed.

Without accident, Callot reached the gates of the Eternal City, his near approach to which absorbed his every thought. So engrossed was he by the contemplation of the grand spectacle before him, that he dropped his rein and forgot to guide his mule. The brute, thus left at liberty, closely

attached itself to a jackass laden with green vegetables, in whose rear it paced slowly along, munching a copious repast. Just then, as fate would have it, some traders from Nancy, quitting Rome upon their homeward journey, met Callot, perched upon his mule, gazing at the city, and completely unexpectant of the cudgelling he was about to receive from the owner of the vegetables, who had just perceived the theft of which he was victim. "Hallo! Master Jacques Callot, whither are you going?" The young traveller at once perceived the danger of this meeting. He spurred his mule, but in vain; the greens were too attractive. The worthy traders, who had witnessed the affliction of his family when he fled from Nancy, took him prisoner, and vowed to restore him to his parents. Tears of rage and piteous entreaties were alike in vain. Callot was compelled to bid adieu to Rome before he had entered it.

After a month's journey, and several fruitless attempts to escape, Callot reached Nancy. His father received him with a lecture on playing truant and a discourse on heraldic science. But Callot was only prevented by his mother's tears from setting out again immediately. As it was, no great time elapsed before he was again on his road southwards, coasting the lake of Geneva and reaching Italy through Savoy. There is no record of this second journey. All that is positively known is that he led an adventurous life, in low hostleries, often in the company of pilgrims, bravoës, strolling-players, and vagabonds of all sorts. He reached Turin in safety, but at Turin he unluckily fell in with his eldest brother, an attorney, who was traveling on business. For the second time, poor Callot was conducted prisoner to Nancy.

At the age of fifteen, Callot set out on his third journey to Rome, this time with his father's sanction and blessing, and in the suite of the ambassador deputed to inform the Pope of the accession of Henry II., duke of Lorraine. His enthusiasm for the artistic and antiquarian treasures of Rome was not, however, of very long duration; soon he turned his atten-

tion to the living models around him, and was better pleased when sketching some picturesque beggar than when copying Raphael's Madonna. He worked under several masters, but attended only to the inspirations of his own genius. His taste being for slight sketches, and for the accumulation of a multitude of objects in a very small space, he soon became convinced that painting was not his forte. He applied himself ardently to engraving, and entered the studio of Thomassin, an old French engraver established at Rome. Engraving was still in its infancy; Albert Durer, Lucas of Leyden, and a few German artists, were all who had made any progress. With very middling talent, Thomassin had made a fortune at Rome. Callot proved a treasure to him. Young though he was, he had not only the hand to execute, but the fancy to create. Soon he wearied of constantly engraving the heads of ecstatic saints; and, when he had a little liberty, he gave the reins to his memory and imagination, calling to mind the strollers, lute players, punchinellos, and other eccentric social varieties with whom he had at different times consorted. In this manner he planned, and perhaps commenced, some of his fantastic designs; but of the works he actually executed under Thomassin, the Seven Capital Sins, after a Florentine painter, are almost the only remarkable ones.

To explain Callot's early departure from Rome, M. Houssaye has disinterred from an old work, entitled the *Curiosités Galantes*, published at Amsterdam in 1687, the story of *Le Tableau Parlant*, the substance of which may be told in a few lines. Thomassin, the French engraver, had married, in his old age, a young and beautiful Italian wife, for whom, in his palace on the banks of the Tiber, he had fitted up an apartment in most exquisite taste—hoping, by the beauty of the cage, to compensate the captive bird for the declining years of her mate.

"Notwithstanding his love of art, he had had the good taste to hang no pictures on the walls of the lady's chamber. They were covered with Venetian mirrors, which, by reflecting her, formed the most beautiful

pictures possible. For what finer picture can there be, (Giorgione is of this opinion) than a beautiful Italian, in full dress or undress, careless and coquettish, rising up or lying down? The furniture, worthy of the Signora, might have satisfied the caprices of a favourite sultana; the richest Turkey carpets, the porcelain of China, the fans of Spain, the gems of the Indies, the riches of all countries, were collected in this profane temple. When I say that Thomassin had had the good taste to exclude pictures from this apartment, I mistake: between two mirrors he had suspended, guess what?—His own portrait. It was the only blemish in the room. It must be observed, however, that there the good old engraver was only tolerated upon canvass. Madame Thomassin rarely admitted her husband to her presence, save when they met in the picture gallery, or when she went into the studio—to see Callot.

“Callot was then twenty years of age, handsome and pensive, with a well-trimmed mustache, and wearing his sword with good grace. He loved luxury in all things, and was gallant in his dress and equipment; his velvet doublet disclosed a flood of rich lace; no cavalier in Rome wore finer plumes in his beaver.”

Callot fell in love with the beautiful Bianca. For six weeks he sighed in silence, his eyes alone revealing his passion. At the end of that time he bribed a waiting-maid, who gave him a key of her mistress's apartments. The key, worthy of the casket it opened, was of silver, richly chiselled by some Cellini of the time. Callot, heeding not the workmanship, hurried to the chamber, which was lighted up by a golden lamp. Bianca slept; Callot glanced furtively around, and started, for he met the eyes of Thomassin. It was but the portrait. Just then the lady awoke quite gently, as from a pleasant dream, taxed Callot with audacity, and asked if he had come through the window. On his reply that he had come through the door, she bade him depart as he had come. Callot demurred, took her hand and kissed it. The sound of the kiss was lost in that of a voice. The lady uttered a little cry of alarm; Callot turned his head un-

easily. He saw nothing unusual; his eyes again met those of his master's portrait. “I should not wonder,” said he, smiling, “if yonder picture were to give its opinion.” And with unseasonable audacity and a mocking mien, he approached the portrait. “Come, Master Thomassin, let us hear what you have to say.” At that moment the portrait turned on its hinges to let the original pass. “I have to say,” said Master Thomassin, “that I shall throw you out of window.”

Thunderstruck for an instant at this unexpected apparition, Callot, quickly recovering his presence of mind, pushed aside the old engraver, who was frantic with rage, hurried down the secret staircase, collected a few engravings, and left the house without other baggage. He felt it was impossible he should continue under the same roof with Thomassin. At first he thought of remaining at Rome, but changed his mind, and departed that same day for Florence, deeming absence the sole remedy for the passion with which Bianca had inspired him. He never saw her or Rome again. It was with a heavy heart that he took leave of the Eternal City, where all the dreams and hopes of his youth had centred; and, young though he was, the springtime of his life, its romantic and adventurous period, may be said to have then terminated. The remaining twenty years of his existence were laborious, domestic, and devout.

At the gates of Florence, Callot, travelling without baggage, almost without resources, was arrested as a foreigner—possibly as a suspicious character. He demanded to be taken before the Grand-duke, and to him declared his name and quality. Cosmo II., who welcomed and royally protected artists of all classes, was overjoyed at his arrival, and offered him abundant employment. Callot accepted, and passed ten years at Florence—ten years of severe toil, during which he produced several of his greatest works, and seriously injured his health by unremitting application. Then he returned to Nancy. “One night the old herald-at-arms, seated at his window, saw a coach stop at the house door, and asked his wife if it were one of the court

equipages. The good dame Renée, whose heart and eyes were sharper-sighted than her husband's, exclaimed, as she fell half-fainting on the window-sill, 'It is Jacques!—it is your son!' The old herald hurried down stairs, asking himself if it were possible that his son, the monntebank engraver, had returned home in his own carriage. He gravely embraced him, and then hastened to see if Callot's arms were painted on the pannels. By the aid of his spectacles, and with proud joy, he distinguished his son's blazon, five stars forming a cross—'the cross of labour it has been called, for the stars indicated Callot's vigils and his hopes of glory.'

"Somewhat weary of an unsettled existence, Callot resolved to end his days at Nancy. He bought a house there, and married Catherine Kuttin-ger, of whom nothing is recorded, except that she was a widow and had a daughter. It was probably a suitable union rather than a love-match. No sooner was he married than he became very devout, going to mass every morning, and passing an hour each night in prayer. Was it to thank God for having given him a good wife? Was it to console himself for an indifferent marriage? He again applied himself to work, but farewell to fantastic inspiration, to satire and to gaiety. If now and then there appeared a gleam of his good days, it was but momentary. His graver was restricted to serious or religious subjects."

Callot was now a celebrity. Louis XIII., setting out for the siege of Rochelle, summoned him to follow in his train, saying that he alone was worthy to immortalise his victories. With some regret the artist exchanged his pious and laborious retirement for the clamours of a camp. The siege over, he went to Paris to complete his engravings, and was lodged at the Luxemburg, where he became intimate with certain decorators of the palace—decorators of no mean stamp, and whose names were Rubens, Simon Vouet, Poussin, Philip de Champagne, and Lesueur. Notwithstanding their friendship and the king's favour, Callot returned to Nancy as soon as his work was done.

He loved his native country, and was proud of it; he had inherited his father's taste for military chronicles, and loved to trace, in his scanty hours of leisure, the high deeds of the chivalry of Lorraine. With profound grief he witnessed the decline of the once proud and powerful duchy. Charles, fourth duke of that name, a bold soldier, but an incapable politician, gave his sister in marriage to Gaston of Orleans. Cardinal Richelieu, furious at this alliance with his foe, prevailed on Louis XIII. to besiege Nancy, assuring him that he would have an easy bargain of the Lorraine city. Louis arrived before it with his best troops, but was disappointed on finding Nancy the best fortified and defended place in Christendom. He lost courage, the bad season approached, there was talk of raising the siege, when the Cardinal, resolved to triumph at any price, had recourse to a dishonourable stratagem. Under pretence of signing preliminaries of peace, the Duke Charles was inveigled into the French camp, made prisoner, and compelled to sign an order for the surrender of Nancy. The Princess of Pfalzburg, who defended her capital like a heroine, refused to recognise the signature of a captive sovereign; but the governor insisted on obeying his master. The French took advantage of the circumstances; the garrison, compelled to lay down their arms, shed tears of fury. Jacques Callot had been of the council held by the proud Henrietta of Pfalzburg: when he saw that all was lost, he shut himself up in his house furious with shame and anger; he wept with rage when he heard the clarions of the conquerors drowning the sobs of the vanquished. Master of the place, Louis thought of Callot, whom he wondered not to see amongst the artists who crowded to pay their court to him. "He has forgotten my kindness," said the king to Claude de Ruet. The painter told the engraver what the King had said. "Yes," said the honest artist indignantly, "I have forgotten it from the moment that he rode armed through the open gates of Nancy." And he refused to go to the palace. Presently came an order for his presence, signed by the Duke of Lorraine. Callot

obeyed, but with a stern brow; Louis received him very graciously. "Master Callot," said the French monarch, "we do not forget that you have served our glory with your talent; you have portrayed for future ages the capture of Ré and the siege of Rochelle; you will now begin to depict the siege of Nancy." Callot, who felt himself insulted, proudly raised his head. "Sire," he replied, "I am of Lorraine, and I will cut off my thumb first!" And he stood prepared to take the consequences of his bold speech. There was uproar in the hall, the courtiers were indignant, swords were drawn; at a signal, soldiers armed with partisans showed themselves at the doors. On the other hand, the Lorraine nobility surrounded Callot, determined to defend him, when Louis XIII. put an end to the commotion by one of those kingly traits which occurred but at long intervals in his inglorious life. "Monsieur Callot," said he, to the surprise of the artist, and of all the court, "your reply does you honour. The Duke of Lorraine is very fortunate to have such subjects!"

Soon after this incident, Callot perceived the first inroads of the malady that killed him, and which he undoubtedly owed in great measure to over-application to his art. He was probably conscious of this, for he threw aside his graving tools and went to pass the summer at Villers, at a country-house belonging to his father. Thither, he was pursued by morbid fancies; he took no joy in the blooming orchards and gardens and enamelled meadows; his diseased imagination showed him, at every turn, Satan and his infernal legions. Callot was superstitious, and believed firmly in

the devil, in his pomps and stratagems. On the threshold of the tomb he executed his great work of the Temptation of St Anthony. In vain his physicians enjoined complete repose and idleness. He heeded not their prescriptions; a prey to a profound and apparently causeless melancholy, he found relief only in labour. He gave up the ghost on the 25th March 1635, aged forty-two years, and was buried, beneath a sumptuous monument, in the cloister of the Cordeliers, amidst the graves of the ducal family of Lorraine. His portrait, painted on black marble by his friend Michael Lasne, was suspended over his tomb. A vaunting epitaph by his wife was effaced by the Cordeliers, who substituted a Latin one, below which a friend of Callot, who could make nothing of the barbarous Latin of the holy fathers, added the following equally barbarous rhymes:—

"En vain tu ferais des volumes
Sur les louanges de Callot,
Pour moi, je ne dirai qu'un mot:
Son burin vaut mieux que vos plumes."

This epitaph was preserved on marble; only, to spare the feelings of the monks, *nos plumes* was substituted for *vos plumes*. In 1793 the *sans-culottes* mutilated the portrait and destroyed the tomb, taking them for those of a duke. Half of the portrait was afterwards found. In 1825 the tomb was restored, and Callot again reposes by the side of the lords of Lorraine.

To conclude this brief notice of a very entertaining volume, and as a fair specimen—so far as it may be given in English—of M. Houssaye's *piquant* style, we select the shortest and most translatable of his papers, entitled:—

THE HUNDRED AND ONE PICTURES OF TARDIF, THE FRIEND OF GILLOT.

One of the most celebrated amateurs of pictures in France at the end of the seventeenth century, was a certain Tardif, by profession an engineer, and afterwards secretary to Marshal Boufflers. He was the friend of Largillière, of Watteau, and of Audran, but especially of Gillot. His criticisms went right to the mark. When a picture was finished, none

ventured to pass a verdict on its merits until Tardif had seen it; his opinion was, so to speak, the finishing touch of the brush. Watteau himself, who laughed at criticism, said, when laying down his brush before a newly-finished *Fête Galante*, "There is a masterpiece; if Tardif were here, I would sign it." Tardif had one of the finest cabinet collections in Paris

—Rue Git-le-Cœur, No. 1. Marshal Boufflers, aware of his secretary's passion, gave him, every year, as a new year's gift, a picture from the hand of a master. Tardif himself, out of his patrimonial fortune, had purchased pictures from his friends, the living painters, and by his friends, the dead ones. So renowned was his cabinet that one day the Duke of Orleans went to visit it with Nocé, which filled up the measure of Tardif's mania. Nevertheless, if the worthy man had been guilty but of this one extravagance—which at least was evidence of a noble aspiration to the poetry of the beautiful—he might have retained wherewith to live respectably till the end of his days. Unfortunately, he fell into another folly, and suffered himself to be duped by the scheme of Law. This is tantamount to saying that he lost, in that revolution of French fortunes, all that he had—except his pictures.

It was essential, however, to find means of living. Most people would have got rid of their pictures; Tardif got rid of his servants. "Go, my friends," he said, "go into the world, where money is to be earned; henceforward my household must consist of persons who do not eat; my pictures will keep me company." Tardif was old, the passions of life had no further hold upon his heart, a ray of sun was all he needed to live happily in his cabinet.

He had some wine remaining; he went down to his cellar and found with joy that his wine, now that he should no longer keep open house, would last longer than himself; that he might even, on gay anniversaries, summon Watteau and Audran to make merry with him amidst the melodious tinkle of the bottles. As he came up from the cellar, a bottle in each hand, he met old Gillot on the stairs. "Watteau and Audran, well and good," said Tardif; "but Gillot! the barrel of the Danaïdes!" Before he had finished the words, the old wine-loving painter had seized a bottle and pressed it tenderly to his heart. "My poor old Gillot, here is what I have left." "Well!" said Gillot, "every man his bottle."

For Gillot's farthest glance into futurity never reached the morrow.

"Tardif," continued he, "you know that I have come to dine with you?" "With all my heart, Gillot, but there is no great matter for dinner."

They went in. Tardif put a piece of bread upon the table. "The devil!" cried Gillot, unfolding his napkin, "your style of living will soon rid you of parasites."

Tardif, however, munched his bread with good appetite whilst gazing around him at his dear pictures. "What matter!" he exclaimed; "henceforth it is not this bread and wine that will compose my repast; I will breakfast with a Teniers and a Ruysdael, dine with a Vandyck or a Murillo, sup with a Santerre or a Watteau. On grand festivals, I will treat myself to my Paul Veronese; when my spirits or appetite are bad, I will nibble your gay little masterpieces, friend Gillot." "Well said," cried Gillot, filling his glass. "If all these masterpieces were mine, I would eat them too; but in such wise that in a few years not one of them should remain. Take my advice, Tardif, and do not seclude yourself from the world with these dumb personages who already seem to mock you. Dame Nature did not give you a mouth that you should feed yourself on chimeras. You will be like the dog in the fable, who eats his shadow and goes mad." "As you please, friend Gillot. If you dislike my mode of living, you will not return to my table. For my part, I find my spirit more hungry than my flesh."

As good as his word, Tardif persisted in living on bread and wine in the midst of his pictures. He gave his watch and seals to a fishwoman who opened oysters at a tavern-door opposite his windows, on condition that each morning she should bring him his bread, make his bed, and sweep his room. This woman had some remains of that sort of beauty, consisting chiefly of youthful freshness, which usually departs at five-and-twenty—or even sooner when the possessor is an oyster-seller at a wine-house door. She sang merrily the day through, and laughed continually with all the power of her red lips and white teeth. With her cap on one side, her short petticoat and

her joyous humour, she was a picture the more in the gallery, and not the worst of the collection.

Such was the state of affairs when Tardif, who at long intervals showed himself in society, met, at the house of Abbé le Ragois, the grammarian—who had been a frequent visitor at the Hôtel Boufflers when Tardif was the marshal's secretary—the Rev. Father Dequet, a Jesuit, celebrated in those days, and procurator of the novitiate of the Faubourg St Germain. Tardif, who remarked this holy man hovering about him, would fain have departed, in obedience to a vague presentiment; but, before he could do so, the reverend father got Abbé le Ragois to present him to Tardif.

"Sir," said Father Dequet, "I have heard from my friend that you possess one of the most curious cabinets of pictures in the world: will you not do me the favour to open your door to me? Pictures are the only profane pleasure I allow myself."

Tardif, who disliked visitors, and did not greatly esteem Jesuits, yet did not dare decline the visit of Father Dequet, who went to see him two days later, accompanied by Abbé le Ragois. He praised everything, the Magdalens as well as the Virgins, the Bacchantes as well as the Magdalens, with an expansive enthusiasm which intoxicated the old amateur. "I own to you," said he to Father Dequet, "that I am not exactly prepossessed in favour of the Jesuits. Your morality is far from being that of the gospel; your manner of interpreting the Scriptures is very different from mine. But, in my eyes, you are now no longer of the congregation; you are a lover of pictures, and, as such, you will always be welcome here."

The reverend father often returned to feast his eyes in Tardif's cabinet, and little by little Tardif came to consider him as a friend. His other friends—his old, his true friends, those who drank his wine and talked to him of old times—took leave to laugh a little at his infatuation with Father Dequet, and foretold to him that he and his pictures would end by enrolling themselves in the order of the Jesuits. He laughed himself, and appeared quite easy as to his fate.

On the other hand, Father Dequet did not lose his time. With evangelical mildness he pointed out to Tardif the dangers of solitude to the possessor of pictures of such great merit and value. With discreet, but seductive hand, he half opened to him the gates of the novitiate of the Faubourg St Germain. "There need be no change in your habits; you may live like a pagan if you please, as you now do. If you fall ill, no strangers will approach your sickbed, for we shall all be there—we who are the brothers of him who suffers. You will no longer have to fear being plundered—a picture, you know, is carried off as easily as a book—we will prepare you a large bedroom, in which you can hang up the whole of your hundred and one pictures."

"A hundred and one!—you have counted them then?" said Tardif slyly to Father Dequet.

"Counted—not so," replied the Jesuit, hesitatingly. "If I know the number so accurately, it is because you told it me." He saw that he had ventured too far, and that the moment was not yet come; he hastened to beat a retreat, to avoid being totally routed. "My friendship blinds me, perhaps," said he mournfully. "My sole desire, my friend, is that you may live long without uneasiness about your dear pictures. Believe me, you have too much confidence in your neighbours: for instance, that oyster-woman, who enters here at all hours, coming and going without control—who knows what tricks she may play you? Would you believe it, my friend, I have seen her three or four times at the picture-dealer's on the bridge of Nôtre Dame?"

Tardif gave a leap like a wounded deer; the shot had hit the mark. "Gersaint!" exclaimed he, "a scoundrel who prevented Watteau from selling me his finest *Fête Galante*, Cytherea Besieged. If ever she enters his house again, she shall never re-enter mine."

"But, my friend, you will not know it; your legs are no longer good enough to follow yonder woman, and she will take care not to tell you whither she goes or whence she comes."

"You are right, my dear friend."

"*Mon Dieu!* it was Father Ragois who opened my eyes on that score."

"But, if I dismiss her, who will bring me my bread, go to the cellar, and make my bed?"

"That is easily managed—I will send you some one from the Novitiate."

"All things considered, I would rather be my own servant; for I have already told you that, with the exception of a few superior minds, like you and Le Ragois, I have little love for the priesthood. Nevertheless, now that I am aware of a real danger, the woman shall come here no more; nor will I allow any one, with the exception of two or three faithful friends, to penetrate into my beloved sanctuary."

Accordingly, Tardif told the oyster-woman he had no further need of anybody's services; and from that day forward he lived in strict solitude, fancying that all his neighbours, and all the persons whom he saw from his window pass along the street, were engrossed with the sole idea of making their way into his apartment, and carrying off his pictures.

Each morning he went down stairs himself to fetch his bread; he spoke to no one. Did he venture as far as a neighbouring picture-dealer's, to recall the happy time when he still was a picture-buyer, the key of his house was clutched in his trembling hand. As often as he met the oyster-woman he turned away his head, not to hear what she said to him. "Ah! my poor Mr Tardif, it is my notion that you are going mad: the black-gowns have troubled your eyesight, the crows have flown across your path—my songs were well worth any that they sing you."

"'Tis true," said poor Tardif to himself, "but my pictures!" Yet he could not help regretting those still recent days, when the oyster-woman's visits imparted cheerfulness to his apartment and to his heart.

One night Father Dequet asked him if he had any heirs. "Yes," was the reply, "I have heirs—a brother and a sister: my brother has some property; my sister has a great many children, and that is all she has. I am grieved to have lost everything

by Law's scheme. But for that, I could the sooner have proved to her children how much I love their mother."

Father Dequet walked three or four times round the cabinet, pausing, with a sigh, before each picture.

"Is it not a thousand pities," murmured he, "that so precious a cabinet must one day be dispersed!"

"Never!" cried Tardif.

"Simple man," continued the Jesuit, "what do you suppose your nephews and grand-nephews will do with your pictures?"

"You are right. The Burgundians love colour, but only in their wine."

"Yes, my poor Tardif, they will sell your pictures to the highest bidder. Some will go to your enemy Gersaint; others to some Jew, who will hide them and deprive them of the light they live by. Some will go to America, some to China; and this beautiful Banquet by Veronese—who knows whether it will not be exposed for sale upon the quays?"

Tardif was pale as death. "You torture me," said he to the Jesuit, and clasped his hands together in agony. In his turn he made the circuit of the cabinet, gazing despairingly on his pictures. "Do you know," said he, on a sudden, turning to Father Dequet, "at night, when I do not sleep, which often happens, a strange desire—which I dare avow to no one—comes into my head, and that is, to build a subterranean gallery where I might bury myself with my pictures. But it is madness; and, besides, I am diverted from this design by the thought that these beautiful works of art would never see the sun again. But, for heaven's sake, my dear friend, let us speak of that no more. You have put me in a fever; I shall eat no supper to-night."

Father Dequet departed, leaving Tardif in the anguish of despondency. The poor man went to bed half dead. Next morning he was in a high fever. He would receive no one—not even his friend Gillot, his good genius.

The second day the fever was still more violent; death itself was knocking at Tardif's door. He did not open it, but Death remained upon the threshold, and entered with

Father Dequet when next he called. Tardif's head already wandered. He had no water left, and craved a drink. "Ah! my poor friend," said Father Dequet, "I little thought to find you in your bed."

The Jesuit went down himself to fetch water. When Tardif had drunk, he expressed his gratitude, but in so altered a voice, and in such singular terms, that Father Dequet said to himself: "This is the last stage." For two entire hours he remained assiduously by the sick man's pillow, striving to subjugate the now enfeebled mind which had so long repelled his caresses. What he said to the dying man, none ever knew. What is certain is, that, at the end of the two hours, Father Dequet was in possession of the following eloquent lines, in Tardif's hand-writing:—

"I give all my pictures to the Novitiate of the Jesuits, in consideration of my friend, Father Dequet, who is at liberty to take them away at once.

"TARDIF.

"Paris, 20th May 1728."

Father Dequet was not the man to await Tardif's decease before appropriating his treasures. His first care was, not to take the viaticum to the dying man, nor yet to run for a physician or apothecary; neither the soul nor the body of Tardif touched his heart—his sensibility was entirely engrossed by the pictures. No sooner had he obtained the written donation than he went out, collected a dozen idlers who were on the look-out for a job, took them up to Tardif's room, and ordered them, whilst the poor man lay moaning in his bed, to carry away the pictures. With a dogged avidity, he himself took them down from the wall. The little Flemish gems, scarce larger than the hand, he laid aside to carry away in a hackney coach. The men he had brought could take but sixty pictures at one journey. He took away twenty-one in his hackney coach, thus leaving twenty in Tardif's room. He did not even tell him he was going away. From time to time, whilst taking down the pictures, he cast a furtive glance at the bed, and made sure

that the poor man was becoming more and more delirious.

Meanwhile, the whole neighbourhood was indignant at this profanation, this impiety, this sacrilege committed by the reverend father. But as, after all, for some months past, Tardif would have nothing to say to any of his neighbours, and as none interested themselves in an old madman, secluded from the world in a room full of pictures, the spoliation was allowed to proceed,—just as, on the stage, people suffer crimes innumerable to be committed, without thinking of interference.

The morning wore on: Father Dequet did not return. Doubtless he had to get ready a room at the Novitiate for the pictures, the majority of which were not very Catholic in subject. Suddenly Tardif, rousing himself from a doze, put his head out of bed and called for Father Dequet. For the first time in his life he felt frightened at the stillness around him. He asked himself if he were already in the tomb. He hurried into his cabinet. Seeing the walls bare, he shouted, "Thieves!" ran to the window, opened it, tore his hair, and called to the oyster-woman, who was seated, as usual, at the tavern door, smiling at her customers as they ate her oysters and drank her health. When Tardif called her, she left her chair, and went under his window.

"Make haste!" cried Tardif, "don't you see I am dying; and if that were all—but they have stolen my pictures!"

The oyster-woman went up stairs; she bore no malice, and, besides, she had always liked Tardif, because he told her stories, and talked to her of her fine eyes. When she reached his room, she found him senseless on the floor. She took him in her arms and carried him to his bed. "He must not be left to die like a dog," said she to herself. When the sick man opened his eyes, there she was with her eternal smile. She had sent for a doctor, who soon made his appearance, and who saw that Tardif could not get through the night.

"Have you a family?" he inquired.

"They have taken everything," replied the dying man, "the best are

gone; a few remain, but what is that!"

This was all the information that could be got from Tardif.

Gillot came in. At sight of his friend, poor Tardif seemed visited by a gleam of intelligence. "Ah! my dear Gillot, why have you been so long without coming to see me? There are still a few bottles waiting for us in the cellar, bedded in the dust, as I soon shall be myself. As for me, I am now but an empty bottle." Gillot took the sick man by the hand, and tried to prove to him that he would recover.

"I am no doctor, my dear Tardif, but, if you take my advice, you will send for four bottles of wine—one for me, one for you, one for your physician, and one for Death, should he make his appearance."

"Well spoken!" cried the oyster-woman, "only you forget that I am here."

Tardif smiled his pleasant smile, as in the good days then gone by. But suddenly he grew deadly pale. "My pictures! my pictures! my pictures! You have stolen all my pictures!" He raised himself in his bed, but fell back again exhausted. These were the last words he spoke. Gillot and the oyster-woman watched beside him all that evening, and all the night. They drank his wine—of that there can be no doubt—but that was all they had of his inheritance.

At daybreak, Tardif breathed his last. The previous evening, when he was already fast sinking, Father Dequet came to take away the remainder of the pictures. The oyster-woman undertook to receive him in a manner worthy of the fishmarket. Gillot, saddened though he was by the approaching death of his friend Tardif, could not help taking pleasure in the honest woman's vivid and picturesque eloquence. Father Dequet, who would fain have pushed aside the oyster-woman, to reach the sickbed—or rather the picture-gallery—was sharply repulsed. He de-

parted, resolved soon to return with an army of lawyers. Gillot had written to Tardif's relations. The brother of the dead man, happening to be on a journey to Paris, came to call upon him the very day of his death. Gillot informed him of all that had passed, and advised him to plead against the Jesuits for the recovery of the pictures, being persuaded that so respectable a body would never dare defend such an action.

"What I have just narrated," says M. Houssaye, by way of *envoy* to his tale, "is but the preface of a celebrated trial, to be found in the twelfth volume of the edition Riché, the parliament advocate who collected the pleadings in all the curious trials of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The edition, dated 1776, was published at Amsterdam by Marc-Michel Rey. The affair of the hundred and one pictures occupies but twenty-seven pages—445 to 470.

"After three audiences, of two hours each, the reverend Jesuit fathers of the Novitiate were condemned to restore the pictures, and to pay the value of those which they alleged to be lost. The judgment was rendered on the 9th August 1729. There was no appeal.

"There were remarked amongst the witnesses, the *Sieur* Gillot, painter to the opera, and the *Demoiselle* Marie Anne Vatout, oyster-woman, who were considered to be the best supporters of the heirs.'

"The pictures reverted to the heirs, who had a sale of them, which made some noise at the time. What has become of those masterpieces, cherished by Tardif as the light of his eyes and the joy of his heart? I have fallen in with a head, full of light and spirit, unsigned, but which betrays the gay, rich brush of Gillot. On the back of the pannel are to be distinctly read the words—COLLECTION TARDIF. Poor man! If he knew that his joys and sorrows have been appreciated—more than a hundred years after his death!"

MODERN STATE TRIALS.

THE LAST PART.

WITH this part we propose to conclude the short series which we have founded on Mr Townsend's "Modern State Trials." They are fifteen in number, of which we have selected for illustration *five*:—one for murder, that of Daniel M'Naughten; two for high treason, those of Frost and Oxford; one for wounding in a duel, that of the Earl of Cardigan; and one for forgery, that of Alexander Humphreys or Alexander. It will not, we hope, be denied that each of these possesses points of great and permanent interest, which we have taken no small pains to bring out clearly and popularly—and that, too, not only for general, but professional readers—always keeping in view, moreover, the objects which we proposed to ourselves at the outset.* A subordinate one was to contrast the trials taking place in England, Scotland, and Ireland, as exhibiting their respective peculiarities of criminal procedure, and the characteristics of their respective judges and advocates. In our last two Numbers we had to deal with a Scottish, and in their predecessors with English trials. Of the entire series in Mr Townsend's volume, there are ten English, three Scottish, and two Irish trials—those of Daniel O'Connell and his companions in 1843-4, for treasonable conspiracy, and Smith O'Brien in 1848, for high treason. We intend, in this paper, to indicate the most interesting features of one of the other two Scottish and two Irish cases.

1. The "trial of Hunter and four others, at Edinburgh, on January the 3d, 1838, and seven following days, for conspiracy and murder," is reported at considerable length by

Mr Townsend, but by no means more fully than is justified by the extraordinary nature of the case, and the very striking incidents developed at the trial. †

A little after eleven o'clock on the night of Saturday the 22d July 1837, a poor fellow named John Smith, an industrious cotton-spinner of Glasgow, was returning home accompanied by his wife, after making a few purchases for their Sabbath's dinner. A few minutes after quitting a butcher's shop he suddenly fell in the street, mortally wounded, having been shot in the back. One bullet had passed through his arm, and the other had severed the spinal cord! In his dying declaration, the next day, he stated "he was unable to say who had shot him, and had no suspicion who had done so, nor had he heard any footsteps behind him before having been shot;" "that he was convinced that it was on account of his having taken work from his employers, Messrs Houldsworth and Sons, that he had been shot last night:" "all this he depones to be the truth, as the deponent shall answer to God." The following touching description of this barbarous transaction was given by Mr Robertson, the counsel for the individual by whom it was alleged that the act of murder had been committed. "It was a murder perpetrated on this poor man, who had finished his week of labour in the toilsome occupation to which Providence had destined him, and who was entitled to lay his head for one night on his peaceful pillow, and to look forward to the return of that day when even the weary artisan is entitled to repose—is en-

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* No. CCCCXX. October 1850, p. 373.

† Mr Townsend's account of this trial is taken, as was that of Alexander, mainly, if not altogether, from an elaborate report, published in an octavo volume, by Mr Swinton in the year 1838; though in this instance, also, no allusion is made to the fact—doubtless from inadvertence.

titled to repose of body, and rest of mind, that he may dedicate to his God one day of the week, and pass some hours without bodily fatigue, if not without mental solicitude. At that moment the cowardly assassin, lurking behind, draws the fatal trigger, which hurries this honest and toil-worn artisan, in a very few hours, to the presence of the God who made him, and terminates his earthly course of toil and care." This was carrying into the heart of Glasgow an atrocity such as are so frightfully familiar to us as happening in Ireland. His offence was—having taken work from his employers at a lower rate of wages than his companions chose to accept, and who had consequently "struck work!" Six hundred pounds reward (five hundred by the master cotton-spinners of Glasgow, and one hundred by Government) were immediately offered for the discovery of the assassin, but in vain. This murder formed, says Mr Townsend, the crowning act of other desperate enormities recurring during different strikes in the cotton trade, and which had been attributed to the same gigantic conspiracy—the "Association of turn-out Spinners"—whose leaders had hitherto remained undetected. For presuming to work at reduced rates of wages, men had been fired at and wounded in open day, on the Green, in Glasgow, in the presence of scores of fellow-labourers, none of whom would protect the assailed, or inform against the murdering miscreants who had so attacked them! To deter masters from taking fresh hands, fire-balls were thrown into the mills; and canisters ignited, full of blazing combustibles, flung into the bed-rooms of private dwellings! The houses of workmen were invaded at dead of night, and the inmates forced to take an oath that they would discontinue work, for the future, on pain of death! A woman was brutally beaten to death in her own house, having been mistaken for her daughter, who had presumed to take the forbidden work! Vitriol was thrown on a poor fellow guilty of the same offence, and he died in horrible tortures: but, though the ruffian perpetrator of the outrage was fortunately detected and executed,

his companions were not deterred from prosecuting their career of cruelty and crime. The masters were compelled to wear masks, to protect them from the vitriol thrown at their faces! and were accustomed to receive letters threatening horrible modes of death, if they did not yield to the demands of their men! These deeds of atrocity and blood, which had for *twenty years* disgraced Scotland—sober, well-educated Scotland—were traced at length to the infamous association which has been mentioned, having ramifications in the three kingdoms, comprehending hundreds of thousands of workmen. At the will of a secret and self-elected body of fifteen men, these trades-unions perpetrated systematic acts of tyranny almost incredible, and entailing incalculable misery on their victims, "who all," said Mr Alison, (whose noble conduct in this affair we shall have speedily to notice,) "got deeply into debt, if they had any credit; and, if they had none, sank into such habits of idleness, profligacy, and intemperance, that great numbers have been permanently rendered mere nuisances and burdens to society. The cotton-spinners' strike alone instantly threw six or seven thousand women and children out of employment for a long period: eight thousand human beings were retained in a state of destitution and wretchedness for four months—merely at the pleasure of fifteen men!" The total loss entailed on the county of Lanarkshire alone, by these various strikes, was half a million sterling! Between twenty and thirty thousand young persons of both sexes were thrown into compulsory idleness for many months: the funds for their support grew rapidly less and less; each week they sank into deeper penury; and the starving pauper rushed separately and recklessly into crime. The prisons were crowded with ten times their ordinary number; fever and other deadly diseases crept stealthily in the rear of combination, and gleaned a copious harvest of death in the weakened victims of enforced want. Such effects must ever be produced by such causes. On the murder of Smith being

officially reported to Mr Alison, the sheriff of Lanarkshire, he resolved, "come what come might," to crush the destructive combination which had occasioned it; and, accompanied by Captain Miller and a strong police force, he boldly burst into the committee-room of the association, at ten o'clock on a Saturday night, four days after the death of Smith; and the result was the capture of fifteen of the ringleaders, together with all their books and papers. He thus described the scene—not as Mr Townsend supposed—in his evidence at the trial, but on a subsequent occasion, and in a quasi-official capacity. Though sinking all allusion to himself, every word of his eulogy tells really as strongly upon himself as on Captain Miller; and we are delighted by the opportunity of doing an act of mere justice, by bringing conspicuously forward this instance of gallant daring in a noble cause:—

"My lords, when I recollect Captain Miller's conduct when he entered the committee-room of the conspirators, and reflect on the moment when I stood beside him in the middle of the apartment, as he beckoned them out one by one, till the whole fifteen were delivered over to the police on the outside, with as calm a manner and resolute a voice as if he were now discharging his ordinary duty in this court; and when I call to mind the character and proved deeds of the conspiracy, and recollect that every room in the house was then also crowded with conspirators, and that hundreds of the association thronged the streets, almost within call, I cannot but regard his conduct on the occasion as one of the most remarkable instances on record of that moral resolution which is at once the shield of innocence and the bridle of crime, and which, paralysing guilt by the

ascendency of courage, proves its own safeguard by the awe which it inspires."

The effect of this enterprise was decisive, great, and consolatory. It palsied the energies of the entire confederacy. Early in the ensuing week the strike was at an end: the deluded, miserable, beggared followers of such wicked leaders, after four months of suffering and privation, returned to their work; and life and property were once again safe from molestation, and have ever since so continued. The captives were detained in custody till the ensuing January, when the five prisoners in the case before us were put upon their trial. A few witnesses, tempted by the reward, and relying on the protection of Government from the vindictiveness likely to be developed by their disclosures, came forward to throw light on the nature, character, and proceedings of the association. Great preparations were made on both sides for this most important trial, after nearly half a year's interval. One thousand pounds were subscribed by the working-men towards the expense of the defence, for which five of the most eminent advocates were retained, the Crown being represented by the Lord-Advocate, the Solicitor-General, and two other leading advocates. The indictment extended over twenty-six quarto pages; and ninety-one witnesses were summoned! The prisoners were charged with a *conspiracy* to keep up wages by molesting other workmen, and the perpetration of acts of violence to the persons and property of masters and workmen. They were further charged in the Criminal Letters*—which gave a long narrative of the atrocities that had been perpetrated for twenty years—with conspiring to burn mills, to set fire to private dwellings, and to murder Smith by the hands of one

* There are two methods of criminal procedure in Scotland—by Indictment, and by Criminal Letters; "which," says Mr Alison, (*Pract. of the Crim. Law*, p. 211,) "though different in form, are the same in substance." The "Indictment" is at the instance of the Lord-Advocate alone, and runs in his name; Criminal Letters proceed in the Sovereign's name. In so far as concerns the trial, there is no practical difference between the two methods of procedure. In the case before us, Mr Townsend speaks in one place of the Criminal Letters as "the Indictment," (p. 230,) having probably failed to notice the distinction between the two forms of procedure.

of the prisoners, M'Lean. It is not our intention to give a detailed account of the trial, which was necessarily troublesome and harassing, from the extent and multiplicity of the circumstances requiring to be brought distinctly under the notice of the jury, in order that a real "conspiracy" might be established, and the parts borne in it proved as against the prisoners respectively charged with it. "The whole defence," says Mr Townsend, "was founded in fraud, and supported by perjury."* Mr Duncan M'Neill, the new Lord of Session, defended four of the prisoners, and very ably and powerfully—though in this instance, contrary to Mr Townsend's wont, he is unaccountably niggard of his praise. He says briefly that the defence "was shrewd, plain, forcible, and pathetic;" which last expression does not appear to us properly to characterise the strain of vigorous eloquence which was really poured forth before the jury. Mr M'Neill's peroration was at once sober and deeply impressive. Mr Robertson appears to have figured very favourably in the eyes of Mr Townsend. He "commenced his eloquent oration by," &c.; "The accomplished orator denounced," &c.; "In his peculiar vein of banter and pleasantry, he ridiculed," &c. After giving copious extracts from this speech, Mr Townsend deals somewhat unceremoniously with the "very minute and elaborate summing up of the Lord Justice-Clerk, which occupied thirteen hours," but which Mr Townsend disposes of in nearly as few lines. "He let the jury clearly infer, as the intimation of his opinion, that the minor conspiracy—charged as having been to keep up wages by threats, intimidation, and acts of illegal violence to the persons of masters and workmen—was proved; but that the heavier conspiracy—to keep up the price of labour by fire-raising and murder—was *not* fully proved. . . . A case of greater public importance has seldom or never been brought before a jury. After an absence of five hours, the jury returned with a verdict which, we presume, was in

full conformity with the summing-up: "My lords, the jury have, by a majority, found the charges Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 10, against all the panels, proven: and they have unanimously found the rest of the charges not proven." Mr Townsend has forgotten to give any account of the different heads of charge, so that we cannot appreciate the precise effect of this report of the finding. It was, however, followed immediately—"between eleven and twelve o'clock at night"—by "most impressive statements of the reasons for passing so serious a sentence" as that of transportation for seven years.

On this trial we have two or three observations to offer. *First*, the prisoners were allowed twenty-five *peremptory* challenges to the jury—an indulgence which would not have been granted them in England, where *peremptory* challenges are allowed in cases of felony alone, not in misdemeanours; a distinction, however, unknown to the law of Scotland, where all offences are denominated "*crimes*" only. Our general readers may like to know that there are two kinds of challenges: *peremptory*—*i. e.*, an objection to a man's serving as a juror, made simpliciter, without assigning any reason for it; and *for cause*—*i. e.*, a challenge, assigning the ground or reason on which it proceeds. This distinction exists also in Scotland. By Stat. 3, George IV., c. 85, the prosecutor and the prisoner have each *five* *peremptory* challenges; and where Mr Townsend speaks of the prisoners having been allowed twenty-five *peremptory* challenges, we presume he must, if aware of this statute, mean that each of the five prisoners exercised his full statutory right of *peremptory* challenge. *Secondly*, the sentence was one of *transportation*, on conviction for that which in England would be regarded as only a misdemeanour at common law. In England this punishment can in no case be inflicted, except where expressly imposed by statute; but there is no such distinction in Scotland, where the *common law* empowers the judges to pass this or any other sentence applicable, in their discretion, to the

* Townsend, p. 196.

quality of the offence of which the prisoner may have been convicted. The common law of England punishes even the most aggravated misdemeanour by either fine and imprisonment, or by both. Lord Brougham, in the House of Lords, endeavoured to urge on the Government a mitigation of punishment, on the ground that in England only three months' imprisonment would have been inflicted. With due deference, however, we concur with Mr Townsend in regarding this ground as totally untenable. Besides, in aggravated cases of misdemeanour, two years is a common period of imprisonment; and there is nothing to prevent the infliction of three or four years, or even longer imprisonment, according to the discretion of the judges trying the case. *Thirdly*, according to Mr Townsend, there exists in the Scottish courts "a strange and irrational rule, that no question can be asked in *re-examination*!" And he states that, in this trial, it was owing to the operation of this rule, "that the guilt of actual participation in the murder could not be brought home to the prisoners!" and also that "the formation of the infamous Secret Committee was left in doubt."* Mr Townsend, however, has unintentionally aggravated the defective state of the law, as it stood at the period of this trial. It was then fully competent to re-examine a witness, to any legitimate extent, after his cross-examination had been completed, but not to recall him for that purpose *after he had quitted the witness-box, and heard the evidence of other witnesses*. It was *this* rule which had such a deleterious operation in the case before us; and the rule has been since relaxed by the legislature,† at the instance, we believe, of Lord Rutherford. From another part of Mr Townsend's account of the case,‡ it appears dis-

tinctly that a witness, "*on his re-examination*" gave a most important explanation of an answer which had been elicited on cross-examination.

Fourthly, English lawyers will be greatly astonished at finding the gossiping account of what she had casually seen of the alleged murder, given by a woman, since dead, to an acquaintance, gravely received in evidence at the mouth of that acquaintance without any objection made, though "it turned the nicely-poised scales in favour of M'Lean,"§ the principal prisoner, to whom was strongly imputed the very act of the murder! The witness was a cotton-spinner, who said that the woman in question had died of a fever since the death of Smith (the murdered man.) The witness, having heard her say that she had seen Smith shot, went to her, asked her if such was the fact, and, if so, what sort of man it was, when she replied, "A little set man, with dark moleskin clothes." This evidence was mightily relied on by the prisoners' counsel, who had elicited this portion of the evidence on cross-examination; and was allowed to call the wife of the witness, to give *her* version of what she had heard the deceased woman say—"That he was a little man, with dark dirty moleskin clothes, and below the common size of men!" In commenting on this evidence, Mr Robertson suddenly called upon his client in the dock to stand up: he instantly did so, and proved a taller man than any of the other prisoners!¶ We have looked through Mr Alison's section on Evidence, in his excellent *Practice of the Criminal Law of Scotland*, and see nothing to sanction the reception of such evidence; for which, we repeat, we are totally unable to account.

Lastly, it will be observed, that the verdict of Guilty was that of a majority only of the jury; and as it proved

* Vol. ii. p. 160.

† By the Act 3d and 4th Vict. c. 59.

‡ P. 186.

§ *Id.* p. 188.

¶ This gives Mr Townsend occasion to mention a curious incident which occurred some years ago in an English trial, on the Western Circuit. It was a case of theft; and the prisoner's guilt was deemed to have been brought home to him by the foot-marks of two feet, traced from the place of the theft to his dwelling. His counsel had, to the surprise of all in court, cross-examined minutely as to these foot-marks—their length and breadth, and the depth of the impressions—and at the close of the case for the prosecution, laughed the case out of court, by desiring the prisoner to show his nether extremities to the jury. He had a *wooden leg*!

to have been one of eight to seven—*viz.*, a majority of *one* only—on that circumstance was founded an urgent appeal to Government and to Parliament for a remission of sentence, backed by a memorial to the Queen from the prisoners' counsel, and a petition from the *minority* of the jury, stating that, in their opinion, none of the charges were proved! Lord Melbourne strongly resisted the application made by Lord Brougham in the House of Lords; taking the opportunity of remarking on the illustration afforded by the cause assigned for it, of "the inconvenience of the law of Scotland in not requiring *unanimity*. If they were to reflect on the length of time the jury took to consider their verdict, and the time they were out, and make these circumstances raise a presumption for attacking the verdict, there would be no end of such proceedings."* Thus much for two Scottish trials. Turn we now to

II.—Two Irish trials—and those, moreover, really "*State trials*," and of the first magnitude—those of the late Daniel O'Connell and his eight companions, in 1843-4, for treasonable conspiracy; and of Smith O'Brien, in 1848, for high treason. These are the only two Irish trials in the collection; and, but for the length to which this series of papers has unexpectedly extended, we should make the former of these two trials the subject of an entire article, for it possesses many features of vivid and enduring interest, in the eyes equally of political and forensic readers.

There was something grand and ominous in the position of affairs in Ireland, which led to the prosecution of the late Daniel O'Connell and his companions, in the year 1843-4. That consummate veteran agitator had been suffered, by a sagacious and powerful Government, to proceed step by step in his treasonable conspiracy to dismember the British Empire, up to a point when the bloody outbreak of civil war seemed abundantly inevitable. That he was never in earnest in agitating for a repeal of the Union, and never dreamed of being able to effect it, was the opinion of the great majority of thinking persons, whose

attention had been directed to his character and movements. He heartlessly adopted it as an expedient for maintaining his political ascendancy, and securing splendid pecuniary resources from his credulous and confiding fellow-countrymen. *They* believed him in earnest; that he was honestly earning his income; and paid him accordingly, cheerfully and punctually. He told them that, as fear alone had extorted Roman Catholic Emancipation, so fear alone could, and would, extort a repeal of the Union; and that he would guarantee success, provided the people trusted to him steadfastly and implicitly. At length, on the 2d January 1843, he ventured solemnly to declare that the repeal year had commenced—that, before it closed, the accursed link which bound Ireland in forced and fraudulent union to Great Britain would be snapped asunder. Keeping skilfully within the letter of the law, and relying on the proverbial caution and forbearance of Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington, Mr O'Connell at length appeared to act upon his own avowed convictions, by taking steps to secure the great result "of all his political labours—the emancipation of Ireland." His monster meetings, twenty or thirty in number, held in different parts of Ireland—some attended, as he boasted, and as was generally believed, by hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic and unanimous fellow-countrymen—appeared at length to have convinced him either that success was within reach, or that he *must* really proceed upon that assumption. A mixture of feelings—of anxiety, of fear, of intoxicated vanity—excitement that left no interval for calm reflection,—seems at length to have overpowered his prudence, and confused his natural clear-sightedness. He suffered a quasi-coronation amidst hundreds of thousands of future willing subjects; and at length boldly sanctioned the organisation of his myriad adherents in military fashion. Foreign Governments looked on at the apparent irrevocable inaction of the British authorities with amazement; and great numbers of persons in this country began to entertain dire apprehensions,

* Hansard, 3rd Series, vol. ii. p. 938.

and to regard the silence and inaction of the Government as at once inexplicable and inexcusable. Parliament separated in the autumn of 1843, leaving affairs, with mingled confidence and solicitude, in the hands of Ministers. A tremendous responsibility indeed was theirs; for immediately afterwards, matters assumed a truly alarming aspect. The meetings were held with increasing frequency, attended by vastly augmented numbers, and characterised by speeches, and arrangements, and plans for the future, of dangerous audacity. On the first of October a meeting was held at Mullaghmast, attended, as Mr O'Connell himself publicly declared shortly afterwards, by *a million of persons!* the lowest calculation, by independent military observers, placing them at 250,000—a quarter of a million! Mr O'Connell stated at that meeting, "*I choose this place for the meeting, because it was the precise spot on which English treachery, and false Irish treachery, consummated a massacre unequalled in the world, until the massacre of the Mamelukes by Mehemet Ali!*" Another meeting was appointed to be held a week afterwards—on the 8th October—of a still more decisive character; an article relating to it in the *Pilot*—one of Mr O'Connell's organs—being headed "*The battle of Clontarf, the Repeal Year!*" The language of Mr O'Connell himself was characterised by greatly augmented audacity; and the well-affected in Ireland, as well as everywhere in Great Britain, looked on daily with hourly increasing anxiety and wonder, at the course which might have been, or might be, adopted by Government to meet this most alarming exigency. They were somewhat reassured, however, by the tremendous military preparations going on in Ireland, directed by THE DUKE, and which he, and indeed all men knew, would have been personally supported even to the point of death, by every Englishman, Scotchman, and Irishman, capable of bearing arms and shedding his blood as a loyal subject of Queen Victoria. That these military preparations filled with dismay all those even most vain-glorious among the Irish disaffected, is undoubted; but they did not prevent their uttering

loud notes of warlike defiance. But how long was this fearful and sickening suspense to last? Every post from Ireland was expected to bring intelligence that civil war had commenced. The Lord-Lieutenant and Lord-Chancellor of Ireland, (Lord de Grey, and Sir Edward Sugden.) came over to England to consult with the Government, and returned on Friday the 6th October—ten days only before the dreaded Clontarf gathering on the ensuing Sunday, and immediately held a privy council at Dublin Castle—the result of which was looked for in an agony of excitement and apprehension by all parties: the general expectation being that the intended meeting would be declared by proclamation illegal and treasonable—and probably Mr O'Connell and his companions arrested on a charge of high treason. In the mean time, adherents to them were pouring in hourly from Liverpool, and from the remotest quarters of Ireland, simultaneously with ammunition, artillery, and regiments of infantry and cavalry. Threats were heard of *foreign intervention* on behalf of those "*struggling for freedom!*" Friday evening passed, and nothing transpired from Dublin Castle. On Saturday the 7th October, Mr O'Connell and his companions of the Repeal Association met in council at the Corn Exchange, to concert measures which might be rendered necessary by any movement from the Castle, where the Privy Council reassembled early in the same morning. The morning wore away, leaving Mr O'Connell and his companions—in short, everybody in Dublin—on the very tenterhooks of agitation and anxiety; and the impending crisis was undoubtedly fraught with the possibility of frightful results. An inflamed and half-maddened population was hurrying from all parts of Ireland, to attend a meeting which might at any moment be pronounced illegal, and prevented necessarily by bloodshed and slaughter. At length, at half-past three o'clock that afternoon, appeared a printed proclamation prohibiting the meeting on the ensuing morning; and within an hour afterwards, a counter notice, couched in the language of a rival "*Proclamation,*" was issued by Mr O'Connell, imploring those who

read it to abstain from attending the meeting, and to use their utmost exertions to prevent others from doing so. Desperate efforts were made by his emissaries to give effect to this mis- sive, and with success. The site of the intended meeting was preoccupied by the military, and the awful consequences of a collision between them and the innumerable dupes of design- ing demagogues were averted. During the ensuing week additional troops poured into Dublin, and overwhelming preparations were made against any outbreak. Every one then looked for the instant arrest of Mr O'Connell, and the leading members of the Repeal Association, on the charge of high treason, or at least sedition: it being alleged that Government had at length obtained sufficient evidence to justify such a procedure, and had waited no longer than till the moment of their becoming possessed of it, to act with decision. Owing to their over- powering demonstration of strength, and also to the incessant and passionate entreaties of Mr O'Connell—doubtless then feeling himself in mortal peril—no breach whatever of the peace occurred. Early in the ensuing week he received official intimation that he would be required to give bail to answer informations for "conspiracy and other misdemeanours;" and on Saturday he was required to attend at the house of one of the Judges, where he gave the requisite bail, and was then set at liberty;—doubtless secretly overjoyed at finding himself rated no higher an offender than a misdemeanant.

The country justly reposed confi- dence in the consummate administra- tive ability, and the experienced sagacity, which distinguished the Government of that day; and the calm resolution with which Sir Robert Peel withstood the importunities of both Parliament and the public to adopt strong legislative and executive measures,—in proud reliance on the energy of the common law to deal with the prodigious exigency which had risen—was truly admirable. "I am resolved," was his memorable declaration, "to walk in the light of the constitution. If I find the law of the land incapable of dealing effec- tually with the case, I will not hesi-

tate to ask for greater powers from the Legislature." Would that a simi- lar spirit had actuated him in every other subsequent State emergency! As soon as the course which he had resolved upon had become known to the country, it occasioned intense anxiety. Had he thoroughly consid- ered the nature of the proceedings on which so much thenceforth de- pended? Were his legal functionaries in Ireland equal to the occasion—one of almost unprecedented magnitude? Could a fair and firm jury be reason- ably expected to be got together? And what a desperate evil would be a miscarriage!—one likely to affect the tranquillity of Europe! What a prosecution!—one against infuriate myriads, represented by nine men, the chief of whom had devised and developed the enormous confederacy, and was noted for his successful astuteness in baffling legal proceed- ings! But the Government had a first-rate Attorney and Solicitor- General, as well as experienced and very able legal subordinates; they did not despair of finding an honest, patriotic, and independent spirit in Irish jurymen; and felt "thrice armed" in having "their quarrel just."

As soon as Mr O'Connell felt him- self entangled in the meshes of the law, he issued earnest solicitations to the Irish people to violate "no law,"—not to be "guilty of any tumult or disturbance," nor be "tempted to break the peace; but to act peace- ably, quietly, and legally,"—and then "the attempt upon *their liberties!* must fail." Then he addressed him- self to his personal difficulties, not magnanimously, but with a petti- fogging pusillanimity calculated to wither the eagerest and fondest sym- pathy with misfortune. As for ourselves, the contrast between his previous mighty demonstrations, and his sub- sequent conduct under criminal pro- secution, frequently brought to our recollection the lines of old Creech—

"That all may laugh to see that glaring light,
Which lately shone so fierce and bright,
End in a stink at last, and vanish into
night!"

In this "monster prosecution" everything was on a commensurate scale. There were twenty-eight coun- sel engaged! The indictment filled

fifty-eight folio pages, having to deal, in distinct detail, with as many overt acts—in the shape principally of seditious orations and documents—committed during the greater part of the year 1843. The grand jury took five days to consider whether they should find “a true Bill.” The Attorney-General, without throwing away a word, or wandering from his point for a moment, occupied eleven hours in opening the case. The counsel for the defendants, and Mr O’Connell himself, spoke for eight days successively! The Solicitor-General occupied two days and five hours with his incomparable “reply;” and the Lord Chief-Justice’s luminous “charge” consumed a day and a half! The jury took only five hours to agree to their verdict of Guilty, and three or four more to adjust it to the eleven counts of the indictment; and finally, the trial lasted for nearly a month—namely, from the 16th of January to the 12th of February. The interval between that day and the 30th of May was spent in desperate but fruitless efforts to obtain a new trial, and move in arrest of judgment; which was—a fine of £2000, and imprisonment for twelve calendar months. On the 14th June they sued out a writ of error to the House of Lords. On the 7th September the appeal was allowed, judgment arrested, and the prisoners set at liberty! To adopt the terse account of Mr Townsend—“By a lucky combination of an *indictment* partly bad, a *verdict* partly bad, and a *judgment* partly bad, the prisoners escaped,” to the scandal of lawyers, and the amazement and chagrin of the country at large. We were among those who failed to perceive the convincing force of the reasonings which led to the reversal of judgment in this case; and we made the decision of the House of Lords the subject of an elaborate, dispassionate, and respectful examination in *Maga*, in the ensuing month of November.* We remain of that opinion, and adhere to the reasons for it there assigned. Let us, however, recur to the commencement of the proceedings, which were contested foot to foot, and inch by inch, with a kind of ludicrous desperation—

with an unheard-of pertinacity. A brief enumeration will amuse even general readers.

First, The informations, on reaching the accused, proved to have been sworn to by Mr Bond Hughes, a Government short-hand writer—a gentleman of unquestionable honour and veracity, who had been engaged officially to take notes of what was said at the various public meetings which led to the prosecution. He appeared publicly and avowedly in the capacity of Government reporter, treating others, and being treated, with uniform courtesy. He performed his harassing duties, as was ultimately acknowledged on all hands, with exemplary fidelity. But behold! The instant that the informations fell under the lynx-eyed defendants and their friends and advisers, they discovered that Mr Hughes had made a mistake in including Richard Barrett, one of the prisoners, among those present at a meeting, and a dinner, on the 8th October; whereas it seemed that he really had not been at either. Upon this, informations for wilful and corrupt perjury!! were forthwith preferred against Mr Hughes, “it being considered as a providential circumstance”—piously says one of the elaborate printed reports now before us—“that he should have thus tripped at the very outset!” Mr M’Donogh, Q.C., one of the counsel for the accused, attended before the magistrates to urge their reception of the informations. They, however, recommended him to apply to the Commission; and the Commission referred the affair. Accordingly, as soon as Mr Justice Burton had charged the grand jury, in the O’Connell case, on the first day of Michaelmas term, Mr M’Donogh, after the jury had retired, applied to the Court for an order, in the nature of a *Mandamus* to the magistrates, compelling them to receive the informations. On the ensuing day, various affidavits in support of the application, by seven of the defendants; and on a subsequent day Mr M’Donogh made another vigorous effort to obtain a *Mandamus*, but in vain—the Court, however, giving him leave to prefer the charge

* The O’Connell Case.—Was the Judgment rightly reversed! No. CCCXLIX., pp. 539-569.

to the grand jury, as soon as they should have disposed of the great matter then before them. No further proceedings, however, were attempted, and the absurd charge fell to the ground.

Secondly, While deliberating on the bill, the grand jury came into court, to ask that a mere clerical error in one of the counts—the name of “Tierney” being used by mistake for “Tyrrel”—should be altered by the officer of the court: an application which was quite a matter of course. It was, however, strongly opposed by the counsel for Tyrrel! but ultimately overruled, at the instance of the Attorney-General, on the obvious ground that, in such a stage of the proceedings, no third person could interfere between the Crown and the grand jury. At length the grand jury found a true bill, on which it became in law an indictment—but not before one of the grand jurors had exclaimed aloud, “I beg leave to express my dissent from that bill, as one of the jurors!”

Thirdly, On the defendants appearing in court after the finding of the indictment according to their recognisances, and being required by the Attorney-General, under statute 6, Geo. III., c. 4, § 1, to plead in four days’ time, the counsel for the prisoners *seriatim* applied to the court to order that the four days should run, not from that moment, but only from the delivery of copies of the indictment. After considerable discussion the Attorney-General waived the point, consenting to give copies of the indictment immediately, and to reckon the commencement of the four days from the ensuing one.

Fourthly, Application was made the next day for liberty to compare the copies of the indictment with the original, that the defendants, before pleading, might be assured of the correctness of such certified copies. The Lord Chief-Justice thought this a reasonable application, and granted it; and then it was demanded that the time to plead should run only

from the time of delivering the compared copies.

Fifthly, Then was demanded a copy of the indorsements in the indictment, including the names of the witnesses, which was refused unanimously by the court, after full argument.

Sixthly, Next was demanded a copy of the caption of the indictment, a point strongly urged by counsel in elaborate arguments, and decided in the negative by the majority of the court, Mr Justice Perrin dissenting.* By this time the last day for pleading to the indictment had arrived, on which all the defendants, instead of pleading Not Guilty, handed in separate pleas in abatement—i.e., dilatory pleas; on the ground that four witnesses before the grand jury had not been previously sworn in open court, according to statute 56, Geo. III., c. 87. The Attorney-General objected to the pleas being received at all at that stage, which was too late. The court, however, ruled otherwise, on which the Attorney-General handed in demurrers to the pleas, which were argued very ably and elaborately on both sides. The Court, in equally elaborate judgments, unanimously decided against the pleas in abatement.

Seventhly, The Attorney-General then required the defendants to plead *instantly*. This, again, was opposed very earnestly, but ineffectually; and at length, after ineffectual objections, the defendants were forced to hand in pleas of Not Guilty. But—

Eighthly, When the Attorney-General moved to have a trial at bar, and to fix it for the 11th December, he was encountered by voluminous affidavits, and motions to postpone the trial till the 15th January, on the ground that the jury-lists, then deemed objectionable by the defendants, would by that time have been revised. The Attorney-General yielded, on which the defendants insisted on a farther postponement, till the 1st February. This, however, after argument, was refused, and the trial ordered to take place on the former day.

* By the “caption” of an indictment is meant merely the *style or preamble* which is superadded to the indictment, when the whole record is ultimately made up in form. The caption is no part of the indictment; and, when this application was made, was notoriously not in existence. There was, in fact, no pretence whatever for the application, and we cannot appreciate the reason which induced the dissent of Mr Justice Perrin from the rest of the Court.

Ninthly, On the ensuing morning, it will scarcely be believed that a renewed application was made for a list of the names of the witnesses indorsed on the back of the indictment! Again the old question was elaborately argued, on professedly new grounds, on both sides, and again the judges delivered judgments *seriatim* as before, and with the like result. A rule was then obtained by the Attorney-General for a special jury. The battle-field was now to be looked for in another quarter—the Recorder's Court—where the jury-lists to be in force during the ensuing year were to be made out, or rather the existing one revised; the great struggle on the part of those representing the accused being to introduce the names of as many Roman Catholics as possible. The fight was furious for an entire fortnight! Then the battle was transferred to the Crown Office on the 3d, 4th, and 5th January, where both parties, with their counsel, attended, for the purpose of "striking" the special jury—*i.e.*, reducing it to twenty-four names, by each party striking out one alternately; and the result was, as might have been expected, from the preponderating numbers of Protestants on the jury lists, that those twenty-four were such. The object of the Crown officers had been only the legitimate one, of rejecting all persons whom they had reason to believe disqualified for dispassionately acting as jurymen, from sharing the extreme political opinions of the defendants, on the subject of repealing the Union. At the opening of Hilary Term, on the 12th January, occurred the next obstructive step of the defendants, which we shall call, resuming our series—

Tenthly, An application to quash the panel of special jurors, or to add twenty-seven names to it, omitted on the alleged ground of fraud or mistake. This, also, the Court overruled unanimously. At length, on Monday the 15th January, came the day of trial. After no little delay and difficulty, owing partly to various of the proposed jurymen endeavouring to avoid the perilous and harassing responsibility prepared for them, twelve gentlemen were got into the box. But then, behold!

Eleventhly, A long elaborate challenge to the array; being in substance the same as number ten, unanimously disposed of against the accused three days previously. The Attorney-General instantly demurred to the challenge, supporting his demurrer with great promptitude and cogency of learning and ability; the whole matter was elaborately argued, and at length the Attorney-General was again victorious; one of the judges, however, Mr Justice Perrin, doubtfully dissenting from the rest of the Court. Thus was consumed the whole of the first day! On the ensuing morning, fresh efforts to get themselves excused were made by some of those called into the box; and when one of them alleged old age and bad health, it was interesting to witness the zeal with which his liability to serve was insisted on by the counsel for the accused, owing to the chance it afforded them of defeating the proceedings, by the jurymen's becoming unable to serve! They succeeded; and twelve jurymen having at length, after all this protracted struggle to prevent that "consummation devoutly to be" deprecated, been sworn, Mr Napier opened the pleadings, and Mr Attorney-General rose to state the case of the Crown. He performed his anxious and responsible duty admirably. What a position he must have felt to be his—with sixteen of his brethren, pen in hand, and ears arrect, noting every topic, every word that fell from him—each surcharged with eager professional rivalry, anxiety to defeat him, and fierce political antagonism! And the pens of thirty expert shorthand writers transferring to paper every syllable that he uttered—to be indelibly recorded, to be universally disseminated! If ever man, placed in a similar position, exhibited powerful and well-trained faculties, it was the Attorney-General* on that momentous and memorable occasion. In short, this learned gentleman from first to last exhibited a wonderful exactness, minuteness, and comprehensiveness of legal knowledge, and readiness in using it—indomitable resolution and unflagging vigilance. He depicted, steadily and patiently,

* We need hardly inform our readers that it was Mr Smith, the present Master of the Rolls in Ireland.

in strong but true colouring, the colossal conspiracy which he had so boldly undertaken to demolish by the unaided energies of the common law, and did demolish; for, though a technical objection ultimately secured a reversal of the judgment, it left the legal, moral, substantial merits of the case untouched, and the efficacy of the common law completely vindicated. The Solicitor-General's* reply for the Crown was an exquisite specimen of legal logic throughout—uniformly temperate, courteous, and convincing; exhibiting a marvellous mastery of the facts, and lucidity of arrangement. What a vivid contrast is exhibited between its severe simplicity and sobriety—its unwavering directness of purpose—and the impassioned, imaginative, excursive addresses of the eight counsel to whom he had to reply! Some of these addresses exhibited merit of a high order. Those of Mr Shiel and Mr Whiteside appear to us pre-eminent as displays of rhetorical power, with this distinction † between the two—that the former appeared almost designedly unconnected with the evidence—with the legal merits of the case; while the latter appears that of a well-trained, eloquent, and accomplished lawyer, addressing himself discreetly and ingeniously to those facts which were susceptible of being favourably presented to the jury, and diverting attention from those of a different description, by elegant, feeling, and sometimes very powerful declamation. Several portions of his speech appear to us to justify the extraordinary sensation called forth by the delivery of them. Incomparably the best speech, in a legal point of view, delivered on behalf of the accused, was that of Mr Henn, who was subtle, ingenious, plausible, and practical. If the intelligent jury was to be impressed favourably towards the prisoners, and desirous of seeing their way, according to law, towards an acquittal, Mr Henn went furthest in pointing out such a course to them. Towards the close of his address he disclaimed, with a quaint excess of

modesty, the possession of intellect enough to discharge his duties. "I am not gifted with an intellect which would enable me to grasp the vast variety of facts, and the mass of evidence which has been laid before you in the case." Mr O'Connell's address was temperate and tame—disappointing all who have read it, as we understand was the case with those who heard it: a mere repetition of the topics which he had been in the habit of urging in Parliament and in public meetings, in favour of the repeal of the Union. He thus concluded:—"I leave the case to you; I deny that there is anything in it to stain me with a conspiracy; I reject with contempt the appellation. I have acted in the open day, in the presence of the Government, in the presence of the magistrates; nothing was secret, private, or concealed; there was nothing but what was exposed to the universal world." This sophism was thus conclusively disposed of by the Lord Chief-Justice, (Mr Pennefather, one of the ablest lawyers that ever sate on the Irish bench.) "Gentlemen, it is a mistake in law to say, that in order to establish conspiracy, it is necessary to prove the existence either of *treachery* or of *secrecy*, in order to complete this charge. I do not mean to say, but rather the contrary, that very often both treachery and secrecy do not concur in the existence of various conspiracies; they are cognate to such an offence; but I deny altogether that it is the law of this country that the existence of one or other of such ingredients should be proved, in order to constitute the crime of conspiracy. Secrecy is very often involved in it; but, in my opinion, and so I put it to you, it is not a necessary ingredient in the charge of conspiracy. Nay, more, if secrecy were a necessary ingredient in the crime of conspiracy, the present alleged conspiracy might have been carried on from its beginning to its final consummation, and the parties could never have been stopped in their progress, or charged with the crime of that

* Mr Sergeant Greene.

† "How superior," says Mr Townsend, (vol. ii. p. 515,) "to the noisy gorgeous fireworks of Shiel, is the calm planetary light of the eloquent philosophical truths" enunciated by Mr Whiteside.

nature."* The summing up of the Lord Chief-Justice was excellent—admirable throughout. Nothing could exceed the simplicity and accuracy with which he presented to the jury the true points of the bewildering complication of facts and reasoning with which they had been occupied so long. His own impressions of the case being strong and decisive, he presented them with unhesitating boldness and decision to the jury, without, at the same time, invading their province, or seeking to confuse its confines. The attempt subsequently made to impugn his impartiality, on the strength of a single ambiguous expression—"the gentlemen of the other side," [when speaking of the counsel for the accused,] was contemptible: it was one, justly observes Mr Townsend, "which a gesture, a nod of the head, or motion with the hand, might at once explain." The jury, after publicly expressing their embarrassment by the number and complexity of the issues which had been submitted to them—but which, we think, were submitted to them as satisfactorily as the nature of the case admitted of—returned a verdict of guilty against *all* the defendants, in the last eight of the eleven counts of the indictment; against three of the defendants, (including Daniel O'Connell,) on the third count, and part of the first and second counts; and against four other of the defendants on parts of the first, second, and third counts. Had a verdict of Not Guilty been entered on those counts and parts of counts, in accordance with the real verdict of the jury, "all that exercise of forensic ingenuity," says Mr Townsend, "which afterwards perplexed the judges and divided the law lords, would have been stayed. *Sed Dis aliter visum!*" Suffice it, for our present purpose, to say, that the judgment pronounced by the Irish Court of Queen's Bench was subsequently reversed by the decision of a majority of one of three judicial peers against two †—the minority being supported by the overwhelming ma-

ajority of the judges called in to advise them, and only two of whom had expressed the opinions subsequently adopted by the majority of the judicial peers. This judgment was arrested, however, on only *one single point*; one arising necessarily after all the proceedings in the Irish courts had been completed, and founded on a mere matter of form, viz., the mode of entering the verdict on the record, and which was done, in conformity with the universally-understood practice, for a century and a half, in both the English and Irish courts! This technical objection—of extremest shadowy tenuity—was suggested by the eminent English lawyers (the present Lord Chancellor, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Mr Peacock, and Mr John William Smith. The point was this. Some of the eleven counts were bad in point of law, and others good; and instead of entering the verdict "guilty" and "not guilty" in the counts respectively applicable to the verdict, the verdict was entered *generally* "guilty;" and the formal entry of the sentence was "for *his offences* aforesaid"—which, looking only at the formal entry on the record, *might* be taken to indicate that the judge had been influenced, in awarding sentence, by bad as well as good counts! All the law lords, and all the judges—including the minority of two—were taken by surprise, when this objection was started at the bar of the House of Lords; it had never been thought or heard of before; but it prevailed—and the prisoners were set at liberty, after having been confined, but very pleasantly, and with an extraordinary leisure of indulgence, for three months. To prevent the recurrence of such a hardship as carrying into effect a sentence, in case of misdemeanour, pending a writ of error, a statute was passed (8 & 9 Vict. c. 68) in the ensuing session, "to stay execution of judgment for misdemeanours, upon the parties giving bail in error," a just remedial measure for an admitted wrong. Though the defend-

* We quote, as in all the other references to this trial, the separate Report of it, by Messrs Armstrong and Shirley, (members of the Irish bar,) in 1844, pp. 808-9.

† The late Lord Cottenham, and Lords Denman and Campbell, against the then Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham.

ants were thus restored to their liberty, and relieved from the payment of fines, and the finding of securities for their good behaviour, and so far the result of this State Trial was nngatory, it was in reality most potent. It crushed the conspiracy at which it had been aimed; and demonstrated in a way not to be misunderstood, and with resources not to be foolhardily hereafter undervalued, that it can do so again. The bubble of "Repeal" has burst, and no one has been able to blow another. The arch-conspirator, Daniel O'Connell, received a blow from which he never recovered. He lost ground irrevocably in the estimation of his once credulous fellow-countrymen, though he affected—such was the hard necessity of the condition which he had imposed upon himself—to have still at heart the repeal of the Union, and made sickly and puny efforts to show that he was in earnest, and that success in the insane project was possible.

The only other Irish trial in Mr Townsend's collection, is that of William Smith O'Brien in the autumn of 1848, for high treason. The occurrences which led to it, however, are too recent, and the course, and incidents, and result too fresh in recollection, to admit of our dwelling upon it at any length. His conduct from first to last was calculated to excite emotions only of pity, contempt, and disgust; and while no one could, or can, entertain the slightest feelings of sympathy with him, it cannot be denied that, in his absurd campaign of treason, he showed a sense of gentlemanly feeling, of personal truth and honour, which leads one to attribute his conduct, in a considerable measure, to intellectual deficiency. He seems to have been unable to see the absurdity of his schemes, or to appreciate the personal risk he was running, or the moral enormity of his conduct. The country acted wisely, and with dignity, exhibiting a contemptuous clemency in forbearing to take the life which he had so clearly forfeited. He had been taken in the very act of high treason—an act unequivocal and glaring, of literally "*levying war*" against our lady the Queen, in her

realm;" and his counsel must have been indeed at his wits' end to discover topics which might be urged on the jury without insulting their understanding. He adopted the only line open to him, and which was taken in Frost's case, as we explained in the first of these articles*—viz., to assert that the prisoner's object was not of a *general*, but a special and limited character—to effect, not a public national purpose, but a personal and selfish one. "This," observes Mr Townsend, graphically, "was the narrow ridge, scarcely sufficient for the foot to rest on; the frail, slight, rickety plank over a yawning abyss, by which alone his counsel could hope to extricate their client; but his own speeches, letters, and acts rendered even this method of escape—rather, by the bye, an ignoble one—perfectly hopeless." The same desperate efforts were made by counsel, as in the cases of Frost and O'Connell, to secure the prisoner's escape by means of technical objections: applications to postpone the trial for non-delivery of lists of jurors and witnesses; a plea in abatement, founded on the same objection; a challenge to the array, on the ground of partiality in the sheriff—a charge, it need hardly be said, utterly groundless; and a claim to thirty-five preemptory challenges to the jury, according to the common law of England—a claim of course overruled. All, however, was ineffectual—as also was a subsequent Writ of Error to the House of Lords, argued with pertinacious zeal by four counsel. Sentence of death—the death of a traitor—was passed upon the prisoner; and on hearing that her Majesty had been most graciously pleased to spare his life, on condition of his being transported for life, this impracticable traitor argued that the Queen had no power to exercise this act of mercy! That her Majesty had such a power no lawyer doubted; but, to obviate all possible doubt on the subject, a declaratory act was immediately passed, (Stat. 12 and 13 Vict., c. 27,) entitled "An Act to remove doubts concerning the transportation of offenders under judgment of death, to whom mercy may be

* No. CCCXX. October 1850.

extended, in Ireland." We have little to remark on the conduct of this trial, as reported by Mr Townsend. We concur with him in saying, that it "combines the different elements of peculiarity" which distinguished the trial of O'Connell and his companions, and "all Irish State Trials." He forms a very different estimate of the merits of the addresses of counsel in this case. That of the Attorney-General, Mr Monaghan, "is a dry detail of most [un]interesting facts, unrelieved by style, and unadorned by a single grace of elocution;" while Mr Whiteside, for the defence, "redeemed the forensic honour of his country, and struck a key-note of national pathos which must have vibrated through the hearts of his hearers."

Before quitting this branch of the subject, we beg to express our opinion that these Irish trials—but especially that of O'Connell and his companions—exhibit the Irish bar in a very distinguished position in respect of their legal acquirements, and their prompt ability in applying these acquirements, as the exigencies of their cases demanded. Nor do we find any cause for censure in their repeated and strenuous efforts to defeat the cases against their clients, by availing themselves of every technical objection which could occur to skilful and practised lawyers. It was their bounden duty to do so—as was done by their English brethren in the case of Frost, and ought always to be done on behalf of clients who have intrusted their lives and liberties to their counsel, and rightfully insist on their seeing that the forms of law are in every respect strictly complied with. None but the most stupidly ignorant can deny the existence, or complain of the exercise, of this right. "Technical objections," as they are called, are on such occasions only so many evidences of the existence of those time-hallowed and inestimable rules which secure the very existence of civil liberty, and constitute the very essence of an enlightened and free jurisprudence. Let any one of our readers imagine himself in the posi-

tion of an accused, being tried for a capital or any other serious offence—with his life, his honour, his liberty at stake, and believing himself the victim of an unjust accusation—what would *he* think of his counsel waiving all "technical objections?" He would accuse his counsel of ignorance, imbecility, or even collusion and corruption.

We think that the slight specimen which alone we have been able to give in this brief series, of the mode of conducting criminal trials in England, Scotland, and Ireland, are such as reflect credit on the mode of administering criminal jurisprudence in Great Britain. As amongst ourselves, we can perceive peculiar excellencies and peculiar defects in each of the three branches of legal practitioners; but all are distinguished by reverence for THE LAW OF THE LAND, and its judicial exponents; courtesy towards each other; and a vigilant, stern, and fearless spirit in guarding the liberty of the subject, when that liberty is in any degree endangered in the person of even the humblest fellow-subject, and on apparently the most trivial occasions.

It was our intention to have included in this paper a sketch of a great American trial for murder—that of the late Professor Webster, for the murder of Dr Parkman—a fearful occurrence—a black and dismal tragedy from beginning to end, exhibiting most remarkable indications, as it appears to us, of that overruling Providence which sometimes sees fit to allow its agency in human affairs to become visible to us. We have, however, now concluded the present series; but it is not impossible that we may take an early opportunity of giving some account of this extraordinary case, of which, even while we are writing, a report has been courteously transmitted to us from America. All we shall at present say on the subject is, that the reply of Mr Clifford, for the prosecution, cannot be excelled in close and conclusive reasoning, conveyed in language equally elegant and forcible. Its effect, as a demonstration of the guilt of the accused, is fearful.

THE EXPERIENCES OF FREE TRADE.

WE have been greatly edified by the ponderous and incoherent efforts of the Free-Trade press to neutralise the effect produced by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's *Letters to John Bull*. Sir Edward's literary reputation stands deservedly so high, and his attainments, research, and originality of thought are so universally admitted, that it is rather difficult to treat with absolute levity anything which may flow from his pen. An inferior novelist, when deviating from the fields of fiction into the more stony regions of politics, may, with something like a show of propriety, be turned back by the hostile critic, with an intimation that he has no right whatever to trespass upon that forbidden domain. The poet, whose fame depends principally upon the excellence of his stanzas, is certain to be assailed by some ferocious newspaper mastiff if he shall venture to publish his opinions on matters of sublunary interest. The possession of that rarest of God's gifts, genius, is considered by a good many of those accomplished gentlemen who concoct leaders for the daily and weekly organs of public instruction, as tantamount to a deprivation of common sense, and of the power of exercising a judgment upon ordinary subjects. On what grounds such critics arrive at their conclusions, we cannot accurately say, unless a consciousness of the entire want of genius in their own several instances engenders the idea that social questions can only be understood by men of marked mediocrity; and that Chancellor Oxenstiern's celebrated remark, that the world may be governed with little wisdom, should be construed into a broad assertion that the possession of higher powers must always be considered as a disqualification.

But, as we have already said, Sir Edward Lytton cannot be disposed of in so summary and contemptuous a manner. He is not more remarkable for brilliance of fancy and luxuriance of imagination, than for keen accurate observance of the ways and manners of mankind. His logical and reasoning faculties are as naturally acute as

his power of invention is large; and these have been sharpened and refined by a course of severe study, not only in the closet, but in the living and the active world. No writer, since the days of Scott, has united so much practical shrewdness with so great a proportion of the higher intellectual gifts; and it is this marvellous combination that has made him an authority of no mean weight in the social as well as the æsthetical sciences. There is hardly a question of public interest upon which his opinion would not be received, by the majority of candid and inquiring men, with as marked deference as that of any living statesman; and this distinction he owes quite as much to the respect which is generally entertained for his judgment, as to the strength and extreme felicity of the illustrations which are the peculiar characteristics of his style.

Such a man cannot be put down by a calm assumption of intellectual superiority on the part of his antagonists. His name is too great, his position too high, to render such an attempt advisable. No one can dismiss him with a sneer, or gainsay his title to be heard. He is not the master of a single trick of fence alone—he challenges the political economists to meet him with their own weapons. While they have been ransacking the volumes of the best writers upon that abstruse science, for isolated texts and detached sentences which they might parade to the vulgar in justification of their extravagant theories, he has been diligently and profoundly examining the whole system as evolved from its first principles, and testing the truth of each proposition by the light of experience, and by the aid of a masterly and comprehensive mind. In vain they would attempt to overwhelm such an opponent by the repetition of their customary jargon. In knowledge he is far more than their equal; in ability, he is immeasurably beyond them. They may abuse and revile, but they cannot confute him; and the impotency of their rage is perhaps the surest token that the shaft which he has launched has gone

true to its aim, and is inextricable to their agonised endeavours.

During the period of his Parliamentary career, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton was, as our readers may remember, considered as a Liberal member. He was so in the true sense of the word, not in that wretched and degraded significance which is now attached to the term. His first political work, *England and the English*, published nearly eighteen years ago, gave great umbrage to the Whigs, from the freedom with which he characterised their policy, and contrasted their deeds with their professions. Our opinions upon many subjects arising out of the political field, did, and probably do, differ from his; but it was impossible to read that work without forming the conviction that the author was as independent as honest, as sincere a lover of order as he was a friend of liberty. Viewing the changes which have since then taken place in the political world—contrasting the present language of Ministers, and the tone of their supporters, with their former high protestations—and marking the disgraceful apathy which is manifested towards the wrongs and sufferings of the most important class of British subjects—well may Sir Edward Lytton enter his eloquent protest against being confounded with the modern Liberals who have openly renounced all pride in the greatness of their country—all connection with the name of patriotism!

“I own to you, O my honoured and somewhat antiquated John! I own to you, that the school in which I learned to love liberty seems now as old-fashioned as yourself. For I learned that love in the school of the great patriots of the past; I learned to connect it inseparably with love of country; and it would really seem as if a new school had arisen, which identifies the passion for freedom with scornful indifference for England. And when, in a popular meeting, which was crowded by the friends of the late Corn Law League, and at which one of the great chiefs of that combination presided, an orator declared, in reference to the defences of the country, that ‘he thought it might be a very good thing for the people if the country were conquered by the foreigner;’ and when that sentiment was received with cheers by the audience,

and met with no rebuke from the Paladin of Free Trade seated in the chair, I felt that, however such sentiments might be compatible with Free Trade,—in the school in which I learned to glow at the grand word of liberty, they would have been stigmatised as the sentiments of slaves. Yet more recently and more notoriously, when Sir James Graham, who, it now seems, is the ‘Coming Man’ of the Free-traders, introduced into an address to the Commons of England a significant menace of the will and the power of the soldiers; and when that menace was not drowned by the indignant outburst, but hailed by the exulting cheers, of a party professing affection for civil freedom,—I own again, that, in the school in which I learned that liberty rested upon law, the barest allusion to the armed force of a standing army as a Parliamentary argument, would have been deemed an outrage on the senate, and applause given to such allusion the last degradation that could debase the representatives of citizens. Another high authority in Free Trade—nay, the very author of the ‘Corn Law Catechism’—uttered, not many days since, a sentiment equally worthy the loyalty of an officer and the patriotism of an Englishman:—‘I would rather,’ said Colonel Thomson, ‘see a foreign army in possession of London six weeks, than see the Protectionists for six weeks in possession of those benches.’ What! prefer the sword of the foreign conqueror to the vote of legislators elected by the free choice of the nation!—No, such is not the school in which I learned to love liberty, and these are not the authorities I will consent to acknowledge as guides to the free men of England.”

The expressed opinion of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton upon this question is very valuable and well-timed, for it embodies the sentiments which we know are entertained by a large and influential body of men who have watched the experiment closely since its commencement, and who are now satisfied of its failure. Sir Robert Peel, when he had finally made up his mind to throw himself into the ranks of the Free-Traders, took especial care that as few disturbing influences as possible should interfere between him and his object. In Parliament he knew that he could reckon upon a majority, not of the Conservative party who had carried him triumphantly into power, but of one composed of the Whig and Radi-

cal sections, with the addition of that squadron whom he persuaded to sacrifice their honour at his bidding. But he dared not venture on an appeal beyond the walls of Parliament. He knew that he would meet with neither sympathy nor support from those whose cause he had abandoned; and he knew, moreover, that the question of Protection to British Industry never was and never could be identified with the mere views of a party.

There is a calm assumption in the tone of the Free-Traders which really challenges admiration. They talk and write as if the cause which they are now defending was as ancient as the British Constitution—as if the commercial principles which they profess were too sacred to be impugned without impiety—as if the system they have thrust into operation had received the deliberate and almost unanimous sanction of the British people;—whereas we know that the cause is one of yesterday; that the soundness of the principles has been denied by the statesmen of almost every other country in the world; and that the system never was submitted to the approval of the nation, but was foisted upon it most scandalously and disgracefully by a Parliament which betrayed its trust, at the instigation of a Minister who forfeited the pledges of a lifetime. The authors of the measure were cautious that no delay should take place in carrying it. In an incredibly short space of time the whole mischief was done, and done without the sanction of the constituencies, whose opinion was not taken upon the matter. All this may have been in accordance with the form, but it was clearly opposed to the spirit, of the Constitution. It has established a precedent dangerous to the liberty of the subject, by proving that more arbitrary power may be exercised by an unscrupulous Minister, against the will of the nation, than was ever claimed for the Crown in those times when royalty wore the guise of despotism. It has grievously shaken the general faith in the character of public men; and has by no means raised the House of Commons in the estimation of the great body of the people.

The progress of the experiment has been watched by thousands in silence and with anxiety. Plausible as were many of the arguments brought forward to excuse the change of policy, these were never felt to be so satisfactory as to overcome the boding of misfortune which took possession of the public mind. The pictures of that universal prosperity which was to follow the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the unconditional opening of our ports, were, in fact, too highly coloured. It seemed impossible to believe that the agricultural interest would not suffer, and suffer most severely, from measures which, if they were efficacious at all, could only tend to lower the value of produce; and yet we were confidently told that such would not be the case. Equalisation, not reduction of prices, was the professed object of the Free-Traders; and they assured the farmers that, under the new law, their condition would on the whole be materially bettered. A stimulus, such as never had been felt before, was to be given to trade and manufactures; and unprotected industry, in all its branches, was to flourish far more vigorously than when the home market was defended from the effects of foreign competition. To those who understood the real value of the home market to the native producer, and who were cognisant of the amount of our taxation, and its peculiar and intricate distribution, such vaticinations seemed, as they really were, the offspring of a diseased imagination. Others, indeed, misled by statements as confidently enunciated as though they had undergone the test of actual experience, lost confidence in their own judgment, and were content to wait the issues of a policy which no effort of theirs could avert. Thus a number of men upon whom the sophistries of Cobden and the coarse invectives of Bright had no effect whatever in the way of persuasion, became staggered in their preconceived opinions when they saw Sir Robert Peel, hitherto considered so wary and so cautious, espousing the same cause, with the consent and co-operation of several of his colleagues who really stood high in the general estimation of the country.

One other point is deserving of especial notice. The propounders of the new measure were compelled to state, broadly and explicitly, the nature and extent of their anticipations. General effects might have been easily depicted in such a manner as to avoid the risk of future refutation; but Lord George Bentinck, and those who acted with him, did not permit their opponents to escape under cover of general vaticinations. They demanded—and, what is more, they obtained—from the leading advocates of Free Trade, a distinct account of the results which they calculated their measures would produce upon the different industrial classes of the community; and thus, to a certain extent, we have been able from time to time to compare the real working of the new commercial system with the recorded anticipations of its founders. No better test of the utility or worthlessness of any political scheme, when brought into practical operation, can be conceived than this; and we notice it more particularly, because we are indebted for the fact of its existence to the energy of that gallant nobleman, too early lost to his country, who compelled his antagonists to develop their views, and who thereby deprived them for ever of the readiest method of retreat.

In 1847, when the present Parliament was summoned, the cause of Protection, as a declared and absolute necessity for the existence of the State and the welfare of the industrial and productive classes, was dependent upon the success or the failure of the opposite policy. By the consent of all parties, the experiment, so far as sanctioned by the last Parliament, was to go on—the only points of resistance and debate referred to the extension of the experiment, and the period of its endurance if it should fail to realise the expectations of those who promoted it. The Protectionists in the House of Commons, gradually consolidating themselves into a firm and formidable phalanx, and representing a vast proportion of the intelligence and wealth of the country, did not attempt to disturb the measures which had previously been carried. They contented themselves with opposing further innovations, a duty which

they owed to their constituents and to their own unchanged opinions, though they could not confidently reckon upon even a partial victory. The repeal of the Navigation Laws may or may not have been necessary for the full development of the system of Free Trade. We presume that it was, upon the intelligible ground that all restrictions were to cease, and that not one of those advantages which Great Britain had won by the expenditure of so much blood and treasure, was to be retained for the benefit of native subjects. But the Protectionist party could not see a new interest precipitated into the gulf of ruin without at least repeating its protest; and straightway there arose among the Free-Traders a clamour that their policy was not permitted to have fair play, and that unnecessary obstructions and obstacles were thrown in their path. We cannot say that we have reason to regret that their experiment has been pushed so far. The Protectionists were not answerable for the consequences of those theories. Their duty then was to resist further innovation, not prematurely to renew the strife upon the old battle-field; and no fault can be found either with their tactics or their consistency. Certainly they were not bound, by any decision of a former Parliament, to allow the Whig Free-Trade Cabinet to make ducks and drakes of every interest upon which they could lay their hands, under the pretext that a fresh sacrifice was required in order that their scheme might approximate to entire consistency. Their duty clearly was to act upon their pure conviction; not factiously, but regarding each measure as it was calculated to affect the welfare of the class to which it more particularly referred, and to support or oppose these without reference to what had been done before. This line of conduct they pursued steadily and unswervingly; being confident that if their anticipations were right as to the effect which unrestricted importations must have upon every branch of home industry, whilst the public burdens remained undiminished, no long time could elapse before a strong reaction would begin, and the nation manifest a desire to return to that system which, how-

ever it might have been maligned, had undoubtedly led us to a point of prosperity unknown and unparalleled in the history of any other country.

It is very curious to remark that the same men who charged the country party with throwing obstacles in the way of the development of Free Trade, have latterly repeatedly taunted them with not bringing forward a substantive measure, and abstaining from taking a formal division upon the merits of Free Trade and Protection. Undoubtedly, if our tactics were to be dictated by our opponents, such a division would have been called for long ago; and if unfavourable to us, as probably would have been the case, we should have heard the attempt characterised as the expiring struggle of an impotent faction. It was absolutely necessary that the men who clamoured for Free Trade and carried it should taste its bitter fruits. We knew well, and have maintained from the very first, that it was impossible that one great productive interest in this country could be unnaturally and permanently depressed, without communicating that depression to all other interests. The theory of the Free-Traders was quite different. They maintained that other interests might live and thrive at the expense of that one which is the basis of all production; and when they carried the repeal of the Corn Laws, they reduced that theory into practice. The question at issue was therefore a simple one, and could only be tested by results. If the Free-Traders were right, the cause of Protection was hopeless; and that for a most formidable reason. The agricultural interest, if entirely opposed to, and isolated from, all others, never could acquire a majority in the House of Commons. If Free Trade was really of benefit to the other classes of the community, the agriculturists could not hope to persuade those who were reaping the advantages of the new system to forego these, simply because one branch of British produce had been rendered nearly unremunerative. The repeal of the Navigation Laws undoubtedly strengthened the hands of the Protectionist party, but it did not strengthen them so far as to afford the certainty of a majority. A great deal more was re-

quired. The mutual dependence of class upon class, of industry upon industry—the grand and simple truth which lies at the foundation of all sound political economy, but which had been lost sight of during the fever created by the selfish agitation of the League—had yet to be practically vindicated. It was necessary that not only those who acquiesced in, but those who actively supported and advanced, the new doctrines, should feel the entire extent of their error, before any proposal could be made for an effectual and lasting remedy.

In one point we are disposed to differ from the line of argument adopted by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. He has made out an admirable and unanswerable case for agricultural protection, and has exposed most completely the sophistries of those men who contended that protection to one class necessarily implied injustice to all others. He has put Protection upon its true footing—not as a bonus given to any one interest, but as an equivalent for high taxation, which, adjust it as you will, never can be equally distributed in a great and populous country like our own. He has utterly demolished the cant phrases of political economy which modern statesmen are in the habit of repeating without an apparent appreciation of their meaning; and has shown how mischievously even the sound doctrines of the best writers and most profound thinkers may be applied, when the intention is to bolster up a vicious and a crumbling system. As an instance of this, we subjoin his remarks upon “natural price,” a phrase which of late has been an especial favourite with the Premier:—

“No matter,” says my Lord John, “be the prices of corn high or low, all I contend for is, that it should be the *natural price*!”—And therewith he is cheered.

“Oh, my Lord John, that sophism might do very well for the mere tyros in political economy, who exchange all knowledge of the complex relations of men for the pedantry of set terms and phrases; but is it worthy a statesman of your rank?”

“Natural price!—why, what is the natural price? (*id est*, the central price to which other prices are continually gravitating.) Adam Smith states it thus:—‘When the price of any commodity is

neither more nor less than what is sufficient to pay the rent of the land, the wages of the labour, and the profits of the stock employed in raising, preparing, and bringing it to market according to their natural rates, the commodity is then sold for what may be called its *natural price*.' If that is what your Lordship means by a natural price, give us that, and we are satisfied,—it is exactly what we contend for. But if by natural price you mean that, by the introduction of a foreign element, prices are to be reduced *below their cost*, such ceases at once to be the natural price, scientifically treated; for the natural price means, as Adam Smith proceeds to define it,—what it costs the person who brings it to market, *including his profit at the ordinary rate of profits*,—where? Five thousand miles off? In Poland or Russia!—No!—*In his neighbourhood*.' If you reply, 'I mean by natural price, that to which the competition, *not of the neighbour*, but of the foreigner, five thousand miles off, drives you down,' I reply again, that if *that* is what you mean by the natural price,—if you forget or disdain the fact that the natural price varies in different communities according to the varying degree of labour (*i.e.* capital) employed to produce it,—then, I say, with the natural price, as *you* esteem it, give us at least a natural—TAXATION!

The point upon which we differ with Sir Edward Lytton is not one involving contrariety as to the merits of the case—it relates simply to the extent of his argument. He has based his appeal to the British nation on behalf of the agriculturists upon two great motives, Reason and Justice. We admit that these are the highest motives upon which any appeal can be based; but there is yet another, which he has hardly touched at all, or touched only lightly. We mean INTEREST, which in all political questions is the principal motive power. No country, we are proud to acknowledge, has legislated so often as our own upon grounds which exclude the idea of the intermixture of the meaner motive; still, in such a case as this, we are firmly of opinion that general conviction will never be obtained until it is demonstrated, to the satisfaction of the country, that the great majority of our population cannot possibly be benefited, but must be injured, by the continuance of the Free-Trade experiment. Those

who have perused the political papers which have appeared in the Magazine since the commencement of this controversy, will remember that we have always maintained that opinion. So far as reason and justice can apply, the case of the agriculturists has been proved long ago. Our opponents do not try now, as they did some two years back, to vindicate their policy upon any such grounds. No ingenuity can reconcile an unprotected price with artificial taxation, and large and peculiar burdens levied from the land; and, accordingly, the sole tenable excuse made this session for resisting a proposal which must have led to an entire revision of the taxation, was rested on the undeniable fact, that the party who made the proposition had not abandoned the idea of an ultimate return to the protective system. This circumstance is of itself an unequivocal proof that the Ministry regard their position as anything but secure; that they contemplate, as a not improbable event, a speedy reversal of the Free-Trade policy; and that they cannot vindicate the manner in which the agricultural interest has been treated, upon any grounds which are reconcileable either with reason or with justice. Had the Ministry felt that their position was really secure—and we do not speak now of mere official tenure, but of the commercial principles which they profess—had they been thoroughly impressed with the idea that Free Trade could be vindicated as something which was *right, reasonable, and just*—they were bound to have seized the opportunity of removing those burdens which, according to their own admission, weighed exclusively upon the land, and to have given the agriculturists the negative advantage of not being grossly over-weighted in the race.

After a certain point it is needless to multiply arguments. We have demonstrated, over and over again, the losses which the agriculturists are sustaining, and must sustain, under the operation of free imports, and we are not aware that anything can be added on that subject. In the present paper we propose to examine the effects which Free Trade has already produced upon one or two im-

portant interests unconnected with agricultural production; and we promise our readers that we shall not unnecessarily go over any ground which we have touched upon in former papers. We simply wish to chronicle what is passing around us, for the information of those who still doubt whether a return to the principles of Protection would be beneficial to the majority of the British nation.

The first branch of industry which we shall approach is the Milling Interest. This branch is a much more important one than we should be apt at first sight to imagine. According to the calculation of the millers themselves, 160 pairs of stones are required to grind flour for the consumption of 200,000 persons. Estimating the population of England at eighteen millions, 112,500 pairs of stones would be required to supply them with flour. Each pair requires a ten-horse power, so that 1,125,000 horse powers are engaged in the grinding of flour for England. It is impossible to estimate the cost of machinery of that extent, with accommodation and granaries for wheat, at less than £100 for each pair of stones; and probably in this calculation we are greatly below the mark. But if we assume that rate, it will follow that the capital invested in flour mills in England is at least eleven millions and a quarter sterling, exclusive altogether of the cost of wheat-stock and sacking. The number of millers in the United Kingdom was, according to the census of 1841, 30,051, exclusive of the servants and labourers they employed.

The importance of this interest, we presume, will not be gainsaid. It signifies little to the miller whether the wheat he grinds is of British or of foreign growth. He is an indispensable agent in the manufacture of bread, and was in no way mixed up with the question of the price of the raw material. But the law which permitted the importation of wheat at the nominal duty of one shilling per quarter, also permitted the importation of flour at a duty of 4½d. per cwt.; and the consequence is, that the milling trade has passed in a very great measure into the hands of the foreign-

ers. We think it right that the millers should be allowed to state their own case; and, accordingly, out of a heap of documents before us, we have selected two letters, one from a Protectionist, and the other from a Free-trader, which will serve to explain the grievances under which they labour. We may premise that the millers have lately formed a league for their own protection, with which body the editor of the *Economist* is waging a war, under circumstances similar to those of a cur who has unfortunately overturned a beehive. As in duty bound, we shall give the precedence to our immediate ally.

“ TO THE EDITOR OF BELL'S WEEKLY MESSENGER.

“ Sir,—I am a Protectionist, and do not belong to any league; and am as anxious as yourself that full and fair protection should be given to all British industry and capital. I wish to explain how millers have a much more unfair competition to contend with than the grower, and to claim as a right a duty of 5s. a sack on flour above whatever may be accorded on wheat. Suppose 500 qrs. of wheat brought from France at 20s. per ton, it would pay £111. The landing of the wheat and metage would be 9d. a qr., or £18, 15s.; factor's charge for selling wheat and city metage again, 1s. 3d. per qr., or £31, 5s.; wharfage on wheat, 1d. per qr. per week—say 4 weeks at 4d., or £8, 6s. 8d.; 6d. per qr. to take the wheat to a near mill, or £12, 10s.; actual outlay to get it into flour, 1s. 6d. per qr., or £37, 10s., (all the latter is taken from the miller, millwright, and labourer, and given to foreign industry and capital;) and, lastly, getting the flour back to London when made, at 3d. a sack, or £8 altogether—making the cost on wheat £227, 6s. 8d. Now, in importing the flour, this quantity of wheat will not produce more than 80 tons, say 640 sacks: the freight would be £80; the landing, 1d. a sack, £2, 13s. 4d.; and the factor's charge for selling it, 6d. a sack, or £16; total £99, 13s. 4d.; a difference of £128, 13s. 4d., or quite 4s. a sack, against even the miller who resides near a port. I say nothing about delivering to bakers in either case. Now look at my case, and there are numbers in most counties similarly situated. My mill used to let for £350 a-year; six pairs of stones driven by water; central between London and Bristol, and where three-fifths of the wheat grown within

ten miles round have been for many years sent to the above markets. But now at either end I am met with foreign flour lower than English wheat will make it; half my men are discharged; the farmers have lost my custom for wheat, and without a duty of at least 5s. a sack on flour above wheat, my trade must be totally lost, and my property become valueless. I have always been for protection and a sliding scale. I should not approve of a fixed duty, for it would act as a rent fixed, and must be remitted by Order in Council the first bad crop, which would cause rising prices. I wish to know what right a foreigner has to sell wheat here, when the price is so ruinous to the growers, at 37s. per qr.? I say a 20s. duty, at and under 40s., remitting 1s. every rise in the average till you get to 59s., and let the duty be 1s. at 60s.; this would be very different to protecting to 72s., and would secure moderate prices of bread to the consumer. It is totally impossible to have real free trade in this country till paper is the legal tender, and £15 Bank of England notes will only get ten sovereigns, so that the foreigner may leave our taxation price of one-third at home.

"If you, Mr Editor, choose to insert this, you will oblige,

"A PROTECTIONIST MILLER.

"Near Newbury, Berks,
April 9, 1851."

The Protectionist Miller, it will be seen, writes calmly, but forcibly, as a man ought to do who has made up his mind on the subject, and who feels himself suffering, along with others, under the operation of a cruel and nationally injurious system. He also has his own thoughts on the subject of the currency, in which he is not singular; for the current of public opinion is setting strong in that direction, influenced doubtless by the fact that public burdens and all other obligations remain undiminished in amount, while the value of produce has been struck down. Let us now listen to the Free-trader. He has no idea of intrusting the tale of his wrongs to the crowded columns of a newspaper. He goes at once direct to headquarters, and seizes by the ear no less a personage than Mr Richard Cobden, who happens to be his representative in Parliament. Just as the Roman augur of old went to consult the sacred geese of the capitol, goes Mr John Jackson of

Fleet Mills, Oulton, near Wakefield, in the hour of his emergency, to the member for the West Riding, and craves advice or redress in the following expostulatory terms:—

"Fleet Mills, Oulton, near Wakefield,
Dec. 26, 1850.

"To Richard Cobden, Esq., M.P.

"My dear Sir,—I am sure you will pardon me for the liberty of addressing you on the present occasion. I must commence by telling you that I am one of your constituents, and a freeholder of the West Riding to the tune of £10,000 or thereabouts; and unfortunately three-fourths of that is in corn-mill property—that I supported you at Wakefield when we returned you triumphantly, when you were absent from England; and I should be exceedingly grieved if we should not be able to do the like on the next occasion; but must beg of you to listen to my suggestion with attention.

"I am a corn-miller; and not a small one, I assure you, when I tell you that myself and brothers own and occupy, and run night and day, forty-one pairs of mill-stones; and I am also joint lessee with two of my uncles, of the King's Mills at Leeds, containing thirty-nine pairs of stones, at a rental of £1300 per annum, besides all local taxes; so that together we have, in one family, eighty pairs of mill-stones at work night and day, which, taking day-work only, would be equal to one hundred and sixty pairs of stones—a pretty fair lot, as things go now, I will assure you. We grind as much corn ourselves as 200,000 of population would require. I speak this, not with egotism, but to show you that I have some ground for complaint.

"I do not think *free trade in corn* is bad, or that we could do without it; but I think that you will see with me, that nothing is perfect in legislation but what may require a little modification; and that you will have to consider amongst the clamour that must assail you in the next session of Parliament. One thing I wish to show is more mischievous than you could have expected, or many of your supporters and friends ever thought of—that is, the large importations of French flour into almost every port and creek in this country. You will naturally say, 'The more the merrier;' and you will here charge me with selfishness, and justly say, 'I see your drift; you want protection.' To this I must plead guilty to some extent, but only to the extent of good policy. If the millers of this country have not something like a

prohibitive duty put on all manufactured flour, they may bid adieu to *any remuneration for ever; for the French can beat us entirely out of all the markets, and have done so effectively for the last two years.* You will say—'How is that? Do you mean to tell me that the French can manufacture lower than the English?' Indeed I do; and I come to this only after making a tour through France myself, and ascertaining their expenses and comparing them with ours; and I am compelled to draw this conclusion—that *if no alteration of the flour duties takes place, then the great body of the English millers will become bankrupt; and the only place for them to fly to before that catastrophe happens, is France; for we draw many of our fine-coloured wheats from that country and Belgium, and they stand better for all choice of Prussian wheats, at lighter freights and charges than we do, so that they must continue masters of the field.* The freight from the different ports—such as Nantes, Treport, Dieppe, Ghent, &c., is not much more than half the freight that it is from some parts of Lincolnshire to Leeds or Wakefield; that we have no chance to pay a still further freight, per rail to Manchester or other parts of Lancashire.

'I am well aware you will say, 'But consistency must be kept in view.' Granted. But they say, 'Discretion is the better part of valour.' And I tell you, that *if something is not done at once, the consequences will be direful to one of the largest manufactures in our country; for corn-milling is the very largest in our land; the vast amount of property in that line you could scarcely imagine.* The employment given to coal-getters for steam—the employment to mechanics and other artizans is immense. All must admit that we could not do without importations of corn or bread-stuffs; but we well know that we can do without one stone of flour. Then, I am sure, no one would more than yourself like to see the system of Free Trade work well, and not mischievously; and you would like to find out the *point at which it would work best for all parties, both agriculturists and manufacturers.* Then put a duty on the manufactured article, and you will just right the load before it breaks the back of the animal. You will perhaps say, 'But how can four or five million cwts. of flour yearly make such awful work?' I will tell you how. Flour is a perishable article, and that quickly in moist or close weather, so that it frightens the holder, and he is forced to dispose of it, market or no market. He dares not keep it

even a lawful or a wise time; but if it was in wheat, it could be laid on the warehouse floors, turned about once a month, and would keep well for two years, so that it would not be forced on the market unduly, to the great detriment of the agriculturists, and the entire and final destruction of the English millers. Trusting that you will give these few broken remarks your kind consideration, I beg to subscribe myself, yours most respectfully,

"JOHN JACKSON.

"P.S.—I had meant to have given you my reason for the superior position of the French. They have the millstones without duty—we have them all from that country. They only pay their *best workmen* 15 francs per week, while we pay 25s. They pay no *poor-rates* for their large mills; and they have *every advantage* we have, that I know of."

Reading this splendid specimen of Free-Trade correspondence, we are almost inclined to abstain from comment, and to leave it, for the edification of the public, with no other commentary than that of Chaucer—

"What should I more say? But this millere
He n'olde his wordes for no man forbere,
But told his churles tale in his manere;
Me thinketh that I shall reherse it here."

Yet, after all, it might be uncourteously to treat Mr John Jackson so cavalierly. He has this great merit, at all events, that there is no disguise in his language. He still adheres to Free Trade in all its integrity, except in so far as his own interest is concerned. He has no idea that unrestricted importations of corn can do any harm, even though it should be proved beyond all denial that the foreigner can entirely supplant the British agriculturist. But the moment you pass from the raw material of grain, and begin to import flour, Jackson is up in arms. "We must have something," says he, "like a PROHIBITIVE DUTY put on all manufactured flour;" and to this extent, and no further, he is a rabid Protectionist. After all, why should we sneer at this poor fellow? Apart from his frankness, there is nothing singular in the sentiments he expresses. He is the mere type of a large class of deluded men who shouted for Free Trade so long as they supposed it could bring any direct advantage to themselves, or

any grist to their mills, but who would have none of it so soon as it began to interfere with their own emoluments. Mr Jackson has yet to study the meaning of that excellent English proverb, "Live and let live." Mr Cobden has already informed him, doubtless to his excessive surprise, that the milling interest, however important it may appear to an individual who, with more than Herculean energy, works eighty pairs of stones night and day, cannot with any degree of propriety, or any show of justice, be exempted from the general doom. There is an old saying, which Mr Jackson possibly may have heard from the lips of some rustic philosopher, that what is sauce for the goose is equally sauce for the gander; and if he still adheres to his intention of recording his vote for Mr Cobden at the next general election, he is either one of the most self-sacrificing or one of the most obtuse of the human race.

But setting aside his arguments altogether, there can be no doubt that the facts stated by this Mr Jackson are correct. The milling trade cannot go on under present circumstances, and those engaged in it are directly menaced with the sacrifice of their whole capital.

Let us now turn to the state of those manufacturers for whom the experiment was principally made. Our readers will find in another article a very full and elaborate account of the depression which now prevails—a depression, we may remark, which has weighed heavily upon the energies of the manufacturers for the long period of more than eighteen months, and which, in December 1849, was expressly attributed by a writer in the *Economist* to the diminished "power of purchase" within the country. Mr M'Gregor's promised increment of two additional millions per week has not yet, we fancy, made its appearance, else we cannot account for that extraordinary stagnation which has thrown such a gloom over the precincts of Manchester and Staleybridge.

Those who are in the habit of perusing the Trade Circulars must have been struck by the painful anxiety which the writers manifest to disguise, not the fact of the depression,

for that is beyond their power, but the cause to which it is really attributable. In truth, they are driven to their wits' end to devise anything like a plausible explanation; and in default of plausibility they have taken to writing sheer nonsense. Here is a specimen of this kind of composition, extracted from a Manchester report, dated April 24; and we shall be really glad to learn that any of our correspondents who are accustomed to mercantile verbiage have been able to extract a meaning from it. We are not altogether unfamiliar with this department of literature, having been compelled periodically, for a long time past, to make ourselves acquainted with the lamentations of the discomfited cotton-spinners; and we can safely say that, after applying what power of intellect we possess to the expiscation of the following paragraphs, we have received about as much addition to our stock of ideas as if we had been poring over the stamped surface of a brick extracted from the ruins of Nineveh. After a miserable account of the decline of prices, and a howl over the hapless prospects of Madapollams, T cloths, shirtings, and twist, both mule and water, the manufacturing Pundit thus proceeds:—

"The following observations from the monthly circular of a large house in the export trade, just published, it will be seen, corroborate some of the views given above, and present some remarks which are well worthy of consideration:—'The fall in the prices of our staples has, no doubt, to a certain extent, been met by a decline in the value of the raw material, but by no means to an equal extent. Under the general impression, however, among the trade, that a far more serious decline in the raw material is not far distant, (as everything seems to tend against cotton, whether we look to the prices the trade can afford to pay, to the gradual and progressing reduction in the quantity used, to the continually increasing receipts of cotton at the ports in the United States, or to the favourable nature of the season, so far, for the next growing crop,) the resort to 'short time' has hitherto been less extensively adopted than the unsatisfactory state of prices would have led us to anticipate; still there is a considerable lessening in the production by one means or another. In some instances, persons who were in the

habit of purchasing yarn for the surplus of looms beyond what they had spinning for, are stopping such looms *in toto*. Other manufacturers have stopped the greater portion or the whole of their 7-8ths looms; while, in other instances, looms are stopped by the failure of the smaller manufacturers, of which, we regret to say, there have been many during the last few weeks, but to only limited amounts, and among the weakest class of the trade. Thus the supply of goods and of yarns is being gradually curtailed, but a more extensive resort to 'short time' must be looked for, should the present relation of the prices of cotton to those of our staples be of much longer continuance. For a time producers will go on with nearly their full production, in the hope of improvement being at hand; but there is a limit to this; and beyond a certain point the loss of working 'short time' becomes less than that of running the usual hours; besides which, such a course would probably materially expedite the fall in cotton, which, it is thought by most parties, must come before confidence can again be restored in our market. It is to the want of confidence that we feel inclined mainly to attribute the present unsatisfactory state of business here. True it is that some important foreign markets show signs of a glut, and common prudence would dictate to the merchants who export to such the necessity of limiting the shipments, notwithstanding the comparatively low prices which have been come to. But in other markets prospects are more cheering; and with the cheapness of food, and the yet generally full employment of the working classes at home, it can hardly be believed that our population is consuming a less quantity of manufactures, or even that it is not consuming on a greater scale, than usual. To account, then, for the extraordinary dulness in trade, and the very lessened amount of demand, we can but come to the conviction that the want of confidence is leading us through the process of the exhaustion of stocks in middle hands. Just as the spinner is acting in the purchase of cotton, by buying only from hand to mouth, and thus throwing the weight of stock on the importer or cotton dealer, so the buyers of manufactures appear to be acting in their purchases also, bringing down their stocks to the lowest ebb; they seem to buy only to meet their actual requirements, and thus the weight of the stocks of goods and of yarns is in their turn thrown on the hands of manufacturers and spinners. And probably this will go on until stocks

in middle hands are exhausted to the lowest workable point, or until confidence shall be by some means re-established, when, if our surmise be correct, we shall have, perhaps, a rapid revival of the demand on a large scale, as not only will the actual demand have to be met, but also the gap made in the process of exhausting middle stocks will have to be filled up.' It will be seen by the above remarks that it is the mutation of prices from a high and unnatural level that is operating to some extent so seriously with the market, more than any want of demand; to attribute it to Free Trade is about as reasonable as it was to ascribe the potato disease to that cause."

Space is valuable with us, but we do not grudge it to this ingenious gentleman. We trust he has an engagement with the *Economist*; indeed, unless we are strangely mistaken, we have seen traces of the same fine Roman hand in the columns of that delectable, veracious, and lively journal. At all events, he would be a worthy coadjutor to those philosophers and patriots who dedicate their time and communicate their information to that repertory of reason and of science; and we throw out the hint in the hope that so clear a head, and so vigorous an intellect, may not be allowed to remain for ever in the narrow sphere of the provinces.

The tale of manufacturing depression may be read weekly in the *Times*, and in every other journal in the kingdom; and no one can possibly doubt the truth of it, since it proceeds from the manufacturers themselves. A very curious question then arises. If this really is the state of matters, what foundation have Ministers for averring, as they constantly do, that the country generally is in a prosperous condition? Why are we told that the agriculturists must expect to share in the rising fortunes of the other industrial branches, when these very branches declare that they are going rapidly to ruin? By what possible process can John, who is becoming insolvent, expect to be saved, because Dick is verging towards the *Gazette*? Are the manufacturers all combined in one enormous lying league; and are they in reality making fortunes at the moment when they tell us that they are compelled to

have recourse to short time? It is evidently of great importance that this matter should be cleared up. Who are thriving?—we ask again and again, and we never receive a satisfactory answer. On the contrary, we are told that none are thriving. Every man repudiates the notion that he is making any profit at all; and yet, whenever the agriculturist complains, he is desired to look at the general prosperity of the country! There is fraud and imposture somewhere, and we trace it to very high quarters. No cause can be a good, a just, or a pure one, if it requires to be supported by such miserable means; and perhaps the most discreditable feature in the whole history of Free Trade consists in the repeated Ministerial assurances of a general prosperity, which is broadly and unequivocally disproved by the aggregate of individual instances.

Some trades which were represented as flourishing about a year ago, have since sustained remarkable reverses. One of these is the linen trade, which, if we can trust the accounts which we have received from Dundee, has been pushed to a point of speculation far beyond the legitimate limits of commercial enterprise. We are assured, upon excellent authority, that while, on the one hand, orders have fallen off, the imports of raw material have, on the other, been used as the means of credit; that some of the powerlooms have been stopped, and that the stoppage of others has been intimated. If this be the case, there can be no doubt that a crisis is at hand. Within this month, it has been stated in the local newspapers, and the statement remains uncontradicted, that in Paisley one-third of the weavers have been thrown out of employment in consequence of the dulness of trade, which is so serious as to resemble the stagnation that occurred about ten years ago. In Liverpool, both trade and credit are in an exceedingly precarious condition.

One fact, however, is paraded by the Free-traders as an unanswerable proof of prosperity; and as it is their last and desperate resource in the way of argument, it is well worthy of consideration. They point imperiously to the tables of exports, which cer-

tainly have increased, and maintain that these must be taken as the sole criterion of our condition. Now, our readers will observe that, if those gentlemen are right in their deductions from the export tables, the whole of the Trade Circulars must be cast aside as worse than useless. They are, in fact, *false evidence*. For we do not understand the Free-Traders to aver that exports, however large, can be advantageous if they are not profitable. They have too much sense to hazard such a doctrine, which would be tantamount to declaring that a trader who lays in a large stock, and then disposes of it at or below prime cost, must be considered a thriving man, because he effects more sales than his neighbours. Exports are of no use, but directly the reverse, if they are unprofitable; and that being the case, how comes it, we ask, that the complaints of depression are loudest from the seats of export manufacture? Undoubtedly we are exporting largely: upon that fact all are agreed. Well, then, how comes it that the men who make these exports expressly tell us that they are realising no profits at all, and that their general business is falling off? Either they are stating what is a direct falsehood, or those exports, of which we hear so much, are as worthless to the country as they are unremunerative to the men who make them. There is no escaping from this dilemma; and we defy all the political economists in the world to extricate themselves from it. There is no reason whatever to believe that the tone of the trade circulars is exaggerated, or that they are calculated to convey a false impression. The majority, or at all events a large proportion of them, emanate from houses which were well known to favour the new commercial system; and it is exceedingly improbable that such men would pervert facts, in order to cast discredit upon their own principles. Indeed, considering the absolute certainty of immediate detection in the case of falsehood, it is obvious that such an idea is altogether out of the question. It remains, then, to reconcile unprofitable trade with increased exports; and this is precisely the problem which the Free-traders cannot solve.

Is it after all, however, so very difficult of solution? We do not think so; and we shall now attempt to render this matter clear. The exports of a country, in the usual and ordinary case, consist of the surplussage of its products after supplying the wants of its own inhabitants. The home market, being the nearest, is always the most profitable to the producer; and we believe this rule holds good in every branch of trade. Let us, then, consider what must be the necessary effect of any general or violent curtailment of consumption at home. Either the articles which are produced for consumption must be diminished in their quantity to suit the lessened demand, thereby contracting labour and narrowing the amount of employment, or another market must be found beyond the boundaries of the country. That secondary market never can be so profitable to the producer as the primary and natural one, and the amount of profit will depend upon two things—the requirements of the foreign customer, and the nature of the existing competition.

Now we are in possession of this fact, that the consumption of manufactures has greatly fallen off in Great Britain since the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the enactments permitting free importations of foreign provisions, came into operation. We know this in the cotton-trade, for example, by comparing the amount of the raw material imported, which shows a falling off, with the amount of goods exported, which shows a large increase. It is, therefore, clear to demonstration that a much smaller amount of goods is consumed within the country than formerly, which is of itself a sufficient proof that the power of purchase has declined. It cannot, indeed, be otherwise; for, as we have already repeatedly shown, the wealth of a country depends, not upon its nominal capital, but on its actual yearly production; and any enactment which forces down the value of that produce, whether it be by oppressive taxation, or by admitting the foreign grower to unlimited competition, must have the immediate effect of impoverishing the country, and of limiting the means of its producers. Two-

thirds, at least, of the manufactures of Britain were annually consumed at home; the ability of the consumers to purchase depending entirely upon the price which *they* received for their produce. The effect of Free Trade in corn and provisions has been to reduce the profits on British agricultural produce to so low a point, that those who are directly and indirectly interested in that colossal branch of industry—and they do in effect constitute the great body of the nation—are forced to contract their expenditure, and to consume less manufactures than formerly. There is, undoubtedly, a certain amount of consumption which must always take place, because some articles of manufacture are strictly necessaries of life; but the point of that consumption is infinitely below the usual requirements of the nation when produce can command a profit; and were we to sink down to, and settle permanently at that point, our manufacturers and artisans would immediately discover, as we hope they are discovering now, that there is neither room, nor occupation, nor profit, within Great Britain for even one-half of their number.

The decline of consumption at home forces the manufacturer either to decrease the amount of his production, or to seek a market elsewhere. The latter alternative is that which will always be adopted, in the first instance, in such a country as ours. The reason is obvious. To decrease production—in other words, to close the mills, or to put them generally on short time—is fraught with fearful hazard. The Free-Traders dare not resort to such a step on a large scale, even though they may be producing, as they say they are, at a loss; for that would at once open the eyes of the operative masses to the true nature of the system which has been palmed upon them, and might cause a convulsion very perilous to the men who were leading agents in the deception. But, apart from this consideration, which, we believe, has of late disturbed the slumbers of many a quaking manufacturer, we know very well that men will continue to pursue a business for a long time after it has become unprofitable, simply on account of the capital which is sunk in it, and which

they cannot readily withdraw. The same reason which induces the farmer to struggle on under his accumulating difficulties, and to exhaust former savings and credit rather than throw up his lease and dispose of his stock at an enormous loss, is influencing at this moment a large body of the manufacturers. *They cannot afford to give up business.* They must fight it out as they best can; and having experienced reverses before, though from very different causes than those which are at present in operation, they cannot, and will not, give in until they have exhausted their last resource. Failing the market here, they must find one elsewhere; and this accounts most satisfactorily for the large amount of exports which our political optimists are now referring to as proofs of the prosperity of the country. They prove no such thing. They simply prove that we are sending out of the country a much larger proportion of our manufactures than we did formerly; for this reason, that the same amount can no longer be consumed *within* the country. And what is the natural, nay, the inevitable inference from this? *That the masses of the people, who are the great consumers of manufactures, are in a worse position than before.*

But are the manufacturers making a profit by these increased exports? Here again we must have recourse to the Trade Circulars for information, and we find that they are not. "Some important foreign markets," says the Free-trade writer whom we have quoted above, "show signs of a glut; and common prudence would dictate to the merchants who export to such the necessity of limiting the shipments, notwithstanding the comparatively low prices which have been come to." The truth is, that wherever an open market exists, it is glutted. It cannot be otherwise with diminished consumption at home, if production is to be kept up to its former level; and we really are unable to see how, under such circumstances, the shipments can be limited. To accumulate stocks at home would be, we apprehend, beyond the power of any—at all events it would be deemed an act of madness in any one to attempt it. The adoption of the protective principle, by

some of the most important foreign powers, for the laudable purpose of fostering and encouraging their own manufactures, and developing the industry of their people, has had the effect of greatly narrowing our choice of markets; and into those which are open and available, our whole surplusage, now prodigiously increased by the diminution of home consumption, is poured with an impetuosity which defeats the chance of profit. The supply is, at this moment, far greater than the demand. It must continue to be so until half our manufacturers are ruined, and the amount of production reduced within proper bounds—a state of matters which implies the cessation of half the operative labour in the country; or, until the home consumption rises to its former level, which can only take place under a system which shall afford due protection to every kind of British produce.

The following letter, which was read by Mr G. F. Young at the late Worcester meeting, is curiously corroborative of these opinions. The writer of it, the head of a large firm in Manchester, makes no secret of his previous bias in favour of Free Trade, and thus communicates his impression and experience of the system—

"Manchester, 24th April 1851.

"My Dear Friend,—In acknowledging the receipt of your letter of the 21st inst., I am compelled to make the confession to you, that your present conjectures are as correct as your previous frequent prognostications have proved to be true; and you have a right to laugh at me, if so disposed, for my pertinacious adherence, during three or four years, to that system, or, as I would rather say, that abortion, called or mis-called Free Trade. You are quite right. Charlatans do spring up in England about every ten years, who manage, by some means or other, to hood-wink John Bull, and empty his pockets. At one time it is Foreign Mines or Foreign Loans, at another time the mania is for Railways or Free Trade. And poor John, although he comes to his senses at last, and tears the bandage from his eyes, seldom reaches that state until he has been well fleeced.

"One of the most foolish acts in my life was when, under the influence of the delusion of Free Trade, I put down a sum, which I am ashamed to mention, as the subscription of our house, to what

was then called 'Cobden's Testimonial,' but to which a very different term is now often applied. And I can tell you, with equal truth and honesty, that a great number of those who were thus cajoled into parting with their money, like myself, now bitterly repent their folly.

"With respect to your enquiry as to the proportion which the present home trade in cotton manufactures bears to its former extent, I think you can apply your own statistical knowledge to that subject with much more effect than anything which I can say will demonstrate. I can, of course, speak accurately for our own concern; and from the remarks of some of my neighbours, who, like ourselves, have been chiefly engaged in the home trade, I can also draw tolerably just conclusions as to their position being no better than our own. Down to 1848, we found matters much as they had been in previous years—sometimes better, sometimes worse—but, on the whole, pretty steady. In 1849, our eyes began to be opened to the consequences of the present unwise policy; but it was in the last year, and particularly in the autumn or fall trade, that the full conviction of its ruinous tendency burst upon us. Our own business has fallen away fully one third; and many others, I hear, are still worse off. How can it be otherwise? The country shopkeeper, away from the large manufacturing towns, relies almost entirely for his trade upon the landowner, the farmer, and the agricultural labourer, with those dependant upon them—in general terms, upon the agricultural interest. And what is their present position? The proprietor of the soil is either compelled to lower his rents, or, which is equivalent, to make large abatements on their payment; with the prospect before him, that even that course will little avail him a year or two hence, if the present position of affairs should, unfortunately for the country, so long continue. As a natural consequence, which has occurred in many instances within my knowledge, he deems it prudent to reduce his establishment and abridge his expenditure. The farmer no longer derives an income from his labours, even if he does not dip into his capital; and prudence, at least, if no stronger reasons operate, compels him to abstain from any outlay which is not one of absolute necessity. As to the poor labourer, he can, at the best of times, afford to spend but little beyond that which will provide the necessary food for his family and himself. And although his loaf is cheaper, dire necessity has

compelled his employer, the farmer (reluctantly, I quite believe, in most cases) to make his election between reducing the wages of his labourers, or altogether dispensing with the services of many of them. Can such things be without producing an awful effect upon the general welfare of the British Empire?

"The picture I have here drawn, applies to all other trades in the same way as to ours. An intimate friend of mine, who is largely engaged in the ironmongery trade, and employs two travellers, told me, a few weeks ago, that their two last journeys were the worst and least remunerative that they ever had since they have been in business. Neither money nor orders to compare at all with former years' results.

"You are, I think, aware that the steady character of our business for many years, has enabled us to give employment to a regular and large number of workpeople in various departments; but, since last Michaelmas, we have been compelled to discharge between 300 and 400 of them; and that, too, in despite of having had recourse to the practice to which you allude in the concluding portion of your letter—exporting our surplus production or stock. Your supposition on that head is perfectly correct. There are numerous houses in this quarter, who, until within the last year or two, never exported a shilling's worth of goods; and that remark applies in many cases most distinctly to those who, like ourselves, have hitherto especially cultivated the home trade. But it is as you say. We never like to make sacrifices at home; preferring to run the risk—if we are to force sales and sustain losses—of doing so at a distance. When our stocks have accumulated, we have resorted to that mode of getting quit of them, and have, within the last eighteen months or two years, exported to a considerable amount; and, whether we received our returns in money or produce, I can have no hesitation in telling you that, with one single exception, the realized amount has invariably fallen short of what we could have obtained for the goods upon the spot; in some instances to a considerable extent. I cannot pretend to know what success attends the operation of other and regularly exporting firms. But, if they do no better than we have done, the export trade of the country is not worth following.

"You will infer, from what I have here said, that in our concern, at least, we are heartily sick of Free Trade. A sense of shame at having been made the dupes of a body of selfish theorists will, I

have no doubt, prevent most people, who have been equally victims with ourselves, from making the same frank avowals that I have here done. But, whether they confess it or not, you may rest assured that the feeling of great numbers, even in this town—the hot-bed of League and Free-Trade doctrines—is going rapidly round to the same views that I have now expressed. And I shall be rejoiced to see that cause which you have so consistently, and, I must admit, so disinterestedly advocated—the cause of Protection to National Industry, without distinction of class—brought to a successful issue. Talk of Class Legislation, indeed! Why, I can see plainly enough, now, that the entire legislation of the last five years on commercial matters has been done at the bidding of that knot of men, who, to carry out their wild theories, or further their own selfish ends, have not scrupled to demand the sacrifice of any or every other interest, the most important in the land.

“But, thank God, there is now a promise of their race being nearly run; and it is not too much to predict that, ere long, as in the case of other quacks who have preceded them, the popular feeling upon which they have thus for years fraudulently traded—and which has already assumed a character of marked indifference towards them—will, with great numbers even here, change into one of absolute and merited contempt.

“You will make what use you please of this letter, with the restriction, obviously imposed upon me, of requesting that my name may be withheld.”

This is the confession of a Manchester manufacturer; and we think our readers will agree with us, that it is difficult to overrate its importance. If such have been the results of the Free-Trade policy in so short a time from its commencement, upon that very interest which expected to profit the most, what ruin must it not have wrought to others, and what are we to expect from its continuance? What becomes of the cry so diligently raised—by none more diligently than by the apostates to whose cowardice the mischief is principally chargeable—that any return to our old and tried commercial policy is impossible? Are our manufacturers, or any considerable portion of them, so wedded to theory that they will despise the lessons of hard experience, and persist in ruining their own trade, simply because they were once seduced by

the “unadorned eloquence” of Richard Cobden? We have not the least fear that they will do so. They must by this time be aware that the effect of the Free-Trade measures upon the value of agricultural produce has been far more serious than was ever contemplated by the parties who introduced them. We know that the late Sir Robert Peel was entirely mistaken in his calculations, and that the data upon which he proceeded, furnished to him by the most incorrigibly conceited and pedantic of statisticians, were utterly erroneous. We shall do Lord John Russell the justice to believe, that even he would not have originated such measures, could he have foreseen their actual result—certainly he would not have secured the acquiescence of many of his party, who are now only restrained from declaring themselves converts to Protection, by that surly obstinacy which a Whig invariably mistakes for adherence to solid principle. The manufacturers are perfectly cognisant of the fact that, within the country, consumption has dwindled to a very low ebb; and we presume there are few of them who will now be inclined to attribute that circumstance to the pressure of railway calls, which, two years back, was the favourite apology of Ministers in every case of financial emergency. They do not require to be told why our exports have increased so largely—the history of their own transactions is sufficient to account for that; and we do not think that they are so blind as not to perceive that the competition amongst themselves, rendered greater by the additional surplusage which must be disposed of if production is to go on as formerly, must preclude the hope of their obtaining remunerative prices in those markets which are still open to them. The present depressed state of manufactures fully demonstrates the soundness of the position which we have always maintained, that no interest in this or any other country can expect to prosper apart from the prosperity of others—a rule which the magnates of the monied interest, secure as they now deem themselves, would do well to keep in mind; for they may rely upon it, that this experiment cannot be continued much longer, without

some question emerging in which they are especially involved.

Upon the coming great election depends the solution of by far the most important question of the age. We all know by what means Free Trade was carried. A shifty and plausible Minister, who throughout life had steered his course far more by expediency than by principle, yielded to a spurious agitation organised by selfish men, who believed that they might reap a profit by altering and disarranging the whole relations of the country. Before declaring himself a convert to their views, he took advantage of his position, being still under the guise of a Conservative, to prepare the way for this radical change; and this he did so artfully, that, up to the last moment, his intentions were hardly suspected. His own defection was of far less consequence than the baneful influence which he exerted, too successfully, over men who had not the virtue or the firmness to renounce their leader when he renounced his professed principles. The support which he thus received, honourable neither to him who asked nor to those who gave it, enabled him unconstitutionally, but without a direct violation of the Constitution, to carry a measure involving a great national change without the recorded assent of the constituencies of the Empire. The act was suicidal, in so far as regarded his tenure of political power. Singularly enough, and with a blindness which will appear unaccountable to posterity, he seems to have supposed that the gentlemen of England would unhesitatingly ratify his acts, although these were opposed to his professions. A late addition to their class, he understood neither the sentiments, the morals, nor the honour of the men with whom he had to deal. They cast him from them, and he fell as Minister. But he bequeathed the legacy of his last set of opinions to his successors, albeit of the opposite State party; and, in their hands, the system which he had founded, progressed. All this time Free Trade was nothing more than a theory. Plausible theory it may have been—for most theories are plausible; but it certainly had

not undergone the test of experience. Were we to say that both those who were for it and those who were against it were equally in the dark, we should wrong our own position. We never had but one view as to the result, not only upon the interest more immediately assailed, but upon the other interests of the country inseparably connected with it. From the first we exposed the fallacy of the idea that manufactures could flourish whilst agriculture was decaying; and the issue, we think, has abundantly shown the correctness of the views which we entertained. Since then the question of Protection has undergone a large discussion; and the facts arising from the working of the other system have materially assisted the progress of the cause. The time has arrived when those who have hitherto abstained from taking an active share in the controversy, find it their imperative duty to come forward and declare their sentiments unreservedly; and, to a man, they have ranged themselves on the side of Protection. Hence those magnificent gatherings in every part of the kingdom—in London, in Edinburgh, and in Liverpool—which have carried such dismay to the hearts of those who dared, in their folly or their ignorance, to assert that the cause of Protection was dead. How could it die, being, as it is, the vital spirit of the British Empire? Hence the testimony of such men as Sir E. B. Lytton, of the highest talent, and the most undoubted integrity and honour, against the continuance of a system which is crushing industry, and rapidly threatening to assail the very foundations of property. And hence, we are sorry to say, the mean and impotent attempts of the renegade section in Parliament to stifle the rising cry for justice, by the threat of a coming revolution.

We do not know what number of the Peelite party are willing now to follow Sir James Graham as their leader. We are not honoured with the confidence of any of these gentlemen, nor do we desire it; for the course which they have pursued has not even the negative merit of manliness to render it decent in the eyes of the world. They have been powerless for practical good, and their sole

efforts have been limited to the task of reviling the cause which they abandoned at the bidding of their chief. Sir James Graham has gone further. He now stands in enviable proximity with Colonel Peyronnet Thompson, who regards foreign occupation as an evil of less magnitude than a return to Protective principles, as the defamer of the British army, whose swords, he insinuates, would be unsheathed against the people, should that people, in the exercise of their undoubted privilege, return to Parliament a majority of representatives who think differently from Cobden and his crew. We hardly know which most to admire—the monstrous arrogance, or the unblushing effrontery of the man. Did he really suppose that threats, coming from such a quarter, would deter any one in the exercise of his free individual opinions? Was he weak enough to think that his inuendoes could turn the scale of public judgment; or that the electoral body throughout the kingdoms would shrink from performing that which they esteemed to be their duty, because, forsooth, it pleased the Border Baronet to prophesy that no change could even be attempted without outbreak, violence, and bloodshed? He has heard his answer in the shout of indignation which has rung, from one end of England to the other, in reply to his mischievous menace; and we have little doubt that, by this time, he is convinced—if shame can penetrate into his bosom—that the most fatal act which a statesman can commit, with regard to his own position, is to proclaim that brute force has more might and majesty than the law within the limits of the British territory.

Before concluding, we must say a few words upon the position of her Majesty's present Ministers; and we shall confine our remarks simply to a topic connected with their commercial and financial policy, leaving out of view the graver question of security to the Protestant faith, which is now occupying the attention of Parliament, and elevating the character of the Irish nation, through the conduct of its chosen representatives.

Ministers have been at last compelled, by the vote of a hostile major-

ity, to limit the renewal of the Income and Property Tax to the period of a single year. We regard this as one of the most important events of the Session; since it unequivocally shows that the nation is writhing under the pressure of this unequal impost, and has the power, when it wills, to cast it off for ever. We do not, however, suppose that the Whigs have any such notion. They are treating the impost as a ship-builder might treat a vessel which had been afloat for nine years, careening and coppering it afresh, preparatory to a new launch. Now, when we remember that Lord John Russell has given distinct notice of his intention to propose a new Reform Bill during the next Session of Parliament, the existence of the Income Tax, under any shape whatever, becomes a matter of most serious importance. What necessity there exists for an extension of the suffrage has not yet been explained to us, neither are we aware of the principles upon which that act of extension is to be framed. It may not be intended as a last desperate effort to maintain a bad commercial system—it may possibly be a wise and temperate measure suited to the requirements of the time: but as to this we can offer no opinion; for the bill itself, if not also the principles upon which it is to be constructed, is yet in embryo. But we cannot help expressing thus early our decided conviction that the maintenance of the Income Tax is incompatible with any large extension of the franchise, if the rights of property within this country are to be preserved. At present, an income of £150 is chargeable with income-tax. If it is intended by any new electoral scheme to give a preponderance of votes to those who are not so directly charged, then we say that the promoters of such a measure are establishing a principle which, when carried out, must inevitably lead to confiscation. We all remember that, in 1848, Sir Charles Wood, with his usual intense stolidity, proposed to augment the rate from sevenpence to one shilling in the pound—a proof of what may again be attempted upon any occasion of emergency. Let us suppose a new Reform Bill carried, which shall have

the effect of lodging the political power in the hands of those who are exempt from direct taxation. An agitation rises for the removal of customs-duties upon articles of general consumption, such as tea, coffee, sugar, and tobacco; and the Minister of the day, unable to stem the torrent, is forced to yield. In such a case as this, which may very readily be imagined, and which indeed is sure to occur, how could the revenue be raised? Sir Charles Wood has already shown us how — by augmenting the direct tax upon rated industry to an amount equal to the defalcation. There is no reason whatever why sevenpence, or even a shilling per pound, should be the limited rate. No tax can be more popular than a direct one, to which the majority of the people do not contribute; and much of that powerful support which the Whigs have hitherto received from the Irish members in their financial policy, may be traced to the fact that Ireland has all along been exempted from the operation of this obnoxious impost. Mr Henry Grattan lately declared, that Ministers might as well attempt to levy Income Tax in Siberia as in Ireland. If so, let us by all means get rid of it in Great Britain also. These considerations are well worthy of attention at the present time. The questions of taxation and of representation are closely bound together, and it is in vain to attempt separating the one from the other. The frequent shifts of Sir Robert Peel, and the principles of expediency which, in 1842, he thought fit to apply to taxation, have altogether unsettled

the minds of many, and equal justice is no longer regarded as the grand element in the distribution of national burdens. No greater evil than this can befall a country so eminently commercial as our own. To tamper with the public faith is to introduce the wedge of anarchy; and yet, how is it possible to deny that almost every one of Peel's fiscal and monetary measures have had a tendency in that direction, by disturbing the distribution of taxation, altering the value of produce, and rendering the burden of monetary payments more oppressive than it was before?

We do not believe that Lord John Russell will have the opportunity of proposing his new scheme in the character of Prime Minister of this country. Events are rapidly tending to their consummation; the Whig Cabinet exists by suffrage only, and in a few weeks it may be broken up. It has served its purpose of conducting the Free-Trade experiment to a point, when the miserable fallacy and deception of the whole system has become apparent to the nation; no one interest having been left unscathed by its noxious influence. If the manufacturers have rightly profited by the lesson, they must by this time be convinced that they cannot separate themselves from the interests of the great mass of the British people; that their boasted independence and monopoly of the markets of the world is a vain and illusory dream; and that the real prosperity of the nation can only be attained by fostering the labour and protecting the industry of the subjects of the British Crown.

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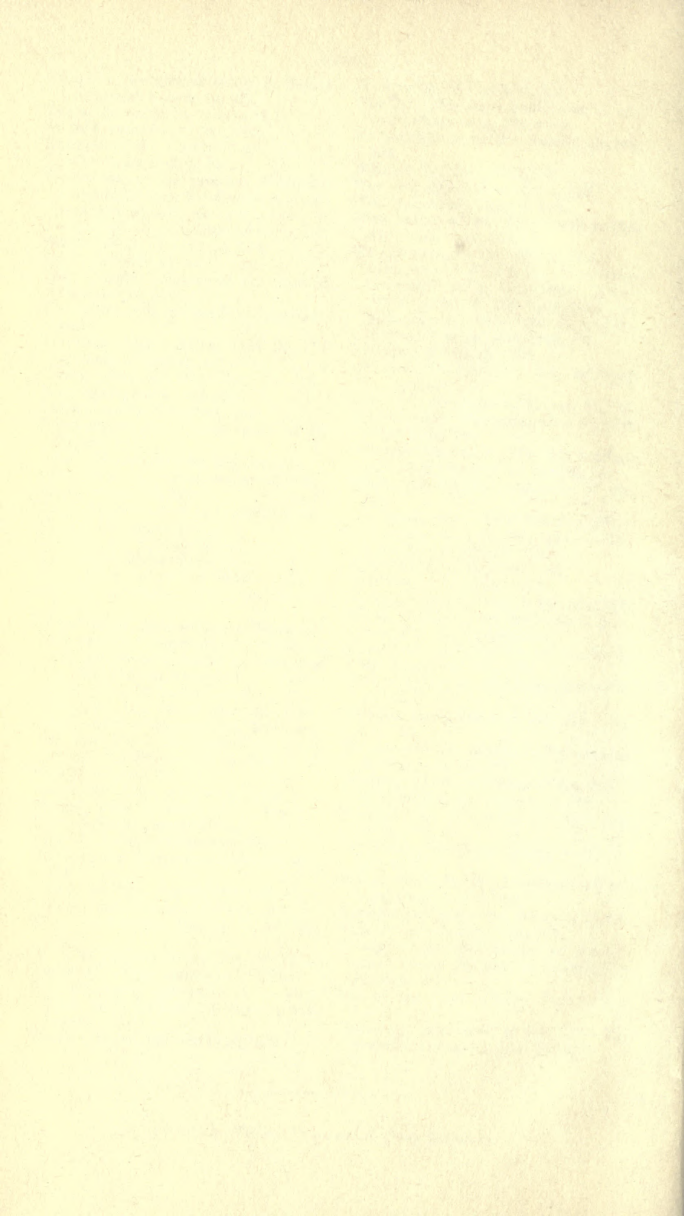
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